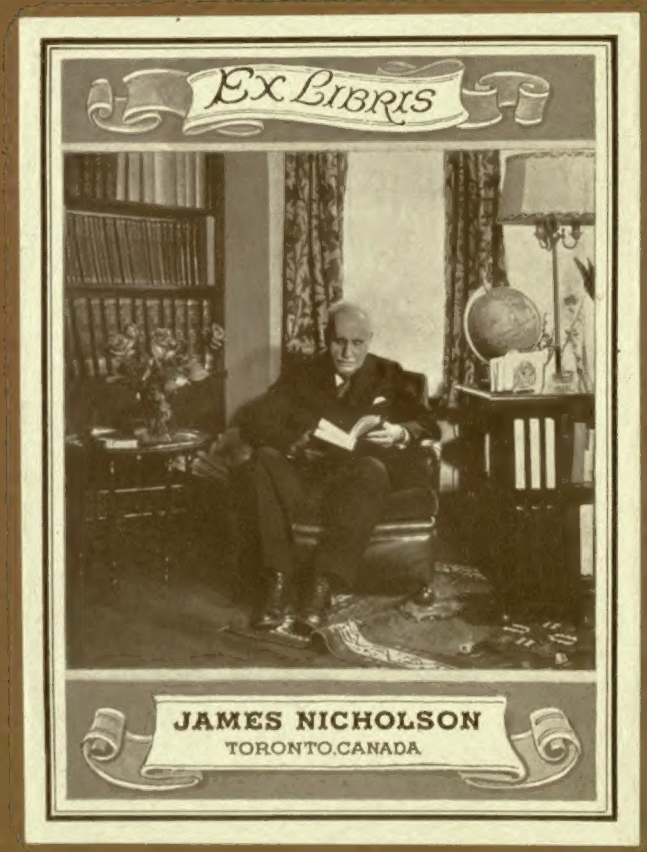

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PUNCH

Vol. CXXXVI.

JANUARY—JUNE, 1909.

PUNCH

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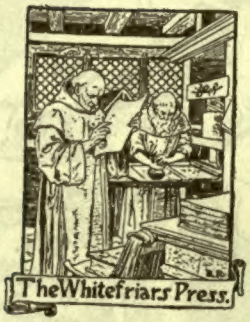


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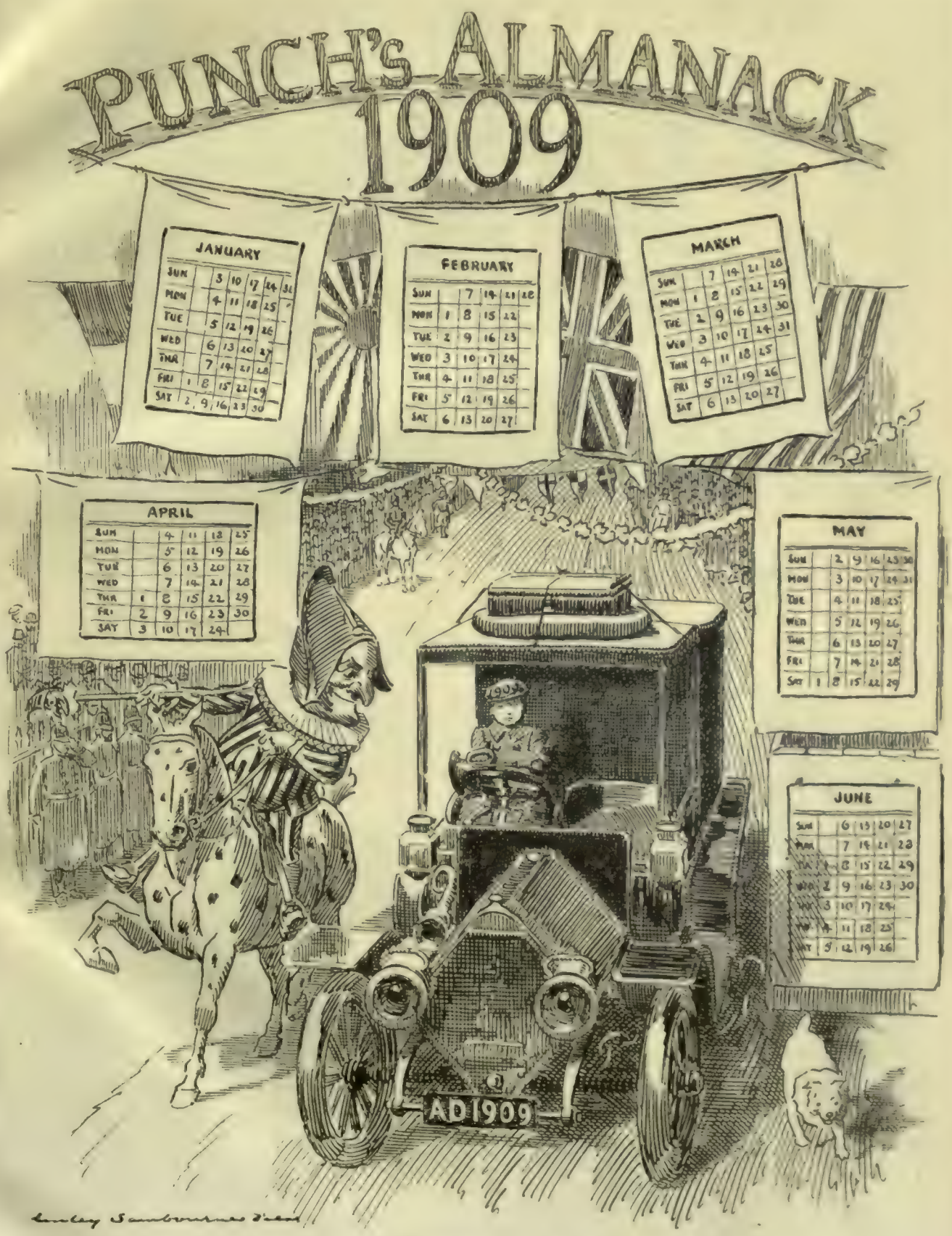
LONDON:
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 10, BOUVERIE STREET,
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.
1909.

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THE COMING OF 1909.



Golfer (soliloquising). "WHAT A LOVELY VIEW!"

Caddie. "REG'LAR PANAMA, I CALLS IT!"



"I THINK IT VERY INCONSIDERATE OF YOU NOT TO HELP ME, GEORGE. *YOU* SUGGESTED THIS SHORT CUT!"



Instructor. "WHY DON'T YOU FIX BAYONETS ON THE WORD O' COMMAND?"
Recruit (vainly struggling to unsheath weapon). "PLEASE, SERGEANT, IT 'S—ER—*FIXED!*"



Sentry. "'ALT! 'OO GOES THERE?" *Private Jones.* "FRIEN'—WITH BOTTLE." *Sentry* "PASS, FRIEND! 'ALT, BOTTLE!"



"How shocking! I am so glad to think, dear, that we shall have our tent when we bathe to-morrow."



To-morrow!

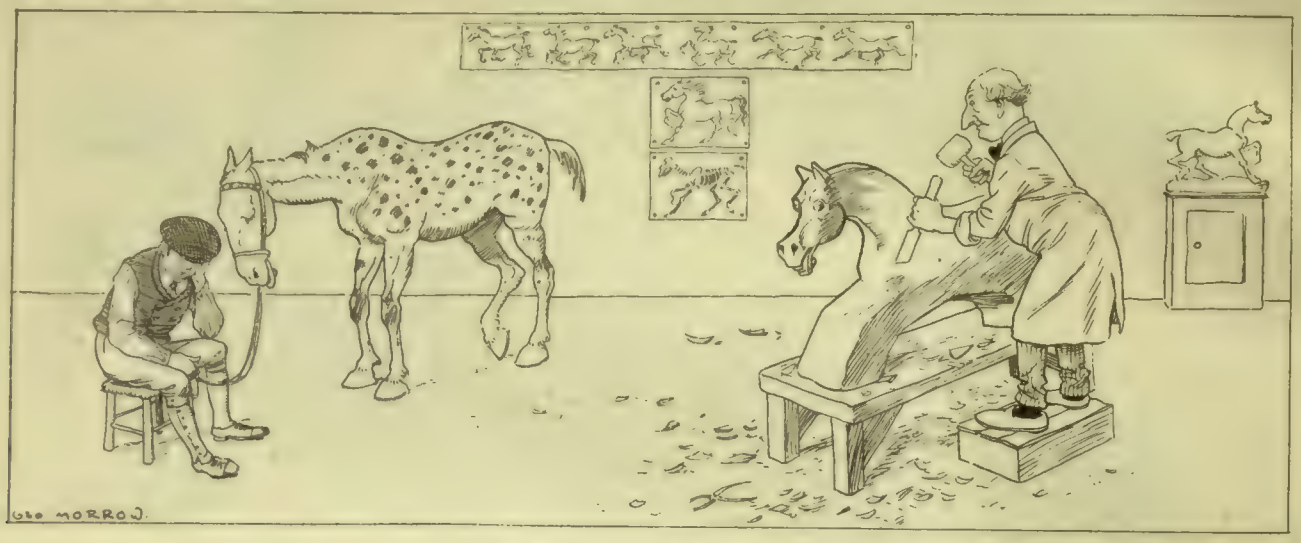


"Your point, I'm afraid. My partner touched the net!"

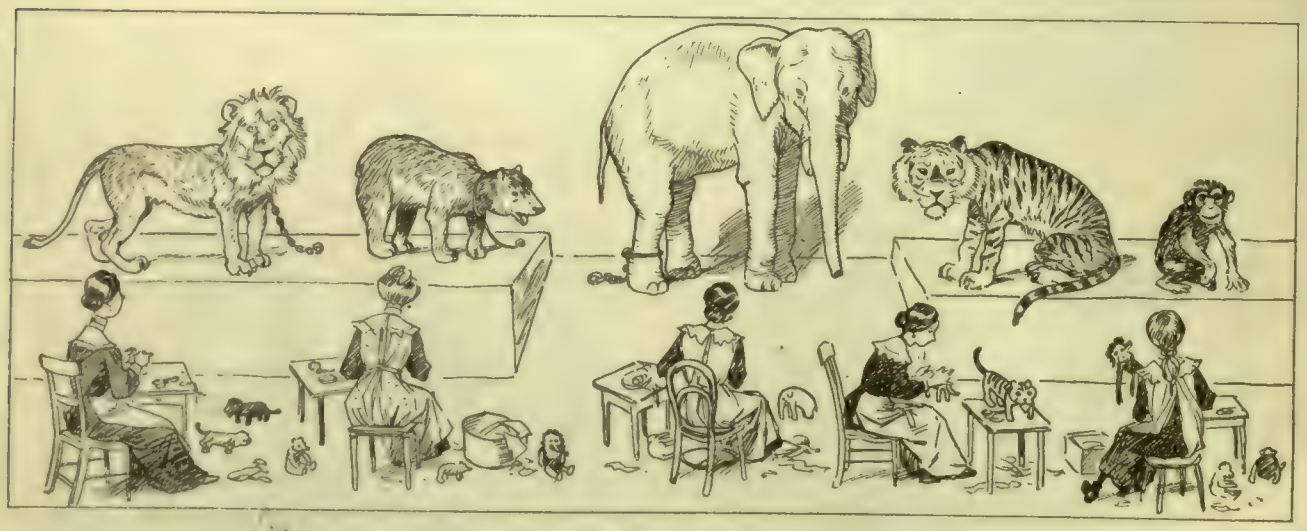


Glorious news in the Hunting World! No more dull dinner-parties!! Once again does a Cockney refer to the Hounds as "Dogs"!!

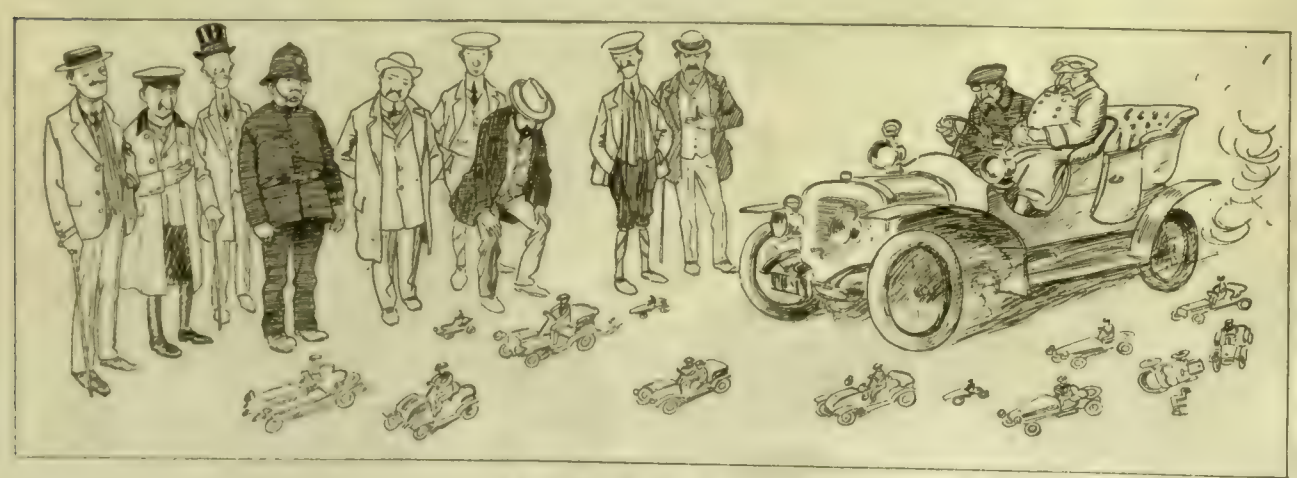
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THE ROCKING-HORSE SCULPTOR.



THE TOY ANIMAL FACTORY.



SPEED TEST FOR TOY MOTORS.

HOW CHRISTMAS TOYS ARE MADE.



TESTING SMALL ARMS IN THE TOY ARMOURY.



THE LEAD SOLDIER FOUNDRY.



POET DICTATING VERSES FOR CRACKERS.



CASTING "FUNNY" MASKS FROM LIFE.

LIFE IN THE LONDON SEASON.

Drawn by Miss Daisy Meadowes (of Hopshire) out of her head.



"THE LADIES' MILE," HYDE PARK. THE WINNING POST.



THE PALM ROOM AT THE CARLTON.

LIFE IN THE LONDON SEASON.

Drawn by Miss Daisy Meadowes (of Hopshire) out of her head.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE BATH CLUB.



A LADY OF FASHION PREPARING FOR CONQUEST.



SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Boy (at sound of horn). "'ERE BE THE 'UNTERS A-COOMIN'! 'ARK TO THE 'OOTER!"

A WEIGHT-FOR-YOUTH HANDICAP.

[Dedicated to a young lady with a sensitive nose who complains bitterly that the long-haired youth of to-day make the atmosphere of a ball-room intolerable with the reek of their cosmetics.]

I STOOD and watched her as she stepped
In at the dance-room door;
The gaze of all the well-groomed "bloods,"
Conscious of perfect ties and studs,
Followed her where she bravely swept
Over the shining floor.

From brows on which no sign of toil
Had come from thinking hard
Their locks were trained in lengthy streaks
(It must have taken weeks and weeks)
And plastered down with care and oil
And slabs of potted lard.

But when, as those who bring a gift
No woman yet refused,
They kindly offered her a dance
She gave their heads a searching glance,
Threw up her pretty nose and sniffed,
And begged to be excused.

They bore their underrated charms
Into the buffet-room,
While she, who showed such want of taste,
Allowed her admirable waist
To be disposed within the arms
Of men of riper bloom.

Greatly intrigued that Age should snatch
A boon to boys denied,
I asked her: "Can you tell me why
You cast a preferential eye
On older heads with thinner thatch?
Is it the brains inside?"

"I hardly care for brains a bit,
Not at a ball," said she;
"Give me a man with whom I seem
To float like seraphs in a dream,
And I 'll not ask for pearls of wit
Or plums of repartee.

"These boys may have the brains of mice;
I look outside the head;
The thing that puts *me* off is just
Their greasy polls that catch the dust;
Besides, my nose is rather nice—"
("I see it is," I said).

* * * * * *

There are who simply loathe to wear
A cranium smooth and blank;
But, as I joined the mazy whirl
With that extremely pleasant girl,
To Fate that pinched my wealth of hair
I heaved a pious thank.

O. S.



RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION.

Newly-arrived Private Chaplain of Scotch Nobleman (to keeper). "ARE THERE ANY EPISCOPALIANS ON THIS ESTATE?"
Keeper (whose mind is running on his pheasants). "THAE BLACK-NECKIT YENS, YE'LL MEAN? NO; WE SHOT THEM A' OOT THREE YEARS SYNE!"



A CHOICE OF ENDS.

Stranger (in response to general movement behind him). "HE DOESN'T KICK."
Stranger. "No."
Sportsman. "DOES HE BITE?"
Sportsman. "WELL, ANYHOW, WOULD YOU MIND JUST TURNING HIS OTHER END ROUND THIS WAY?"



Parson. "YES, MRS. JOHNSON, IT'S ALL VERY NICE AND PRETTY; BUT HOW AM I TO GET UP THOSE STEPS INTO THE PULPIT?"
Mrs. Johnson. "WELL, REALLY, RECTOR, WE'D QUITE FORGOTTEN THAT! BUT IF YOU'LL MISS THE SECOND STEP, AND MIND THE 'RED HOT POKER,' PUT YOUR FOOT TO THE LEFT OF MRS. JONES'S MARROW AND THE CABBAGE FROM THE HALL, YOU'LL ONLY HAVE THE ONIONS TO GET BY; BUT DON'T TREAD ON THEM, OR *THERE'LL BE A TEAR-SHEDDING!*"



Explorer (relating tiger story). "THERE WAS THE GREAT BEAST RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME. I WAS UNARMED, AND IT WAS CLEARLY NECESSARY TO TERRIFY HIM INTO SUBMISSION. WHAT DID I DO? I ——"
Excited listener (who has heard about the power of the human eye.) "I KNOW. YOU YOU L-L-LOOKED AT HIM!"



PERILS OF A PREDECESSOR OF MR. PUNCH.

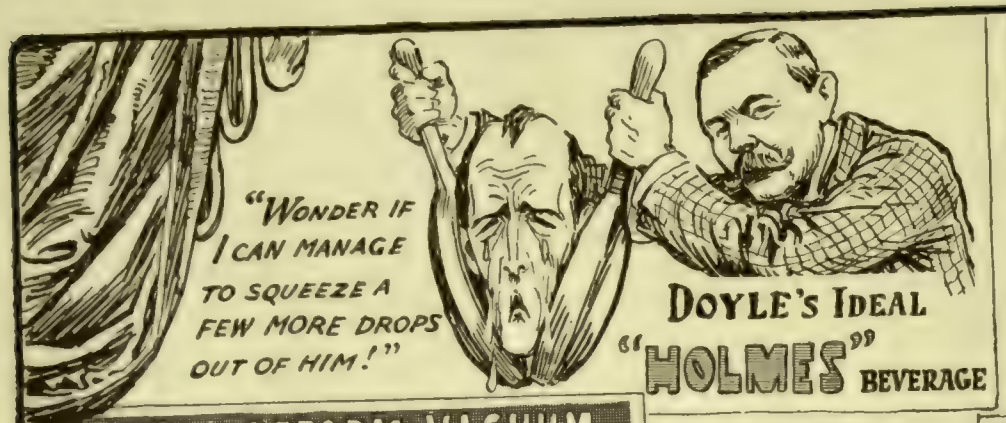


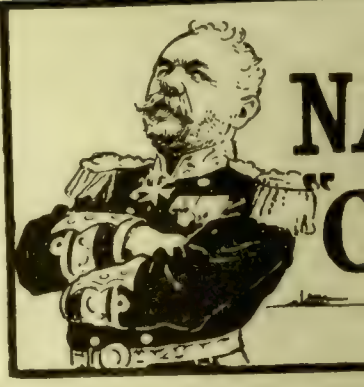




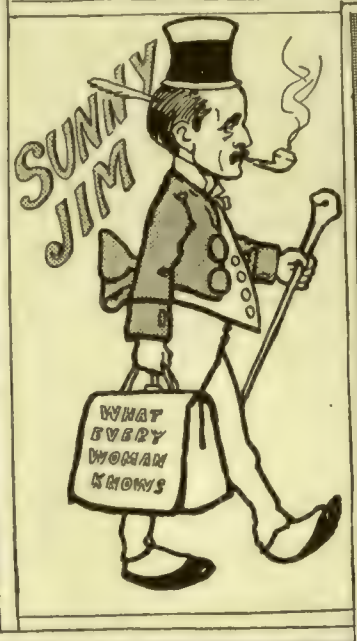


SCENES FROM MR. PUNCH'S BENEFIT PERFORMANCE.

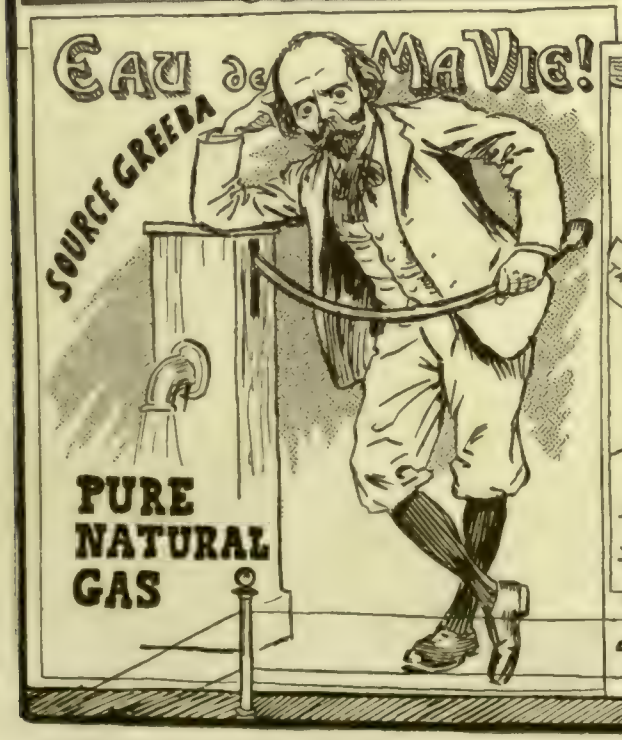




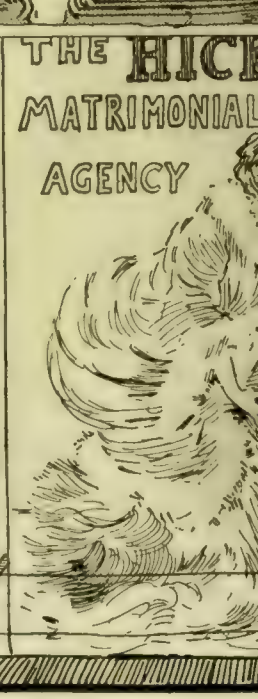












DROP-CURTAIN FOR MR.



CH'S BENEFIT PERFORMANCE.



SCENES FROM MR. PUNCH'S BENEFIT PERFORMANCE.

MINCE-MEAT.

By Our Charivariety Artiste.

Realising the fact that the cult of the Christmas Card is on the wane, an enterprising firm is advertising pianolas as an admirable substitute.

***

We wonder whether it is generally known that, if the plan of a famous German strategist be carried out, the invasion of this country, when it takes place, will happen on the afternoon of Christmas Day, at an hour when the entire British nation is rendered helpless by a surfeit of plum-pudding.

***

By the by, a little boy writes to ask whether it is a fact, as his mother tells him, that, if he eats too much plum-pudding and too many mince-pies, the currants will all come out on his face as spots. We are sorry, but we must really refuse to make trouble between mother and son.

***

The experiment tried in Pantomime last year of having "principal boys" of the male sex is to be abandoned. "Girls will be boys," as the saying hasn't it.

***

One of the features of the coming Pantomime Season, we are told, will be a coon song of which the refrain is *Sue, Sue, Sue*. This incitement to litigation will be welcomed by the entire legal profession, which, through no fault of its own, has for some time past been suffering from lack of employment.

***

The Trustees of the Carnegie Hero Fund have, we hear, decided that their resources are not sufficiently large to enable them to make grants to policemen who have distinguished themselves by gallantry to cooks.

***

Some recently-published statistics show that old age, as a cause of death, is more frequent among centenarians than any other class.



"I AIN'T INSULTIN' OF YER. I TELL YER I'M SIMPLY CALLIN' OF YER A LIAR, AND YER ARE ONE!" *[Friendly relations resumed.*

A lady, the other day, gave one of her huge Directoire hats, of which she had tired, to a charwoman whom she occasionally employed. "Oh, thank you, madam," said the grateful recipient, "I shall keep it for my three little girls. They can all go to church together in it on Sundays.

***

A curious shooting accident is reported. A Mr. Jones of Upper Tooting, who had never had a gun in his hand before, shot a rabbit last week.

***

We would caution our readers against a gentleman of philanthropic appearance who goes about asserting that he recently sent a cheque for £1,000 to a certain charitable institution. It seems that, being of a retiring disposition, he preferred his gift to be anonymous and so didn't sign the cheque.

***

The danger of relying on trade terms! A lady writes to complain that an instrument which she bought at a recent sale was described as an upright piano, but is now behaving most deceptively.

***

"This is cutting it rather fine, isn't it, guv'nor?" said a cabby on receiving a shilling. The fare looked angry for a moment, then a wave of generosity passed over him. "Very well, I'll make it guineas," he said as he handed cabby a further penny.

***

He was a simple-looking youth, and, as he entered the consulting-room, he said, "Doctor, my head always feels muzzy. What do you recommend?" "Have you tried a vacuum cleaner?" asked the doctor.

***

We ought not to say it, for it sounds boastful, but we cannot resist drawing attention to the fact that in the foregoing paragraphs we have not made a single joke about the dismemberment of Turkey.

THE PERFECT CHAUFFEUR.

How he might be obtained.



He should have had an unblemished reputation at school.



After spending five years at a chauffeurs' college—



He should submit to phrenological examination, to show that the speed-craving bump is not over-developed.



He will then require to be measured on the "Bertillon" system, and should be photographed in various poses for identification purposes.



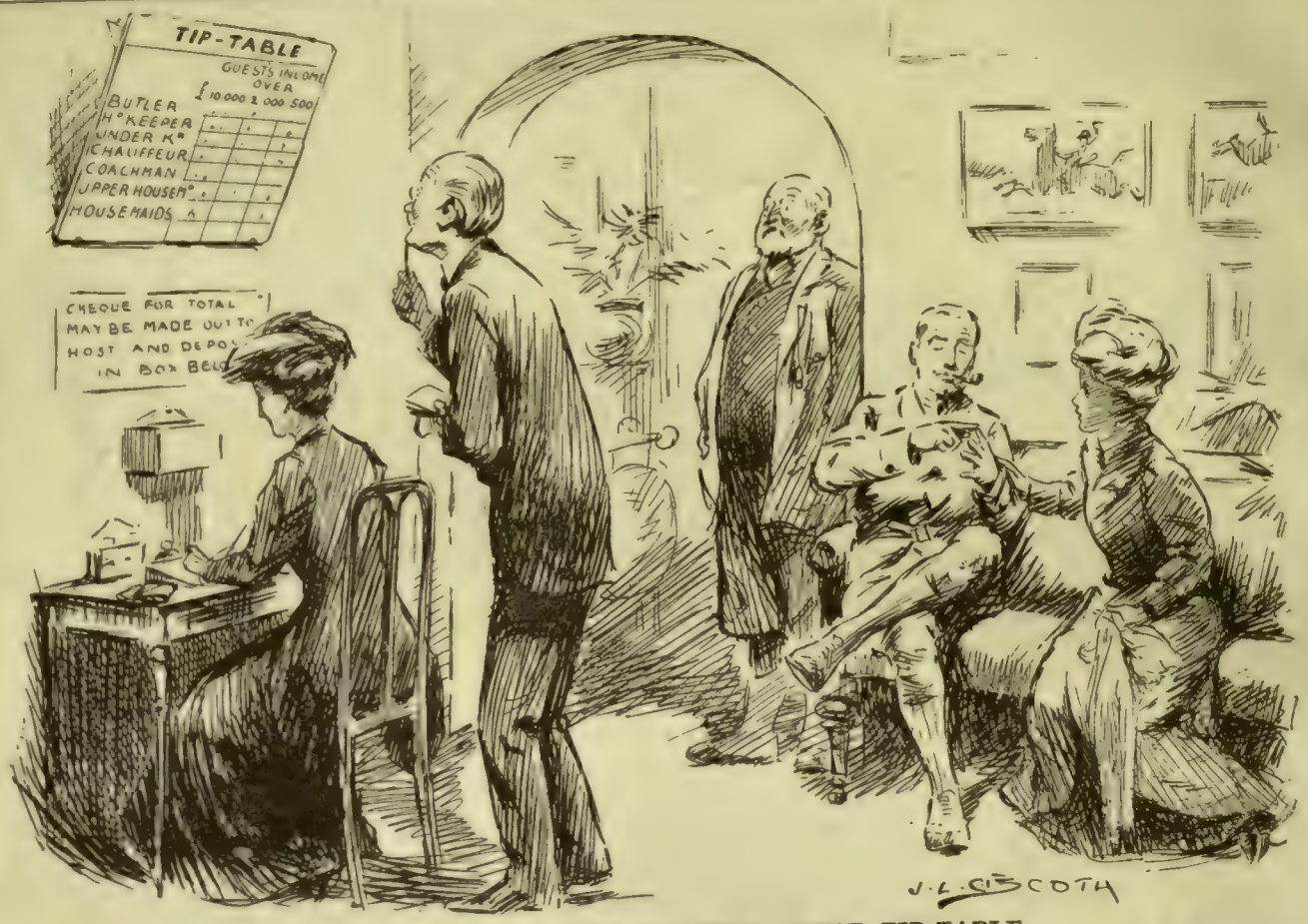
He should be perfect as regards physical fitness, and of course the medical examination would be very searching.



Then, if he can convince the police authorities of his dexterity in dodging obstacles—



A licence could be granted on his agreeing to wear his birth certificate, photograph, and finger-print in prominent places.



LONG-FELT WANTS. THE COUNTRY HOUSE TIP-TABLE.

ACHES AND IVORIES.

MINE is a flat on the uppermost floor of the mansion,
Far from the motor-bus, high above whistle and shout,
Here I could give my afflatus its needful expansion,
Ponder my numbers and patiently worry them out.

Calmly remote I pursued my professional labours,
Lived as a type of the homely industrious poor,
Sat in content with myself and at peace with my neighbours,
Till they imported a beast of an infant next door.

Bagpipes and bo'suns, a bushel of average babbies,
Screams of despair from a steamer that 's run on a shoal,
Pulleys and brakes that want greasing, noctambulate tabbies,
Cries of the errant purveyor of cabbage or coal—

Start them together from all the four points of the compass;
Throw in a gramophone able to penetrate walls;—
Then you 've a dream of the pandemoniacal rumpus
Wafted abroad when that blessed homunculus bawls.

First to the mother I entered a dignified protest:
Said that the music was hard on poetical ears.
Did it have any effect? Not the very remotest!
Save when we meet in the lift and she mockingly sneers.

Foiled, I endured for a fortnight; but fiercer and fiercer
Daily the melody grew; then I turned to the sire:—
"Sorry to bother, but really—your baby—my dear sir;
Dammit, do *some*thing!" I wrote, "Yours in sorrow (and ire)."

He, the good fellow, replied that he pitied me deeply;
My lot was bitter, but his was more desperate still;
Thought, on the whole, I got off, by comparison, cheaply;
Begged that I 'd give him my prayers! Poor devil, I will.

As for the rest of the world, it is cold and unfeeling;
Even my housekeeper—one in whose arms I was nursed—
Calls it a lamb! And whenever I yell to the ceiling
("Cursed be the baby," I yell, "be the baby accursed!")

Tells me in triumph (and glares as if *I* were the criminal)
I was a baby myself! It was ever the rule—
Give 'em a baby in range, and the soundest of women 'll
Sacrifice logic to sentiment—silly old fool!

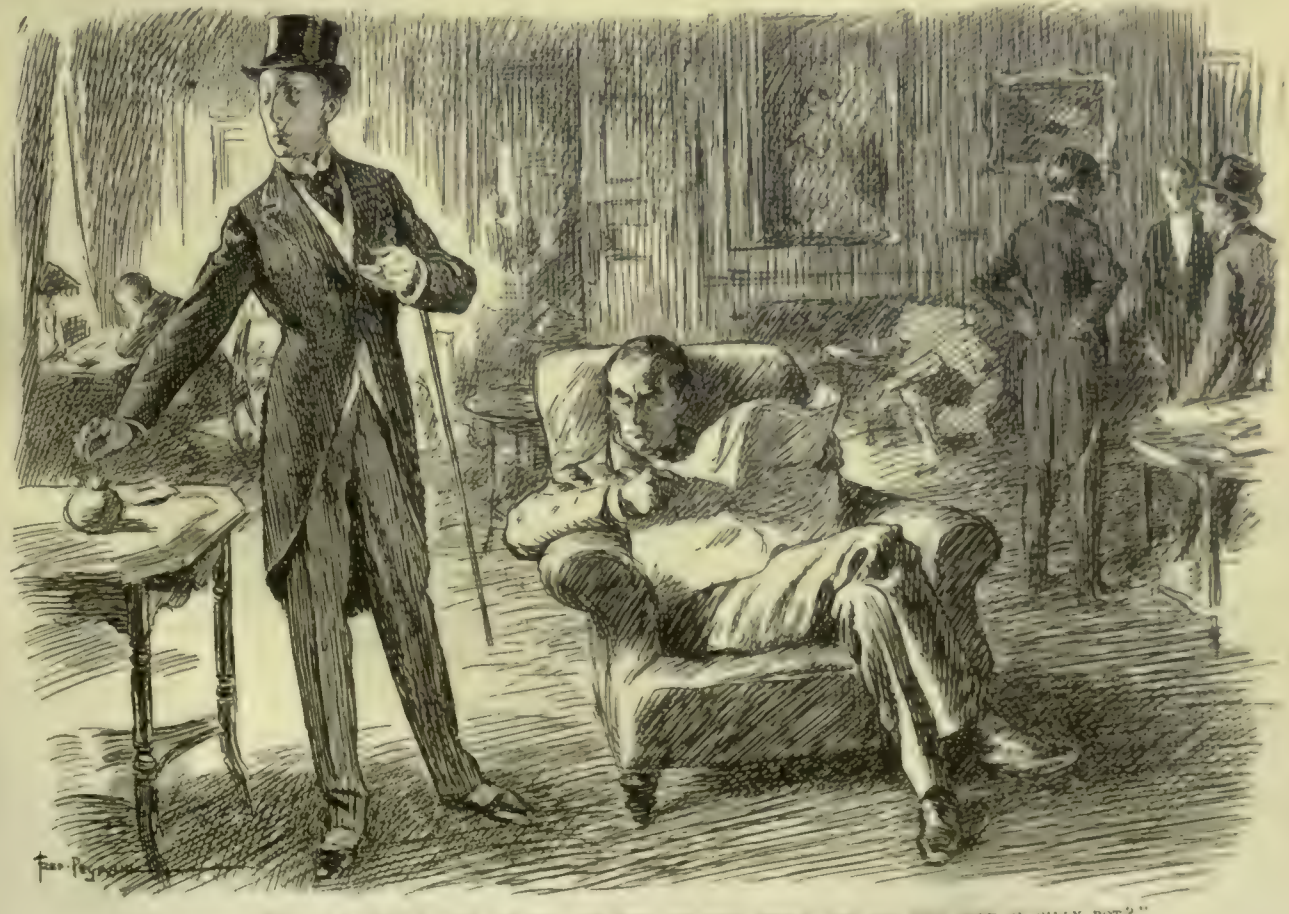
Daily I 'm in at the death of my best inspiration;
Nightly I find myself—roused by that infamous brat—
Sitting up straight in my bed in a cold perspiration,
Sighing for she-bears, or Herod, or something like that.

Ever the demon goes on, and despairing and hollow-eyed
Still (I am told) I must bear this preposterous din
While there 's a tooth to be cut; by the lyre of Apollo, I 'd
Cut 'em—I 'd teach it to cut 'em—if I could get in.

DUM-DUM.



AN UNDERGROUND IMPROMPTU. THE TUBE STEP.



Augustus. "HALLO, OLD MAN, HOW ARE YOU, AND HOW ARE YOUR PEOPLE, AND ALL THAT SORT OF SILLY ROT?"

HOW TO ACT A CHILDREN'S PLAY.

INTRODUCTION.

DEAR ETHEL,—*Whenever I read a book or an article beginning "How to ——" I always throw it in the fire; and I expect you do the same. My "How to's" are generally called "How to avoid paying rent" (but of course you can't really), or, more comprehensively, "How to Succeed." Yours, I suppose, would be "How to knit a shawl for Mother's birthday," which is a good thing to know, but rather a bother. Well, I just thought I 'd tell you that this "How to" of mine is a different pair of bedroom slippers altogether; and as your Uncle George has gone to a great deal of—I can't help feeling—unnecessary trouble to illustrate my meaning, I do hope you will learn a lot from what I have said.*

By the way, this is really a dedication, and so should have been written in the third person, because it is so much more dignified. I did begin like that, but the Editor stopped me; he said he couldn't help feeling that what we were gaining in dignity we were losing in grammar. I think perhaps he was right, but I shall insist on italics, anyhow.

UNCLE ARTHUR.

CHAPTER I.—CHOOSING THE PLAY.

OF course the first thing of all to do is to select a suitable play. The



COACHING COUSIN TOM.

Wilbraham kids always do Dumbcrambo, and there is a man in London who does *Hamlet;* but neither of these is much fun. And the worst of the old fairy stories is that, though they have a splendid part for Harold and Wilfrid, there is absolutely nothing in them that will just suit yourself. I mean nothing really made for you. Now it 's a different case altogether with Enid—quite a small part would do for her. But for yourself, you do expect as the oldest sister to be the one who marries the handsome Prince; and at the same time you simply can't let Muriel be the Queen of the Fairies and wear the ornamental lampshade. And so what are you to do?

Well, by an extraordinary bit of luck I have a little play by me



THE FAIRY GROTTO (WITH STALACTITES).

which I wrote some —— I mean which I have just written especially for you. It is called

The Wolf;

or,

Prince Rupert and the Fairy Princess.

CHAPTER II.—READING THE PLAY.

THIS is the most exciting moment of all, because of course everybody is wondering what the play is about. The clever author (that means me) is surrounded by the cast (that means the whole lot of you), and, after a hearty tea, he declaims his work to them—to the accompaniment of shouts of laughter, bursts of applause and the like. Something in this style:

The Author. The—er—title of our little play is *The Wolf;* or——

Ethel (*reproachfully*). Oh, uncle!

The Author. What 's the matter now?

Ethel. You *said* there was a fairy princess in it, and I was going to be it, and it was to be the chief part.

Muriel (*loftily*). I 'd much rather be an ordinary human person. Wouldn't you, Enie?

The Author. But you are, Ethel. It is.

Ethel. Then oughtn't I to be in the title?

The Author. You don't understand. It 's called *The Wolf;* or, *Prince Rupert and the Fairy Princess.* I have to put the wolf in there, but he hardly comes into the play at all. In fact he only has a growling part.

Dick and *Harold* (*simultaneously*). Bags I the wolf!

Harold and *Dick* (*eagerly*). I said it first, didn't I, uncle? Shut up; you didn't.

The Author. I shall want one of you to be the Prince.

Dick and *Harold.* Bags I the Prince, anyhow.

Ethel. Hadn't we better settle the parts afterwards, uncle? I 'm going to be the dear little Fairy Princess; how lovely! What will you be, Janet?

Muriel. I don't mind what I am. Do you, Enie?

Harold and *Dick.* All right, then; I 'll be the Wolf.

[*They start growling in various tentative keys.*

The Author. I think we shall have to get your cousin Tom to be the Wolf. We want a big one. Now then, I 'm going to read it to you. Er—*The*——

Dick and *Harold* (*in fits of laughter*). Won't he look a sausage?

Ethel. You *don't* mind my being the Princess, *do* you, Muriel dear? Because, you see——

The Author (*angrily and loudly*). *Will* you all be quiet for a moment? . . . Now then—(*very loudly*)—THE WOLF——

Wilfrid (*suddenly*). I—want—my



UNCLE SHOWING CHILDREN HOW TO ACT.

mummy. I—want—my—mummy. I—want—— [*Uproar.*

CHAPTER III.—THE STAGE.

As soon as possible you must come to some definite agreement with Mother about the drawing-room. The best way is to go into her room one morning when she is very busy writing notes, and say quite anyhow (as though you didn't care a bit): "I suppose, mummy dear, you don't mind our doing our play in the draw-

ing-room? Uncle James said——" And then she 'll say: "Don't worry now, dear, I 'm very busy. Yes, yes, I know; run away, there 's a darling." So of course you run away and tell the others that Mother said "Yes."

About a week before the night you 'll have to take charge of the drawing-room altogether; and if you can get Mother safely off to London to buy Christmas presents before you really begin you will get on much faster with everything. There is no harm in Father staying on. He will be so glad that you aren't using the library that he will actually help in some of the heavy work. Probably, when you start moving the grand piano, he will even suggest getting a couple of men in to do the thing properly. That, though, would spoil all the fun; and you must quickly assure him that the whole idea was to do everything yourselves, and that if he took one end and Uncle James the other you would show them exactly where you wanted it put.



Getting ready for the Night.

Chapter IV.
The Scenery.

The principal scene is *The Fairy Grotto*, and that of course is where you, Ethel, live for the first part of your life—until, in fact, Prince Rupert comes and kisses you and turns you into a mortal, which, between ourselves, is a much better thing to be. Uncle George has drawn a picture of this enchanted cavern, and I want you to notice particularly the stalactites hanging from the roof. You have read all about these in your science books; but I may say here that they are called stalactites because that is such a difficult word to spell. You remember the story of the harassed ambassador who was embarrassed by a scintillating stalactite—well, it had to come into that story.

To return to the picture: the stalactites with the crease down the middle are Cousin Tom's, and the rather baggy stalactites are Uncle James's, and the ones with the stalagmites fused on at the knees must be Harold's, and . . . Well, you see, of course, how it is done. There is also, you notice, a wonderful magic pool in the middle of your cavern. The legend is that he who looks into the water will see the face of his true love reflected; and when Rupert looks in then you come and peep over his shoulder; so of course he sees your face too.

Then says Rupert:

Whose is this lovely, this enchanting face?

I 've seen it once or twice about the place.

And you sing softly:

I am the fairy princess Elsinore!

(I 'm sure I 've never seen the man before).

And so on. In another picture you 'll see how the cascade 's done.



The Night Itself.

Chapter V.
Dresses and Stage Directions.

Before I come to the acting, I had better finish with what they call "the properties"—which means the things you make out of other things ready for the night.

As is always the case, the girls' things are much easier to get ready than the boys'. An excellent fairy-skirt, for instance, can be made from Mother's best lamp-shade—the one with the frilly things hanging down; then, again, a tea-cosy makes a good crown for the Princess. But I can't suggest anything that will do for Prince Rupert's costume. I really think that Miss Pringle will simply have to set to and make something for Dick out of that piece of blue plush that was left over.

There is just one tip I must give you about stage directions. It is very important to pay attention to the author's directions to the actors, because, after all, he wrote the play and

ought to know best how it should be acted. So when you read a note like this: '*During this speech of the wicked Baron's, Sunnylocks has been growing more and more frightened; he turns deathly pale, beads of perspiration stand upon his brow, his knees tremble more and more, until at the last horrible threat his very hair stands on end with terror*"—when you come across this you must see that Harold really does carry out the author's intentions. Most of it should be fairly easy for him, but the last direction does want a little scheming. The best way is to have a magnet suspended from the ceiling, and ready to be let down when required. Then, just before he goes on, Harold must dip his head into Wilfrid's "Chemical Food" (which, as you know, has a lot of iron in it to make him strong), and then at the critical moment the magnet is let gently down . . . . Whereupon an extremely realistic scene ensues.

Oh, by the way, don't forget the moon. The best London people always have them full. I can't say why.

Chapter VI.—How to Act.

The first thing to remember is that it is necessary to cross the stage every time you make a remark of any importance. I have never quite understood why this should be so, but they always do it in London; and what is good enough for them is good enough for us. Thus, if Prince Rupert is on the right-hand side of the stage and you are on the left, and he says, "I love you!" you both cross over before you reply "Rupert!" I fancy the reason must be that the common people who are stuck into the sides of the gallery can only see one-half of the stage; and as they got a bit tired of never seeing more than half the characters in a night they complained to the fireman. He told the man at the door who says "Stalls-to-the-left-dress-circle-this-way," and gradually it got up to the Manager himself, who made the new rule. Of course you have no gallery in the drawing-room, but you may as well follow the general custom. Anyhow, it gives the audience a chance of seeing both sides of you.

Uncle James will show you several of the more important gestures, and you must see that you get these right. For instance, when the Prince declares his love he has to put both hands upon his heart as he leans eagerly towards the lady. Of course most of the audience will understand what is happening, but Grannie, who is deaf, may not hear the words, and she will probably upset everything



The Cascade.

by saying, "There! I told him not to have a second help."

Did I mention improvisation? That means putting in your words when you have forgotten mine. It is possible that you may have to do this sometimes when your memory goes, as it does in History always; and then the great thing is to do it as naturally as possible. For example, the Prince may be telling you the story of his adventures in the search for the magic ring. At the end of them you have to say:

At such fierce deeds my maiden heart doth quail;
And yet, fair sir, I thank you for your tale.

Suppose, however, you have forgotten those lines for the moment. Don't be nervous; and don't rely entirely on the prompter, because he may be busy. Just say with a sweet smile, "*What did you say?*" and then, while he is telling his story all over again (as most men would be glad to) you can be thinking of something nice to say afterwards.



The wrong way of working the Limelight.

Chapter VII.—The Night Itself.

So, finally, after all your rehearsing and dressmaking and scene shifting you will come to the night itself. Aunt Molly will be at the piano playing "The Waltz Dream," when you will discover that the prompt-book has been lost; and at the same time Cousin Tom will discover that the best pair of stalactites *is* his, after all. While he is expostulating with Uncle James, the curtain will go up, and Uncle James will say, "You fool, drop that curtain! Oh, I beg your pardon, Miss Fellowes, I didn't see it was you." Then Aunt Molly will play "The Waltz Dream" over again, and Cousin Tom will come in properly and begin to growl. Having performed his part with immense vigour he will retire into the wings and take his head off, when he will learn that the curtain has been down all the time, because they can't start till the prompt-book has been found. Whereupon Harold will yell out he can see through the hole in the curtain, and Uncle Charles has it in his hand; and Uncle Charles, who has promised to prompt, but is now turning over the music for Aunt Molly, who is playing "The Waltz Dream" for the third time, will be indignantly sent for. Aunt Molly will insist on coming behind the scenes too, to see if she can help, and Miss Pringle, who has been very busy in the green-room stitching up Prince Rupert, who had split at the last moment, will take her place and play "The Waltz Dream." Then Uncle James will say, "Now clear the stage there, please. All behind the scenes. Where *is* everybody? Tom, come on. Now Miss Fellowes, we really are ready this time. The other cord, I think. On all-fours please, Tom. No, the *other* cord. . . . . Now, before Miss Pringle begins again. Now! . . . . Get *behind*, Harold."

And then, all of a sudden, everything will go perfectly smoothly. . . .

And when it is all over—

Chapter VIII.

There will be loud calls for the author.

A. A. M.



First Youth (late arrival). "HALLO! WHAT SORT OF SHOW IS IT?"
Second Youth. "OH, SAME OLD THING. FIRST THE DEAR OLD CONJURER, AND NOW THE BALLY OLD CHRISTMAS TREE!"



Voice from upper regions. "DEARIE, IF YOU CAN'T KEEP BABY QUIET, WHY NOT GIVE HIM SOMETHING TO PLAY WITH?"



THE INFLUENCE OF WEATHER ON HISTORY.

SHOWING HOW THE ENTENTE CORDIALE OF THAT PERIOD MIGHT HAVE BEEN NIPPED IN THE BUD, IF THE CONFERENCE OF "THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD" HAD BEEN HELD THIS SIDE OF THE CHANNEL, UNDER THE CONDITIONS COMMONLY ASSOCIATED WITH AN ENGLISH SUMMER.



A PARLIAMENTARY FANCY-DRESS FÊTE.

MR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN. MR HAROLD COX — MR. BALFOUR. MR ASQUITH — MR CHAPLIN. LORD ROBERT CECIL — MR. HARCOURT SIR SAMUEL EVANS MR. HALDANE. MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL. MR. GEORGE WYNDHAM





VERY ADVANCED GOLF.

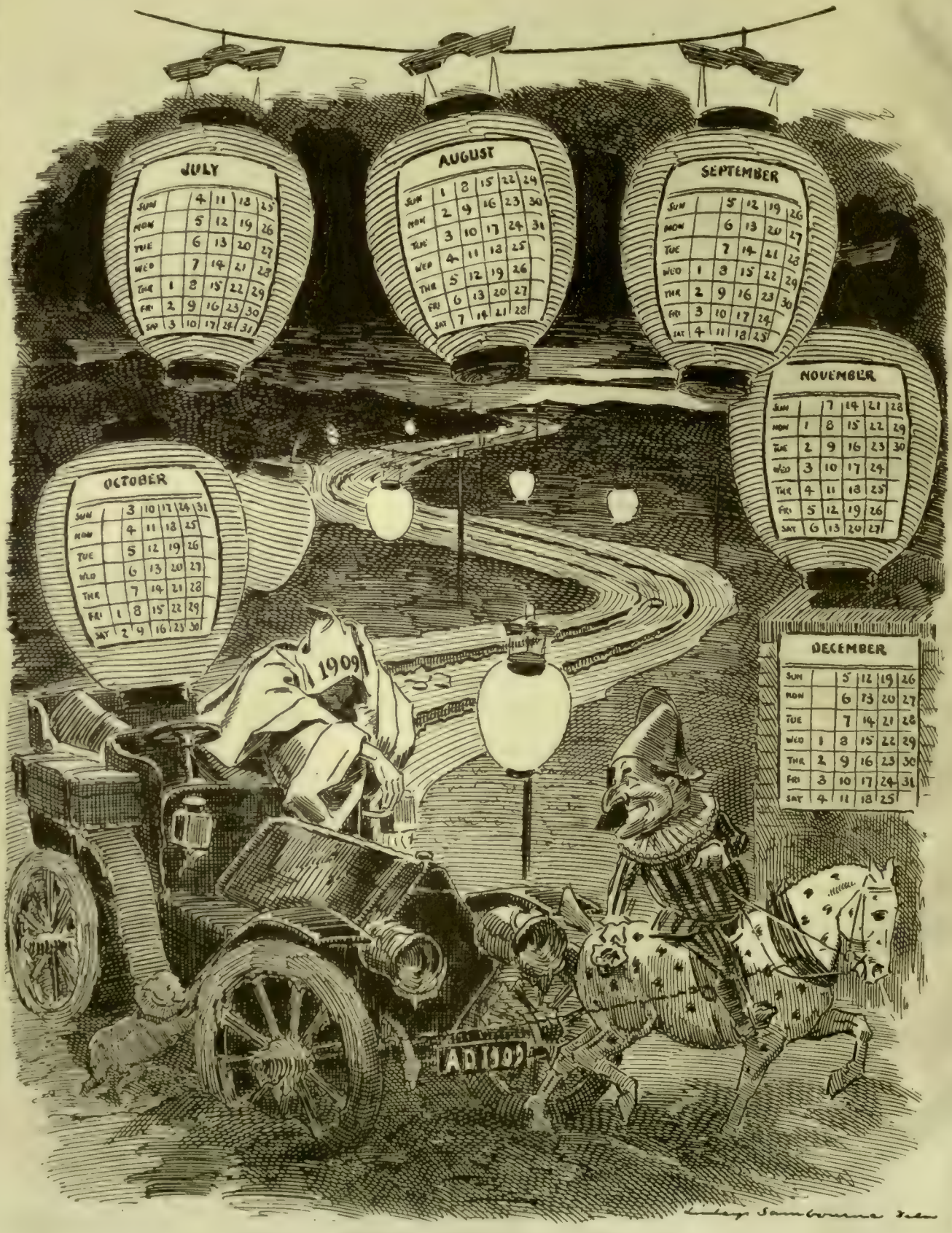
I. This for it!

II. Holed!



VERY ADVANCED GOLF.

IMPORTANT NOTICE (THE BALLOON HOLE).—PLAYERS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO ASCEND TO THE GREEN TILL THE PLAYERS IN FRONT HAVE QUITTED THE LADDER.



THE GOING OF 1909.



MR. PUNCH'S PAGEANT IS NOW ON VIEW AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES, LEICESTER SQUARE.

A LEAP-YEAR LAMENT.

So the Old Year is done,
And let me add
The fact that I, for one,
Am jolly glad.

This was the kind of year
I used to laud,
But it has proved, I fear,
A beastly fraud.

I 'm disappointed; yes,
I find myself
In single cursedness
Upon the shelf.

O ladies, why so coy
At such a time?
I am no callow boy,
But in my prime;

Not beautiful ('tis true),
But kind and good,
Points which I fancied you
Quite understood.

Yet, though my charms have been
Fully disclosed,
As all of you have seen,
Not one 's proposed.

Still, feeling (as I ought)
Extremely vexed,
There 's comfort in the thought
It 's my turn next.

A GUIDE TO POPULAR EMOTION.

["Perspective is everything when it comes to a question of news; and the newspaper takes the accurate view of the interest of its readers. . . . If you count interest by space you will find that nearly every paper divided its space equally between the seismic horror (which was in Italy) and the snow sprinkle (which was at our door)."—"The Office Window," *Daily Chronicle*.

AH! what it is to have a *flair*
For things that touch the vital part!
To put your thumb (and hold it there)
Upon the people's pulsing heart!
To scent the truths that pay you best,
To plumb the common mind of men so
That this you know should be compressed
And that be printed *in extenso*.

Yonder, by Italy's lovely shores,
Nature takes on her ravening mood;
Earth rocks, and Ocean bursts his doors—
The strand with myriad deaths is strewed;
A world in mourning shares the blow,
Since grief like this draws hearts together;
And yet, it seems, our papers show
An equal interest in the weather.

From where "The Office Window" shines
We get these large perspective views,
That sense of values which assigns
Its native worth to local news;
There, flood and flame and ruining walls,
Horrors from which the numb brain flinches,
Are balanced here by snow that falls
Reaching a depth of several inches!

Yet when I scan my daily sheet
I sometimes doubt if what one reads
Reflects in superficial feet
The average person's mental needs;
If area represents our taste,
What of the speeches, stupid, solemn,
That through the Session run to waste
In weary column after column?

Nor does it move me much to hear
Just how a blizzard, blowing keen,
Dammed up a locomotive near
The environs of Aberdeen;
'Tis not demand controls supply:
Petty or poignant, grave or silly,
"This is the stuff you want," they cry,
And one must take it, willy-nilly. O. S.

"Even the London County Council was remembered with gratitude, as the electric cars, *crowded though they were*, conveyed City people homeward." *The Daily Telegraph*.

The italics are ours—to emphasise the Great Thought embedded in this paragraph. It is really wonderful how seldom these electric cars stop to consider how many people they have inside.

"Nearly the whole of England and Wales, if it could have been seen from a balloon, would have been snow-covered."
The Daily Telegraph.

Even as it was, with nobody looking at it from a balloon, quite a large part of the country was under snow.

SIR HENRY COTTON has said in *The New Age* that the partition of Bengal was "the greatest blunder that had been committed in India since CLIVE won Plassey." If CLIVE'S victory at Plassey was not exactly a blunder we can quite understand that SIR HENRY regards it as a very unfortunate occurrence.

OUR CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

DEAR *Mr. Punch*,—I have been reading your tragi-comedy about the charms in the plum pudding, and feel particularly sympathetic because something of the same kind very nearly wrecked my own happiness on Christmas Day. Fortunately the issue was a triumph of mind over matter—or perhaps I ought to say love over loathing. It happened like this. We had just arrived at the pudding stage, and I felt it was the moment of my life, and Lizzie, our maid, felt it was the moment of hers, as she bore it to the table in triumph, and I could see she 'd been having a grim struggle in getting it out of the saucepan, for her face was post-office red, and she had forgotten to turn her sleeves down. Personally, I had never made a Christmas pudding before, as I have only just begun to keep house for my brother Harry, and I could see *he* looked a bit anxious, for we had already had one or two trifling failures.

Mr. and Mrs. Bostock and Dick Barry were dining with us, not that I care for the Bostocks a bit, but I wanted to please them because they can be useful to Harry; but I do care for Dick, and I particularly wanted him to see how domesticated I was, because—well, every woman will know why. The pudding certainly looked a picture, its rich brown complexion showing a vivid contrast to the red holly berries that crowned it, and in its firm yet spongy interior I had hidden the usual mascots—a threepenny-bit for riches, a wedding ring for marriage, and a thimble for spinsterhood. I managed to give Mr. Bostock the slice with the threepenny-bit in it, and he was delighted at the attainment of more riches; but at the second mouthful I noticed a queer expression cross his face, as he helped himself again to brandy sauce and passed it significantly across to his wife. An eloquent silence fell upon us, till Harry began talking eagerly about the Budget; but even if I had been interested I couldn't have joined in, for I was too occupied with wondering what it could be that made the pudding taste of camphor. The eggs were all right, I knew, so was the fruit and the suet, and I had just determined that Lizzie must have used a lump of camphor instead of soda in washing the forks, when Mrs. Bostock gave a startled ejaculation and stared at something on her plate. Everybody stopped eating with wonderful willingness.

"What is it, Mrs. Bostock?" I exclaimed.

"*You* ought to know that best," said Harry, hooking up the offending object on his fork. It was a soft, whitish thing, and looked like a flabby capsule of sodden paper.

"Why, it 's *only* the thimble," I exclaimed, much relieved.

"The thimble!" they all cried, incredulously.

"Yes," I replied. "I couldn't find my silver one, so I put in Lizzie's. It was made of celluloid, and I expect the—the *goodness* has all boiled out of it."

"Good Heavens! We 're poisoned," groaned Mrs. Bostock.

Harry turned on me with a face like a thunder-cloud.

"You must be *mad*," he said. "I thought you had more sense. No wonder the beastly stuff tasted of camphor."

"*Camphor*, indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Bostock. "Do you know, young lady, that celluloid contains nitric and sulphuric acid and chloride of lime?"

I shook my head. If I 'd tried to speak I should have burst out crying. As it was, my eyes were full of tears.

"All excellent things for the system when taken in



THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.



HEREDITARY INSTINCT.

Suffragette Mother (snatching a spare moment from really important things to visit the nursery). "BUT, MY DEAR CHILD, WHAT ARE YOU CRYING FOR, WITH ALL THESE NICE TOYS? WHAT CAN YOU WANT?" *Infant.* "BOO-HOO! I WANT A VOTE!"

small quantities," said Dick Barry. "It 's the best pudding I 've ever tasted, Miss Mabel. May I have some more, please?"

And, in spite of all they could say to dissuade him, he had another slice, and nobly ate every bit, and if Mr. CARNEGIE knew about it I believe he 'd give him some Hero-money. As it was, he only got the wedding-ring; and when, after the Bostocks had gone, and we had been engaged about seven minutes, he asked Harry if he would trust my life to him, Harry replied—

"Certainly, if you 'll trust yours to her." Which showed that the nitric acid and chloride of lime were still rankling. Yours sincerely, MABEL GREEN.

"WILLETT, WILLIAM, builder of fine modern houses; famous as the inventor of the method of saving daylight, embodied in the Bill of 1908; blessed, but not yet adopted by Parliament."

The Daily Mail Year Book.

We advise Mr. WILLETT, whatever other structures he erects, not to build too much on the last clause of this sentence. If Parliament refused to adopt him while the Bill for feeding school children was under discussion, there is not likely to be another chance for some time. However, he has been blessed, which is something.

A *poitrinaire*, who has been in his time too much sounded by the medical profession, suggests that the new year, nineteen-nine, should be known as the *Annus pulmonarius*.

CONSOLATION.

YES, there 's no doubt who it is—though perhaps it seems strange to you
How the fleet years should so graciously alter your look;
Hardly you 'd guessed that Time's fingers could make such a change to you,
Save for the Horror that smirks from that photograph book.
Look at that waistcoat—suggestive of round-the-town roystering;
Look at your manner in ties and your beast of a hat;
Look at yourself as you seemed, in the halcyon champagne-and-oystering
Days of your youth, when you went about vestured like that!

Do you at times get a longing for lost juvenility?
Do you, from peaceful backwaters of forty or so,
Hanker for days when, assured of a wondrous ability,
You were to lead all the world in the way it should go?
Well, if you do, and the heyday of youth comes and cries to you,
Cries of old days ere the silver cord stretched and grew thin,—
Turn to your Aunt's book of photos, for that is my soundest advice to you;
See what you looked in the 'eighties—and find Consolation therein!

1908.

LOOKING back on the past year I can see that it has been (as usual) one of noble endeavour; frequently frustrated, but invariably well-meant. In accordance with the custom of the newspapers I have set down here its record of achievement in the different provinces of Art, Bicycling, and the like; and I offer this to the public in full confidence of their sympathy and appreciation.

Art.

We have had our photograph taken for the first time for many years, and if the result isn't Art I don't know what is. The photographer said: "Would you like them *en silhouette* or straight-fronted?" We said in French that we *had* thought of *cartes de visite*. The result is a sort of three-quarter face with one wing forward, and the man insists that we must have looked like that once. The only other achievement in the world of Art is a moleskin waistcoat of some distinction. I had no idea that moles were that colour, but the man swore that when you had taken the feathers out of them you found quite a different coloured skin underneath. As he has been there and I haven't, I cannot argue with him. Altogether a good year for Art.

Bicycling.

At the beginning of the year our eldest brother sold our bicycle for a sovereign and gave the sovereign to our second brother. A bad year for Bicycling, therefore.

Science.

(I thought for the moment Science began with a C, which is why it comes in here.)

Several important discoveries have been made in 1908. For instance, the small white raspberries in tapioca pudding are *meant* to be there; *you* always thought that they had got in from some other dish, when the cook wasn't looking. And when your watch gains a foot you don't put the regulator to A because it is advancing, but to R because you want to retard it. (Or else the other way round—I have forgotten again. Anyhow, I found out that I had been doing it wrong.) Another discovery made in the early part of the year was the meaning of the phrase "Bank Rate Unchanged," but that is too technical to explain here. A record year for Science.

Education.

1908 has not been wholly barren. We have learnt where Bosnia is.

Finance.

The old system of keeping no accounts and never filling in the counterfoils of cheques again answered admirably.

Games.

The past year marks an epoch in the history of Games. We have retired from football and are not the cricketer we were; but, on the other hand, we have made immense strides in croquet. We improve slowly at billiards. In November we potted the red rather neatly, and everybody said, "There's no getting away from that—he *must* have meant it." As a matter of fact . . . . . but it would spoil it to explain. In the early part of the year we could have shown you a trick or two in Diabolo. During October we issued challenges to GOUDI and BURNS—"£10,000 to the nearest relative, win, lose or tie," but luckily they were not accepted. That is all, except that I can no longer jump the ancestral herbaceous border, as the gardener keeps on discovering.

Hydrostatics.

ARCHIMEDES' Principle—that if a heavy body gets into a cold bath quickly an equal amount of water gets out on to the mat quickly—was demonstrated daily, to the complete dissatisfaction of the man on the floor below, who, however, made a still more important discovery in this interesting branch of Dynamics: viz., that water does not find its own level, but prefers something about ten feet lower down.

Indigo.

Indigo has maintained its *status quo* throughout 1908. There have been occasions during the year when we had almost decided to be an Indigo planter in Assam rather than stick it in this beastly country. On each occasion the weather cleared just before we had packed the sandwiches.

Music.

Space and time alike fail us to tell of our notable triumphs upon the pianola in the year that has just elapsed. We have played the *Sonata Appassionata* and *Shuffling Jasper* with equal *verve* and *chiaroscuro*. The fruitiness and nutty flavour of our rendering of *Remorse*—Valse Tzigane, No. L192,999, kindly return by the end of the month—will never be forgotten. In July one of the black notes stuck down and refused to budge for some time; but we got it up at last with the potted-meat opener. I say, I don't think much of LISZT. He has pace and staying power and is a good strider; quite a useful man over timber he might be; but he is a little lacking in—what shall I say? *Adagio con molto espressione ma non troppo*, if you know what I mean.

Pets.

Walter, the white mouse, perished in May. The doctor said it was too much exercise on an empty—well, he put it rather crudely. You know what doctors are. And you know how white mice *will* exercise. The tailor said Walter was too small to make up into a white waistcoat, even an evening one, and that he would be hopeless as a tie. I advertised for a white mole, but they seem to be rare. Altogether 1908 was a sad year for pets.

Thought.

Perhaps the past year was above all a year for Thought. To the pursuit of Thought we devoted many afternoons in many positions. Some people would find it impossible to think properly in one of those hard, wooden office chairs with the corrugated backs, but 1908 proved that the impossible could be achieved—that one could be as busy in these as elsewhere.

Xylonite.

We did not do any of this.

Yclept.

We were yclept every morning punctually at 8 (and arose punctually at 9.30) throughout the year.

Zeugma.

I suppose you thought I couldn't do X. Y. Z. Well, this is just to show you. In the ordinary way, of course, I should have referred to the zeugma under Music. We ordered a low-strung one last month, but it has not yet been delivered.

So much for my record of the past year. Reading it over on this first early morning of the New Year, I feel that I have not spent the twelvemonth in vain. At the end of it I can say truthfully that I am, if not a year wiser, at least a year older, a year fatter. And now, as it is just two o'clock, I will start the New Year well by carrying out my first resolution—that of going to bed *early*.

A. A. M.

"The spacious days of Elizabeth, when the Englishman, half explorer, half warrior, half freebooter, half patriot, ruled the Spanish Main."

From *T. P.'s Weekly*, which is publishing a series of articles on "Literary Taste and How to Form it."

"In accordance with his annual custom, an unknown benefactor walked into the cashier's office of the Church Army last week, handed over a cheque for £500, and left without waiting for thanks.

As great quantities of this parasite are in demand at this season, a word or two from the 'Garden' as to how to," &c., &c.

Western Daily Press.

Our own comment would have been that the signature on the cheque might have given a clue to the benefactor's identity.

DONT'S FOR DÉBUTANTES.

III.—THE ETIQUETTE OF THE COUNTRY HOUSE.



REMEMBER THAT IF YOU ARE YOUNG AND UNMARRIED YOU ARE LIKELY TO BE OVERLOOKED; SO MAKE YOURSELF NOTICEABLE FROM THE FIRST. DON'T COME BY ANY TRAIN SUGGESTED TO YOU BY YOUR HOSTESS—ARRIVE AT SOME UNUSUAL HOUR. ABOUT 7.59 (IF THE DINNER-HOUR IS 8) WOULD BE RATHER EFFECTIVE.



DON'T LET THE MEN IMAGINE THAT THE BILLIARD-ROOM IS EXCLUSIVELY FOR THEIR USE, AND THAT WOMEN SHOULD PLAY BY INVITATION ONLY. DON'T PRETEND AN INTEREST IN THE ORDINARY GAME IF YOU DO NOT FEEL IT. A COMBINATION OF BILLIARDS AND HOCKEY IS FOUND BY MANY PEOPLE MORE AMUSING, AND IS CONSIDERABLY EASIER TO LEARN.



DON'T BE FORMAL OR STILTED IN YOUR LANGUAGE. THUS, SHOULD YOU COLLIDE WITH ANOTHER GUEST ON THE STAIRS, DON'T ON ANY ACCOUNT SAY "PARDON ME" UNLESS YOU WISH TO BE MISTAKEN FOR AN AMERICAN. SAY "SORRY, OLD CHAP," UNLESS THE GUEST SHOULD HAPPEN TO SPEAK FIRST, IN WHICH CASE SIMPLY SAY "NAUGHTY!"



ABOVE ALL, DON'T BE SHY. IF YOU SHOULD CONTEMPLATE TAKING A BATH, AND FIND THE ROOM ENGAGED, DON'T SCUTTLE BACK TO YOUR BED-ROOM AND PERHAPS ALLOW A SECOND PERSON TO GET A BATH BEFORE YOU. SIT DOWN OUTSIDE THE DOOR.

SERIALS FOR ALL.

IV.

OUR next specimen is from *The Athenæum*. Its title is

IRENE'S ERROR,

A STUDY IN REPARATION.

Principal Characters:

WELRED RUSSELL, a patient compiler.
IDA, his daughter.
MARTIN CUTTER, a reviewer.
IRENE PANKSNAY, a female novelist.
MOSTYN DASENT, a male novelist.
O'DECIMO, a publisher (known as the Jew O'Decimo).

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Welred Russell, having just completed his *magnum opus* on the protective colouring of postage stamps, goes off to Broadstairs for a week's rest before he begins a new work. He takes the MS. with him to number the pages. While he sits on the esplanade with his daughter, she attracts the attention of O'Decimo, who also is staying there, and he determines to marry her. He therefore contrives a *rencontre* with her father, whose name he knows, and by gross flattery wins his way into Russell's heart. Russell improves the occasion by tendering his MS. for publication, and the Jew O'Decimo is so enamoured that he not only takes it, but offers £100 on account of a 15 per cent. royalty, thirteen to count as twelve, which are better terms than Russell had ever received before. The only condition is that Miss Russell shall bring the proofs every day as they are read to the office. Miss Russell, who meanwhile is secretly engaged to Martin Cutter, a reviewer, temporarily agrees, as she knows it is her father's only chance of getting his book published.

O'Decimo therefore goes off with the MS., and puts it in his safe. It happens that he has there also the last new novels by Miss Irene Panksnay, *What of the Night?* and Mostyn Dasent, her great rival, *The Redness of the Rose*. It happens also that Miss Panksnay, goaded to fury by the success of her rival, and properly indignant at the deplorable tone of some of his purpler patches, has determined to break into O'Decimo's premises and steal and destroy Mostyn Dasent's new MS.

Armed with a skeleton key, she does so, opens the safe, abstracts what she thinks to be *The Redness of the Rose*, and, hurrying with it to Waterloo Bridge, drops it into the Thames. She has now just discovered that it was not *The Redness of the Rose*, but Mr. Russell's treatise on the protective colouring of postage stamps.

CHAPTER VII.

Irene staggered across the room in a state bordering on mania.

She looked again at the paper, and again read the fatal paragraph:—

Broken into by burglars last night, the safe of Mr. O'Decimo, the well-known publisher, was robbed of a valuable manuscript of that rising author, Mr. Welred Russell. This work, which had occupied Mr. Russell for many years, dealt in the most exhaustive and fascinating way with that alluring theme, the protective colouring of postage stamps. That it should have excited the cupidity of the thief is therefore not surprising; but that the world should lose it is a matter of the gravest import. Mr. O'Decimo has offered a reward of £100 to anyone returning it to him and no questions asked.

Irene was in despair. What should she do? She was a humane and just woman, and her one idea, she repeated to herself, had been to deprive the reading public of a book which she honestly believed to be a danger. And in her foolish haste she had taken away and destroyed the harmless work of a deserving author.

Destroyed?

But had she? How long would it need for Thames water and Thames mud to obliterate and ruin a closely-packed manuscript? Some days surely. There was time even now to dive or dredge.

She started impulsively for the bell, but almost immediately checked herself. Of what use to dive and dredge? It could not be done in private, and to do it publicly would be to brand her deed—her jealousy?

No, rather must she keep her secret, and by all the means in her power make reparation to the unfortunate Welred Russell, the author.

Having thus decided, Irene pressed the electric button.

It was answered by a page. (According to Mostyn Dasent's quip, this was the best page of all her many thousands.)

"Get me the Post Office Directory," she said in the beautiful silver tones that had enchanted so many bazaar audiences.

The boy returned almost in the twinkling of an eye.

Irene fluttered the pages breathlessly till she came to Russell. She looked down the list—

Russell, Charles
Russell, G. W. E.
Russell, T. W.
Russell, Welred

Ah, there it was. She hastily committed the address to her ivory tablet and bade the page blow three times for a taxi.

"It 's only once now," said the boy.

"Of course," she said. "How foolish of me! But I am all unstrung."

In a few moments the taxi was at the door and she was on her way to 131, Bloomsbury Street, Welred's address; only, however, to learn that the family was at Broadstairs.

"To Broadstairs!" she cried to the taxi driver.

"Impossible, madam," said he. "I have neither the petrol nor the pluck."

"Then drive me to Charing Cross," she replied.

V.

Another example is a chapter from the vivid romance now running in *The Tailor and Cutter*:—

LORD SELVAGE'S FOLLY.

Principal Characters:

LADY ANGOLA LAPEL, eldest daughter of Lord Kerseymere.
LORD SELVAGE OF CASHMERE, an eccentric millionaire.
SIR WHITE WESTCOTT, a dandy.
THE MARQUIS OF GABERDINE.
PRINCE SERGE DE VICUNA.
MR. and MRS. HOME SPUNNER.
ASTRA CANN, an adventuress.
BHAGGINI'S, an unprincipled Oriental, Lord Selvage's evil genius.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Lord Selvage, a wealthy nobleman of great goodness of heart but deplorable taste in dress, has bet his friend, Sir White Westcott, £10,000 that within three months he will be the accepted suitor of Lady Angola Lapel, the reigning *débutante* of the season. Lady Angola, on her side, has promised her father, Lord Kerseymere, that she will never wed a man who wears ready-made clothes. But she is strangely fascinated by Lord Selvage's personal magnetism, and, torn in two between love and duty, begs for a week in which to consider his proposal, and promises to give him an answer at Lord's on the day of the 'Varsity Match, which happens to be the last day of the three months specified in the wager.

CHAPTER XI.

Lord's on the day of the University Match — a brilliant summer day, when the most *recherché* efforts of Nature were equalled and eclipsed by the triumphs of sartorial art. On all sides one saw the cream of England's womanhood faultlessly gowned, and the fine flower of England's youth tastefully garbed in the height of fashion. It was the luncheon interval, and brave men and dainty women were refreshing themselves, after the strain of two hours' attentive observation, with choice comestibles and sparkling beverages.

Admirably placed, Lord Kerseymere's drag, crowded with a bevy of Society celebrities, attracted universal attention, and Lady Angola Lapel, in a wonderful tailor-made confection, was the cynosure of every eye. But the proud beauty wore a far-away, *distraite* air, and paid but little heed to the gay badinage of Lord Harris Tweedie and Prince Serge

de Vicuna. Nor was her anxiety unnatural, for this was the day and the hour on which she had promised to give a decisive answer to the most opulent of her myriad suitors—Lord Selvage of Cashmere. His generosity was a by-word, but so was his wardrobe. Dressed at times in the height of fashion, he would at others flout the decalogue of Mode by appearing in ready-made suits of the most deplorable cut and pattern.

Suddenly a tremor ran through the vast assemblage. A strange figure was seen approaching the drag. He wore brown boots with black spats, blue flannel trousers, a grey frock coat tightly buttoned across his chest, and—crowning horror—an American grass straw hat. Strong men fainted and delicate women shrieked as he remorselessly pushed his way towards the drag. Alone Lady Angola retained her self-possession, though her features were drawn with agony; and as Lord Selvage—for it was he—raised his infamous headgear and gazed with fond inquiry full in the face of his *inamorata*, she hissed out the single word "No" in a thrilling whisper, and Lord Selvage fell prostrate on the emerald sward.

There was no more cricket at Lord's that day. The news spread with lightning speed to the pavilion, and the rival Blues, by a unanimous vote, resolved to cancel a fixture which had been so horribly desecrated.

VI.

Lastly, we may conclude with a severely condensed extract from the remarkable psychological serial which is appearing exclusively in *The Westminster Gazette*:—

THE EGG DANCER.

By ALFRED JAMES and HENRY BAGSHOT.

Principal Characters:

ARTHUR BELPER, a philosophical statesman.
MRS. SPANGLER, an American journalist.
HILARY BOLLAND, an ex-diplomatist.
JONAH BRUMFIT, an Imperialist politician.
ANNICE WORPLE, an Eurasian egg-dancer.
LORD HARBINGER, a Tory Democrat.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Arthur Belper, a Conservative statesman deeply addicted to psychological research, has developed a style so cryptic and complicated that none of his supporters are able to fathom his meaning or intentions. After patiently enduring his masterly ambiguities for several years, they grow restive and resort to the plan of employing Mrs. Spangler, an American interviewer and accomplished hypnotist, to elicit a comprehensible eirenicon from Belper which will satisfy the conflicting demands of the various sections of his Party. The preliminary negotiations occupy Chapters I.—XXXVIII., as the result of which Belper consents to discuss with Mrs. Spangler the basic principles of Psycho-Pragmatism, as applied to the re-organisation of the Primrose League.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

The great fact, all the while, however, admittedly, had been his incalculability, since he *had* "supposed" himself, from decade to decade, to be allowing, and in the most liberal and intelligent manner, for the exigencies of political evolution. [Five pages are here omitted, containing 8,000 commas, 7,000 qualifying adverbs, and 16,000 other kinds of words.]

They entered the office together, our young lady and Belper, with a dim consciousness of impending calamity, he, characteristically, admitting himself with his key. [Fifteen pages are here omitted, describing the silence in which Belper and Mrs. Spangler ascended the lift to the first floor.]

"I believe in the flower," she broke out. "I feel that it would have been quite splendid—quite huge and immeasurable."

"So you had the idea of *this*——?"

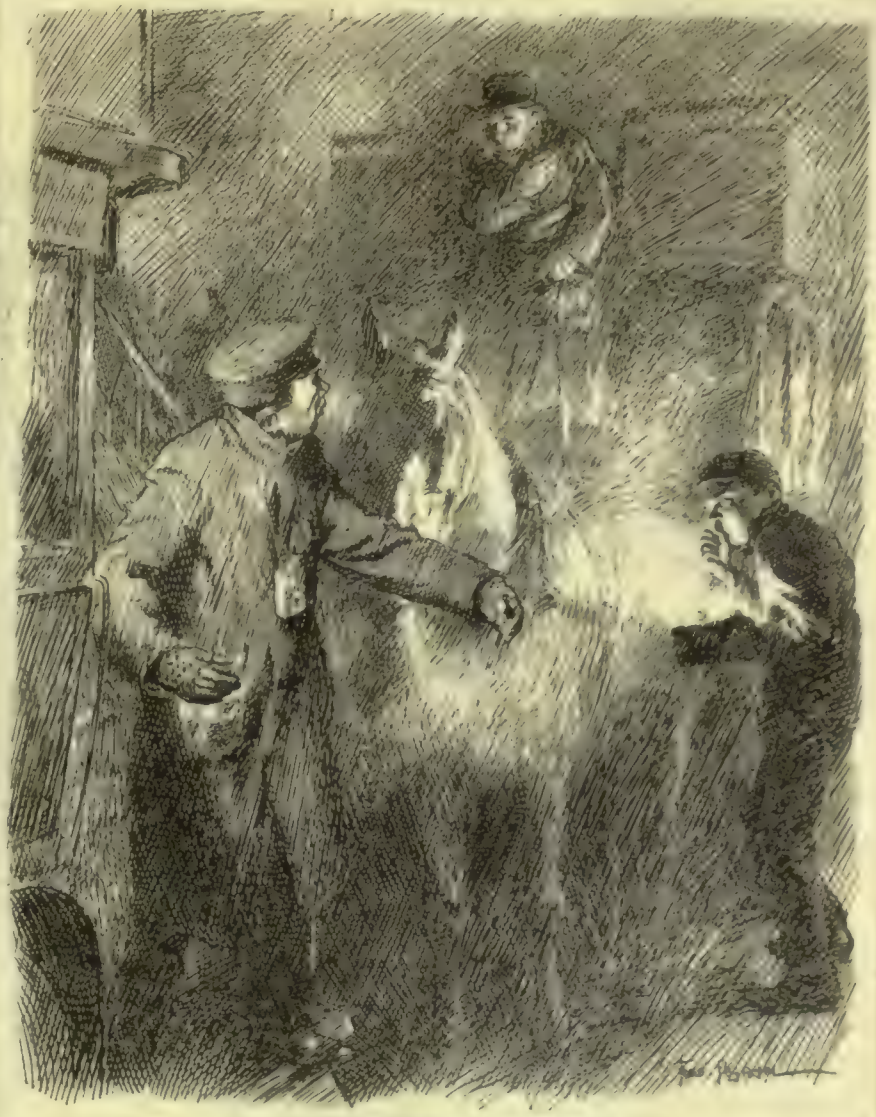
"Of what?" she quavered.

"Well—of what has happened!"

"But has anything ever 'happened'? I believed at least you'd have persisted if *he* had known that both of us had, so to speak, come to ourselves, that is——"

"Then you went so far as to hint——"

"'Far' is not the word. I don't say they love him better," she granted tremulously after a luminous pause; "but he is grim and worn, and with his great clumsy monocle he does not compare with your adorable pince-nez."



A DETERMINED OPTIMIST.

"WELL, THERE 'S *ONE* GOOD THING ABAHT THIS 'ERE WEATHER, CHAWLIE, *THE FLIES DON'T BOTHER 'ER.*"



OUTPOSTS.

Officer. "NOW SUPPOSING THE PATROL SENT OUT DIDN'T RETURN AT THE PROPER TIME—WHAT WOULD YOU DO?"
Corporal (after much thought). "SELL THEIR KIT, SIR."

THE MODERN DRAMATIST TO HIS MUSE.

TEN years ago they used to say
"SARDOU 's the drama's hope." But he who
Desires to fill the stage to-day
Should write his plays like M. BRIEUX.

Denounce Peer, Plutocrat and Priest,
Rich man and poor man, saint and sinner,
Dives dyspeptic at his feast,
And Lazarus without his dinner;

Set up the pulpit on the stage—
The dramatist secure inside it
Thumping his cushion in a rage.
That is the modern mode. I tried it.

Untempted by the golden lure
Of popular appreciation,
I only lusted to secure
A small attentive congregation.

Later, I said, a larger throng
Will gather round me as a teacher.
I only need to pitch it strong,
Like Father VAUGHAN, that moving preacher,

Till finally my fame shall spread
So wide that, though my coat is shabby,
When I am comfortably dead,
They 'll lay me snugly in the Abbey.

So, scorning critics' blame or praise
(Since critics always think it funny
That anybody writing plays
Should write for anything but money),

I set all thought of pelf aside,
And even, while I could, extracted
A certain melancholy pride
From ranking with the Great Unacted.

An audience fit but few, said I,
A leading man on half his salary,
Acting he knows not what or why
To a half-empty pit and gallery,—

That is the most I hope at first,
One of those orgies on a Sunday
Where censored masterpieces burst
Like bombshells upon Mrs. Grundy.

I can't pretend to hope that I
Shall rouse the interest BARKER rouses
When even Mr. GALSWORTHY
Plays to such *very* empty houses,

But still the drama 's vogue is far,
Yes, very far from being ended,
While Mr. SUTRO's motor-car
Costs such a lot and looks so splendid.

Such was my young ambition's dream.
But flee ambition, oh, my brothers!
Ignore her *ignis fatuus* gleam
And realise — with MAUGHAM and others—

'Tis better far to win the bays,
The gilded bays, of popularity
Than spend your days in writing plays
For one performance at a charity.

So I will bow in Rimmon's House,
And with my fellows make obeisance,
And nothing any more shall rouse
My pursy soul from its complacence.

And if as I descend the aisle,
Grown rich at last and sadly fatter,
I catch the bland and mocking smile
Of G.B.S., what does it matter?

I shall have won my piece of earth,
My M.V.O., my wreath of laurel,
Have sold my soul for what it 's worth.
They buy it. And we needn't quarrel.



IN THE DARK HOUR.

ENGLAND TO ITALY, DECEMBER 28TH, 1908.

CHARIVARIA.

MR. LLOYD-GEORGE'S statement that those who eat plum-pudding ought to give three cheers for Free Trade has been successfully challenged with the argument that many of the ingredients are taxed; and those Free Traders who suffered from indigestion on the 25th or 26th ult. now know the reason why.

***

"Who invented Christmas Carols?" asks *T.P.'s Weekly*. We agree that an attempt ought to be made to fix the responsibility.

***

During the blizzard a train from Waverley for King's Cross was snowed up at East Linton. It now transpires that one of the passengers was Lord DALMENY. We are sure the snow could not have known this.

***

"Old Moore" predicts that 1909 will be a "red year." If this refers to noses, it seems likely (at the time of writing) that the prophet will score a success.

***

By the by, we are sorry to hear that the sale of Comic Noses during the festive season led to one or two regrettable incidents, owing to real noses being mistaken for the imitation article.

***

It is rumoured from Africa that all the leading wild animals there are arranging a great Marathon Race in the opposite direction for the day of President ROOSEVELT'S arrival.

***

President CASTRO declares that he will not prevent the new Venezuelan Government from settling outstanding disputes with foreign Powers. This generous undertaking shows him to be a good fellow at heart.

***

The statement that JOHNSON bears no marks of his great fight with BURNS is denied. According to our information he is black all over.

***

"SIX UNBRIBABLE COUNCILLORS.
ASTOUNDING STORY FROM AMERICA."

So says *The Daily Graphic*. Is this quite kind and cousinly?

***

"Boss" CROKER has been interviewed by a representative of *The New York Herald*. We give two extracts:—

(1) "'Every young man,' he said, 'should take an interest in politics.' 'And art and literature?' asked the interviewer. 'I suppose so,' said Mr. Croker, 'although I don't suppose that pays much.'"

(2) "'I would not be a Member of the British Parliament even if they were to make me President of England,' he said. 'No one can make anything but an American out of me.'"

Personally, we don't want to make anything out of Mr. CROKER, but we do appreciate his childlike candour.



UNCONSCIOUS PLAGIARISM.
A Case of "Mimicry" in Natural History recently observed in the London streets.

It was announced last week at Truro that a number of militant Suffragettes would address a meeting in Victoria Square; but none turned up. Cabinet Ministers are now complaining bitterly that they have never been the victims of a cruel hoax of this kind.

***

Among those who attended a recent At Home of the London Society for Women's Suffrage was Signora CARLOTTA DA CONTO CARDOSA, who possesses 80 votes in Madeira. This should be one of the Blessed Islands where good Suffragettes go when they die.

We learn that one of the Women's Suffrage militants was employed while in prison in making men's shirts. The temptation to leave a needle in each must have been almost irresistible.

***

The Vicar of Southbank refused last week to preach a sermon because, he declared, he was annoyed persistently by a member of the congregation. It is now rumoured that the last-mentioned gentleman has received several flattering offers from other congregations to visit their parishes.

***

The following lines, which we venture to cull from a story in *The Sphere*, would seem to show how important it is to look before you sit:—"As he paused an instant half-way up the stairs, his eye caught in the reflected light of the street lamp, lying carelessly where it had been thrown on the window seat, the outlines of a magnificent party wrap with its sable collarette."

***

"What is a Mining Royalty?" asks a correspondent. Well, we suppose that the plutocrat who is known as The Coal King is one.

***

A gentleman writes to *The Express* to point out that the thermometer which formerly stood under the clock at the Marble Arch has not yet been replaced. We understand that it is not intended to replace it, the authorities being utterly ashamed of the vagaries of our weather.

"His [BISMARCK'S] disciples have at times used the threat of war as a card in the game, but they have never ventured to let the cannon speak."

This is from an article in *The Daily Mail Year Book* called "The Chess Board of Europe." France, we may add in the same metaphor, has often threatened to lay a stymie, but has never yet ventured to huff Germany for giving a miss in baulk. Hence the score remains at a try all.

"Mr. Will Crooks, M.P., on Saturday paid a second visit to Poplar Workhouse and sang 'The Rocky Road to Dublin' to the inmates. The hon. Member was accompanied by Mrs. Crooks, his son and daughter, and other members of his family." *Daily Chronicle*.

There was going to be no mistake at the piano this time.

DUMPED DISEASES.

RUSSIAN INFLUENZA.
MEASLES MADE IN GERMANY.

OUR head-lines demonstrate once again the disastrous results of our quixotic Free Trade policy, and the urgent necessity for Protective measures of a drastic character in the bacteriological world. Statistics show that an increase of 500 per cent. has taken place during the past month in influenza of foreign manufacture, and that this is a deliberate attempt at dumping in these islands diseases for which there is no demand in the country of origin, and which are of no benefit except that they keep the medical faculty in work during a slack time. What have we exported in return? Nothing but a few cases of ophthalmia, flat foot, and anæmia of little commercial value, being the property of rejected aliens with less than £5 in capital.

In spite of a letter from the GERMAN EMPEROR to the HOME SECRETARY, sketching a plan of campaign against the foreign malady, German measles have in places completely ousted the home-grown article, which is preferentially encouraged by only a few patriotic British physicians, though it supplies equally good raw material for the flourishing industry of patent medicine manufacture.

There is, conversely, an alarming falling-off in such an invisible import as the All-British complaint of Maltese fever. With our Crown possessions and colonies we do practically no business except in large cases of sea-sickness, which, as they benefit no one but the catering departments of steamship companies, may in one sense be termed an unproductive industry. We receive nothing from Australia beyond a little "miner's elbow" from the gold-fields, while African maladies are produced almost wholly for local consumption.

There is no reciprocity, no Free Trade within the Empire to cement it together by the means of Preference to All-British ailments. Our Protective measures against hydrophobia demonstrated how easily imports can be controlled. The Empire should be self-contained in the matter of diseases, and not dependent on foreign supplies in time of war.

Let us suffer imperially.

The New Rain-Producing Explosive.

"The Fifth Dragoons left for England amid numerous explosions of popularity. Rains have fallen fairly generally throughout the Colony."
Queenstown Free Press.

IN THE TRACK OF THE STORM.

SNOW-FLAKES FROM ALL QUARTERS.

[With acknowledgments to *The Daily Mail*.]

THE quality of the snow delivered at Sandringham was almost exactly the same as that enjoyed by the inhabitants at Stepney, E.

***

During the last 40 years snow has fallen in London 34 times under a Unionist Government as against only 18 times when the Liberals were in power.

***

A Suffragette conceived the novel idea of writing "Votes for Women" in the snow, in Trafalgar Square, with the butt-end of a dog-whip.

***

Weather experts tell us that we must thank Greenland for the recent cold snap. We fail to see the necessity.

***

A great deal of the snow at Newcastle, it was noticed, fell direct into the river.

***

A bumper of cod-liver oil before bedtime is recommended by the medical profession as the "best blizzard beverage."

***

The fourteenth hole at North Berwick looked quite different owing to the bunkers being full of snow.

***

A threepenny-piece was dropped by a passenger from a snowed-up train near Dundee. Up to late last night it had not been recovered.

***

Asked for an explanation of the spell of cold weather a well-known scientist said that in his opinion it could only be accounted for by the low temperature.

***

Snow has proved such a far better noise-deadener than wood-blocks for roadways that several Borough Councils are leaving it down as an experiment.

***

There has probably not been so much written about snow for 28 years.

***

A list of previous Great Snowstorms will be found——

[In other papers.—ED.]



BRITAIN IN A BLIZZARD.

MAP SHOWING OUTSTANDING INCIDENTS OF THE GREAT STORM (WITH ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO *THE DAILY MAIL*).

HOW THE GOOD NEWS WAS MADE.

"AM I disgracefully late?" whispered Phyllis's mother to our mother, as she came into church alone. (Phyllis is staying with an aunt in Australia.) "I had five letters from Australia, and I simply had to read them all before I could start."

"Really?" whispered our mother with unfeigned interest.

"Yes, five," said Phyllis's mother, beaming. "And I do hope your rheumatism is better."

. . . . .

"Phyllis is engaged," said our mother to us at lunch.

"At last!" said sister Amy. "How relieved Phyllis's mother will be!" said sister Margy.

"How do you know?" said I.

"Phyllis's mother told me that she had five letters from Australia this morning," said our mother, as if no further evidence was required.

"But . . ." said I.

"I could see by the way she said it. Of course she is engaged."

"Of course she is," said Amy.

"Of course," said Margy. Thereupon I withdrew, as I was clearly intended to withdraw, from active part in the conversation.

"One of the letters would be from Phyllis," said Amy, "written before he proposed. She would say that it was still raining and she was enjoying herself frightfully and didn't want to come home a bit. She would write that in the afternoon, and they would go out and post it together. On the way back he would propose, and she would write another letter to catch the same mail. They would go out and post that together. She would be so pleased that she



MODERN SPORT.

Old-fashioned Sportsman (to new Hunt Secretary going home). "WHAT KIND OF A DAY HAVE YOU HAD?"
Secretary (thinking of the "Cap"). "WRETCHED! WORST I'VE HAD SO FAR. ONLY TEN POUNDS."

wouldn't mind the extra stamp a bit, and he would think it was the nicest pillar-box he had ever seen."

"Two," said Margy. "The third would be from him, saying what a lucky man he was, and what a sweet girl Phyllis was, and might he come to England to see Phyllis's mother, and Phyllis said if he did he would fall more in love with her than he was with her, and what a sweet girl Phyllis was, and what a lucky man he was."

"The fourth would be from the aunt, telling Phyllis's mother all about his family, with just a post-script to say how glad Phyllis's mother will be, and what a blow it will be to lose her daughter."

"The fifth would be from the uncle, with just a few words about the financial position and all the rest about his cold."

"Whose cold?" I asked.

"The uncle's, of course. I suppose Phyllis's mother will write to Phyllis, saying she cannot bear the idea of losing her. . . . "

"Having sent her out for no other purpose!"

". . . . and though she doesn't want to spoil Phyllis's happiness she cannot promise anything yet. Then she will write to him a letter, more kind than enthusiastic, saying what a treasure Phyllis is, and that she does not know whether she can see her way to parting with her daughter."

"Isn't it possible . . . ?" said I, boldly.

"No, it isn't," snapped Amy. "Leave him alone; he is only a man. I wish he would go on overeating himself, and not interfere in things he doesn't understand. What *shall* we wear?"

. . . . . .

My sisters went to tea with the De Wintons in the afternoon (with intent) and the De Wintons always sup with the Priestleys on Sunday nights. Violet Priestley is engaged to Jack Hammond, and I met Grace Hammond in town on Monday afternoon.

"I have some news for you," she said, "if you will promise not to tell a soul. I oughtn't really to tell anyone, but you are different." I did not promise anything, but that did not seem to make any difference. "Phyllis is engaged. Isn't it a good thing? Fancy if she had been sent out all the way to Austria for nothing!"

"Or worse still to Australia!" said I.

"He is a tall dark man with a black moustache. His father is a judge, and his family is the oldest in the colony. Phyllis had written to her mother about coming home, and he went with her to post the letter. On the way back she told him what the letter was about (wasn't it clever of her?) and he proposed then and there. He has written to Phyllis's mother, and promised to settle on Phyllis . . . but I mustn't say how much. Phyllis is coming home at once, and he is going to put his farm straight and follow by the next boat. The wedding will be early in January, and immediately afterwards they are going back to America."

"Why don't they try Australia?" I suggested.

"Same thing," she said. "What do you think of it all, and what *am* I to wear?"

. . . . . .

Later I met Phyllis's mother.

"They tell me," I said, "that you had five letters from Australia

yesterday. Let me congratulate you heartily."

"Thank you very much," she said. "I love letters from a distance, and it is nice to hear from one's little nephews and nieces. Five separate letters describing a children's party they had been to. But I do wish they 'd tell me something about Phyllis and when she thinks of coming home."

IN SUMMER-TIME OR WINTER-TIME.

In Summer-time, in Summer-time—
But that was years ago—
No day was ever long enough,
For none was ever slow.
And those who romped and frolicked then
Through every flowery day
In cheerfulness and innocence
Were like the birds at play.
The birds they had a brighter note,
The flowers a deeper glow—
But that was in the Summer-time
A hundred years ago.

In Winter-time, in Winter-time
How cheerily went the hours!
The holly then was all our joy;
We had no thought of flowers.
The holly-berries seemed to have
A brighter tint of red;
The lawn, so green in Summer days,
With whiter snow was spread;
And every cheek with health was flushed
From sporting in the snow—
But that was in the Winter-time
A hundred years ago.

In Winter-time or Summer-time
What merry songs were sung,
When every step was light as air
And every heart was young.
Then, whether robed in rustling green
Or cloaked in silent white,
The trees, the tall familiar trees,
Looked just supremely right.
But now the songs are weak and few,
And nothing seems to show
As in the old and happy days
A hundred years ago.

Too Young at Sixty-Nine.

"The Earl of Leicester, who has just celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday and who is the 'Father' of the House of Lords, is one of the most remarkable living examples of family longevity. The long period of 154 years has elapsed since his father was born, and his father was in his sixty-ninth year at the time of his birth." *Westminster Gazette.*

But surely that cannot be regarded as a fair start?

"In the Peak district of Derbyshire the yesterday was covered to a depth of several inches." *The Daily Chronicle.*

But, we still ask, where are the snows of yester year?

THE OLD STYLE IN THE LANE.

Peter Pan and *Pinkie* between them don't seem to have done much damage to the old stock-pantomime, if one may judge from the huge audience that sat patiently through most of the *Dick Whittington* show at Drury Lane on New Year's Eve. I cannot say what may have happened during the dinner-hour, but a great deal of patience was needed after that. The songs that I heard, topical or other, were poor stuff, the knockabout business rather tedious, and the humour of the dialogue pretty thin, except when Mr. WILKIE BARD relieved it.



THE HERO OF THE PANTOMIME.
MR. GEORGE ALI in his great smoking feat.

I can well believe that Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS has once more surpassed himself in the splendour and costliness of his scenery and dresses, for that is what they always say; and, indeed, the aldermanic ideal was very sumptuously illustrated in the Harbour of Gold; but I would gladly have done with smaller crowds and a little more real dancing, in place of all that trotting and skipping through a maze of stuffy, meaningless manœuvres.

I have nothing to say against Miss TRULY SHATTUCK, for the courage with which she carries off a name like that disarms criticism, and, after all, she did just what she was supposed to; but one longed to exchange her *Prince of Phantasia* for just a moment of *Pickle* or the *Queen of the Fairies* from His Majesty's. Mr. WILKIE BARD found a godsend in his catch-song, "She sells sea-shells on the sea-shore," which, with the assistance of a confederate in the dress-circle, he tried to make the audience learn by heart. His quiet humour was very pleasant indeed. So was that of Mr. GEORGE ALI, as *Mouser*. Ignoring the acrobatic traditions of the pantomime cat, he gave a superb exhibition of intelligent reserve. Miss MARIE GEORGE was not given much chance for her gaminerics; Miss QUEENIE LEIGHTON was harmlessly conventional as the Principal Boy; and Miss MARIE WILSON made a pretty and natural *Alice*. Those who contrived to hear her voice thought that she sang nicely. Mr. AUBREY FITZGERALD introduced some clever burlesque, but he was meant for better things and better company.

I am half afraid that I have not written with quite that lavish enthusiasm which is expected of (and usually supplied by) the critic of Drury Lane pantomime. I must try again another year.

THE INCOMPLEAT BURGLAR.

HE was at it again last night. I woke with a start, and heard him stealthily cutting a pane out of the French window downstairs. After that he crept into the house, and padded quietly about the ground-floor rooms, appropriating anything that took his fancy. Yet this morning, when I went down to breakfast, the window-pane was puttied in its frame again, as neatly as if a glazier had done the job, and nothing was missing.

Strictly speaking, I suppose I ought to have gone down to attempt his capture. But I really don't know what I should have done with him if I had caught him; I am averse from bloodshed, especially in the home, and, with the policeman passing only once in twenty-four hours, there might have been some awkward delay—time which it would be difficult to fill in tactfully—before the moment for giving him into custody arrived. So, knowing by now that he always restores what he picks up, I merely lay still and listened. "It is only honest Burglar Bill," I said to myself. "Presently his better nature will gain the upper hand again, and he will go away, an erring but not a dishonest man."

Before I understood his idiosyncrasy I *did* look for him once or twice, with a poker. But the only result of this enterprise was to excite the dog, who had not heard the intruder, but joyfully welcomed the supposition that a new, a better era was dawning, and that sociability was to be extended henceforth into those dull, small hours that hang so heavily at times on one's paws. Burglar Bill evaded me altogether, and, on the whole, I am not sorry that he never came within reach of my poker.



Urchin (to friend who has gone in). "B-I-I-LL! LEND US YER SKATES; YOU AIN'T USING 'EM!"

Some people say that the changing temperature of the night air can make floorboards creak, and cause staid old arm-chairs or bureaus to kick out. Perhaps; but the night air was never yet cooled that could take a pane out of a window and put it in again. People who doubt the existence of Burglar Bill are cynics, with no belief in the ultimate goodness of human nature; but for the sake of such a belief I cling to my theory of a strong, erring man whose conscience ever pricks him when the really difficult part of his job is over. I can see him doing silent battle with his evil angel in the dark rooms downstairs, the veins on his brow standing out in the intensity of the struggle. Slowly, for it means food and drink to him, he puts back the cruet-stand that he has abstracted with such patient skill from the sideboard cupboard; slowly the tears trickle down his furrowed face; then, in an agony of remorse, in altogether uncontrollable agitation, he runs up a few stairs and down again, plays one muted note on the piano—I have never been able to account for this—and so, having robbed one of nothing but sleep, passes out silently and sorrowfully into the night.

Home!

"A tramway-car at Merthyr yesterday jumped the rails and broke into the boundary wall of the Drill Hall, where it lodged."—*The Daily Mirror.*

"By counting the number of glasses between the apparition and the first glass the mouth in which the event required to happen will come to pass may be ascertained." - *Woman's Life.*

And so it comes about that the event required to happen is, in the case of topers, often postponed for many years.

"Lost, Brown Purse. Finder please return Ladies' Gymnasium."

A large order. The Finder will have to do it gradually, starting on Monday with the parallel bars.

"Particularly handsome and chaste is a sugar dredger of Empire design. Also very serviceable in navy serge."—*Dundee Courier.*

In this line a more popular speciality is a milk strainer, which gives the milk that blue tint so much sought after by connoisseurs.

"The moment of time when one year quietly changes into another we all know, but the beautiful imperceptibility is less evident."
The Daily Telegraph.

How often it happens that we cannot see the imperceptible!

An Impossible Fable.

Once upon a time there was a very rich man who denied himself nothing, entertained lavishly, and lent money to all his friends.

In course of time, although he was very rich, these habits brought him to poverty.

When the friends to whom he had lent money heard that he was impoverished they rallied round him and repaid him everything.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I AM tired of stories of the German invasion of England; of the landing at Felixstowe (is it?), and the gallant defence by the Mayor; of the rise of all the waiters (slow, easy-going men as they have seemed to me), and the advance upon Epping Forest. I wish that for a change (failing my little romance of the Sandjak invasion of Novi-bazar) somebody would give us the story of a French or an Italian raid. Nevertheless I am grateful to Mr. H. G. WELLS. *The War in the Air* (GEORGE BELL) shows us Germany once more as the aggressor; but this time it is America upon whom her double eagle eye is cast. The accounts of the air-fights do not move me much, but the adventures of the Cockney hero on Goat Island, Niagara, are thrilling. This is *Bert Smallways*, one of the great *Kipps* family, which only Mr. WELLS can draw; and he is so well done that I could have wished he had been the hero of a humbler tale. Until, that is, we got to Goat Island, when I was all for more fighting. *The War in the Air* is an immensely interesting story, well written, of course; but it seems to lack singleness of aim and so does not quite hit the mark. On the other hand it gives the reader an opportunity of deciding by the one book whether he prefers his author as a realist, romancist, or sociologist.

I find myself in a position of some delicacy. I feel certain that it is only necessary to mention the nature of Mr. W. H. MALLOCK'S plot in his novel, *An Immortal Soul* (GEORGE BELL), to send him innumerable readers, and yet one cannot furnish the least hint of it without giving away enough to spoil the interest, excepting for those cautious readers who guard against shocks by taking the last chapters of a story first. But perhaps I may mention two subsidiary attractions. There is a most endearing set of people in it, and my own appreciation of them is not, let me confess, affected by the fact that one or two of them owe much to the tactfulness of their former indiscretions. And there are opened several vistas of thought which make the book a good deal bigger than its three hundred and fifty-odd pages, closely printed. If I were to try to build a sort of literary Colossus out of the many novels I have read this last year, Mr. MALLOCK'S book would certainly supply the brain for the whole.

Of the making of literary *Peters* there is no end, nor does it appear that some among the older ones lose with time their power to charm. Of such is evidently LUCAS MALET'S *Little Peter* (FROWDE, HODDER AND STOUGHTON), who makes his reappearance in a dainty new suit of white-and-gold, with eight most sympathetic and really illustrative pictures by CHARLES E. BROCK. It is a guise in which he will be very welcome at this holiday season. Personally, when I am given a book about a little boy who lived, once upon a time, at the edge of a dark wood, the son of poor but honest parents, and intimate with charcoal-burners, I incline to think myself defrauded if there is not an ogre or two in the tale and a sprinkling of fairies. This, however, may be mere prejudice, and there is much in *Little Peter* to make amends. *Peter* himself, for instance, is wholly delightful. But for that very reason I object the more strongly to his end. I do not like nice little boys, especially *Peters*, to be carried away by angels in the last chapter. Children have no business with the theory that to die young is the reward of amiability. For one thing, it puts a premium on bad tempers.

Dan to Beersheba (HEINEMANN) is the happily-named title of Mr. ARCHIBALD COLQUHOUN'S latest work. To the already voluminous and valuable story of the author's travels in four continents it adds records and descriptions of Burmah, Siam, Southern China, Central America and South Africa, where he made the acquaintance and gained the confidence of CECIL RHODES. The South Africa Company, under that great man's direction, was at the time engaged in annexing the vast territory now known as Rhodesia. Mr. COLQUHOUN was appointed to administrative post with promise of eventually having charge of Mashonaland. His narrative of the advance of the Chartered Company's force, led by Mr. SELOUS and captained by Dr. JAMESON, is new and full of interest. There are few men of the present day who have journeyed so far as Mr. COLQUHOUN. Fewer still combine with the passion for travel the gift of making the reader share their pleasure, whilst escaping their privations.



EXPLODED REPUTATIONS.—VII.

LEANDER.

There are fairies and fairies, pixies and pigmies, good and bad, but none—according to unanimous youthful tradition — indifferent, and Lady RITCHIE'S *Fairy Blackstick* in the *Blackstick Papers* (SMITH, ELDER) is of the easy-going, garrulous, gossipy kind, dainty and easy of movement, agile in speech, reminiscent in mood. She loves to stand meditating on Brighton Parade, that no longer neglected thoroughfare, or to muse in the windows of a house on the front, and there to call up the ghosts of past literature and dead fashions —the literature of THACKERAY, the fashions of a day rather earlier. These *Blackstick Papers*, by THACKERAY'S daughter, appearing lately in the *Cornhill*, wisely avoid comparison with the *Roundabout Papers* which THACKERAY himself contributed half-a-century ago to the same magazine, then in its infancy.

Germany, according to *The Standard's* Berlin correspondent, is much exercised as to what Englishmen wear in town.

"The dispute arose at a rehearsal of the English play *Mrs. Dot*. In the first Act some men drop in to afternoon tea at five o'clock with a hostess. The question arose, What would these men wear in such circumstances in London?"

The proper costume would, of course, be a brown-coloured bathing suit, neck to knee. The L.C.C., however, does not encourage mixed bathing at the hour mentioned.

CHARIVARIA.

MR. ROOSEVELT, our omniscient press informs us, is taking one dozen tooth-brushes with him to Africa. TEDDY's fondness for showing his teeth is, of course, well known.

***

Yet in the opinion of many dentists the use of the tooth-brush is inadvisable as it tends to damage the teeth. Curiously enough, small boys have realised this instinctively from time immemorial. Thus may we learn wisdom from the mouths of babes.

***

From New York comes the news that during the past twelve months no less a sum than £18,186,400 has been given to public institutions in the United States. Mr. CARNEGIE heads the list with £1,487,520, Mr. ROCKEFELLER is next with £586,800, and Mrs. SAGE comes third with £311,927. With a view to promoting similar healthy competition among our own wealthy men, a certain enterprising little news-sheet, we hear, intends to offer a prize of Five Guineas to the millionaire who gives most to British charities during 1909.

***

"The greatest mistake made by modern educators is that they try to kill imagination in children," says the *Journal de Genève*. The little chicks themselves are all in favour of the abolition of spanking for story-telling.

***

According to M. LENFANT, who has just issued a work on Central Africa, cannibalism in the Congo is a hygienic necessity on account of the natives requiring salted nourishment. This new theory robs the custom of all grounds of objection—except possibly on the part of the food-stuffs.

***

The ups and downs of artists' reputations are always interesting. In a competition for pavement artists at the Fun City a "Turner seascape" gained only a third prize.

Sir HUBERT VON HERKOMER's protest against the enormous sums which are expended in the purchase of Old Masters has caused keen satisfaction among living artists. When one remembers that for the price of a single Franz Hals the Trustees of the National Gallery might have bought thousands of Louis Wains the scandal becomes vividly apparent.

***

Nothing but a stern sense of duty could have persuaded *The Daily Express* to publish the following telegram the other day:—"There is no foundation whatever for the statement in *The Daily Mail*—KNOLLYS, Sandringham."



CAUTIOUS.

(Extract from Policeman's Evidence.)

". . . . I 'EARD A SUSPICIOUS NOISE—*AS IT MIGHT BE* THE BREAKING OF GLASS——"

The cry of "Back to the Land of Eden" still goes on during the regrettable displacement of the Palace Theatre's most popular feature. See the following advertisement:—

EMPRESS HALL, EARL'S-COURT.
FIRST GRAND FANCY and EVE DRESS CARNIVAL.
THURSDAY NEXT. Admission 1s.

***

The municipal authorities at Rio de Janeiro have prohibited the wearing of any form of headgear in theatres. It is expected that wearers of wigs will struggle desperately.

***

Suggestions have been invited as to the celebration of the 150th anniversary of the opening of the British Museum. Why not a Dinner to the Mummies?

***

Says *The Express*:—"The longest will on record, consisting of about 26,000 words, was proved yesterday. It contrasts with the shortest will of 3 words." Certainly there is a contrast here.

***

It has often been said that it needs a detective to find a lady's pocket. At a sale last week a detective discovered a pocket which went the whole way round a lady's skirt, and it subsequently excited great interest at Marylebone Police Court.

***

It is, we hear, doubtful, after all, whether the County Council will erect a stone at the corner of Edgware Road to mark the spot where Tyburn Tree stood. It is feared that it might prove a source of annoyance to those whose ancestors lost their lives there.

***

A number of boys were fined at Newport, Mon., last week, for playing football in St. Julian's Church. It does not, somehow, seem the right place for it.

"Employment in Gent's Outfitting and Hosiery; or would go as stocktaking."
Liverpool Courier.

If the applicant could impersonate income-tax payment in a pleasant and convincing manner, he would be more likely to get a job.

"'East is East, and West is West,
And never the twain shall meet.'
So runs an old couplet."
The Tatler.

We prefer the aged triolet:

"Oh, oh!
Auto-
Nos."

"Last week he gave Harry 3,200 in, 10,000 and a beating by 1,215, meaning that he scored during the week 10,000 to 4,5[illegible]." *The Daily Mail.*

That 's what STEVENSON may have meant, but it 's nothing like what he did.

"Lost Leather Purse, containing Money. Finder [illegible]." *Leominster County Post.*

This is one of those self-evident truths which hardly needed saying.

A GUIDE TO POPULAR EMOTION.

II.

[It will be forgotten that in our last issue we quoted *The Daily Chronicle*'s dictum about journalistic "perspective" and its approval of the principle on which an equal space was allotted to the accounts of the disaster in Sicily and the snow-sprinkle at home. We have now to report (on the authority of *The Daily Mail*, which gave nearly half a column of its chief page to the luscious announcement), that "a new standard of lavishness in the social life of New York" was established by Mr. and Mrs. GEORGE J. GOULD on the occasion of the introduction of their daughter MARJORIE to New York society. The entertainment was "the most gorgeous in the history of the American plutocracy, outshining even the famous BRADLEY MARTIN entertainment some years ago."]

IN Liberty's chosen patch of earth
Where all are equal at date of birth,
Where bullion sprouts in the open air
And every man is a millionaire—
If you are anxious to shine aloud
Above the ruck of the gold-edged crowd,
It isn't enough to give a feast
At fifty dollars per man or beast;
It isn't enough to give a ball
On an amber floor in a topaz hall;
Nobody notices things like that
In the mere routine of a plutocrat;
Your only hope is to go one more
Than anyone else has gone before.

Mr. and Mrs. GEORGE J. GOULD
(Stars of the New York sky, and schooled
In the social manners that stamp that spot
As the ultimate judge of what is what)
Saw and seized on a lifetime's chance
Of giving a most exclusive dance,
A fifty-thousand-dollar rout
For an innocent daughter's coming-out,
With 80 flunkeys to swell the pomp
Of little Miss MARJORIE's virgin romp;
For they meant that the show she made her start in
Should break the record of BRADLEY MARTIN;
Dull the splendour and spoil the gilt
Of the best *début* of a VANDERBILT,
And reach a luxury past the scope
Of the courtly functions of old Europe.

True, it is no affair of mine
How American boomsters dance or dine,
That Momma arranged to knock the town
In an "exquisite lavender satin gown,"
And the Plaza's suite of a score of rooms
Was a maze of unbuyable orchid blooms
(Except that I'm sad for the poor young girl
Launched this way in the social whirl).
But the news was flashed on a lordly scale
For the central page of *The Daily Mail*,
And it equalled in length the last advices
Giving the crux of the Balkan crisis! O. S.

Answer to Correspondents.

"FOUR SCOTSMEN."—Your request that we should explain the humorous intent of a certain paragraph in a recent issue of *Punch* would have been a most unusual one if it had come from any other quarter; but coming as it does from Scotsmen—and four at a time, too—it must be almost without parallel. If you will send one or more of your names, accompanied by a corresponding number of stamped and addressed envelopes, we shall have pleasure in sending you the answer, which is quite easy. But we must decline your invitation that we should publish it in these pages, as we cannot believe that it would be of any general interest.

HINTS TO BEGINNERS.

MY DEAR YOUNG MAN,—I'm going to assume that you haven't done much yet. You've tried to start yourself here and there, and very little good has come of it. Mr. JOHN MURRAY and the rest of them have shown a deplorable lack of enterprise, and the result is that *Hannibal: A Tragedy in Five Acts*, though it was type-written, still reposes in your drawer in company with enough short stories to make a volume, and a sequence of seventy MS. sonnets dealing with all the aspects of life. These publishers are shocking bunglers, of course. They know next to nothing of their own business, and their only way with genius is to distrust and reject it.

Still, what are you to do? You can't force these dull fellows to take your work, and print it prettily, and offer it to the public, and advertise it all over the press of England. You can only hope that some day you may find one of them in a lucid interval of literary intelligence. Then, of course, *Hannibal* will come out, and Mr. BEERBOHM TREE will recognise in it the one thing he has been looking for, and your fortune will be made. All that, however, seems to be a long way off, and in the meantime, as I said, you're waiting. You're even thinking of advertising yourself as a potential secretary to a Member of Parliament, having heard of cases in which a man rose from that position to be a C.V.O. or a member of the British Academy or a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society; anyhow, something very brilliant, which was supposed to make a deal of difference to his wife.

Now, I don't see why you should wait any longer. These hints of mine are going to put you in the right way to make money and a name. You will think of them in after life as "Hints that have helped me," and some day, when you pass a certain house in the Goswell Road—it is in the Clerkenwell district—you will observe to your companion that there was once a man who lived in a three-pair back there and knew a thing or two about the literary market. Then, having with difficulty caused your 40-horse-power motor-car to be turned round, you will hasten back to the Festival Banquet in aid of the Society for the Relief of Broken-down Novelists, you being in the chair.

What I want you to do is a very simple thing. First of all you must get out of your head all your silly old-fashioned ideas about modesty and reticence and the young person who holds the record in blushes. Then you are to sit down and write a preface—a fairly long one, mind you. Short prefaces are quite useless for the book you are going to write. Here is a short working model of the shady book's preface. Have I mentioned, by the way, that you're going to write a shady book? No matter; you know now, and there are no more secrets between us.

"It was not without long and anxious consideration," you will begin, "that I determined to write and publish this book. It is the fruit of much thought devoted to some of the problems that lie at the root"—why problems always rest there I don't know, but you must take things as you find them—"at the root of our social system. Men still talk glibly of marriage. Priests mumble their solemn incantations over a ceremony which the most advanced intellects have come to regard with contempt, and which is doomed ere long to disappear both from the conversation and the customs even of the British Middle Classes."

After four pages devoted to this cheery iconoclasm you can proceed like this: "While this book was appearing in a serial form"—it never did, of course, but that's of no consequence—"it aroused a storm of controversy. To the critics who saw in it nothing but 'a farrago of indecency,' I offer the compliment of my scorn. But there are others.



THE HOT END OF THE WEDGE;

OR, THE BEGINNING OF RETALIATION.

LLOYD-GEORGE. "IT 'S THE POKER I BORROWED OFF YOU. DON'T YOU LIKE IT?"
PANTALOON. "YES. BUT NOT THIS END OF IT!"



First Poacher. "HELLO, BILL! WOT LUCK? ANYTHING DOIN'?"
Second Poacher. "WELL, I DUNNO; BUT IF I GETS FOUR MORE BESIDES THE WAN I'M AFTER NOW, I'LL 'AVE FOIVE—AN' THAT AIN'T SO BAD."

Hundreds of letters have reached me from those who have groaned under the weight of the world's conventions. They have recognised—I quote from the letter of one whose name as a mother and a worker in the field of social reform is well known—that 'the literary excellence of the book is equalled only by the purity of its motive and the refined directness of its method in dealing with situations which the weak-minded might describe as strong, merely because the artificialities of our lives have made them unusual.'" After three more pages of this and a few references to the matchless delicacy of the French, you can wind up the preface.

When you've done this you must write your sample chapter, not the first one, but one of the three great ones in which you defy the commandment which comes between the sixth and eighth, and smash into smithereens all that antiquated moralists have taught. Then you take your wares to a publisher—there are one or two who are on the look out for that sort of thing—and you show him the preface. His eyes will glisten. "My boy," he'll say, "can you write up to this?" Thereupon you'll bowl him over with the sample chapter, and he'll give you a contract at once—£1,000 down on account of royalties calculated at 30 per cent. Then you go home and write the rest of the book.

Of course there are some disadvantages. Some of your friends may cut you. Would-be moralists will hold your name up to loathing and execration. Here and there a reviewer may fulminate against your "disgusting book"—but the book will sell like hot cakes and you yourself will become celebrated and wealthy, especially after you have discovered the inevitable clergyman who will protest in print over his own signature that the book is the apotheosis of decency, the very consecration of all that is pure and wholesome. So make haste and get to work.

FOR MR. PUNCH'S PAGEANT.

[In answer to *Mr. Punch's* request for the loan of original documents connected with his career, a correspondent sends (unfortunately too late, since the catalogue of exhibits had already been made up) the following epistolary matter, part printed, part manuscript

"The Editor of *Punch* presents his compliments, and regrets that he is unable to accept the enclosed contribution. The theme of a village which distinguished itself by *refusing* to have a pageant has already been presented in *Punch*."

Along with this document our friend kindly sends the lines below.]

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Herewith I 'm pleased to send
A document (original), and lend
The same, as you requested, for your show
(By which I mean the Pageant, don't you know).
The document in question, you will see,
Contains some lines of your calligraphy,
Which somewhat tend to mollify the sting
Always attendant on The Accursed Thing,—
Which is, as you will probably have guessed,
"The Editor regrets . . ."—and all the rest.
I'm happy to oblige you, Sir; and, please,
You needn't send it back—I've lots of these
Original documents; they number scores.—
Believe me, *Mr. Punch*, sincerely yours
(Trusting I haven't sent it in too late).
P.S.—Please don't return—*in duplicate*.

THE CUT-GLASS BOWL.

BEING THE STORY OF ONE OF LIFE'S LITTLE DUPLICITIES.

I.

Miss Norman-Crudge, of 27a, Kensington Palace Terrace, to her newly-married niece, Mrs. Livesey, "Rosemount," Warwick.

April 17, 190—.

MY DEAR SARAH,—I am not, as you know, by any means satisfied with your marriage, which I consider both imprudent and perilous. Mr. Livesey is not at all the husband I should have chosen for you myself. He is a weak although doubtless amiable man, whereas what you wanted was someone capable of correcting your foibles. He is also, I understand, a Radical and a vegetarian, and probably an Agnostic, and is therefore not in the least calculated to direct your mind as those who really love you would wish. However, since there is no use now in saying any more, I have decided henceforward to consider him as one of the family (although I hope that when you come here to stay you will let me know exactly what he can eat and what he cannot) and cease to criticise; and it is with much pleasure that I am sending you a piece of old glass from my own collection for your table as a memento of my wishes for your happiness.

Your affectionate Aunt MERCY.

II.

Mrs. Livesey to Mrs. Vansittart, of "Leeside," Kains Road, Edinburgh.

April 18, 190—.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I implore you to tell me what to do. Aunt Mercy having forgiven us, sent me, yesterday, a very beautiful cut-glass bowl, which unhappily came smashed to atoms. What am I to do? Shall I tell her the awful truth that it is broken, or shall I simply say thank you? It seems so dreadful to have to tell her it is broken just after she has written such a letter; but if I don't there is always the chance that she may come to see us and ask for it. Do advise me. Your loving S.

III.

Mrs. Vansittart to Mrs. Livesey.

April 19, 190—.

MY DARLING CHILD,—Your letter came by the last post and I have not had a wink of sleep thinking about this terrible dilemma. Of course we ought always to tell the truth, but your Aunt will be so vexed, and just after she had come round too. On the other hand she is sure to find it out if you depart from the truth, because no one has ever taken her in. She has been like that ever since we were girls. I think you must be brave, dear, and say that it came broken, but doubtless owing to a fall in the Post Office and not at all because it was carelessly packed. Yes, I think that is best.

Your loving perplexed MOTHER.

IV.

Mrs. Livesey to Miss Norman-Crudge.

April 20, 190—.

MY DEAR AUNT MERCY,—How very kind of you! What a beautiful bowl! But I am exceedingly sorry to say that when we unpacked it it was found to be broken all to pieces. The packing was perfect, so it must have been the result of a fall on the way. We are greatly disappointed and distressed, and I am wondering if you can tell me where I could buy another like it.

Your affectionate niece,
SARAH LIVESEY.

P.S.—Joseph, who spent hours last night putting the pieces together, and who joins with me in love and gratitude, says he never saw a more beautiful bowl.

V.

Miss Norman-Crudge to Mrs. Vansittart.

April 21, 190—.

DEAR RHODA,—A most unfortunate thing has happened. I went to some self-sacrifice over my wedding present for Sarah—my motto being that it is absurd to cry over spilt milk, and now that she has definitely taken that very unpleasant man for her husband it is the duty of us all to make the best of it. It was one of my choicest cut-glass bowls and of very unusual design. It left this house in perfect condition, very carefully packed by Yates; but Sarah tells me that when it arrived it was in fragments. Under the circumstances, especially considering how disappointed we all had been by this marriage, I think that had I been Sarah I should have held my tongue and merely have said thank you, leaving me in ignorance as to the catastrophe. But she has been very oddly brought up, and that nice thought for other people's feelings which our dear mother did so much to teach you and me is no longer in fashion. I am, however, sending them another bowl, as I should not like them to be without any memento of me.

Your loving sister MERCY.

VI.

Mrs. Livesey to Mrs. Vansittart.

April 25, 190—.

MY DARLING MOTHER,—What is to be done? I am so sorry to trouble you again, but you know Aunt Mercy so much better than I do. She very kindly sent another glass bowl, but by really extraordinary bad luck, that one came broken too. There seems to be a fatality about it. What can I say to her this time? How can I tell her such an awful truth twice running? Joseph says that it is old glass and cannot be matched; but don't you think he had better try? Do tell me. Your loving S.

VII.

Mrs. Vansittart to Mrs. Livesey.

April 26, 190—.

MY DARLING CHILD,—I am all unstrung by the new calamity; but I don't think you need hesitate this time. I should just write to thank your Aunt and make no reference to the bowl's being broken at all. I say this, because she wrote me a letter rather complaining that you had told her the first time. She seems to think it would have been kinder to her not to. I was troubled when I got that letter, but now I am relieved, for it makes our duty clear. I do so hope Joseph will be successful in his search; but I fear the worst.

Your loving MOTHER.

P.S.—Of course it will be dreadful if Joseph cannot match it and your Aunt Mercy comes to see you. You will have to tell the truth then, I suppose; but it will be easier after some time has elapsed than now so soon after the other. We must hope for the best.

VIII.

Mrs. Livesey to Miss Norman-Crudge.

April 27, 190—.

MY DEAR AUNT MERCY,—You are more than kind to send another bowl. I can't think where you find such beautiful things. Joseph is in raptures over your taste. We shall never forget your kindness. Your affectionate niece,
SARAH LIVESEY.

IX.

Miss Norman-Crudge to Mrs. Livesey.

May 24, 190—.

MY DEAR SARAH,—I am now able, I find, owing to the illness of my old friend Miss Vyner, who was to have come here for a fortnight, but now cannot, to pay you the visit which I have long promised myself. I could come on Monday next by the train which reaches Warwick at 5.48, and stay till Friday quite comfortably. This will give me time to get to know your husband, and, I trust, to esteem him. I should like to have Yates with me, but can doubtless manage without her if you have any lack of room. I am a very easy guest, as I always bring my own tea and shall arrange for bread by post.

Your loving Aunt MERCY.

(To be concluded.)

THE NEW GAME.—Limping at Orinkia.

DON'TS FOR DÉBUTANTES.

IV.—THE ETIQUETTE OF COURTSHIP.



DON'T BE SATISFIED WITH VERBAL PROPOSALS. IF YOU FEEL THERE IS A POSSIBILITY OF HIS SUITING, MAKE THE PROPOSER FILL IN A FORM GIVING FULL PARTICULARS ABOUT HIMSELF, BANKER'S REFERENCE, ETC., AND TELL HIM TO CALL AGAIN FOR YOUR DECISION.



IF YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL AND RICH DON'T BE BOTHERED BY BEING PROPOSED TO AT ALL SORTS OF ODD MOMENTS, WHEN YOU ARE NOT, PERHAPS, PREPARED TO GO INTO THE MERITS OF THE VARIOUS CASES. SEND OUT CARDS SUCH AS THE FOLLOWING: "AT HOME—1ST AND 3RD WEDNESDAYS. PROPOSALS."



DON'T ON ANY ACCOUNT ALLOW YOURSELF TO BE CARRIED AWAY BY GOOD LOOKS. IF YOU SHOULD FEEL IN ANY DANGER OF SURRENDERING TO A HANDSOME LOVER, A GOOD PLAN IS SUDDENLY TO DROP THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET OVER HIS HEAD AND SEE IF HIS ARGUMENTS CONTINUE TO HAVE THE SAME EFFECT ON YOU.



AND DON'T SHOW ANY PLEASURE OR INTEREST IN [illegible] FIANCÉ—ALL THAT SORT OF THING IS QUITE OUT. SUPPOSE, FOR EXAMPLE, MONEY TO BE ON YOUR MIND, AND PLANS ON HIS. A GOOD EXCUSE IN WHICH TO INTRODUCE HIM TO SOME BUSINESS WOULD BE "THE PAPERS HAS GIVEN FIFTY THOU. FOR THIS—AS SOON AS I SAILED A BALLOON

THE MOTOR MYSTERY.

THE following documents have lately come into *Mr. Punch's* hands. They are all in the same writing (with the exception of the telegrams), and appear to have been addressed to the same person. In case they throw any fresh light upon recent events in Wales, *Mr. Punch*, who is determined not to be outdone by his contemporaries, offers them now to the public.

I.

DEAREST,—I have practically settled it for Saturday week, then it won't be in the papers till Monday, and that gives me all Sunday. The only question is, *Where?* I think the sea, not a river, because they can drag a river, can't they, or something horrid like that? Do they ever drag the sea? Find this out. Probably in the *Encyclopædia* under "Nets." Or what about "Divers"?

Certainly you will have to be with me, and I 'm afraid we shall have to have one of the chauffeurs as well. Of course, nice people always believe a lady, but journalists and policemen and horrid people like that are so suspicious, and I think it will be safer if we have a man with us to say so too. Now, can you find a nice place where the road goes quite close to the sea, and where it is high tide on the Saturday night? Do this for me, please. When you have found the place, then you find out about the tide from the local paper—it depends on the moon, I believe. Do we want a moon or not? More romantic, of course, but also more risky.

Write at once and tell me you have done all this for me. I am horribly busy taking a house up here which I have just seen. Rent only £200 a month, which is nothing much, as next January I am coming into a fortune, and my trustees—— Oh, but I was forgetting; you know all about that!

Ever lovingly yours.

P.S.—I may have to borrow one of your veils on Saturday week; I know you won't mind; I am quite out of them.

II.

[*Telegram.*]

Send copy of *Loney's Dynamics* to me here at once. Very important.

III.

DEAREST,—I hope you got my telegram, and sent the book. I was talking to a man about accidents and bodies going through the air, and so on, and he says they always go in a *parabola*, and that the distance anything goes depends on the *velocity of projection* and the *angle of elevation*, whatever those are, and that you can find out all about it in *Loney's Dynamics*. This may be rather awkward, but still we all know that if a car runs into anything you *do* want to shoot out in front through the glass; so if you have found a high tide quite close to the road it may be all right. Otherwise we shall have to work it out to see how far I should go. I have just found another house I think I shall buy, so must stop.

IV.

No, dear; my mind is made up. It isn't only the £2 1*s.* 11¾*d.* I owe Preston. There are other bills even bigger than that, *if you only knew all.*

Yes, we shall have to go on with it. I am glad that the dear old car will be with me till the very end. That and the dogs are all I ever cared about. Oh, and diamonds and houses of course. The dogs! Oh, I've such an idea suddenly! *Suppose* we can't find a suitable road, then—*why shouldn't I say I have been swallowed by one of my St. Bernards?* It would be just as difficult to locate the body, and so on. *You* could say you saw it being done—a lady's word, you know, they 'd have to believe it. But of course the motor smash *would* be more romantic. I am a little worried about *you*, dear. If I am going to be thrown right through the screen and into the sea you will have to be hurt a *little*, won't you? I am sure you won't mind doing this for me. It is these little bits of local colour that journalists and stockbrokers and such people like so much. I would suggest that you and Albert (or whoever we take) should be found *underneath* the car. Of course you couldn't very well have got there by way of a parabola; but ordinary people wouldn't think of that at once, and they would be impressed, I'm sure. They would have the idea anyhow that we were *trying*. Let me know what you think of this.

V.

DEAREST,—Aren't you just a little *teeny weeny bit* selfish? Of course I never wanted you to break an arm or a leg or anything like that, but I *did* think you wouldn't mind doing a few cuts and scratches for me. Nothing very *deep*, you know. However, if you won't you won't, I suppose. You 'll have to have a "miraculous escape" then. In a way perhaps it 's as well, because I have decided that the car mustn't be damaged much, and so now, if people say that that 's rather funny, you can say, "Well, I don't think so at all, seeing that I wasn't hurt a bit either." But we shall have to break the glass somehow, of course. How do you do this? You might look up "Glass" in the *Encyclopædia*; no, that won't be much good. Dear, I don't quite know what I 'm saying; the fact is I 'm so bothered by your standing out against the accident, when, if only you 'd been found *unconscious*, half under and *half outside* the car, everybody would have seen at once that something *awful* had happened.

VI.

[*Telegram.*]

St. Bernards have suddenly become very fierce and hungry. Am terrified for my life.

VII.

MY DARLING,—How sweet of you! I was just beginning to think we should have to do it the other way and was getting things ready for it when your letter came. Of course I shall not be with you when the accident actually happens, but I can trust you, can I not, to make it as realistic as possible in every way? Don't hurt yourself too much, dear—for *my* sake. What a splendid idea about the hat! Can you lend me one? as I have nothing of my own that would quite do. Thank you so much if you would. What a splendid place you have chosen! I don't know what you mean, dear, by saying that there may be *danger*. *I* shall be quite all right, and if the worst comes to the worst I can simply say that I knew nothing about the accident and wasn't there at the time. Will you get me a book about Australia and send it to me? What weather we are having—so cold! My dear, if it had only been summer! We could simply have gone for a bathe together! But that wouldn't have been so exciting. What fun I shall have reading the papers!

Ever yours most lovingly and gratefully.

P.S.—I hope you will keep the car for yourself as a present from me for your kind help in this business, as I could not very well take it away with me. Perhaps, after all, it would be better if you did damage it pretty well. You might start it at the top of the hill and let it run down by itself. A. A. M.

MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLES.

ALWAYS abreast of the times, and never afraid of profiting by a good example, *Mr. Punch*, deeply impressed by the "Claudius Clear Problems" now appearing in *The British Weekly*, ventures to commend to his readers the solution of the following topical literary conundrums.

If Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER had been a contemporary of Dr. JOHNSON, and had called on the Doctor with the view of obtaining a signed photograph for reproduction in the literary page of *The Sphere*, and if Dr. JOHNSON had flatly declined to let him have it, and used the most injurious language about "bookmen," "literary gossip-mongers," &c., state what, in your opinion, would

have been the most dignified form of rebuke in which Mr. SHORTER might have signalised his reprobation of Dr. JOHNSON'S gross discourtesy and ingratitude?

Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS, the famous literary critic, once met Mr. ALGERNON SWINBURNE in the library of the House of Lords. Mr. SWINBURNE mentioned to Mr. EDMUND GOSSE that he could not understand why it was that no critic had done full justice to the sonnets of Mr. THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON. Mr. GOSSE demurred to this view, but Mr. SWINBURNE said that he must be mistaken, and before an audience including three dukes, seventeen earls, and a viscount, he spoke for nearly three-quarters of an hour in support of his opinion, proving beyond all shadow of a doubt that Mr. THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON was the most outrageously neglected major poet of the century. All this time Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS had a marked copy of *The Star* in his pocket containing an article in which he said that "by the side of the sonnets of WATTS-DUNTON those of SHAKSPEARE and MILTON were the immature effusions of irresponsible ineptitude." What should Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS have done, and why?

Mr. THOMAS BLIGHT, the famous biographer, is engaged, as is well known, on a Memoir of PARNELL, which, in the number and irrelevance of its illustrations, bids fair to eclipse his own most strenuous efforts in this direction. If, as some devoted admirers of the "Uncrowned King" believe, it should turn out that PARNELL were still alive, and he suddenly were to confront Mr. BLIGHT and demand an explanation of his intentions, what ought Mr. BLIGHT to say, and why?

Lord ROSSLYN once met Mr. HENRY JAMES, the novelist, at the house of a well-known Duchess with literary tastes. During the course of luncheon Lord ROSSLYN asked Mr. HENRY JAMES what he thought of Sir CONAN DOYLE'S novels. Mr. HENRY JAMES, with great kindness, proceeded to explain in minute particularity how it was that, by a strange coincidence, he had never been so favoured by fortune as to be able to complete the perusal of one of the novels in question. When Mr. JAMES had spoken for about two hours, Lord ROSSLYN suddenly remembered that he had an engagement in the City at 3 P.M. What ought Lord ROSSLYN to have done, and how?

Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL, whose evergreen vitality is a constant source of rejoicing to his brother bookmen on both sides of the Tweed, once visited Sir WALTER SCOTT with a view to inducing him to undertake a lecturing tour in America. In the course of their conversation, Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL spoke seriously to the Wizard of the North on the danger of forfeiting his popularity by too rapid production. "My experience and observation," said the eminent journalist, with his accustomed modesty, "have taught me that four things cannot go on—carelessness, idleness, extravagance and headiness. The author who gets a motor-car because his first novel has done well is likely to repent his adventure." "But," mildly replied Sir WALTER, "I have not got a motor-car, nor am I likely to." Ought Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL to have apologised for his anachronism or vindicated it, or said nothing? And if so, why?

When Mr. HALL CAINE was yachting off the coast of Norway a few summers back he lunched with the GERMAN EMPEROR on board the *Hohenzollern*. The talk falling on literature, the KAISER observed, "I have been given to understand that in the opinion of the *cognoscenti* the two greatest living English novelists are GEORGE MEREDITH and THOMAS HARDY." "Speaking as a Manx novelist, Sire," rejoined Mr. HALL CAINE, "I am with you." What ought the KAISER to have replied, and why?



Enthusiast. "WE SHALL HEAR MORE OF THIS YOUNG MAN."
Sufferer. "NOT TO-NIGHT, I HOPE."

EXTRACT from a Babu's letter:—

"On way from Kurshi I left my breakfast for two days consecutively and two days afternately, but it could not make me weak as I lived on biscuits."

What a fine testimonial this would have made for the Food Reform Association.

The latest news of Miss ELKINS is that she has become a nurse. Her thoughts were probably turned in this direction by the fact that the Duke of the ABRUZZI'S last communication to her was, according to the *Yorkshire Evening Post*, "a cablegram of 200 words."



Phyllis. "I'M VERY SORRY, BUT I THINK WE MUST BE GOING. ANDREW HAS BORNE IT AS LONG AS HE CAN."

MATCHES AND MEALS.

EVOLUTION AND REVOLUTION.

IN offering their New Match to the public, Messrs. Phewsy and Manstickkor claim to have solved a problem of universal importance. Without entering into the early history of matches, Messrs. Phewsy and Manstickkor state with no fear of contradiction that these essentials of every household have invariably failed in one respect, viz., *that they have only been matches.* In a utilitarian age this is not enough. Why, in fact, waste the shaft? The New Match is at once a sweetmeat, a stimulant and a solace. It is most useful to motorists and bicyclists, combining as it does a light meal with a phosphorescent flame. It has deprived night of all terrors, and has rendered the Daylight Saving Bill unnecessary. The difficulty of living on sixpence a day has been solved. For the bedside, seaside and roadside it is absolutely essential. Its shaft is made of the purest vegetable pulp; ten shafts make an excellent soup.

SOME TESTIMONIALS.

Dr. SALEEBY says: "I have consumed several of them with most pleasant results. I am recommending them to all children, as no one who has tasted your matches will ever want to smoke. You are national benefactors."

A native of the Balkans writes: "All our best insurrections are lighted with your matches."

Mr. RUNCIMAN wires: "For the destruction of Bills they are most efficacious. No Cabinet is complete without them."

DUNCAN writes: "I have given a box to BRAID."

An Insurance Agent says: "From their delightful aroma I can always detect a fire caused by your matches. Several of my clients use them with very profitable results."

A Public-School Boy (aged 14) states: "If you had to eat the same sort of vile grub they give us you 'd know your matches are simply top-hole. They 're ripping, especially the pineapple-flavoured ones."

Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER telephones: "There are no dead-heads among your matches. A box is always worth two guineas."

Miss VESTABEL PANKHURST wires: "We mean to keep the flame burning."

DAISY SMITH (aged 9) says: "I always get one to suck after my medicine. They are just like strawberry jam."

Lord LUCAS writes: "Undoubtedly they are 'Lucus a non lucendo.'" (Messrs. Phewsy and Manstickkor have asked Lord LUCAS for an explanation, but have not received a reply.)

Dr. CLIFFORD quotes: "We have to-day lit a New Match in England which I trust may never be put out."

"Reuter wires from Teheran that the new Council of State consists of silly members of whom thirty-two are notables and eighteen merchants."—*Upper Burma Gazette.*

We should never dare to talk like this of *our* M.P.'s.

"On Saturday, certain gentlemen who are interested in the movement were seen by our representative, who was informed that boring operations were carried on. . . . . Shafts had been sunk, and a few men were at work."—*North Wales Observer.*

We hope it is a misprint which has caused this to be headed "Golf in Anglesey."



BELLONA OF THE BALKANS.

Spirit of War. "SHALL I GET MY PREY? OR WILL MESSINA MAKE THE NATIONS STOP AND THINK?"



PREPARED FOR THE WORST.

Horrified Youth. "OH, I SAY! DON'T SAY IT'S 'FANCY DRESS' TO-NIGHT! WHAT?"
Damsel (in chain armour). "OH DEAR NO. ONLY WE GIRLS HAVE BEEN SO KNOCKED ABOUT LATELY IN 'KITCHEN LANCERS' WE THOUGHT WE'D BE ON THE SAFE SIDE TO-NIGHT."

BACK TO THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

RECENT events point to a return to the modes of the above era. The papers have already reported snow in December, a Christmas ghost, and highwaymen, carefully masked, on Hampstead Heath. But we have exclusive information of the further spread of the movement.

The night (according to a wireless from our Cornwall representative) was murky. A yawl under full sail tacked about outside Trepolpen Cove. "There 's old Sam's light," exclaimed the skipper, and he put the helm hard over, the little craft leaping forward towards a faint glimmer on the coast. Presently a voice rang out—a thin, cultured monotone—from a muffled figure in oilskins sitting on a keg forrard: "Dear me! (or words to that effect) we are on the terrible rocks!"

Once more the weather-beaten salt put down the helm, and by only a cigar's breadth did the little vessel escape the fearful Barnacle Rocks.

"*There 's* Sam's light," cried someone, indicating a gleam on the port bow; and the little boat felt its way cautiously until at last it was beached on the soft sand of the Cove.

"Ay, ay, Sir," said old Sam from the shore. "'Twas a wrecker's light 'ee see 'pon the cliff; but I 've got 'ee in the cave, fast bound, the rascal!"

"Wreckers in the twentieth century!" exclaimed the cultured voice in horror. Then it added: "Boys, you will convey the casks and keg to the cave and thence to the secret cellar beneath the Rectory, as usual."

"Iss, sure, Sir," said the skipper, with a grin. The Smuggler King (for the muffled figure was indeed he and no other) left the men to unload, and, drawing a pistol, went to the cave to interview the desperado who for mere gain would send his fellow-men to a terrible death.

There in the Cimmerian gloom the two men faced each other, and simultaneously each put his hand to his brow and started back in amazement.

"Passon!" exclaimed the wrecker. "Passon! the Smuggler King! Well I 'm blessed!"

"Trelawny—you a wrecker!" said the Rector gravely. "I am ill pleased to find you here," he added truthfully, "and as a churchwarden your conduct is, I consider, most reprehensible."

The two strong men then shook hands, and swore to let bygones be bygones.

"The coming year will be one of Birthdays."—*Charing Cross.*

How these priests dogmatise.

THE ROOFER.

I MARRIED Charles for three reasons. Firstly, I wanted a useful man about the house. Secondly, I wanted someone to look after the luggage and be in attendance generally, when I went away on week-end visits. Thirdly, I wanted literary assistance when, upon returning from those visits, the awful necessity arose of writing the roofers. Charles, in his ignorance, used to call them bread-and-butter letters, showing thereby not only that he was behind the times, but also that he did not appreciate the truth that hostesses must be thanked as much for the loan of their roof as for the use of their bread and butter. Now he knows better, so that, when we sat down to compose our letter of thanks to Mrs. Fanshawe for the week-end we had just spent at her place, we regarded ourselves as sitting down to write, not the bread-and-butter letter, but the roofer.

Monday.—The first obstacle was the date; but here we experienced little difficulty, for by combining my excellent recollection of Christmas with Charles's wonderful power of calculating backwards, we got tolerably near the mark. The next part I did entirely by myself, and, I say it without pride, it was the work of a moment to compose the prelude:—"*My dear Mrs. Fanshawe.*"

What then? Ah! then we were indeed in the midst of difficulties. I felt that it was now Charles's turn, and Charles felt that it was now time to go to bed. So we addressed the envelope, licked the stamp, and considered ourselves entitled to leave the rest until to-morrow.

Tuesday.—It was now to-morrow, and there was my dear Mrs. Fanshawe unthanked and Charles sitting before the fire as useless as only a Charles can be. "Come, Charles," I said, "my peroration is complete and your work still remains to do. Let it be a letter combining the maximum of gratitude with the minimum of gush. Let it be thorough but epigrammatic, hearty but not vulgar, original but not affected, neat but not gaudy. Keep those few and simple directions in your mind and fire away. I will write as you dictate."

"*My dear Mrs. Fanshawe . . .*"

"That is my bit."

"*Your dear Mrs. Fanshawe . . .*" he corrected.

"Be a man," I said.

"*My dear Mrs. Fanshawe.—There is no one whom I regard as so peculiarly mine, so intrinsically dear. You will therefore forgive me, I am sure, when I refer to you as my dear Mrs. Fanshawe. Mrs. Fanshawe! The bitter-sweet of names! Sweet, because it is yours; bitter, because it suggests, nay, implies, the existence of a Mr. Fanshawe . . .* Violet, I shall have to leave out the 'my.'"

"Charles, dear," I said, "I hate to intrude where I am obviously not wanted, but this letter is supposed to come from me, and not from you. Pull yourself together."



AS HE IS DEPICTED ON THE WALLS.



PORTRAIT—WHEN COMPOSING ELUSIVE ANSWER TO CHALLENGE.

Charles pulled himself together with a click. "*My dear Mrs. Fanshawe . . .* Have you got that down? . . . *Having stayed, as I have, in all the most stately of our English houses; valuing, as I do, our British hospitality above the price of pearls and rubies; feeling, as I must, that it is you and your kind that keep that jewel bright, I write (as indeed, how can I not?) to thank . . .*"

"Excuse me, little one," I interrupted once more, "what small chance we have of being asked again depends entirely upon our merry temperament and the jocular way we have with us. Begin again."

"*My . . .*" he began.

"That stands," I said.

"Re *recent visit. I am now in a position to inform you that we arrived back in town in comparative safety and good health. I find the fog, on the one hand, still with us, but my silver-backed brushes, on the other hand, missing. I put this down to the carelessness or criminal intent of the official who packed my bag, and must insist upon their immediate restitution, in default of which I shall find myself under the necessity of taking such steps as my solicitor may advise . . .* I may take it that you have left your brushes behind?"

"Mr. Marriott," I said indignantly, "how many times must I tell you that your wife is perfect? Of course I have left nothing behind."

"Then we cannot write this letter to-night, for there is nothing to write it about. You should make a point of always leaving something behind."

And so we put it off till the next day.

Wednesday.—It was the day after to-morrow, and Mrs. Fanshawe, though still as dear as ever, yet remained unthanked. This Charles, I began to think, was something of an ass. "What do we want to go staying at places for?" he asked; then, a little later: "Omitting the affectionate part, let it run thus: *I must thank you for a delightful week-end. We got back to town all right. We are all well here. Is not the weather most seasonable? I hope you are all well there. We are all well here. When I say 'we,' I mean Charles and myself. Thanking you again, I remain yours sincerely,* VIOLET MARRIOTT."

"Best-looking of all the Charleses," I said not unkindly, "you are a splendid husband, but no letter-writer. We must telegraph." And so it came to this:

"*Fanshawe, Pelton. Thanks for delightful week-end. Too busy to write. Marriott.*"

Commercial Candour.

From a notice in a Glasgow picture-dealer's shop:—

"GENUINE ART AT A DISCOUNT."

Seen at a West End sale:—

"Evening dresses can go no lower."

That sometimes has been *Mr. Punch's* modest opinion.



TRIALS OF THOMAS.—No. 3.

THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

Thomas. "'OLD 'ARD, MASTER JACK! YOU MUSN'T TAKE THAT, AND MISS MAUD SHE DIDN'T OUGHT TO HAVE."

Master Jack. "ALL RIGHT, THOMAS, YOU GO FIRST. YOU 'RE SURE TO BREAK IT, AND THEN I 'LL GET OVER ALL RIGHT."

A HUMAN-TALE.

IT was a dark, damp, uncomfortable January afternoon, no weather for outdoor revelling, and the young fairies began to feel time hang rather heavy on their hands. Finally, when the smallest of all fell into a dewdrop and had to be hauled out by the heels and wrapped in dandelion fluff to dry before a glow-worm, the atmosphere of the Palace nursery became so ominous that the Big Fairy had no alternative but to suggest reading aloud as the only way of keeping them all quiet.

"But what shall it be?" she asked, to which they instantly replied in chorus, "Oh, a Human-tale, *please!*" because, you know, there is nothing that the young fairies love half so well, especially at Christmas time, as a story about Humans, with, if possible, motors and telegrams and all sorts of magics like that in it. So the Big Fairy produced from somewhere a wonderful human newspaper, that she pretended she had found lying in the grass outside the Palace, and prepared to read.

"What first?" she asked; and the young Fairies, who were all of them Princesses in their own right, chorused again, "The Court News, of course!" so she cleared her throat and began:

"Court of Bankruptcy——"

"Is he a *very* powerful king?" interposed the smallest fairy.

"Very," said the Big Fairy decidedly; "there 's lots about him here."

"Do get on!" cried the others.

"'An examination was held yesterday into the affairs of Josiah Bunting, retail tobacconist and stationer, of 52, Ladysmith Road, Balham, who filed his own petition. Liabilities were estimated at £462; assets, nil——'"

"It 's awfully exciting!" said the smallest fairy.

"'Debtor ascribed his position mainly to the recent slump in Kaffirs, in which he had been induced to dabble beyond his means——'"

"What are Kaffirs?" demanded the smallest Fairy but one.

"Kaffirs," answered the Big Fairy, who was exceedingly well informed, "are a kind of purplish humans, with spears. Something like thistles."

"Go on," said the smallest Fairy ecstatically. "Did they slump him on purpose?"

"I 'm afraid so—'and to the fact that he himself had been in failing health.'"

"What 's fai—?" began the smallest Fairy, but the reader intercepted her.

"Failing health," she said quickly and firmly, "is a thing humans are in just before a failure. Don't interrupt. 'No settlement having been proposed, after some severe comments by the Receiver, discharge was suspended indefinitely.' That 's the end of that story."

"It 's rather sad," said the smallest Fairy.

"Fancy if it was all true!" exclaimed the smallest but one.

"Don't be silly," said the eldest with superiority. "There 's no such things as Humans really. They 're only nonsense."

"I wouldn't be too sure of that!" interposed the Big Fairy indulgently (such a playful manner she had with children). "There is certainly a place called Balham. I 've been there."

"Have you!" cried the chorus, awe-stricken. "Oh, kind, dear Big Fairy, do take us there, too!"

"Why?" asked the Big Fairy. "It's a quite ordinary place, really, just enchanted woods and an ogre's castle or two; nothing out of the way."

"But perhaps," said the smallest, solemnly, "if we went there, and were dreadfully good, and shut our eyes, and imagined hard, we might see them ourselves. The Humans, I mean, and Ladysmith Road, and the Kaffirs, and the Assets and everything!"

"Well, well," answered the Big Fairy, "I was young myself once, and, anyhow, if you can't see that sort of thing in the Christmas holidays, you never can, that's certain. We'll try this very night."

But the smallest Fairy still looked thoughtful. "I don't think," she remarked gravely, "that it was quite kind of the Kaffirs to slump. If we found any, could we ask them not to?"

"You darling!" cried the Big Fairy, kissing her. "Of course we could, and we will!"

What is more, they did.

And if this is not the correct explanation of the sensational boom in the South African Market which floated an astonished Mr. Bunting to his feet again, it is at least as true as many of the reports in circulation about that abode of myths.

THE CHILDREN'S TREAT.

(VOICES IN THE UPPER CIRCLE.)

Determined Mother. Now can you both see?

Stanley. Yes, I can see all right.

Gladys. I can't see a bit. That big fat man's just in front of me.

D. M. Well, don't cry, my bird. (*To stout gentleman.*) Excuse me, but will you kindly change places with your child? You completely block my little girl's view.

Stout Gentleman. Eh—what? Oh yes, certainly. Very sorry, I'm sure. (*Changes places.*)

Stanley. Oh, *mother!* He's just in front of me now! Oh! I say it isn't fair. Why should Gladys——

D. M. Be quiet. You must just make the best of it. Sit on your coat. There, that's better.

Stanley. But his head's in the way still.

Stout Gentleman (*moving it to one side in an embarrassed manner*). Very sorry, I'm sure.

D. M. I suppose it can't be helped, but it *is* hard on the boy. Here, Stanley, sit on the bag. (*Pushes string bag containing opera glasses, tin of toffee, brush and comb, sponge and towel, underneath him.*) There, you're all right now!

Stanley. But it's so beastly lumpy. (*Wriggles violently.*)

Gladys. Oh! mother, *do* make him be quiet and sit still. I can't hear a word they're saying.

D. M. There's no satisfying you, Stanley. Sit still at once. You shall go home if I have any more of it.

Voices. Shh—shh—shh-shh! (*A burst of clapping greets the entrance of a star, during which Stanley stealthily sneaks his mother's and sister's hats from under the seat, places them on the string bag, maintains his position on the top by tightly clutching a strange foot which penetrates from the seats behind, and begins to enjoy the entertainment.*)

* * * * *

Attendant. Tea, ices, chocolates! Tea, ices, chocolates!

Stanley and Gladys. Oh, mother! *Ices!*

D. M. (*to Attendant*). One cup of tea and two ices. There you are, children. *Half-a-crown*, do you say? Tut, tut. What a robbery! Stanley, don't gobble yours like that. Is it good?

Stanley. Not so good as the penny ice wafers at the seaside. Not bad, though.

Gladys (*suddenly whimpering*). Oh, mother, it's gone to my hollow tooth. Oh—oh!

D. M. Here, drink a drop of hot tea, my precious! Is that better? Stanley, hold Gladys's ice a minute. (*Stanley takes it, but in his anxiety not to miss the knock-about business on the stage, cranes forward and holds the plate slanting, with the result that the ice slips off.*)

Gladys. It's better now, Mother dear. Where's my ice, Stanley?

Stanley. I don't know. It's gone.

D. M. Gone, indeed! You *greedy* boy, you've eaten it!

Stanley. I never!

D. M. Where is it, then?

Gladys (*whimpering*). I want my ice.

Stanley. I haven't got your beastly ice. What shall I do with the plates, Mother?

D. M. Put them down on the floor, you naughty boy. I should be ashamed.

Voices. Shh—shh—shh! (*Stanley puts the plates on the floor. Subsequently, owing to excitement caused by the funny man, he treads on them and breaks them.*)

D. M. There—you careless child! I *knew* you'd do it. Push the pieces right under the seat at once.

Gladys. Oh, Mother, oughtn't we to tell the attendant?

D. M. Be quiet, Gladys. Certainly not. Do as I tell you, Stanley. We'll put our hats on now; it's nearly over, thank goodness! Where *are* the hats? (*Searches wildly—unseats Stanley and discovers their battered remains.*) You *wicked* boy! Never will I take you out again. You make my life a perfect *burden!* (*Curtain descends.*)

Stout Gentleman. Very good performance. Never laughed so much in my life. (*Puts on his hat.*) Good heavens! what's this on my head? (*Snatches off his hat to investigate, and turns round to D. M. with pink streams running down his face.*) Really, Madam, I must protest at your allowing your boy to play tricks with my hat. You ought to keep him under proper control.

Stanley. It's Gladys's ice!

Gladys. I want my ice!

D. M. (*glaring at Stout Gentleman from under her broken hat-brim*). Proper control, indeed! I think it is for you to explain how my child's ice, for which I paid a shilling, comes to be in your hat?

Stout Gentleman (*flinching before her fierce aspect*). *I* can't explain it, Madam. It's a most extraordinary thing!

D. M. It is indeed, and very hard on my little girl. However, it's no use to her now. Come along, my bird. Now then, Stanley, make haste. (*Hustles them out before her, leaving the Stout Gentleman mopping his head and face with a large bandana handkerchief and shaking the remains of the melted ice out of his hat on to the floor.*)

TOLD TO THE SEA-HORSE MARINES.

[*By private cable from Our Own New Guinea Correspondent.*]

Papua, Jan. 8th, 1909.

FROM a Report of the French Geographical Society which has just reached us out here I gather that a lecturer from Mexico has been explaining to that learned body the use of the turtle as a marine motor, affixed to a canoe and fed with fish. To show how this idea may be developed among really civilised races, I will tell you of a thrilling episode in connection with a neighbouring island off the North of Australia. Marine monsters are here habitually used for naval purposes, a two-power-standard in porpoises being maintained against the neighbouring islands, and a fleet of 30-knot sharks being kept permanently in harbour in case of invasion; indeed a deficiency in armoured swordfish once led to the downfall of the Ministry.

The island I speak of, in which I take an intelligent interest, had with great difficulty tamed a gigantic five-thousand-mackerel-power whale, and by fitting it with electric light, jury masts and turrets had established its naval supremacy and demonstrated the superiority of whale traction in war, besides solving to a considerable extent the problem of unemployed mammals.

War suddenly broke out, and we had just mobilised our fleet of turtle-destroyers, when to our horror the enemy sprang upon us a *Dreadnought*



O. A. P.

He (filling in claims for himself and wife). "QUESTION FOWER: 'SEX.' WOT DO OI PUT THERE, MISSUS?"
She. "I DUNNO WOT YER CONSCIENCE'LL ALLOW *YOU* TO PUT; BUT YE PUTS *ME* DOWN A PRIMITIVE METHODY."

sea-serpent of the most modern type, heavily armed with jelly-fish and rigged with a fighting-top filled with native bowmen firing dum-dum boomerangs.

It was a moment for action. We reversed our trusty whale, submerged him, and using him as a submarine passed right under the enemy's fleet. To procure a number of electric 500-volt eels and return to the scene of action was the work of two or three minutes. We submerged the whale once more, after loading the immense cavity in its mouth with the electric eels. Getting abeam of the sea-serpent we despatched the whole battery of them after the manner of torpedoes, and in a few seconds the war was over.

We are now developing a fleet of air-ships drawn by albatrosses on the heavier-than-air principle, and I will go on to describe——

[No, no. I can't believe you any more.—ED.]

The Times has been having a series of articles on "The Metropolitan Police." This brings up to date the old catch-phrase, "If you want to know a Policeman ask *The Times*."

OXFORD IN LONDON.

I.

TIME was (in fact, a month ago)
When I was not as other mortals.
But looked upon the crowd below
From out supreme Olympic portals.
We of "the Book, the Triple Crown,"
Usurped the gods' imperial frown,
And if you wait a moment I'll
Put it in Stevensonian style:

All, all around is ours, we cry.
The Broad, the Turl, the Corn, the High,
The Isis and the Eights;
This is the world, and we hold trumps;
For us the counter-jumper jumps,
For us the waiter waits.

II.

Indeed, 'twas so. Not CROESUS' self,
Although possessed of greater riches
(The rhyme is obviously "pelf"),
Had our sublime dominion, which is
What keeps the townsman in his place,
Denotes us as Another Race,
And makes the shopman, rapt in awe,
Bow to our great unwritten law:

Wear Norfolk coat and flannel bags;
If gown at all, a gown in rags.
Thus shop. And though you've spent
Merely a penny on a card,
Don't take it with you; this is barred.
See that you have it sent!

III.

O blissful terra-time! *Then* our nods
Sufficed to ratify and clinch all.
A horror strikes us: we were gods,
But was our godhead just provincial?
For now reluctantly we find
That we are merely humankind;
Our racial difference is naught—
Which is much less than we had thought.

The London tradesman does not guess
That we are better than we dress.
In fact, he values *us*
No more than others, from whose purse
He pockets twice what we disburse,
With only half the fuss.

Indian Notes.

"The Rora Raja Bahadur exceeded that [regards] and the Chota Rora Bahadur, measuring 6 feet, 5 and 6 inches and 5 feet 10 inches, respectively, thus giving relief to the villagers."—*Pioneer*.

"In conclusion I would say one or two words to my boys. There is a old Greek motto, you know 'Know thyself.'"—*Darwen Herald*.

The compositor did his best.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE story of the life of *Dr. Jameson* (HURST AND BLACKETT), told by Mr. SEYMOUR FORT, is useful as throwing light on some episodes of modern history. It describes in detail the early advance and settlement on the choice lands of South Africa of the Chartered Company under the inspiration and leadership of CECIL RHODES. The chief attraction of the book will, however, be found in the personality of its hero. Settled in Kimberley in practice as a doctor, JAMESON became in brief time administrator of a territory as big as Great Britain, led a raid across the borders of a friendly nation, was cast into prison, and lived to be Premier of a State in which Britons and Dutch dwell together in comparative amity. The madness of the Raid was brought out in strong light a few years later when the power of England was strained to its utmost in the effort to accomplish a task lightly undertaken by Dr. JAMESON with his troop of five hundred irregular horse. It is evident from Mr. FORT'S friendly narrative that the Doctor, fresh from triumph in Matabeleland, was a trifle enlarged. He had grown to believe in his star, as did another and greater Raider. The result was that he came a disastrous cropper, played blindly into the hands of the astute OOM PAUL, and hurried on what was perhaps an inevitable war. Admitting this, Dr. JAMESON comes out of it all plucky, light-hearted, chivalrous, careless of personal interests in pursuit of the imperial projects of CECIL RHODES. Born a Scotchman, he is in all respects nearer akin to the typical Irishman known to CHARLES LEVER.



EXPLODED REPUTATIONS.—VIII.
OMAR KHAYYÁM AND HIS "THOU."

"She placed the decanter of brandy and a tumbler on the table beside him. Then she left the room again." So ends the last paragraph of *The Gorgeous Isle* (MURRAY), by GERTRUDE ATHERTON. And then? Then, presumably, *Byam Warner*, British West Indian poet and drunkard, began to put on paper what he believed to be the most beautiful poem ever conceived. Never, he had told his newly-wedded wife, had he written a line except under the influence of stimulants, and, when he fell in love with her and swore off alcohol, the Pierian spring automatically dried up. If he did not drink neither could he write. Once the honeymoon was over the old cravings returned, and the girl who had married him in order to wean him from the bottle, unable to bear the sight of his sufferings, determined, at the risk of ruining his body, to save his soul from becoming atrophied. So she brought forth brandy in a decanter and left him to his poem and his fate. The picture may be true to life. It certainly reads as if it were. But in spite of its cleverness and the gorgeous framework of island scenery and West Indian manners and customs of seventy years ago, it seems to me unnecessarily depressing. I prefer my brandy in a liqueur-glass or else diluted with soda.

It must, I think, be rather nice to be Mr. EDMUND FRANCIS SELLAR; not, however, because he has written *Glentyre* (BLACKWOOD), but because, having done so, his power of self-appreciation, and perhaps also the applause of his friends, were such as to persuade him that the general public would derive six-shillings' worth of entertainment from its perusal. How splendid to have friends like that! Did they actually laugh, one wonders, at the crocodile mistaken for a prehistoric monster, or at the lantern lecture, or at the habit, common, apparently, to many of the author's personages, of tumbling down upon the very slightest provocation? Enviously, and with the best will in the world, I must confess my inability to follow them. Indeed, to speak by the book (a sufficiently weighty fashion in this instance!) the attempt to make a Scots *Cranford* of the village chronicles of Glentyre seems to have been doomed to failure from the outset. Honestly, Mr. SELLAR has not quite the touch for this kind of thing; and though, to do him justice, here and there traces of a genuinely comic idea are discernible—the old lady who has been told that she "understands gentlemen" is a case in point—his humour may be compared, in homely but familiar metaphor, to a very small Scotch diluted with such a prodigious quantity of flat wordiness that the result can hardly be other than insipid. Still, it is always dangerous to dogmatise upon laughter, and possibly amongst the impressionable folk north of the Tweed even the funniments of *Glentyre* may earn their tribute.

"She had never seen a man like that before. . . . . Then he looked up and smiled—and she had seen no smile like that before." The lady in question was certainly only a little girl; but little girls have a habit of growing up, and meantime they sometimes fall in love. At any rate, the heroine of *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine* (CONSTABLE) does so; and Mr. JOHN FOX, in this his latest novel from Kentucky hills, makes both her and her lover—who was none other than the unknown Knight of the Winsome Smile—as attractive as true heart can wish. The book is a careful study of developing character as well as a delicate romance with a lawless background. And since Cupid does not here make his puppets breathe their vows with too much of a nasal twang the ordinary Briton, who is equipped with a colossal ignorance of the vocabulary of the Wild West, will find no difficulties of dialect to vault over. A most enjoyable novel.

"A very pretty table decoration for the dinner table is a winter scene carried out by using what will appear a frozen pond, made from a large oval or oblong mirror frosted over with a sponge dipped in a bath of Epsom salts and beer, using as much of the salts as the beer will take up in solution."—*The Evening News.*

The writer should try again. With a little thought a better use for beer could be found than this of mixing it with Epsom salts and making a bath of it.

CHARIVARIA.

Now that Turkey has agreed to accept monetary compensation for Austria's seizure of Bosnia and Herzegovina there are rumours that a number of Irish patriots have conceived the bright idea of raising a fund for the redemption of the Emerald Isle. It is realised that, in view of Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE'S Budget difficulties, the present is the ideal moment for the offer.

***

"The Government," we read, "has placed an order for 20,000 chairs at High Wycombe." The Liberals have got into such a habit of losing seats that this seems to be a wise precaution.

***

Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES is having some trouble in finding a suitable title for the new Gaiety production. "*The Latest Girl*" has been proposed. Might we suggest, following up this line of thought, that "*The Last Girl*" would please a great many playgoers?

***

A German gentleman has bequeathed the sum of £27 a year for the maintenance and benefit of his cats Lotte and Peter "during their joint lives, or the life of the survivor." For each of them the temptation to do away with the other must be enormous, as it would mean doubling the survivor's income.

***

The testator above referred to was "Professor of Indian Tongues at Berlin University." Meanwhile at Chicago University they are still in need of an endowment for a Professor of Ox Tongues.

***

Owing to the difficulty of obtaining advertisements, *The Express*, the weekly organ of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, East Dulwich, which was issued at the price of one farthing, has ceased publication. This should dispose of the rumour that the price of some of our leading halfpennies is to be reduced.

***

Hitherto only poor clergymen with large families have benefited by Mrs. ANN CARR'S benefaction, but an order just issued by the Charity Commissioners states that in future large families will not be insisted on. We are pleased to say that as the result of enquiries we find that there is no truth in the report that since this decision of the Commissioners many poor parsons have been throwing away quantities of their children, having no further use for them.

***

The L.C.C. Medical Officer of Health has been enquiring into the Fly Pest. He reports that in one instance a wedding appreciably increased the number of flies. If the bride and bridegroom were flies, this is scarcely remarkable. On the other hand, if it is a human wedding that is referred to, is it not possible that many of the guests arrived in this kind of vehicle?

***

At the Hertford Bankruptcy Court last week, a debtor who had been in business as a horse-breaker attributed his insolvency to the increasing use of motor-cars. These, of course, do all the breaking now.

***

A correspondent writes to us to point out that an illustration in last week's *Graphic*, described as "The First Drawing of Old Age Pensions," is nothing of the sort, being just an ordinary photograph.

***

Mr. GEORGE EVANS, an Aberystwyth antiquarian, in giving evidence last week before the Royal Commission on Ancient Monuments in Wales, mentioned that some old Welsh castles were now used as village hen-roosts. Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, we understand, has made a note of the fact.

The Westminster Gazette, after announcing the forthcoming revival of *The Gondoliers*, says: "In response to numerous requests Mrs. CARR hopes, too, to do *The Yeoman of the Guard* again before terminating her present season, and therewith bringing her long connection with the Savoy to an end." and this also will be welcome news to many." We are sure that *The Westminster Gazette* means right.

***

Says *The Daily News* in an article on a lady *chauffeur*:—"Miss O'NEILL invited *The Daily News*' representative for a trial run. Loading up at Mr. MILLS' garage, the car," &c., &c. That expression "loading up" makes us wonder whether our contemporary's representative was no less a personage than Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON!

***

Another of Life's Little Annoyances! Extract from a contemporary:—"In the report of the Bishop of LONDON'S address on Friday we regret that the word 'not' was accidentally omitted from a sentence which should have read: 'I do not dissent from Church government, Church creed, and Church sacraments.'"

***

Answer to a Correspondent:—No, you are mistaken in thinking that the Duke of BRONTË is Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER'S *nom-de-guerre*.

***

Judge WILLIS of the Southwark County Court has recently stated that he has never seen a telephone, has never travelled on a tube railway, and did not know that the London General Omnibus Company ran motor-omnibuses. Little things like these would naturally escape the notice of the Law. *De minimis*, as the saying is, *non curat lex*.

***

With a view to disposing of a popular misconception, we have been requested to state that, in order to take the oath in Scotch fashion, it is not necessary to wear a kilt.

Mr. FERGUS HUME'S new novel is entitled *The Devil's Ace*. This card should easily beat our old friend "The Deuce."



The latest "Star" (being interviewed). "IN FACT, I MAY SAY THE AUTHOR IS QUITE IMMATERIAL TO THE SUCCESS OF A PLAY. IT DEPENDS SOLELY ON US. LOOK HOW WELL SOME OF US PULL EVEN OLD *SHAKSPEARE* THROUGH!"

IN THE OLD LION'S DEN.

[To MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL AT BIRMINGHAM.]

["I do not suppose that a great city has ever fallen into the grasp of such a narrow-minded set of politicians. In their political opinions we can discover no single generous principle of government or philosophy—nothing but push, grab and caucus from start to finish. They have deserted one party to pervert the other."
Mr. Winston Churchill's speech to the Liberals of Birmingham.]

STOUT fellow! Sportsman unafeared,
Who with a courage fine and rare
Stepped forth and said: "I come to beard
The Lion in his native lair!"
(Knowing full well the Lion wasn't there.)

Somewhere, you knew, far off he lies,
Stretching his worn limbs in the sun,
Watching with grave and patient eyes
The slow hours pass him one by one,
Loath to believe his fighting days are done.

So you were safe enough from him;
And, since his heart has lost its heat,
You 'll get no answer, straight and grim,
Such as of old was wont to greet
Whoso assailed him, being indiscreet.

Sharp lessons you 've already learned,
Things that deserters get to know,
Though scarce your party-coat was turned
And payment taken, when the blow
Fell from the hand of Fate that struck him low.

And now, while decent lips are dumb,
And ancient feuds in shadow fade,
Flushed with your office-spoils you come—
Price of disloyalty earned and paid—
And cast at him the name of renegade!

"No generous motive marked his schemes"?
Have you forgotten, past all trace,
Dazed with your own ambitious dreams,
How he surrendered power and place
So best to serve his loved Imperial race?

Enough! For him, he cannot need
Our poor defence to guard his fame;
And as for you, you 'll have your meed—
The swift and sure recoil of shame,
The wound of weapons turning whence they came.

O. S.

WHAT TO DO IN AN EMERGENCY.

Ship-wrecked.—Go ashore as soon as possible; remove wet clothing and relate your experiences to nearest reporter. Add photograph if possible.

Baby, cat asleep on face of.—Remove cat.

Train, run over by.—Remove train, using force if necessary. Upon release, acquaint nearest station-master with the facts and proceed as in case of shipwreck.

Pantry, burglar in.—Procure a copy of the Tariff Reform League's latest publication on Free Food Fallacies, and read same to intruder, taking care to elucidate most telling arguments. The contrite cracksman will at once turn over a new leaf, and express his sorrow. Under the circumstances you will do well to accept his assurance of regret.

Crime, having committed, or being suspected of.—Apply to nearest music-hall manager for an engagement. Insist on being put among the "star" turns, and demand a salary proportionate to the gravity of the crime in question.

HEALTHY LONDON.

REMARKABLE TRIBUTES.

DESIROUS of testing the evidence recently submitted by various eminent authorities as to the extreme healthiness of London, *Mr. Punch* has made it his business to interview a number of aged residents. The results, which indicate a remarkable consensus of opinion favourable to this view, are here appended

Miss Arabella Burble, of 10, Marine Parade, Hoxton, interviewed by our representative, attributes her longevity—she is in her 109th year—to the combined effect of the metropolitan climate and a rational diet which she has followed for the last seventy years. Up to the age of 78 she was a non-smoker, but, beginning with penny Pickwicks, she has since developed a taste for tobacco in all forms, and now seldom consumes fewer than 50 cigarettes in 24 hours. For solid food she relies on pickled tulip bulbs and charcoal biscuits, washed down with ammoniated quinine. Run over a few weeks ago by a motor-bus, Miss Burble walked home without assistance, and wrote with her own hand a letter to *The Hoxton Gazette*, describing the invigorating results of her experience.

Mr. Jonah Whale, of 11, Paragon Buildings, Poplar, is another concrete example of the extraordinary healthiness of the metropolitan climate. Born in Norfolk, he was a puny child, and suffered indescribable agony from rheumatism, coleopteritis, metatarsal strabismus and other incurable complaints, until, in his 88th year, he moved to London and took a charming little bijou residence in Poplar. From that day to this he has never known an ache or a pain. In his 95th year he developed a beautiful tenor voice, and, on the occasion of the visit of our representative, sang all the latest songs from the pantomimes, including "*She sells sea-shells by the sea-shore*," with a *verve* and articulateness that might have done credit to a popular preacher. Mr. Whale, though slim in his youth, is now a man of massive proportions, with raven hair, and a ruddy complexion. His memory is so good that it is a common practice of his, after reading *The Daily Mail*, to chant the entire contents by heart in a minor key, accompanying himself on a Norfolk biffin.

Albert Bostock, of 17, Maeterlinck Road, Haggerston, a burly nonagenarian with a voice like a bass tuba, ascribes his perfect health to the exhilarating climate of London. The only time he was seriously ill was during a cruise in the Mediterranean, when the morbid purity of the atmosphere seriously affected his nerves, but a bout of London fog speedily set him to rights. His favourite recreation in past years was to travel on the Underground between Baker Street and Portland Road; latterly he has found the inhaling of acetylene fumes in motor-buses an invaluable cure for depression.

Marischka Palacky, the wonderful Hungarian child pianist, whose recitals have excited such an amazing *furore* during the last few weeks, was interviewed by our representative in the gorgeous suite of rooms which she occupies at the Hotel Schmitz. Marischka, who is only six years of age, though greatly struck by the intellectuality of British audiences, is still more deeply impressed by the splendid salubrity of the atmosphere of London. "Since I came here," she observed in her charming broken English, "I have felt ten years younger. Indeed I am certain that, on the principles of harmonic progression, if I were to live in London till I was 100, I should still retain all my old infantile *abandon* and *élan*. But even if I only manage to spend six weeks in London every year I shall be able to surmount the difficulty enshrined in the famous saying, *Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait*." Here Mlle. Palacky paused to refresh herself with a box of caramels, and, apologising for the brevity of the interview, returned to her study of Cicero's *De Senectute*, a work which she is translating into Magyar.



A PUBLIC NUISANCE.

MR. PUNCH. "THAT'S A BEASTLY SIGHT, CONSTABLE; CAN'T YOU DEAL WITH HIM?"
CONSTABLE. "NO, SIR. 'E AIN'T DONE NOTHING DISORDERLY, SO I CAN'T SAY AS 'E'S BROKEN THE LAW."
MR. PUNCH. "THEN IT'S TIME THE LAW WAS ALTERED."

[*The Times*, commenting upon the Report of the Committee appointed to inquire into the operation of the Inebriates Act, calls attention to the inadequacy of the law as it relates to drunkenness in its earlier stages. "The time seems to have come for abandoning the system, which has hitherto prevailed, of practically condoning public drunkenness when it is unattended by riot or manifest disorder."]



SCENE. *Great Court of Trinity, Cambridge.*

American Visitor. "SAY, YOUNG MAN, CAN YOU TELL ME THE DI-MENSIONS OF THIS YE-ARD?"

THE LITERARY INSURER.

I SAW the little man hanging round my house, and as he had an acquisitive look I became suspicious and strove to get indoors before he tackled me. Unfortunately my latchkey jammed.

"Pardon me, but I believe you are Mr. Flinders, the distinguished author?" said the little man politely.

"My name is Flinders," I answered shortly; "what do you want?"

"I wished to see you with regard to insurance."

My face brightened. "My dear sir, I am insured against fire, burglary, accident and death. I can face the prospect of housemaid's knee or appendicitis with calm. If my cook broke her neck it might spoil my dinner, but it wouldn't break me. Nor do I care if the Government sets a time-limit of fourteen years on my copyrights, for I sell them all outright."

"I am glad to hear it," said the little man; "but are you insured against literary perils?"

"Literary perils! What are they?"

He thrust a prospectus into my hand. "There you are—see the risks. Five pounds a year covers you against them. Look at our liberal benefits! £500 if 'Claudius Clear' discovers that you were intimate with the REV. ALEXANDER MCTAVISH of Drumlanrig in early life, and writes an article explaining his influence on your work. £750 in case Mr. CHESTERTON deliberately and with malice aforethought reviews your book and frightens away readers by weaving an incomprehensible fairy-tale around it; with an additional £500 should he conclude with a poem. £1,000 insurance against the chance of any reviewer making the comment, ruinous to a modern novel, that 'this book is one which may safely be given by any father to his daughter.' £2,000 if a note appears in *The Bookman* to the effect that the success of that rising novelist, Mr. Flinders, must make Mr. JOSEPH HOCKING and Mr. CROCKETT tremble for their laurels. £3,000 compensation if the photographic press prints an artistic study of fog with the legend, 'Mr. Flinders, the popular novelist, at work on his new romance.' £5,000 if a Bishop declares in public that he has been more moved by your latest work than by anything published since Mr. GUY THORNE'S *When it Was Dark*. And last, but not least, £10,000 for your heirs should Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER publish your housemaid's recollections of you, your private correspondence with your butcher, and other intimate literary documents." The little man pulled out a fountain-pen and began confidently to fill up a receipt form.

"Though a distinguished, I am still a poor author," I said; "yet if I had but one five-pound note in the world it should be thine."

THE NEW AMERICAN GAME FOR BRITISH PEERS: "Pop-in-Law."

THE CUT-GLASS BOWL.

BEING THE STORY OF ONE OF LIFE'S LITTLE DUPLICITIES.

(*Concluded.*)

X.

Mrs. Livesey to Mrs. Vansittart.

May 25, 190—.

MY DARLING MOTHER,—A dreadful thing has happened. Aunt Mercy has written to say she wants to come from Monday to Friday of next week to see us and get to like Joseph. The terrible thing is the glass bowl, because poor Joseph has never been able to match it, chiefly on account of the smallness of the bits, which we kept, but which the glass people cannot manage to put together satisfactorily. I am not at all strong just now, and the prospect of having to face Aunt Mercy and tell her about the bowl is too dreadful. What shall I do? Is it safe to tell her we cannot have her? Please telegraph.

Your loving S.

XI.

Mrs. Vansittart to Mrs. Livesey.

(*Telegram.*)

May 26, 190—.

Sympathise very deeply. Better ask aunt postpone visit.—MOTHER.

XII.

Mrs. Livesey to Miss Norman-Crudge.

May 26, 190—.

MY DEAR AUNT MERCY,—I am so very sorry, as it would have been a great pleasure to have you here under our roof, but both Joseph and the doctor think I am not quite strong enough for a visitor just now. Not that I am at all ill, but I have been rather run down and I might not be able to look after you and take you about as I should wish. So, dear Aunt Mercy, I hope you won't mind postponing your visit for a little while. Your affectionate niece,

SARAH.

XIII.

Miss Norman-Crudge to Mrs. Livesey.

May 26, 190—.

MY DEAR SARAH,—I am sorry to hear of your poor health, but you must not think that the fear of being left too much to myself will deter me from my project of seeing you and your husband—with perhaps a peep at the bowl on the table! It will interest me to explore Warwick alone, and I shall be glad also to do what I can to nurse and amuse you. The only difference it will make is that I shall now certainly bring Yates, as she is so clever with beef-tea and jellies, and is a perfect nurse.

Your affectionate Aunt MERCY.

XIV.

Mrs. Livesey to Mrs. Vansittart.

May 27, 190—.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—It is no good, as the enclosed letter will show you. Joseph, who is furious, wants me to write again and say it is something catching; but Aunt Mercy would be sure to find out. I am taking a strong tonic and preparing for the worst.

Your loving S.

XV.

Jane Yates to Mrs. Livesey.

May 30, 190—.

(*Telegram.*)

Miss Norman-Crudge in bed with influenza. Visit must be postponed.—YATES.

XVI.

Mrs. Livesey to Mrs. Vansittart.

May 30, 190—.

MY DARLING MOTHER,—I am nearly off my head with joy. She is not coming. Yates has telegraphed that Aunt Mercy is in bed with influenza. Joseph was so excited that he insisted on my having some champagne for lunch, although of course not joining me. I don't seem to mind anything now, although I suppose it will all begin over again.

Your loving S.

XVII.

Miss Norman-Crudge to Mrs. Livesey.

July 15, 190—.

MY DEAR SARAH,—I want you to be so good as to do me a little service. There is to be a bazaar here next week in connection with the new organ for St. Michael's, and as I want it to be a great success I have undertaken to arrange a small but tasteful exhibition of old china and glass and perhaps a little choice furniture in one of the smaller rooms. The bowl which I gave you for a wedding present is so excellent a specimen of its style and period (although inferior to the one which you said arrived broken) that I should like to include it. The bazaar lasts only three days, so that you would not be deprived of your treasure for more than a week altogether. I enclose a postal order for half-a-crown to defray the cost of transit and *professional packing.*

Your affectionate Aunt MERCY.

XVIII.

Mrs. Livesey to Mrs. Vansittart.

July 17, 190—.

MY DARLING MOTHER,—It is all over now. I have told Aunt Mercy that the bowl is broken. I had to do it because she wrote asking to borrow it for an exhibition. Joseph would not let me worry about it any more. He said there had been trouble enough about the wretched thing and he would settle the matter once for all; and this is what he helped me to write. I send it to you in case you see Aunt Mercy and she asks you any questions:—

"DEAREST AUNT MERCY,—I am very sorry that I cannot send you the bowl, because unhappily it no longer exists. It is broken; and by a curious chance it happened on the very day that your visit to us, to which we were looking forward so keenly, was postponed. (*This is a dreadful story, dear mother, but I seem to have been telling nothing else for years.*) At the time that Yates's kind telegram was brought saying you were ill in bed and could not come to us after all, Joseph was carrying the bowl up to my bedroom with fresh roses in it, as we always made a point of never letting the parlourmaid touch it. (*This about the parlourmaid is literally true, dear Mother, although it sounds like another!*) As both his hands were full he told Mills to open the telegram and read it to him, which she did, and no sooner did he hear the sad news than the bowl slipped out of his hands and was utterly smashed. We have the pieces still, but the mending people say it is impossible to put them together again. I hoped that I should not have to tell you, dear Aunt Mercy, but perhaps it is better to have done so. One does not like to deceive, even out of consideration for another's feelings. Both Joseph, who is naturally very unhappy about it, and I hope that you will not think it necessary to give us another present.

"With much love, I remain,

"Your affectionate niece,

"SARAH."

There, dear Mother, I think that that must be the end anyway, whatever happens. I will tell you what Aunt Mercy says. Do come and see us soon, dear.

Your loving S.

XIX.

Miss Norman-Crudge to Mrs. Livesey.

July 18, 190—.

MY DEAR SARAH,—I am of course very sorry to think that both my beautiful bowls have ceased to be, but the very natural circumstances of the destruction of the second one help to reconcile me. Poor Joseph, I do not wonder he was upset. I shall not make the experiment of giving you glass again, but I hope to see something more durable when next I visit my old furniture dealer. The exhibition, you will be glad to hear, promises to be a great success, even without the bowl.

Your affectionate Aunt MERCY.

XX.

Mrs. Vansittart to Mrs. Livesey.

July 20, 190—.

MY DARLING SARAH,—I was so glad to

get your letter, with your Aunt Mercy's enclosed, and to feel that everything is now all right again. It shows how important it is to tell the truth, for until she knew it was broken there was no peace of mind for any of us. I am sure I have suffered almost as much as you. My one fear is that when I meet your aunt when she pays her annual visit to Scotland next month I shall forget what happened, and that might be terrible. I can't help feeling it will be safer if I know nothing about it at all. Yes, that is best.

Your loving MOTHER.

P.S.—I reopen this to say, remember, darling, I know nothing about it at all.

A SAD CASE.

IN a recent lecture on "Insect Life," Mr. MARTIN DUNCAN is reported to have said that "he had seen a Death's Head Hawk-moth in a hive, very much intoxicated and giving vent to squeaks. It was surrounded by an admiring crowd of bees, evidently much impressed by this vocal demonstration."

We have received the following letters on this subject. The first is one of indignant protest from the insect in question. He says:—

"I have read with the greatest annoyance and disgust the libellous statement attributed to Mr. MARTIN DUNCAN. In the strongest possible terms I repudiate the dastardly suggestion that I was drunk on the occasion mentioned, and I may add that I have been a life-long member of the Young Abstainers' Union. The courtesy extended to Mr. DUNCAN in admitting him, as a privileged guest, to the concert referred to has been ill repaid. He has accused me of intemperance and he has held his hosts up to ridicule. As a matter of fact I was in perfect voice on that particular night, and my friends the Bees expressed themselves in the most flattering terms with regard to my rendering of '*Put me among the Girls.*' This performance Mr. DUNCAN coarsely and ignorantly describes as 'squeaks.' His ill-considered sneers have done irreparable harm to my career as a professional vocalist (for terms and Press notices see small bills), and I have instructed my solicitors to commence an action for heavy damages against him.

Yours truly, ACHERONTIA ATROPOS."

Miss Mellifica Apis writes:—

"As a member of the audience at the concert described by Mr. MARTIN DUNCAN, I should like to say there is not a word of truth in his amazing statement that Mr. Atropos was inebriated on that occasion. Mr. Atropos sang with rare charm and feeling, even for so gifted an artist, and I think it is a great shame that Mr. DUNCAN, who was invited only as a special favour, should so abuse the hospitality of the hive."

"A Follower of Mrs. CARRIE NATION," in the course of a long and vehement letter, says:—

"Mr. MARTIN DUNCAN'S graphic picture of the nauseating orgy which he witnessed in a bee-hive is an object-lesson which degraded man would do well to lay to heart. Here we have the disgusting spectacle of a company of bees, all, probably, more or less under the influence of liquor, applauding and encouraging the maudlin antics of a hopelessly intoxicated moth who hiccoughs tunelessly and obscenely before them. It is terrible to think that even blameless insects should have come under the awful Drink curse. And who invented the Drink? Man! Man! Who, in the first instance, tempted and encouraged the insects to drink? Man again! Filthy, drink-sodden man. . . . ."

[Our Fair Correspondent's language here becomes so intemperate that we are obliged to curtail the rest of her letter.—ED.]

Interviewed by a representative of the London News Agency, Mr. Atropos said that he had nothing to add to the letter which he had sent to the Press. Asked if he could give any reason for Mr. DUNCAN'S extraordinary statement, Mr. Atropos said that he regarded it as the outcome of professional jealousy. Mr. DUNCAN had intended to address the Bees on "The Proper Care and Feeding of Larvæ," and was annoyed to find that they preferred to listen to his (Mr. Atropos') performance.

The Secretary of the Variety Artistes' Federation informs us that Mr. Atropos is not, and has never been, a member of that Society.



The New Maid. "YES, SHE'S AT HOME. DOES YER GIT SHOWED IN, OR DOES YER SIT 'ERE?"

Military Language.

"In this volume John Murray which deals with the preparation for the classical account of French literature, Mr. Arthur Tilley accomplishes in an admirable fashion an arduous task."—*Daily Chronicle.*

THE CONTRACT.

"COME, Peggy, put your toys away; you needn't shake your head.
Your bear's been working overtime; he's panting for his bed.
He's turned a thousand somersaults, and now his head must ache;
It's cruelty to animals to keep the bear awake."

At this she stamped in mutiny, and then she urged her plea,
Her wonted plea, "A little time, a minute more, for me."
"Be off, you little rogue of rogues," I sternly made reply;
"It's wicked to be sitting up with sand in either eye.

"To bed, to bed, you sleepy head; and then, and then—who knows?—
Some day you'll be a grown-up girl, and lovely as a rose.
And some day some one else will come, a gallant youth and gay,
To harry me and marry you and carry you away."

At this the storm broke out afresh:—"You know I hate the boys;
They're only good at taking things, and breaking things, and noise.
So, Daddy, please remember this, because—I—want—you—to:—
I'll never marry any boy; I'll only marry *you*."

"Agreed," I cried—the imp, of course, had won the bout of wits;
Had gained her point and got her time and beaten me to fits—
"Agreed, agreed,"—she danced for joy—"we'll leave no room for doubt,
But bind ourselves with pen and ink, and write the contract out:—"

This is a contract, firm and clear
Made, as doth from these presents appear,
Between Peggy, being now in her sixth year,
A child of laughter,
A sort of funny actress,
Referred to hereinafter
As the said contractress—
Between the said contractress, that is to say,
And a person with whom she is often good enough to play;
Who happens to have been something of a factor
In bringing her into the world, who, in short, is her father,
And is hereinafter spoken of as the said contractor.
Now the said contractress declares she would rather
Marry the said contractor than any other.
At the same time she affirms with the utmost steadiness
Her perfect readiness
To take any other fellow on as a brother.
Still, she means to marry her father, and to be his wife,
And to live happily with him all the rest of her life.
This contract is made without consideration,
And is subject to later ratification.
The said contractress had it read through to see that nothing was missed,
And she took her pen, and she held it tight in a chubby and cramped-up fist,
And she made her mark with a blotted cross, instead of signing her name;
And the said contractor he signed in full, and they mean to observe the same.

"Now give me, Peg, that old brown shoe, that battered shoe of yours,
I'll stow the contract in its toe, and, if the shoe endures,
When sixteen years or so are gone, I'll hunt for it myself
And take it gently from its drawer, or get it from its shelf.

"And when, mid clouds of scattered rice, through all the wedding whirl
A laughing fellow hurries out a certain graceless girl,
Unless my hand have lost its strength, unless my eye be dim,
I'll lift the shoe, the contract too, and fling the lot at him."

R. C. L.

THE SHAKSPEARE HOUR.

THE four rows of bright, intelligent faces looked up at me with apparent interest. This, however, is apt to be deceptive, as the British schoolboy has a marked genius for assuming a concentrated attention to his work, while in imagination he gets outside a huge dough-nut or scores a brilliant goal amid loud cheers. So I asked Green *major* to tell me the meaning of the word "paraphrase," which I had just explained with my customary lucidity. The absurd art of paraphrasing is still cherished by examiners, so that I am forced to allow my unfortunate young pupils to twist and turn the beautiful lines of SHAKSPEARE into hideous prose. This is the sort of thing that happens:—

"Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies"

is transmuted into "Now all the young men in England are quite excited, and have put away in the clothes-cupboard the silk shirts that they were accustomed to lounge in." Green *major* thought deeply, then said, with a burst of intelligence, that it meant turning Shakspeare into decent English. I left paraphrasing and went on to something else.

We are reading SHAKSPEARE'S *Henry V.* together, more, perhaps, on account of a future examination than because of Mr. LEWIS WALLER'S revival at the Lyric, but my young pupils delight to hear about him, and about KEMBLE, and MACREADY, and KEAN, and the other great actors who have assumed "the port of Mars" and cried (according to one bright youth who was reciting the passage), "Once more onto the beach, dear friends, once more." Now, however, being a little put out on account of the paraphrasing, I felt that we ought to discuss something less pleasant to them.

So I turned to the subject of Prologues. "Another name for Prologue," I said, "is Chorus, which may stand either for the man who delivers the Chorus or Prologue, or for the Chorus or Prologue itself." I felt sure that this very clear statement could not fail to impress itself on the most stupid boy, and therefore I considered myself at liberty to employ the Comparative Method as recommended by the Board of Education. ("Collocation of Subjects," as the Board so happily term it.) It was, besides, a suitable opportunity for administering a little general culture. "The Chorus of the ancient Greek Drama," I remarked with that proprietary air which superior knowledge is apt to impart, "differed considerably from the Shakspearean Chorus. It consisted of a large number of persons who remained in or about the orchestra throughout the performance and at intervals passed lyrical comments upon the action of the play." And so I warmed to my subject, and told them of the Chorus of *παρθέναι ὁμβροφόροι* that I had seen in *The Clouds* of ARISTOPHANES a few years ago at Oxford, and I touched lightly on Bradfield and the performance of Greek plays in general. Then, with an undiminished flow of language, I explained the uses of the Chorus in *Henry V.*, how that its duty there was to apologise for imperfections of apparatus and scenery and for the inadequacy of the stage to represent with any degree of verisimilitude the "vasty fields of France," and also to stimulate the imaginations of the audience by relating what had occurred between the Acts, and so to fill up the gaps or interstices in the relation of events.



Swimming Instructor. "NO! NO! NO! LADIES! USE YER LEGS VIG'ROUS, YET GRACEFUL—LIKE THIS 'ERE!"

As the four rows still looked intelligent, I decided to enjoy the fruits of my toil, and so I mopped my brow and said, "All those who know anything about a Chorus will put their hands up."

About three hands were raised, among them one belonging to Brown, a quiet little fellow who always sat in the extreme corner of the room, on account of which peculiarity I had named him, somewhat wittily, "Puer in angulo." I nodded at him, and he at once began: "Please, sir, I know a chorus; it goes like this:—'What is the use of loving a girl, if she don't love you——'" "Stop!" I roared, for I was indeed shocked by this unseemly and cryptic outburst of vulgarity, and, turning hopefully to Green *major*, whose hand was still waving in the air, I asked him what were the duties of the Chorus in *Henry V.* "Please, sir," he replied, "to apologise for the play being written, and to get people to go and fill up gaps between the Acts."

The SHAKSPEARE Hour was not yet completed, but "that day no longer did we read therein."

A Motor-car that knows its way about.

"A well-equipped motor-car, with two ladies in it, one of them bearing some resemblance to Miss Charlesworth, drove up to one of the principal hotels and took rooms."—*Daily Chronicle.*

In Siam, when your electric light goes out, the remedy is simple, as seen in the following notice:

"Bangkok. Sir, for the case that your electric light should fail we beg to send you enclosed a postcard which please send us at once when you find your light out. The Company will then send you another postcard. Yours truly, Manager, Siam Electricity Co., Ltd."

IN MEMORIAM.

Arthur William a'Beckett.

BORN 1844. DIED JANUARY 14, 1909.

FRIEND of our hearts, who never made a foe!
Old comradeships renew their former spell
As now into the Silent Land you go;
And round the Table, which you held so dear,
Laughter is hushed and all our pleasant cheer
Changed for the lonely, last, sad word, "Farewell."

More Cliff Mystery.

A new light is thrown upon the question of Miss VIOLET CHARLESWORTH'S age by *The Birmingham Evening Despatch.* It would seem from the following passage that she is not so old as some of us feared, though her extravagance may not have been underrated:

"The box left at Snow Hill has been found to contain nothing but stationery and all kinds of writing materials of an expensive kind."

Annus Mirabilis.

We are glad to see that the statement in *The Church Times* (quoted in our last issue), to the effect that the present year is "one of birthdays," is not a piece of purely clerical dogmatism. *The Observer*, whose attitude is secular in the best sense, confirms this view. "This is the marvellous year," it says, "of anniversaries."



Weary Willie. "I'D SOONER WALK UP 'ILL THAN I WOULD DOWN, ANY DAY—IT DO THROW YER INTO YER BOOTS SO."

THE PERFECT PEDAGOGUE.

["Rugby Blue, young and unmarried, required at large Public School for at least one term. Football is the chief subject, but elementary Latin, English, and Mathematics are also looked for. Apply, etc. ——."
Advt. in "The Spectator."]

Be silent, ye scholars of Isis,
Ye Senior Wranglers, be mute!
We have no use for you—
What we want is a Blue
Who can teach young ideas to shoot.
The player of subtle devices,
Not the student of Latin and Greek—
The art of the scrum,
Not the lore of *Lit. Hum.*,
These, these are the things that we seek.
We want no studious ass
With spectacles on nose,
No diligent crammer
To hammer
At grammar
And Ciceronian prose.
For Football is the class
To which we pay attention,
And if our boys but learn to pass
Their parsing needs no mention.

Of course, if he boasts any sense, a
Headmaster will scarce hope to get
A Blue who is quite
Unattacked by the blight
That so ruins the 'Varsity set.
He 'll forgive some acquaintance with *mensa*,
He will smile if you 've met ὁ, ἡ, τό,
He will even perhaps
Please to pardon a chap's
Having heard of λελυμένος ὦ.
If faults like these you own
Pray keep them well concealed;
Just show off your muscle
And thus 'll
You hustle
Your rivals off the field.
No matter though you 're known
As Wisdom's very image,
Keep dark the crime until you 've
shown
Your prowess in the scrimmage.

We might perhaps possibly pardon
A knowledge, if not too profound,
Of the problem to solve
If you wish to evolve
The number of pence in a pound;
Nor would we be terribly hard on
A person who had to confess
That he 'd studied *Twelfth Night*,
Helped by Aldis and Wright
And the excellent Clarendon Press.
But wisdom so austere
We should not greatly miss:
If you 've muscle and sinew
Within you,
Continue
To base your claim on this.
Though Learning may be dear
To those who love to hug her,
It is our clear conviction here
The end of man is Rugger.

Journalistic Modesty.

"I only wish at the present moment I could convert myself into a dormouse till the genial weather arrives, and I daresay many of my readers would warmly welcome such a proposition."—*Mr. J. Ashby-Sterry, in "The Graphic."*



SUBSTANCE FOR SHADOW.

SULTAN OF TURKEY. "AFTER ALL, A BIRD IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BALKANS."



THE 150TH BIRTHDAY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

[In spite of the decision of the authorities not to celebrate this interesting occasion the more spirited of the ordinary occupants of the Museum are reported to have got up quite a nice little dance after closing hours. The Assyrian Court Band (Nimrod's Own) played delightfully throughout the evening. As an illustration of the good feeling and camaraderie prevailing between the different departments we may mention that it was conducted most ably by the Discobolus, who threw himself into the performance with his accustomed vigour.]

A SKY-CODE.

AFTER duly considering the various suggestions thrown out at the Aeroplane Dinner last week as to the necessity of framing some Rules of the Air, we feel bound to recognise the futility of endeavouring to enforce the same, and therefore content ourselves with emitting the following Pious Aspirations, more or less *sotto voce*, in view of the imminence of these supermen:—

There should be no speed limit, every aeroplane being encouraged to disappear over the horizon as quickly as possible.

Parties desirous of colliding should be free to do so, if they select a pond or lake to fall into.

Full play should be given to air-hogs, as spills are good for trade, and the old prophecy that pigs might fly must be fulfilled.

"The Mount Ararat Marathon" might be proposed as a suitable title for the next long-distance air-ark race.

Rules of the road would seem superfluous, as at 300 miles an hour—the pace aimed at—you must take your chance, and won't have time to see which way you are going.

Offenders against the law, *when* caught, should be taken up by the aero-police (to a convenient height) and dropped on to a Suffragette meeting or other riotous concourse. This will explain what is really meant by "a bolt from the blue."

"Fly and let fly" should be the motto of aerial sportsmen.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

JANUARY IN TOWN.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—A good many people have come back to town after doing their Christmassing. Those with kiddies have almost *had* to do it in the country, for of course there are holiday-joys in the village that can't be got elsewhere. D'you know, my dear, that "helping" at a children's party isn't at all bad fun?—let alone the feeling of benevolence it gives one! Stella Clackmannan gave one for her youngsters at Clackmannan House the other evening, and (it only shows how good and unselfish people are and how fond of children!) quite a big crowd of us turned up to help.

We worked tremendously hard to keep things going, and Stella said it was simply most awfully sweet of us, but that she could have wished so *many* of us hadn't danced, "because," she added, "most of the weenies stood by and didn't venture into the crowd, and those that did got knocked down!" *Fancy*, you know! When we'd been so good and self-denying in coming to help! I couldn't have believed Stella would be so *odiously* ungrateful.

Oh, my dearest and best, where *do* you think I had tea the other day? You'd never guess. *In prison!* Isn't it lovely! But I must begin at the beginning and tell you all about it. You must know that Dickie Sandys, since her affair with Dolly de Lacy came to nothing owing to the flirtatious propensities of her granny, Popsy, Lady Ramsgate, has gone in wildly for Woman with a big W, has joined the Suffragettes, if you please, and has been clamouring for a vote in a louder and shriller soprano than any of them. She's one of the chief caryatides that support the Woman's Temple (isn't that a splenny simile? I can't think how I came to think of it!)—one of the great shining hopes of the sisterhood, and occupies *quite* a unique position among them for this reason—the Ramsgate peerage is one of those that can go down through the female line, and Dickie being an only child, it follows that she'll one day be Countess of Ramsgate in her own right; and when that time comes she promises to take her seat in the Painted Chamber and make it a House of Lords and Ladies, or know the reason why not! (You can imagine how the *one* would-be *hereditary legislatress* is cherished among them!)

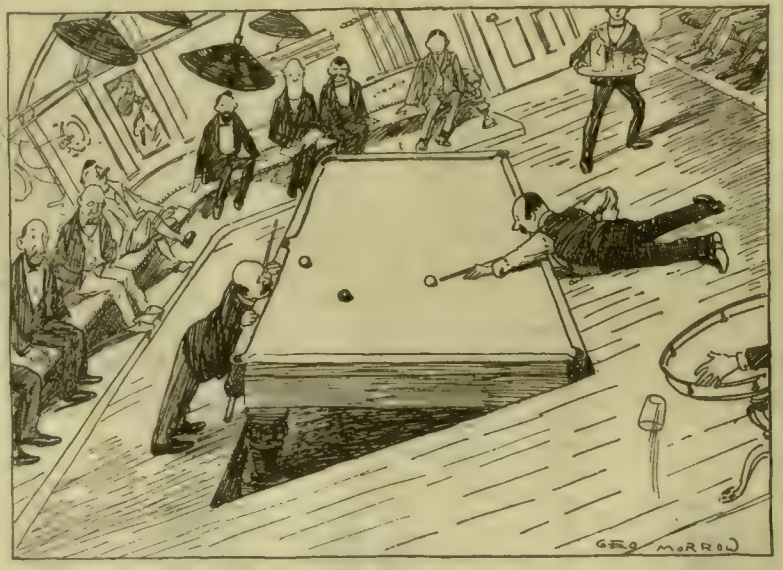
In the meantime she's out for the vote. She addressed a big crowd of rowdies on the Embankment one day and told them if she couldn't get what she wanted *without* bombs, why, she'd *use* bombs, and she advised them to do the same as regarded their own individual requirements. She was put in Golliway Gaol in consequence, as a first-class misdemeanant, which means that she's allowed to do herself very well. They've given her a drawing-room of sorts; and a lot of furniture and pretty-pretties have been brought up from Ramsgate House; meals are sent in from a neighbouring hotel, and she's the use of her own motor and drives about the neighbourhood as much as she likes. She's writing three books: *Bombs or Votes; The Cry of a Martyr from Golliway Gaol;* and *Manners and Customs of the Suburbs.*

She was at home to her friends last week, and a number of us motored up to Golliway. There was a long string of cars outside the gaol, and a crowd of natives had collected to stare. Inside I found a mob of Dickie's personal friends as well as a contingent of Suffragettes, Dickie herself in a simply sweet Olga Fiton afternoon frock, and servants from Ramsgate House carrying round tea and nicies. "Why, Dickie," I said, "I'm most *immensely* dispy! I expected to find you dressed in broad arrows, and skilly, and all that sort of thing!" "Not much!" said Dickie. "You forget, Blanche, I'm a first-class misdemeanant." "I see, my dear! And that means a rather amusing time in a fairly comfy suburban hotel—with the crown of martyrdom thrown in!"

I saw some of the shining lights of the Movement, including Miss Lily Slapperton, who once hid in the room where a Cabinet Meeting was to be held, and then came out of her hidey-hole and threatened them with a hat pin if they wouldn't consider Woman Suffrage.

"Well, Dickie," I said before leaving, "I *won't* wish you may get the vote, my dear, for I know *that* wouldn't be friendly; if you got it, it would be a case of 'Othello's occupation's gone,' as *Hamlet* says; there'd be no more fun,

USES OF THE BILLIARD TABLE AT SEA.



I.—LEGITIMATE. FOR PLAYERS.



II.—NOT LEGITIMATE. FOR STRICKEN PASSENGERS WHO WANT SOMETHING LEVEL TO SIT ON.

no more rows and crowds and notoriety for any of you. Confess now, Dickie, that if you 'd got it you 'd be utterly and hopelessly wretched!" And Dickie winked the other eye and whispered, "You 've touched the spot, old girl."

There 've been several weddings in town lately, the most sensational being that of the young Duke of Land's-End yesterday. He made a Competition of himself in *Daily Thrills*, and married the girl whose photo got the most votes from the paper's readers. *Daily Thrills* has boomed enormously, I hear, since the "Duchess's Coronet Competition" started, and the owners have paid Land's End something immense. People were simply killing each other at St. Agatha's yesterday to get a look at the *Daily Thrills* Duchess and her bridesmaids (the six girls next her in the voting).

Ever thine,

BLANCHE.

FLIGHTS OF FANCY.

(A PEEP INTO THE FUTURE.)

October 2, 1909.—The Army Aeroplane was brought out of its shed at Aldershot to-day in splendid weather. The machine travelled well along the ground for fully 100 yards. Colonel CODY was, as usual, well satisfied with the results, but decided, before attempting a flight, to reinstate the radiators (which weigh about 100 lbs. each) in the position they occupied in November, 1908.

January 14, 1910.—The Royal Engineers (under the supervision of Colonel CODY, the aviator) brought the Army Airship out of its shed to-day and ran it successfully round a portion of the golf course. The radiators (which weigh about 110 lbs. each) have been altered, and the machine seemed to run very smoothly. A cyclometer attached to one of the wheels showed that the Aeroplane had covered nearly 1,400 yards (mostly uphill). Colonel CODY was naturally very much pleased with the results of the trial, but explained that, owing to the frozen state of the ground, no attempt at flight was possible. A tyre was unfortunately punctured on the home journey.

November 9, 1911.—The Army Aeroplane underwent a further trial to-day on Laffan's Plain, the object being to test the new tyre which was recently fitted. The trial was satisfactory in every way, and Colonel CODY is confident that, should the new position of the radiators (which weigh about 120 lbs. each) prove satisfactory and the great box-like wings act as he expects, there is no reason why he should not remain in the air for quite a quarter of an hour. Two first-class Brazilian Aerocruisers passed over the Plain at an altitude of 400 feet during the trial.



M. F. H. (*who is entertaining some of the smaller tenant-farmers*). "I HOPE YOU ARE ENJOYING YOUR DINNER, MR DOBBIN?"

Mr. D. (*unsuccessfully attacking a marrow-bone*). "THANK YE, SIR, I 'VE 'AD A RIGHT GOOD DINNER, BUT BLOW ME IF I 'AVEN'T DRAWED A *BLANK* THIS TIME, FUR THERE BLUNT NOWT ON THIS 'ERE JINT."

June 21, 1912.—Not since the summer of 1908 has the Army Aeroplane had such a successful trial. Spectators on Laffan's Plain had a splendid view of the famous machine as it came towards them flying, without apparent effort, the Union Jack! Colonel CODY is now certain that he has at last solved the problem—which has puzzled him for some time—of returning to *terra firma* after a flight. As a result of further calculations the radiators (which weigh nearly 130 lbs. each) have been shifted forward to recover balance.

May 10, 1916.—The "Semper Eadem" (as the British Army Aeroplane has been christened) created a sensation to-day at Aldershot. Hauled on to the golf course by a detachment of Royal Engineers the machine was given a brief rest in front of the bunker guarding the seventh hole. Colonel CODY then started the engine and gave the order, "Let go!" The Aeroplane leapt forward like a thing of life and landed on the green in one. There seems to be no doubt that it *was* in the air for at least three seconds. (A bystander with a stop-watch made it four seconds.) Colonel CODY was naturally jubilant, and, looking up at the squadron of Bulgarian Aerodestroyers which happened to be passing, expressed the opinion that the "Semper Eadem" had come to stay!

[Yes, but *where*?—ED.]

ROMANCE IN 1908.

ALL the market statistics hitherto published to illustrate last year's trade having neglected the internal economics of fiction, it is hoped that authors of novels will study the following list of fluctuations and regulate their output for 1909 accordingly:—

Manufacture of Yarns.—Threadbare, thrice-spun, and doubtful varieties have showed no sign of diminution, but there has been a great decrease in the weaving of the original fabric. The employment of local colour (foreign, colonial and provincial) for the purposes of this industry has been enormous, Devon and Cornish being in especial demand. American spots have declined.

Characters.—Males opened silent strong, but tended latterly to loquacious epigrammatic. Heroines variable and uncertain all the year. Self-realisation and introspectiveness unchanged. Neurotic tone well maintained.

Incidents.—The motor trade has given an enormous stimulus to this industry. Home railway accidents have hardened, avalanches inclined to fall. Elopements (all kinds) brisk; idylls scarcer.

Didactic interludes.—A very heavy turn-over.

PHILISTINES AMONG THE PROPHETS.

I FORGET exactly how I got there, and never in the world shall I understand how Gwen got there. For the rest, they were obviously artistic and literary folk. When the men discuss their innermost souls and the women approach all subjects from a strictly logical point of view, you may be sure that you are not dining with people whose only passion in life is mixed hockey. For myself, I have just sufficient acquaintance with my soul to belong to either party; but Gwen's cheek was too delightfully rosy and herself too sweetly fresh to belong to anything but the Opposition.

We both, without conspiracy, acted at first on the say-nothing-but-look-wise policy, and as to our mouths it was "Admission only on Business. No Exit." The others being qualified and willing to do all the talking, we got along nicely by merely putting in a "Yes" or "No" now and then. Security, however, breeds carelessness, and about the savoury I said "Yes" at the wrong place and much too loudly. I tried to save myself from exposure by substituting a fit of coughing for an explanation, but they knew, and Gwen knew, and she, being a woman, set about to desert me in my distress and to glorify herself by fraud and misrepresentation.

Maeterlinck was the topic upon which she did it. Careless of the fact that Maeterlinck might be poet, puzzle-game, Belgian general, hero of a decadent novel or foreign competitor in the Marathon race, she ventured to express disapproval when all the others were emphatic in praise. Her disapproval was so vague that it might have applied to any of the above descriptions. "Of course," she said, "I speak with but superficial knowledge. I have only just begun to form a definite opinion. I am only on the edge, as it were. But as far as my study of the matter has gone I am bound to confess that I have felt a curious want, a sense of something lacking. It would be absurd to deny the many obvious merits, but I do miss that—what shall I say?—that *je ne sais quoi*, that nameless something, which I certainly expected to find." "Ah," said one of the Genuine, "I too was disappointed at first. But I changed my opinion as I advanced in knowledge."

"He might have told you," I whispered to Gwen, "what this Maeterlinck is;" but Gwen, affecting not to hear, turned to the last speaker and begged him to reveal his inward self upon the point.

After the ladies had gone, they gave me a cigar and a match, and told me, as clearly as they could without putting it into words, that I should hear from them again when they wanted me. Then they gathered together and discussed the pictures at the Exhibition. "Was it not," was the last word, "the most delightful collection of modern times, as far, at any rate, as the British Section was concerned?" When they thought it was nearly time to join the ladies, one of them asked me what sort of a year it had been for the crops. I awoke with a start and was just warming up to the subject, when a movement was made, and we were in the drawing-room before I had even done with the hay.

We found the ladies discussing TURNER and Impressionism, and there was Gwen sitting right in the middle of the sofa and saying, "Oh, do you think so?" with such self-possession that they were all deceived and myself left boiling. "Shall hypocrisy and deceit so prevail?" I thought, and forced myself to her side.

"Did you," I said, "go to the Exhibition?" "I believe I did," she answered without enthusiasm, and looked as if this awful man was going to talk to her about the Flip-Flap. "And did you," I said, "find anything there to please you?" No, she thought she had not. "Not even the pictures?" I pursued relentlessly. Then she fell. "No," she said with a tolerant smile, "the Oleograph and the Christmas Number Presentation Plate are all very well for the people, but I confess they leave me chilled to the bone." "Indeed," I said, and turned to include in the conversation the George Eliot at the other end of the sofa. "I am trying to persuade Miss Harmer that the pictures at the Exhibition were the most delightful collection of modern times, as far, at any rate, as the British Section was concerned." G. E. forgave my past and came up to the scratch like the good sportsman she was. "Why, of course!" she cried. "Surely you liked that? Think of the exquisite——" And while she poured panegyric into Gwen's right ear I kept on whispering "Oleograph" and "Christmas Number Presentation Plate" into the other ear. Gwen's punishment was just about as bitter as it could be, and it would have been longer, only she made such a half-hearted show of fight.

Presently I got her into a corner by herself. "Were there any pictures at the Exhibition?" she asked. "And if so, where?" "I do not know," I answered candidly; "I never saw any." "Then," she said, "you are a deceitful wretch, and I hate you." "And justly," I admitted; "but I shall not leave you until you tell me what Maeterlinck is."

With that she gave in completely. "I believe," she said with an irresistible smile, "that it is a place on the Continent where one takes the waters. What is your handicap at golf?"

* * * * *

Philistines may be Philistines, but they are not without cunning of a low order. With some ingenuity and address I managed to see a good deal of Gwen after that, and finally made my *ex-parte* application in a cosy wood by the ninth hole, but right out of bounds. The Court demurred but finally granted my petition, and I was, with the other ten thousand, the happiest man on earth. "Gwen," I declared, "you are an angel, and, if they 've got good golf there, we 'll spend our honeymoon at Maeterlinck."

THE PRAYER-MAT.

THE rug arrived—a wondrous thing;
Its blended colours seemed to bring
The glamour of an Eastern Spring
To cheer a London Christmas;
One almost sees some pious Khan
Kneel on it by his caravan,
East somewhere, say, near Teheran,
When Suez was an isthmus!

I note your rather flattering thought—
That since its web and weft were wrought
Where HAFIZ sang and RUSTUM fought
My hand might try to harp it:
To this I 'd say my modest Muse
Would very certainly refuse
To harp—or even wear her shoes—
On such a magic carpet!

It tells of far-off city gates
Where swarthy traders fill the crates
With sun-dried store of figs and dates
For juvenile excesses;
I see the Persian roses bloom,
I sniff the camel's chaste perfume,
And hear the tuneful bulbul boom
In flowery wildernesses!

It paints for me the shiny East,
Mysterious, pagan, unpoliced,
Where Muezzins call to Fast or Feast,
Where minaret and dome are;
And when its conjured visions tire
And vanish in the sinking fire
They leave behind an old desire—
An echo from your OMAR.

I want you, then, O friend of mine,
To come to-morrow night and dine;
You 'll find the fitting flask of wine,
The necessary verses
(No, *not* my own!), a loaf of bread,
Or else a brace of birds instead,
'Twill need no "Thou" to crown the spread
If *you* will share these mercies!

"You cannot touch the history of England for a hundred years without a Bath."
The Westminster Gazette.

Anyhow, you oughtn't to.



"OH, AND I SAY, LAURA, BEFORE I LEFT TOWN, MRS. HUGH WILSON GAVE ME THREE ENORMOUS PEARS FOR YOU. I ATE ONE IN THE TRAIN, SAT ON ANOTHER, AND GAVE THE THIRD AWAY. DON'T FORGET TO WRITE AND THANK HER!"

BABES AND SUCKLINGS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Me and Girlie hope you are quite well. We are quite well. Mamma is well. Papa is well. Willie, the parrot, is well, but not quite so well as Mamma and Papa.

Please, *Mister Punch*, why don't you start a "Corner for the Children" in your old paper? Me and Girlie wrote the following lines between us; me all the first and second lines, and Girlie all the others. I think of things to say about things, and Girlie thinks of more things to say about the same things which will rhyme with the things I have just said. Here it is:—

A POEM.

A little robin sat one day
  Upon a little tree.
You could not see its little ears,
  They were not there to see.

His breast was striped with ruddy red,
  His little eyes were blue.
He wept with plaintive note because
  His rent was overdue.

The landlord came that sunny morn;
  He saw a dreadful frown
On Mrs. Robin's face, who was
  Arrayed in gorgeous gown.

But the landlord did not want the rent,
  And the robins in their glee
First hopped around upon the ground,
  And then flew up the tree.

We can do this sort of thing for you every week for next to nothing. You might call it "Chit-chat for the Chicks," or what not. I am thirty-two next birthday; Girlie is nearly forty. Girlie has been a law reporter, a sub-editor of "Scientific Mems," editor of a sort of weekly notes for priggish young men called "Shoulders to the Wheel!" and a sporting prophet. Now he sticks to the juvenile, and sometimes he is Girlie, sometimes Auntie Sue. He likes being Girlie best, but doesn't mind being both. He says perhaps you wouldn't mind him writing little tales about faithful dogs (as Girlie), and saying how sweet they are (as Auntie Sue). Anyhow, we are Yours at a guinea a week,

TWO TINY TOTS.

Scandal in High Life.

"The Duke of Roxburghe has left Floors Castle, Kelso, to pay a short visit to the Dowager-Duchess of Roxburghe at Broxmouth Park, East Lothian."—*Edinburgh Evening News.*

An adjacent paragraph in the same column informs us that

"The Dowager-Duchess of Roxburghe left Broxmouth Park, East Lothian, to-day for London."

The coincidence is certainly very remarkable.

London's Riviera; or, the New Cure Resort.

"The Countess of Aberdeen is now convalescent, and it is expected her Excellency will be able to proceed next week to Brixton for a change before the Castle season."
The Scotsman.

"In 1730 'The Manchester Gazette' entered on a life of thirty years, in the course of which, however, it changed its name and appeared as 'The Manchester Gazette.'"—*Daily News.*

Had a further change been found necessary we think a very suitable title would have been "The Manchester Gazette."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

SCEPTICS who, in spite of Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING'S pronouncements, are still unwilling to admit the existence of a definite boundary between East and West, should read *The Prince of Dreamers* (HEINEMANN), where FLORA ANNIE STEEL has painted the pageant of the Court of *Jalâl ud din Mahomed Akbar*, a contemporary of QUEEN ELIZABETH. The clash of incongruous ideals is here effectively illustrated. *Akbar* himself was a bit of a Socialist in his way, and mingled a taste for advanced political theories with a very thorough-going Oriental mysticism. The plot turns on the adventures of a diamond, which was delivered to *William Leedes*, jeweller, of England, to cut, and passed to and fro (together with a pair of paste understudies) amongst the members of the royal harem and other intriguers with such celerity that, if I had been asked at any moment, "Under which thimble is the King's Luck now?" I should have got it wrong every time. Notable figures in the conspiracy are *Âtma Devi*, the Charan, holder of the King's honour, and single-minded in her devotion to him, and *Siyah Yamin*, her sister of the Veil, a lady who was not by any means so good. There is also *Khodadâd*, a Prince of the Târkhâns, and anyone who does not yet know how a Târkhân is tried by his peers and punished should make all haste to find out. But in the dazzling riot of Eastern colour which the authoress knows so well how to produce I must take exception to her habit of allowing characters to drop into colloquial English, and even make puns in that comparatively vulgar language. Nor can I feel that *Auntie Rosebody* is a sufficiently dignified paraphrase of *Gulbadan Begum*. When I am in the East, among Râjpûts, I like to remain mystified all the time, and the more arrow-marks there are over the tops of the letters the better I am pleased.

If somebody offered a prize to the author who should invent the greatest number of laughable situations in a fixed time and Mr. STORER CLOUSTON competed for it, I think that he should win with something to spare. His situations might not be the funniest, but they would be funny enough. I can imagine a hearty man reading *A County Family* (MURRAY) in a railway carriage and making the journey intolerable to his fellow-travellers, for the book is food for those who like to laugh roaringly rather than to smile. Success, after some generations of adversity, had returned to the *Seaton-Glastonburys*, and when *Sir William S.-G.* died there were no haughtier people upon earth than his daughters and two sons. When, however, these proudlings found that *Sir William* had not only made his fortune from the Gilt Electric Pill ("With a box in the waistcoat pocket drowning is the only death") but had also spent nearly all of it, their self-esteem received a rude buffet. At first they were maddened by the attentions of *Mr. Dennison*, an old friend and fellow pill-maker of *Sir William's*, who offered them charity; but the sons quickly understood that it was a question of Pill-money or Poverty, and accepted everything at a gulp. But *Diana S.-G.*, possessing a fine distaste for anything connected with pills, refused *Mr. Dennison's* offers of assistance, and we leave her clinging to her ideals. A hazardous position for an inexperienced and impoverished maiden, but she has my approval.

Miss MARY CHOLMONDELEY must have hugely enjoyed writing the Preface to *The Lowest Rung* (MURRAY), in which she pillories the noodles who have persecuted her by seeing in themselves or their friends or their enemies the originals of various disagreeable characters in her novels. How one envies her the priceless satisfaction of quoting the furious neighbour who informed her that "We all recognised *Mrs. Alwynn* at once as Mrs. ——, *and we all say it is not in the least like her!*" Two other dear ladies of the same intellectual calibre were seriously offended with her because she denied what they "happened to know"—that the review of her first novel which appeared in these columns was written by a tradesman of the village in which they were born to blush unseen. There are several more delightful things is Miss CHOLMONDELEY'S Preface, which, to my mind, is the best part of her book. But the four stories by which it is followed are all excellent, and rich in types in which new claimants will soon be found to recognise their own speaking images.



OUR THINKING CLASSES.

Augustus. "HALLO! FWEDDIE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"
Fweddie. "OH—JUST MAKIN' A FEW MENTAL NOTES, DEAR BOY."

A Birmingham bookseller heads his catalogue with the words, "All that is beautiful, fair in form or workmanship—for that alone my shelves find room." The first book in the list is *Kelly's Post Office Directory*. Evidently there is one man in Birmingham who is convinced that beauty is truth, truth beauty.

Miss CHARLESWORTH quoted MILTON upon her Christmas card, according to the Press. May we suggest another quotation from the same poet?—

> "And now was dropped into the western bay.
> At last she rose and twitched her mantle blue:
> To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new."

"Blue" is of course poetic licence for red.

CHARIVARIA.

WHILE we have never doubted President ROOSEVELT'S pluck, we must confess that we never guessed he would dare one day to tell Americans that the Britisher is not yet played out.

***

Statistics published in the *Journal Officiel* at last show a rising Birth Rate in France. This is all the more gratifying, coming, as it does, at a moment when she is restoring the guillotine.

***

The number of births for the period covered by the statistics exceeded, we are told, that of deaths by 11,000, and it is rumoured that a grateful Government intends to give each of these extra infants a box of sweets and the ribbon of the Legion of Honour.

***

A bear which had escaped from a circus created some excitement in Paris last week. For a time, we understand, he passed himself off as a motorist, but he was ultimately recognised and captured.

***

Miss VIOLET CHARLESWORTH succeeded by a ruse in eluding a number of England's smartest journalists who were waiting for her in a Glasgow hotel. But our Press, to its credit, will not allow itself to be slighted with impunity. The next day the following head-lines appeared in one of our most widely circulated halfpenny dailies:—

THE CHARLESWORTH FARCE.

WOMAN'S ESCAPADE THAT HAS BECOME A BORE.

***

This is the Sale Season, when the most astonishing bargains may be picked up. For instance, we learn from the Sanjak of Novi Bazar that two large Turkish provinces have just been given away to an Austrian customer for two and a-half million pounds Turkish.

***

It really does seem criminal, and somebody ought to hang for it. No sooner have we got a nice new Army Aeroplane as the result of infinite thought and labour than some foolish person tries to make it fly, and of course it gets smashed.

The Army Council has allotted the sum of thirty pounds for instruction in gardening to the soldiers of the Middlesex Regiment at Mill Hill. The Peace Society, we hear, is delighted, taking this to be the first step towards turning swords into pruning-hooks.

***

Meanwhile, we believe that it is not impossible that in our next war instructions will be issued to our men when they throw up trenches to make them more sightly by planting, say, a pretty bordering of lilies of the valley.

***

Mr. J. PIERPONT MORGAN has presented to the British Museum a collection of 2,500 prehistoric weapons. We believe that this is the largest collection outside the one in use in our Territorial Army.



THE BARMAID QUESTION.

SIDE LIGHTS ON FRONT VIEWS.

"Account must be taken," says the Official Report on Afforestation, "of the increasing consumption of timber per head of population." We had feared for some time past that the number of wooden heads was on the increase.

***

The Strenuous Life again! A footballer, while engaged in a game last week, became the father of triplets.

***

"C. B." having complained in the previous issue of *The Author* that MSS. are often returned in a dirty condition, an Editor writes as follows in the current number:—"I should like to inform 'C. B.' that I never allow MSS. to be marked in my office. If he likes to send me something, I can assure him that *he will get it back almost as good as new.*" The italics are ours. After this fair warning, "C. B." will only have himself to blame if he cherishes illusions as to the acceptance of his MS.

***

A representative of *The Daily Express* has been making experiments as to the effect of a gramophone upon the animals at the Zoo. He let off CARUSO on the mandrill. "The mandrill," we are told, "gazed fixedly for a few seconds, languidly shook his head from side to side, and then, picking up an apple, retired to his pole and started munching." The effect of CARUSO in the flesh is slightly different. With our gallery gods it takes the form of oranges.

***

An interesting wedding is to take place shortly in New York under the auspices of the Women's National Progressive Suffrage Union, when a militant Suffragette is to be married, the knot being tied by a lady clergyman, assisted by lady ushers. The bridegroom will be present by special permission.

***

The German Government has received an official apology from the Liberian Government for the insult offered to a German packet-boat by the local Navy, *The Lark*. In spite of this we understand that Germany intends to press on the increase in her Navy.

***

Prince BÜLOW'S speech in favour of his Royal Master has caused quite a revulsion of feeling in Berlin, and it is, we hear, not impossible that the Committee appointed by the Reichstag to consider the question of regulating the KAISER'S authority will allow his Majesty one telegram and one interview per year.

***

The dumping of foreign hops continues. Mr. GEORGIE MAHREE has introduced a new Viennese dance into *The Merry Widow*.

***

The question whether there is a future life for animals is again being debated. If it be decided in the affirmative, cats will then have the enormous allowance of ten lives.

Commercial Candour.

On a Birmingham window:—

"... 's Genuine Sale. The first for 16 years."

SIC NOS NON NOBIS.

[To an old friend, these reflections of middle-age on the making of forests for the benefit of posterity.]

Ah! how often you and I, my Gerald,
Taking count of Time's appalling pace,
Watching those insidious signs that herald
Chronic apathy of form and face;
Noting how our legs are not so lissome
Nor our waists so waspish as of old,
And the joys of youth how much we miss 'em,
Vanished like the Age of Gold;—

When, amid a younger race that hustles
We are hampered by rheumatic pains,
Or remark a looseness in our muscles
And a touch of torpor in our brains;—
We have sucked a coward's consolation
From the thought that, when the final blow
Falls, as threatened, on the British nation,
We shall not be there to know.

"If," we say, "for but a few more lustres
She can still contrive to rule the wave,
Still to 'worry through' against the thrusters
Who design for her a watery grave,
We shall see no Teuton missiles raining
On our disillusioned flank and rear,
While the Territorials go in training
Just too late by half a year."

Other little things at present dim in
Shadows where the Future plies its loom—
Government by Socialists and Women,
With the Second Chamber blown to Doom—
When we contemplate these fearsome bogies
Hovering in the distance, "Ha!" we say,
"Not in *our* time; not for us old fogies;
We shall then have had our day."

Yet a boon there is I fain would borrow
From the far years where it lies in store:
When the saplings which we plant to-morrow
Spread their shade about the forest floor,
When, with lattice-work of leaves above her,
And the song of birds in woodland air,
Every lass goes Maying with her lover,
I could wish we might be there.

But, when back again from out waste places
Merrie England plucks her childhood's hours,
Not for us will they, the linkèd Graces,
Lead their pageantry in Summer bowers;
Not for us the flame of Autumn's dying,
Nor the loveliness of Spring's new birth;
You and I, my friend, will then be lying
Very quiet under earth.

O. S.

"Vernet les Bains, a charming spring resort in Pyrences; sunny, dry climate; private parks; fishing, tennis, music, excursions; rheumatism, gout, sciatica, eczema, complexion, bronchitis."—*Advt. in "The Standard."*

New Arrival. What 's the gout like here?

Habitué. Can't say; haven't tried it. But the sciatica 's top-hole.

"There was one son of the marriage—a little boy."—*Daily News.*

Doctor. I am happy to inform you that you have a son.

Father (excitedly). Boy or girl?

Doctor. Boy.

Father. Big or little?

Doctor. Quite little. [*Father faints and is carried out.*

NOTES ON THE ANTI-MOTOR SHOW OF 1909.

THE promoters of the Anti-Motor Exhibition are to be congratulated upon the success of their efforts. They have brought together the finest collection of anti-motor devices and appliances which has yet been seen under one roof, and the popularity of the show is assured.

The more important of the exhibits, of course, are those of a protective nature, and here we would specially commend the "Spiky Turtleback," an ingenious contrivance which enables the pedestrian to walk along country roads in serene indifference. Briefly, the arrangement in question resembles a huge steel dish-cover, studded on the outside with twelve-inch spikes. It is attached to the wearer's back by means of springs and straps, and affords perfect protection against the heaviest and fastest of cars. Armed with one of these outfits, the pedestrian, when taken unawares, simply flings himself down on the road, and retires, literally speaking, within his shell, cheered by the pleasing reflection that if anyone is hurt it will be somebody else.

Another admirable invention, specially designed for exceptionally virulent anti-motorists, is the "Vesuvian Jacket." Made of gun-cotton, with detonators as buttons, this useful garment will effectually dispose of the car which happens to run over its wearer. Incidentally, it would, of course, dispose of the wearer as well, but, as the old adage has it, it is impossible to make omelettes without breaking eggs. Besides, the "Jacket" is really intended more as a safeguard than as a blower-up of inconsiderate triflers. Its colour scheme, red and yellow stripes, serves as a danger signal, and it is fairly safe to assume that even the most vicious road-hog with such a warning before his eyes would risk ripping his tyres off rather than run into it.

For nervous anti-motorists, who prefer to be passive rather than active resisters, we can highly recommend the "Aerial" outfit shown by the Pedestrians' Protection Society. This useful arrangement consists of a small balloon which is attached to the pedestrian's shoulder by means of light steel chains and a pair of heavy leaden weights. Upon the approach of a too strenuous car the act of touching a spring releases the weights. They fall to the ground, and up goes their proprietor, to descend again when the danger is past. The apparatus is made in four sizes: "Chestertons," "Heavy-weights," "Light-weights," and "Barries."

At the stall of the Anti-Motorists' Supply Association, Ltd., there is displayed a most useful and up-to-date "Pedestrian's Repair Outfit." It comprises one wooden leg, one artificial arm, ten yards of sticking-plaster, one quart bottle of arnica, and a stretcher. No pedestrian should venture abroad nowadays without having at least one of these outfits about him.

Whilst glancing over the exhibits at the Association's stall, by the way, we noticed a new and revised edition of that invaluable work, *The Anti-Motorist's Book of Phrases.* Compiled with the assistance of a Naval officer, a retired Anglo Indian colonel, and a Suffragette, this handy little volume gives, in parallel columns, a list of expressions suitable for anti-motorists under all possible conditions. Every purchaser of a copy is presented with a small megaphone, in order that he, or she, may be able to make his, or her, remarks heard by the occupants of the car which has rendered them necessary.

In our next article——

[*There will be no next article.*—ED.

"TRESPASS ON A WELSH RABBIT FARM."

The Estates Gazette.

We can picture the intruder stalking his unsuspecting prey with a piece of toast in one hand and a pepper pot in the other.



A CHOICE OF PLANKS.

[The chief plank in the Unionist programme is Tariff Reform. *See Daily Press, passim.*]

THE CONFEDERATE KING (*to* LORD ROBERT CECIL). "TAKE THE OATH, OR OVER YOU GO!"



Mother (to children, who have come to be inspected before going to a party). "WELL, DARLINGS, YOU LOOK VERY NICE; BUT OH, BABY DEAR, I THINK YOUR HAIR IS *RATHER* OVERDONE."

Elder Sister. "OH, MOTHER, *DO* YOU THINK SO? ALL THE *BEST* BABIES ARE WEARING IT LIKE THAT THIS YEAR."

SIDELIGHTS ON THE "SHOVER."

MR. PHILIP GIBBS, writing in *The Daily Chronicle* of the 21st inst., devotes an exhaustive article to the portraiture of the "Shover" as a new type of humanity and romance. He is "a very god, or devil, of noise;" at once hero and valet; and enjoying peculiar facilities for eavesdropping. "The owner of a thousand guinea car is at the mercy of the man to whom he pays thirty shillings a week, for knowledge is still power, and the chauffeur not only knows everything about the inside of his master's machine, but sometimes a good deal about the inside of his master's life." If Mr. PHILIP GIBBS's mordant characterisation of this new type of humanity be correct, the "shover" is a reserved, rather silent, sinister man with a hard mouth, keen, restless eyes and a sallow complexion. We have been at pains to verify this view by consulting a number of representative men and women, and are now able to lay before our readers the results of our investigations.

Miss ELSIE CRAVEN, interviewed at His Majesty's Theatre, was most indignant with Mr. GIBBS for his unsympathetic portrait. "My 'shover,'" she said, "has a lovely complexion. I call him 'Mr. Pinkie.' I hold him, in fact, in the deepest affection, he is so deft and 'dinky.'"

The POET LAUREATE expressed the view that Mr. GIBBS's portrait was untrue. His 'shover' was the kindliest of men, and in three years had never killed a hen. His eyes were gentle and his hair was sleek, the ruddy glow of health adorned his cheek. In short he stigmatised as full of fibs the article of Mr. PHILIP GIBBS.

Mr. GIBBS's assertion that the "shover," although a servant, "treats all the other servants with haughty insolence" is deeply resented in many of the most *recherchés* servants'-halls. Thus Miss CAROLINE DELORME, head lady's-maid to the Countess of N——, remarks: "Ensconced behind his glassy cover, as dapper as a golden plover, our 'shover' is a perfect lover."

Mr. BERNARD SHAW takes acute exception to Mr. GIBBS's invidious comparisons between cabmen and chauffeurs. The former, according to Mr. GIBBS, speak "the kindly language of the stable, Elizabethan, even Chaucerian, in its candour and realism and picturesque imagery," while the "shover," when among his fellows, uses a strange technical jargon which cannot be understood by the multitude. Says Mr. SHAW: "A man who talks Elizabethan is little better than a heathen, and even clumsier and coarser is he who frames his speech on CHAUCER. Chauffeurs are made of finer clay (see '*Enery Straker* in my play, who was, you will recall, *au fait* with writers such as BEAUMARCHAIS), and only minds effete and flabby deplore the passing of the cabby."

Lastly, Sir OLIVER LODGE expresses his views on the subject in the following interesting psychological conundrum:—"If the 'shover,' according to GIBBS, though earning inadequate 'dibs,' is a hero and valet combined, the problem that puzzles my mind is whether, when facing a cold down to zero, the valety half thinks the other a hero?"

"Ishcbtraittle in Japan."

Daily Dispatch Headline.

Further details of this well-known Celtic chieftain's tour will be awaited with interest.

THE PANTOMIMIC TOUCH.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Having lately returned from a round of provincial and suburban theatres, I feel it is my duty as your deputy-sub-assistant dramatic critic to tell you what I saw there. [*Do.*—EDITOR.] It is at best only a bird's-eye view of the proceedings that I can put before you, but it is the view of a bird which has just seen six different pantomimes in a week, and has retained in its mind only a confused impression of those episodes which were common to all of them. I shall call the piece *Aladdin*; the title is really of no account, but it is useful for purposes of reference, copyright, libel, etc.

ALADDIN.

ACT I., SCENE 4.

Enter a *Low Comedian*, dressed as a man. He is followed by a *Still Lower Comedian* dressed as a woman. The——

[EDITOR. *One moment. I thought they always began these things with Scene* 1?

CRITIC. *I don't think so. Anyhow they are always at Scene* 4 *when I arrive. Of course I have a hasty dinner first, you know.*

EDITOR. *Ah, I've done it that way myself.*]

S. L. C. walks across the stage in what he calls his "disables" (*loud laughter*), and then turns his back to the audience to show that he has some garment on the wrong way round. He retires amidst frantic applause.

L. C. (*confidentially to the audience*). Do you know my friend Brarn? What, not know Brarn? Ah, I should like you to know Brarn—'e's a good chap, Brarn. I *must* tell you a funny story about 'im. You *will* laugh. (*Chokes with laughter himself.*) Well, Brarn—tee-hee-hee-hee-hee—Brarn (*recovering himself with an effort*) was 'aving breakfast with a lord—just 'aving a bit of breakfast, you know, same as you or me; and this lord—tee-hee-hee-hee-hee, Brarn and a lord!—well, he said to Brarn, "I trust that—haw—egg—haw—is a good one—haw—Mr. Brown;" and Brarn, very nervous, you know, looked up and said, "P-parts, my lord, are excellent." (*Shrieks of laughter.*)

[EDITOR. *That story is old.*

CRITIC. *I fancy it must be.*]

Aladdin, the principal boy, comes on, amid friendly cheers from an audience which is always glad to see a real lady again.

Aladdin. And now to find the lamp, and then to marry my own dear Madge! Ah, I wonder if she still loves me!

Song—"Madge."

[EDITOR. *Did Aladdin marry a Madge? I had forgotten.*

CRITIC. *He called her Madge.*]

Madge, Madge,
I've come to cadge, cadge,
I want your heart, I do.
Say, say,
You love me, May, May—
[*Short for Madge.*—EDITOR.
Oh, say that your heart is true.]

At the fifth encore, which consists of three claps from an enthusiast in a box, who has mislaid the chocolates he meant to give her, she returns with the fireman's little child, who sings the chorus, very flat. Deafening cheers, and a sort of feeling that she is a good girl after all. *Pit* and *Pat*, the two ambassadors, come on. *Pit*, without obviously having been insulted, knocks *Pat* down.

Pat (*getting up*). You do that again and you'll repeat it. (*Correcting himself.*) Repent it.

Pit. Oh, I'll repent it, will I?

Pat. Yes, you'll repent it.

Pit. Oh, I will?

Pat. Yes, you will.

They sit down and play the mandolin together very cheerfully.

SCENE 5.

[EDITOR. *You're not going to give us all the scenes?*

CRITIC. *This is a very short one, just to keep the audience excited while the scene-shifters are busy.*]

Enter the *Spirit of Evil*. He announces in a very loud singing voice that his wicked plots are going well. He is followed by the *Good Fairy*, who says that, on the contrary . . . .

SCENE 6.

Madge. Ah, I wonder if Aladdin will be true to me, or if he will leave me as Antonio left *his* little girl!

Song—"Antonio."

[EDITOR. *Good, I can hum this.*

CRITIC. *I've heard it twenty-four times. So can I.*]

The *Still Lower Comedian* comes in with the Cat.

The Cat. Meaow.

S. L. C. No, you *can't* go out to-night. You went out *last* Thursday. Yes, and came in with the milk, too. And you the father of a family.

[EDITOR. *Is there a cat in "Aladdin"?*

CRITIC. *Don't be silly; how could they get that joke in if there wasn't?*]

All the artistes come on to the stage. When the manager gives the signal that *everybody* is on, the curtain comes down.

ACT II.—SCENE 2.

[EDITOR. *Hallo!*

CRITIC. *Sorry, I simply had to have a cigarette.*]

Madge. Ah, I wonder if Aladdin will be true to me, or if he will leave me as Antonio left *his* little girl!

[EDITOR. *You ass; we've had this.*

CRITIC. *I'm sorry. A slight mistake.*]

Madge. Ah, I wonder if Aladdin will be true to me, or if he will leave me as Antonio left Sue.

Song—"Sue."

Pit and *Pat* come on. *Pit*, an ambassador of uncertain temper, knocks *Pat* down.

Pat. Don't you touch me.

Pit. I shall touch you if I want to.

Pat. Yes, but I *don't* want you to.

Pit. Oh, you don't?

Pat. No, I don't.

Pit. You don't.

They sit down and juggle with extraordinary dexterity. The *Low Comedian* follows them.

L. C. Oh, such a funny thing has happened. You *will* laugh when I tell you. Tee-hee-hee-hee. You know our old man; well—tee hee-hee-hee-hee—it *was* so funny——

[EDITOR. *NO. I am quite firm about this. NO.*

CRITIC. *Perhaps you're right.*]

SCENE 3.

Aladdin. And now to find the lamp and then to marry my own dear Madge. Ah, what a dear, sweet Yorkshire (*Lancashire, Leamington, Notting Hill, etc., according to circumstances*) lass she is!

SONG—"A Yorkshire (Lancashire, Leamington, etc.) Lass."

SCENE 4.

S. L. C. . . . . Bless you, I know all about that; I've been married six times. (*Loud laughter.*) Six times, I 'ave. First there was William. Ah, 'e *was* a corker, 'e was. A fair gazeeka-slosher. 'E used to come 'ome . . . etc., etc.

SCENE 5.

[EDITOR. *Let's leave this out.*

CRITIC. *They always did when I was there.*]

SCENE 6—GRAND FINALE.

The band plays for five minutes while the members of the chorus find their places. Then the chief characters enter in pairs, and are greeted with varying degrees of applause, two policemen, whom nobody has seen before, being particularly popular. Finally the *Good Fairy* addresses them all in heroic couplets.

[EDITOR. *Does an heroic couplet really end the business?*

CRITIC. *Yes.*

EDITOR. *Then you might try your hand at one just to make sure.*]

Friends, may I say what pleasure I have had in
Presenting here this story of Aladdin?

A. A. M.



SOME WHEEL POSES.

THE VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

He did not grudge the pretty penny stamp
Upon the note whereby he guaranteed
To go and dance with Them of Leamington;
He did not rue the very vast expense
Of cabs and fares and cabs and tips and cabs;
He did not shun the labour and the shame
Of vain endeavour and absurd result
That dancing meant to him, who much preferred
His bed to all the ballrooms in the world;
All these he counted worth the bearing for
The bright and witty talk between the turns.

From May he learnt that she had met his sister
And thought she was a very charming girl
And liked the man to whom she was engaged:
That she had also met his other sister
And thought she was a very charming girl
And liked the man to whom she was engaged:
Had even met his brothers once or twice
And thought that they were very charming men
And liked the girls who were engaged to them.
Had there been time she was prepared to like
(He saw it coming) even his heart's choice
But for the fact that it was not yet made.

Grace, hearing that he came from London, thought
That London was a most delightful place,
And spoke at length from inner knowledge of
The Larger London, which, it seemed, consists
Of Euston (Station and Hotel), The Park,
And Daly's and a taxicab or two.

Kate loved "The Merry Widow," hated hockey:
Jane loathed "The Merry Widow," loved her hockey:
Joyce cared for neither; Amy liked them both.
(To think that but for this eventful night
He might have lived his unenlightened life
In gross mistake or darkest ignorance
Of all that does most nearly touch the soul!)

Gladys had been to Brussels (he had not);
She had not been to Amsterdam (he had);
But neither of them ever went to Rome,
Yet both knew Liverpool extremely well.
She knew the Shaws and he the Robinsons,
Who both most oddly lived at Liverpool.

Connie had been to seven dances, Nell
To nine, and Violet to seventeen
(Of which six, being for infants, did not count).

At supper Phyllis said, and only said,
But said it very often:—"Thank you, no."

And Doris, last and best, agreed with him
That gas was nicer than electric light,
That candles gave a nicer light than gas,
That home, sweet home was wholly lit by gas,
A nicer light than was electric light,
But, on the other hand, less nice than candles,
That it was time they had another dance,
That candle-light was not as nice as gas,
Nor gas as nice . . . . Ah! there's the band again.

Thus on the morrow he returned to Town
With mind refreshed by interesting facts
And subtle jests and wonderful ideas.

"Children can hear high notes to which even keen-eared elders in the prime of life are dumb."—*Daily Mail.*

IN THE CONFEDERATE CHAMBER.

"But are you quite sure——"

I was going to ask if it was quite safe for me to proceed any further on my desperate mission, but my companion interrupted me.

"Hush," he whispered, "don't talk so loud or you might be discovered. Of course the mask and the black cloak make you look just like one of us, and I know you agree with us heart and soul—everybody does—but it's best not to raise your voice. They're all the kindest creatures in the world unless you contradict them or argue with them, and then they carry on like mad things. Even —— (he mentioned the name of a great statesman from Worcestershire) "is a regular LEO when he's roused. Ha, ha! You see it, don't you? So please be very careful about arguing in here. Besides it wouldn't be any good. They lured poor CHIOZZA MONEY in here yesterday; told him it was to be a fair and square debate, and he was to be allowed to talk for an hour. Of course he never had a chance. They gagged him and bound him and sat him in that chair and read Tariff Reform pamphlets to him for a couple of hours. Plucky little chap, you know, is CHIOZZA; but, Lord bless you, it wasn't a bit of good. He might just as well have taken it quietly. Anyhow, he won't want to come back. No, he didn't faint—just had a couple of apoplectic fits, and then they let him go."

At this moment I heard a series of blood-curdling yells from a dim corner of the chamber. "Good heavens!" I said under my breath. "What's that?" "Oh," said my friend, "that's one of the worst cases we've ever had to deal with. He comes from Norwood—name of BOWLES. They're giving him the torture of the sixth question, feeding him on Australian wool soaked in Australian Burgundy to try and make him say 'Preference,' but he's an obstinate beggar. They'll have to get the Retaliation wedges into his legs if they mean to shake him. Listen."

A solemn voice was now heard in a sort of chant:—"Prisoner," it intoned, "the Confederacy is strong, but it is generous. If you will now say 'Pref.,' only one syllable, we shall be satisfied."

"Never," said a voice in the feeble but dauntless tones in which I had some difficulty in recognizing the accents which have so often delighted the House of Commons. "Never. You may proceed with your work."

"Torturer," sang the solemn voice, "give him a pound of wool and—yes, that will be the quickest way—strap him to a Norwegian window-frame and put a pipe of British tobacco in his mouth."

There was a slight struggle, but the terrible masked figures soon prevailed, and my poor friend had to go through the dreadful ordeal. His cheerfulness was seemingly unimpaired by his sufferings, and he cast many a proud Free Trade glance at his relentless persecutors. "It's a pity," said my guide, "a great pity. He'll have to toe the line in the end, you know. They've all had to. Look at BALFOUR. He stood out quite a long time, but when we put the Birmingham screw on him he caved in. He's often with us now. By the way he's to preside over his cousin's examination to-morrow. Cousin ROBERT's not an easy man—far from it—but we've got everything ready for him, racks, wedges, red-hot pokers, shirt of English-made tin-tacks, and broken glass for his feet. My dear chap, it'll be a regular beano. I've got a spare ticket for the show. Won't you come?"

But I had seen enough, and with a few hasty words of thanks to my amiable conductor I hurried from the chamber.

"Holland has nine miles of canal for every 100 square yards of surface."—*From "Things You should Know," Glasgow Evening News.*

Many a happy home has been wrecked through ignorance of this small point.

THE SINS OF THE FATHERS.

[After describing a paper read before the Eugenics Education Society, presenting statistics of the marriages of first cousins, *The Journal of Education* says: "Teachers should bear in mind that the abnormal stupidity of Smith *minor* may be due to Smith *père's* ignorance of Eugenics."]

O DREADFUL Doctor, cease to frown
And fling your cane away!
Turn, turn your ruffled shirt-sleeves down!
Birch not the brat to-day!
Ah, strike not while your blood is hot,
But pause, I do beseech you,
And, while you may, consider what
Eugenics have to teach you.

A puny boy that scarce can stand,
His knees are trembling so,
Watches the weapon in your hand
In terror-stricken woe.
Ah, Doctor, pause while there is time
And let the babe be pitied!
What is the unpardonable crime
Smith *minor* has committed?

He is, no doubt, a dreadful dunce—
But what could you expect?
Kind Doctor, spare the rod for once,
And, if you please, reflect.
He scarce deserves so grim a fate
For being stupid. Rather
Your vengeful rod should castigate
Smith *minor's* guilty father.

Right well do you deserve the tawse,
For black your crime, Smith *père!*
You flouted all eugenic laws
In marrying Smith *mère.*
Eugenic maids around you grew;
You might have had a dozen,
And yet you needs must go and woo,
O fool, a full first cousin.

But let us not be hard. Perchance,
Smith *père*, upon the whole
Your crime was rather ignorance
Than villainy of soul.
In your young days no forms were filed
By learned statisticians
To show the world what sort of child
Results from what conditions.

But those dark times are swept aside.
Smith *minor*, when he warms
With Love's young dream, will be supplied
With blank eugenic forms;
And when he comes to take his place
At dinners and at dances,
He'll hand a form with courtly grace
To any girl he fancies.

And when the forms have all been checked,
And each assigned due weight,
Smith *minor* will with care select
The most eugenic mate.
Then, Doctor, spare, as kindness bids!
If little Smith is stupid,
He may beget eugenic kids
Without regard to Cupid.



OUR SPOILT BARBARIANS.

Lady Dorothy. "I WONDER IF YOU'D BE GOOD-NATURED ENOUGH TO COME DOWN TO US FOR THE WEEK-END ON FRIDAY. WE SHALL BE SHOOTING THE COVERTS."

Young Blood. "AH, YES. I KNOW 'EM. COCKS ONLY, I PRESUME? WELL, TO BE QUITE FRANK WITH YOU, LADY DOROTHY, IT AIN'T GOOD ENOUGH."

Lady Dorothy. "THEN PERHAPS YOU WOULDN'T MIND COMING LATER ON FOR A FEW DAYS' HUNTING?"

Young Blood. "SORRY. NEVER HUNT OUT OF LEICESTERSHIRE."

Lady Dorothy. "WELL, THANK YOU FOR LISTENING TO ME, ANYHOW. IT'S AWFULLY GOOD OF YOU."

HORSE-POWER.

[The horse which recently kicked down many yards of the parapet of the bridge at Maidenhead is said to have caused much local criticism of the whole structure. It is hoped that the following lines may attract the attention of the critics.]

If a bridge is wrecked, shall the architect
Never escape the blame?
If a few yards fall, must the masons all
Share in a common shame?
Perish the thought! They built as they ought,
They built for the stress they knew;
It was well designed against flood and wind,
Or the punt with a Cockney crew.

But the kick of a horse — O mystic force!
What shall withstand the shock?
Only a bridge with a parapet ridge
Specially planned *ad hoc.*



SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

"WAS IT YOU AS CHUCKED THAT THERE STONE AT ME LAST NIGHT? TELL THE TRUTH NOW, AN' IF YER SAY IT WASN'T I'LL 'IT YER 'ARD!"

THE WHITE PHEASANT.

IT is wild, it is wet, it is windy,
The daylight 's beginning to fail,
And through the bare branches are booming
The gusts of a gathering gale,
And over the tree tops in majesty sailing
He comes—the White Pheasant—the wind in his tail!

'Twas in June the first time that I saw him,
A ball of the creamiest down,
When the coops in the park were surrounded
With dozens of babies in brown,
On the slope by the keeper's that faced to the sunshine,
Ere yet came the Autumn with blood on her gown.

On the morning they shot the home coverts,
It was then that I saw him again,
When he soared in the pride of his plumage
Where the guns were lined out in the lane,
Aloft in the blue, showing bright as a snowflake
Unscathed by the pellets that pelted in vain!

He passed on the wings of the morning,
O'er barrels uplifted to slay;
But I met him again in the turnips,
For he rose at my boot the same day;
He found me unloaded—I 'd blazed at a rabbit—
And went, unsaluted, his vagabond way.

And now, the last chance of the Season,
He swings o'er the firs straight and tall,
While swiftly the dusk of the evening
Spreads out on the woods like a pall,
And I wait in the wind for this final appearance
'Ere the curtain (a fire-proof!) descends over all.

Bang! Bang! in the bois'erous gloaming
The powder blows back in my eye,
And he 's gone on the track of the sunset,
Flying strongly and ever more high;
Well, if in the meantime a fox doesn't get him,
Good-bye till we meet in November—good-bye!

The Limit.

A Southport tailor, having had some of his goods damaged by a water burst, advertises a Salvage Sale with these words:—

"ITALIAN EARTHQUAKE.—Here we have a similar case, only on a smaller scale, for which there is no remedy only practical and sympathetic help. Mr.——, under the circumstances, feels sure the public will, as hitherto, show their sympathy by their orders."



AFFORESTATION'S ARTFUL AID.

WOOD NYMPHS. "THANK YOU SO MUCH. THIS 'LL MAKE A BEAUTIFUL HOME FOR US IN YEARS TO COME."

EX-UNEMPLOYED. "THAT MAY BE, MISS. BUT WHAT I LIKE ABOUT IT IS, IT 'S MAKING A JOB FOR ME TO-DAY."



THE TARIFF REFORM SKATING-RINK.

MINISTERS AS SCHOOLBOYS.

THE remarkable reminiscences contributed to *The Daily Mail* by a schoolfellow of Mr. HALDANE, describing the WAR MINISTER as a boy of a substantial figure and wearing knickerbockers with red stockings, have brought us a number of supplementary recollections of Mr. HALDANE'S colleagues. From these we select the following as perhaps most vividly palpitant with momentous actuality.

MR. ASQUITH AND THE CABBAGE LEAF.

SIR,—Though nearly forty-four years have elapsed since "we twa . . . paidled in the burn" together, or, perhaps, I should say, "thegither," I still preserve a distinct recollection of the PRIME MINISTER at school. Even then he had a robust figure, and generally wore check trousers and side-spring boots.

Few people nowadays associate Mr. ASQUITH with cricket, but as a matter of fact he was a very useful "curly" lob bowler, while the imperturbable serenity of his countenance had a disconcerting effect on those who bowled at him. I remember that when he played cricket he always wore boots in preference to shoes, and sported a blue belt which set off his figure admirably. He was, I may add, the first boy in the second eleven at the City of London School who ever wore a cabbage leaf in his cap to guard against sunstroke. When this was brought to the notice of Dr. ABBOTT, he at once observed "Mark my word, that boy's brains are worth protecting, and he knows it." EZRA JOPE.

Great Gable, Tulse Hill.

MR BIRRELL'S PETS.

SIR,—It was my good fortune to spend a year in the middle sixties at the same school with Mr. BIRRELL, whose taste in dress remains vividly impressed on my memory. Sturdy and thick-set in figure he affected the peg-top trousers then in vogue, and on Sundays generally wore a blue swallow-tail coat with brass buttons, a maroon plush waistcoat and a beaver hat, the *tout ensemble* being stylish in the extreme.

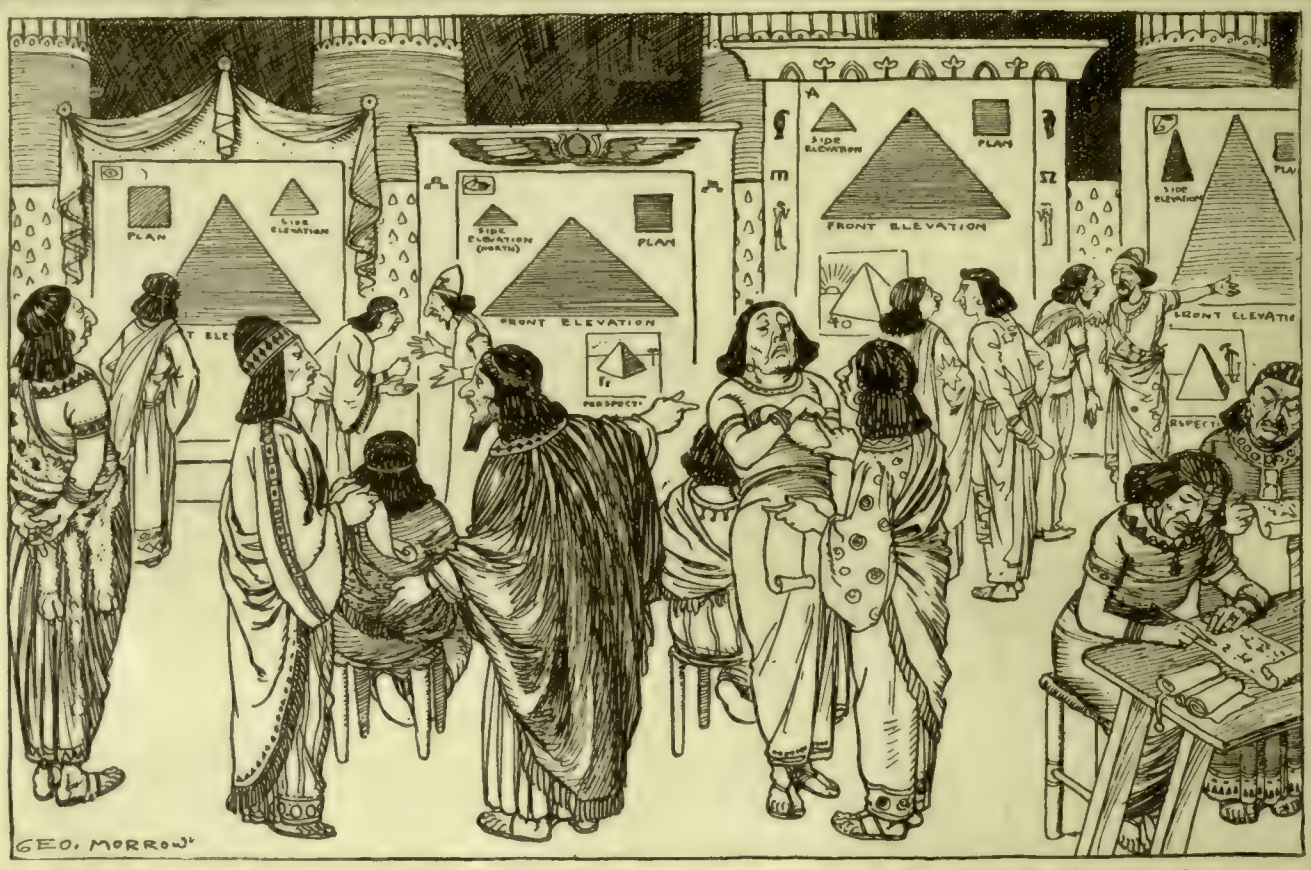
Admirers of Mr. BIRRELL will not easily associate him with sport, but in those days he was a crack shot with a saloon pistol and kept several guinea-pigs as well as silk-worms, the latter doubtless foreshadowing his distinction at the Bar. PHILAUGUSTINE.

Amersham, Bucks.

MR. LLOYD-GEORGE AS ATHLETE.

SIR,—It was my privilege some thirty years ago to be a class-mate of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER at Llanystymdwy School. He was then, as now, slim and spare of figure, and wore sage green pantaloons with sand-shoes.

Few persons would believe that Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE was, as a boy, a dashing three-quarter back. I shall never forget a wonderful run that he once made, turning and twisting like a humanised eel as he dodged all his opponents—some of them men of colossal stature—and finally landed the ball behind the goal-posts. A whole holiday is still granted to the school on the anniversary of this marvellous exploit, which has been the subject of countless pennillions.



COMPETITION FOR THE DESIGN OF THE GREAT PYRAMID. THE JUDGES DISCUSSING THE RELATIVE MERITS OF THE COMPETITORS' WORK.

I have never seen him in Parl'ament, but his attitude in class when answering a question was extraordinarily impressive. With hand uplifted and head erect, and eyes turned back as if delving into the inmost depths of his subliminal self, he would chant his answer in a rich fruity tremolo that hypnotized the master, and invariably secured for him the maximum marks. I can still repeat some of his impromptu poems, which elicited from the headmaster the witty remark that, if he had lived in the reign of AUGUSTUS, he and not VIRGIL would have written the *Georgics*.

(Rev.) TONY PANDY.

Criccieth, N. Wales.

A NEUTRAL-TINTED TYPE.

SIR, —I have only a vague recollection of the present FOREIGN MINISTER at his and my private school, and, like many of his school contemporaries, often wonder that he should ever have risen to eminence. Unobtrusive in dress and manners, he never said or did anything furnishing materials for good "copy." He was actually fonder of fishing than cricket, and, in general, entirely failed to model his life on the great principles enunciated by Mr. PETER KEARY in his splendid manuals of efficiency. These reminiscences will, I think, explain why it is that the FOREIGN SECRETARY cuts such a meagre and unimpressive figure in the personal columns of our enlightened democratic press.

Balham. AIREY EELES.

WALKS IN LIFE.

THE Roller-skate Walk, introduced by Mrs. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH and Miss ETHEL ROOSEVELT (says the Washington correspondent of *The Evening Standard*), promises to outshine the Gibson Walk in popularity. It is a cross between the military tread of the chorus girl in comic opera and the glide of the premier toe dancer. The ball of the foot is planted first, the legs are kept straight, the body erect on the hips, and as far as possible the walker glides.

This looks a little complicated, but is nothing to some other modes of progression we have lately heard of. For instance, the Bangor Flit is a compromise between a motor-car spill and "shooting the moon." After giving one wild look, the flitter glissades as fast as possible to the nearest railway station, and, before knowing where or who she is, is found, say, at Oban.

The Aldershot Scoot is a combination of "ducks and drakes" and an earthquake. For the first half-second it is all plane sailing, and then something gives way and you come violently to mother earth. After a month of repairs, you begin again and repeat the evolution, covering quite a lot of ground—with *débris*. It amuses foreigners.

The Banana Slide tempers the delights of the *trottoir roulant* with the abruptness of a bomb explosion. It can be practised anywhere where there is a pavement and a crowd of appreciative small boys, and is largely affected by elderly foot passengers.

The Ski-who-must-be-obeyed Shuffle unites the gait of a dancing bear with the struggles of an inverted cockroach, when the effort to compass a Telemark Turn lands the performer in a snowdrift.

The motto which appears at the head of the menu at a Folkestone hotel is *Semper Idem*. This is translated by the guests as "Mutton Again."

Charity to Man and Beast.

The successor to the late Raja GOKULDAS has, according to *The Pioneer Mail*, announced that he has "remitted the debts of his tenants to the extents of one lakhs of rupees," and "presented a set of *Encyclopædia Britannica* to the library of the station of a village for feeding stray cows and other cattle in that station."

THE WHOLE ART OF SHOOTING:

BEING SOME OBSERVATIONS OF A DEAD SHOT.

["*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*"]

OPINIONS differ as to the principal reason which should determine every young Briton to become a good shot. Some will tell him that he may at any time be called upon to defend his hearth (unless he uses gas-stoves) from the foreign invader.

Others will tell him of the glories of Sport for Sport's Sake. And here his aunts will remind him of the miseries of Pneumonia for Wet Feet's Sake.

Yet others will tell him of the delight of sending a friend a brace of peewits, tapirs or wombats.

Still others, who have shot themselves sick in their downy days, will tell him that the costume alone justifies the thing.

After some study of the various allurements, one can but think that there is something in the dictum of this last class—something almost true in what they say.

The kit's the thing. Although a considerable amount of shooting may be done in the Home Counties, beginning in quite mild seasons of the year, don't let this fact weigh for anything when you are getting your outfit. Get something heavy enough for the rigours of the Arctic Circle.

A shooting-coat is called so because it is a thing you wear for potting, or bedding-out, or an odd day's window-glazing (just as riding-breeches get their name from being used for promenades on the Marine Parade).

It should be built of Harris, Donegal or Hampstead tweed, lined with walrus-hide, faced with corrugated-iron, and trimmed with virgin cork. Refuse all substitutes for the last material; it floats.

According to your tailor, the shooting-coat, "what *is* a shooting-coat," must have plenty of pockets. A fair allowance is fourteen, though Mr. F. C. SELOUS, one of the biggest big-game men, specifies fifteen in his books. The idea of having so many pockets would appear to be as follows: One can put all the impedimenta of every-day use—nail-nippers, pipe, pouch, cigarette-case, match-box, keys, office dittoes, time-table, card-case, pencil, fountain pen, eraser, note-book, to mention those that occur most readily to mind—into the pockets of one's shooting-coat. Put each in one pocket. Have a place for every individual thing, and keep everything in its place. Then, just as a bird, beast or fish comes down wind, or up wind, or in any direction relative to the wind, affording one a shot, one can say, "Tut tut! I *believe* I've left my keys behind!" fumble in one's pockets, and so manage to let the bird, beast or fish get well out of range.

By executing this manœuvre you achieve many most desirable ends. You save a cartridge—two, if the bird, beast or fish is travelling slowly—give yourself the satisfaction of *knowing* you'd have potted it if you'd fired, and prevent your fellow-guns airing their pretty wit at the expense of your elevation, or trajectory, or parabola, or something. Now it is to be hoped the student sees the reason for such a multiplicity of pockets.

Each pocket should have a box-pleat running vertically down the centre, and at least one leather button on its flap. These buttons should be nearly spherical, of at least an inch in diameter, and weigh about two ounces each. The back of the coat should have expanding pleats, a cowl, aneroid barometer and Cape-cart hood.

Some sportsmen favour tails—others prefer a peaky semi-Directoire cutaway. This is a matter of taste.

The sleeves, at the shoulder, should be leg-o'-mutton, *ruché*, and cut on the bias. Detachable non-skid epaulettes may or may not be worn. At the wrist both sleeves should have bear-skin cuffs, the hair about four inches long. This prevents wounded birds falling down the sleeve and gives the coat a natty appearance.

Now for the nether garment. Breeches are most in vogue now, with a sliding seat (whose use will be found when one



"MURDER WILL OUT."

Host (to son of a new neighbour). "GOOD HEAVENS, BOY! DON'T YOU KNOW BETTER THAN TO SHOOT A FOX?"

Boy. "OH—ER—I DIDN'T KNOW. WE ALWAYS DO AT HOME."

has hurriedly to vacate a lofty elm's topmost fork, in rabbit shooting). They should be constructed of gopher corduroy, pitched within and without, and should have an easily-identified symbol neatly crewel-stitched in red silk, so that one can tell which is the front. Most handy, this, when dressing for kingfisher shooting, which necessitates early rising on dark mornings. It is usual to cut shooting-pants with two legs. The man who, when ordering trouserines for shooting, fails to specify a double allowance of brace buttons fore and aft, is guilty of contributory negligence.

The best footwear for shooting is a pair of brown brogue shoes, with red enamelled tongues, and spur blocks. Some prefer pumps, I know, but I stick to my guns in this matter, and plump for brogues. Socks of the piston-ring or *aurora borealis* pattern are *de rigueur* just now; they should match, be worn *à l'insouciance*, and be free from openwork as to the heels.

Gaiters you must have. The hedge-sparrow, though able to relish a joke with the best of birds, has a rooted aversion to bare knees, and, as even Blosse and Crackwell seldom turn out a pair of gunning-shorts that come below the *patella*, the man who goes afield with exposed knees takes his puncturable epidermis in his hands, so to speak. The gaiters must be of wart-hog hide, tanned with Squarson's vinegar and coal tar. This gives them that rich, fruity appearance so pleasing to the refined palate.

The vest is a matter of opinion. If you wear shirts and things, there is really no need to employ a waistcoat, except your natural desire to avoid being mistaken for a tar from *H.M.S. Buzzard*.

Your tie should be very fierce. You may drop across a tiger at any time, and although the human eye is well known to exercise a wonderful influence over the giant cat of the Midlands a gunner with even two eyes is not so well prepared for an encounter as he who wears a decided Paisley tie. Such at least is my reading of the evidence.

Now for the sportsman's head. You may wear a polo cap, a pith helmet with a Trinity (Dublin) band, or a Gibus. If your purse is to be considered, you can get some very maidenly effects in green felt Tyrolese chapeaux. Personally, I always affect a tweed roundabout. As this is your shooting hat, let yourself go a bit, and decorate it with three or four shillings'-worth of fishing tackle. Half-a dozen trout casts, a paternoster or two, a Texas Devil spoon-bait and a landing net (not necessarily on the handle) are the least you can sport. Remember that the hat proclaims the sportsman. The uneasiness aphoristically associated with the head that wears a crown is nothing to the *tristesse* of a man at a big shoot who wears a simple sun-bonnet, just like one of H. V. ESMOND's heroines.

Now comes the matter of a gun. If you are going to shoot only now and then, over week-ends (and some of my happiest Sundays have been spent among the roots down Harpenden way, bowling over caterpillars), make shift with a pair of hammerless ejectors. But if you are going to follow the calendar, and shoot from partridges to parrakeets, right round the year, you cannot do better than get a Daisy air-rifle from Jamage's, alongside the blind newsvendor's cabin, in Holborn. You may take it as being true that a really good gun cannot be got for a smaller sum than three half-crowns, unless you hang round auction-rooms and get a Manxman to bid for you, when you see something good in the catalogue. The gun is everything—even more. A guest who turns up at a country-house with a bow and arrows, catapult, or even a "footpad's terror" Derringer, is not reckoned very smart in these days.

In selecting a game-bag, get one of those Canadian-Indian articles from Dossenheimer's, in Shoe Lane. They may be distinguished at sight by the fringe, which is of wigwam or wampum. I have a sneaking preference for the latter. This game-bag should not be too large. If it will accommodate a couple of ten-pointers (as the sportsman designates the larger-built chaffinches) it will probably serve your purpose.

Now for ammunition. If you take the trouble to run down to Whale Island you can often pick up some old Service stuff cheaply. It is simply a matter of squaring the Admiralty office-boy. But be sure you know the bore and stroke of your weapon. Those most commonly in use are 90 m/m by 120 m/m, with mechanically-operated inlet valves and ample water-jackets. If you turn up at a shoot with a ·22 Belgian clavicle-smasher and two hundred rounds of 4·7 blank, ten to one the other fellows will think you are a green hand. Speaking of colours, Sir HIRAM MAXIM has laid down the law that the colouration of cartridge-cases has little bearing upon the effectiveness of their contents. I always use pink; but VIRCHOW has argued with some force that they should really chime in nicely with one's socks or tie.

I find that the limitations of space will not allow me to say anything about the use of the gun, but that is, after all, a trivial matter; it's the costume and the implements that really count.

Regrettable Tragedy in Denmark.

"HAMLET ENGULFED BY MUD."—"*Daily Mail*" *Headline.*

GREAT ARTIST'S EARLY DAYS.

PATHETIC LECTURE.

THE last of the deeply interesting series of lectures on "The Altruism of Art" was delivered by Professor the Right Hon. and Reverend Sir Halbert Firconer at Olympia on Friday night.

The Professor, who wore the uniform of the Blue Bavarian Cuirassiers, of which he is honorary bandmaster, devoted his address to a recital of his early struggles and the conquest of difficulties which might have daunted a less intrepid and versatile artistic descendant of the ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.

His first studio, said Sir Halbert, was the disused stable of a giraffe, being some 12 feet square and 24 feet high. Yet it was in this circumscribed area that he set to work on his famous picture, *The Last of the Great Eastern*. For that canvas it was necessary for him to fix a seat halfway up one wall and strap himself into it while he painted sideways. But one day, in order to work at the bows of the vessel, he had to fix his seat 20 feet from the ground, and, one of the straps breaking, he was precipitated head-first into a barrel of burnt umber, from which he was extricated with great difficulty by a passing policeman, who heard his shouts and rushed in to his assistance.

A strange feeling of drowsiness came over him, premonitory of a total eclipse of his powers. But the picture had at all hazards to be finished for that year's Academy—the only question was how? To stave off the feeling of lassitude, he drank strong coffee every five minutes for three weeks, while to build up his strength he purchased an electric battery, a keg of cod-liver oil, and fifteen peach-fed Californian hams. So the great work was done, and a gleam of sunshine irradiated his gloom when an unknown patron purchased the picture for £5,000 before it was sent into the Academy, where it was the cynosure of every eye. Within a week of the opening of the Academy he had received letters of congratulation from two crowned heads, three archbishops, seventeen belted earls, and the late Mr. TRACY TURNERELLI.

At a later stage in his career, when he had painted 300 portraits of M.F.H.'s in 300 days, an unsympathetic critic declared that "Firconer could paint men, but he could not paint animals." Incensed by the injustice of this remark, he retorted by painting his famous and colossal canvas of *The Animals entering the Ark*, which completely paralysed his detractors. Although it was now more than fifteen years since that picture was painted, it still held the field as

the largest and most exhaustive representation of the great Noachian enterprise, and to this day he still received commissions from menagerie proprietors in both hemispheres on the strength of it.

At a still later stage another critic declared that Firconer could never do anything on a canvas less than 20 feet square—referring, doubtless, to a series of colossal groups which had excited the envy of incompetent contemporaries, and caused several overrated old masters to turn somersaults in their family vaults. Here again his answer proved that the brush is mightier than the tongue. In the space of six weeks he painted on a canvas exactly the size of a threepenny bit a picture containing portraits of every single member of the House of Lords. The exertion was tremendous, but he kept himself going by using a Samson Chest Developer which increased his girth by 17 inches, and when the picture was exhibited he was at once elected an honorary member of the Microscopical Society and Historiographer Royal to the Mint. Subsequently he received so many Orders that it became necessary for him to assume the title of Reverend, which harmonized at once with his appearance and the spiritual character of his work.

The Right Honourable Professor then gave a vivid account of his experiences as honorary conductor of the band of the Blue Bavarian Cuirassiers, illustrating his narrative with solos on the double-bass, the piccolo, the tenor trombone and the slide trumpet. He finally gave a daring exhibition of his skill on the trapèze, danced a pavane, accompanying himself on the castanets, and brought down the house by singing Wotan's *Abschied* in costume, with a beard of prehistoric bushiness and volume.

BELLES LETTRES TAKEN FROM LIFE.

I.

EXTRACT from the correspondence of an Indian native who is anxious for his son to join a motor-car class:—

SIR,—Most respectfully I beg to say that I had been brought up in respectable family who was very loyal and faithful to the Government. . . . I have a robust vernacular educated consisted with little English language. He is eighteen years old. He is so obidant, thoughtful and upright in discharging his duties that he has always been found Pretty light on his perch. Having sufficient mental and corporeal faculties, he is cordially desired to be admitted in it (the motor-car class). I should highly be obliged if you would kindly order him to be admitted in it. Expecting for your favourable reply,

I have the honour, &c.

II.

Extract from letter to clergyman asking advice about Old Age Pensions:—

SIR,—I am very sorry I made such a mistake in my first letter, forgetting my maiden name, which was —— ——. I was born 1837 or 38. I was very much worried at the time.

According to a writer in *The Sphere* "the road-hog is rapidly becoming a *rara avis*." This settles once and for all the question whether pigs have wings.



AN ECHO OF MODERN JOURNALISM.

"I DO MISS MRS. JONES. SHE TOLD ME ALL THE NEWS OF THE PARISH."
"OH, THAT WAS ONLY GOSSIP—NO TRUTH IN IT."
"WELL, THERE, I LIKED TO 'EAR IT. TRUTH OR LIES, 'TWAS ALL NEWS TO ME."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—If you are not quite sick of the subject may I make one final suggestion with regard to the Welsh Motor Case? Having just read the dead lady's latest account of the accident, I wish to propose that the tablet "To the *Memory* of Miss VIOLET CHARLESWORTH," presumably already ordered, should be proceeded with.

"Mrs. Florence Smithson sang tiny ballads when only a dot of three, and has been on and off the stage practically ever since."—*Southport Society Notes.*

It was a very cautious editor who put in "practically."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHEN, on almost the first page of *Lady Letty Brandon* (LONG), we are told by "ANNIE E. HOLDSWORTH" that her heroine possesses an illegitimate elder sister, *Janet*, who is her exact double, nine novel readers out of ten will suspect that they are embarking upon a tale of mistaken identity. It is a suspicion, however, which far underestimates the truth. *Lady Letty Brandon*, finding herself temporarily freed by the departure for Africa of her elderly and unlovable husband, herself goes to Italy, where, in the name of a friend, *Miss Blundell* (assumed for no very clear reason), she marries *Maurice Brooke*. So far so bad; but shortly after the birth of a son to the pair in Florence the success of her scheme is threatened by the arrival in that city of husband No. 1. With really admirable tact she decides to carry off the situation by pretending that *Brooke* has actually married *Janet*. It is a little difficult at first, and unfortunately confusion, bad enough in Italy, becomes worse confounded when all parties return home; *Sir Wentworth* and *Lady Letty* to Windover Court, and *Maurice Brooke* and his wife (who is really *Lady Letty* too) to a cottage on the estate. After this one's mind breathlessly refuses to follow the heroine in her Protean adventures. It is hard to believe that a writer of the reputation of Mrs. LEE-HAMILTON can have intended us to take seriously the troubles of a lady who has to keep "running round" like the soldiers in a stage procession; and when the heroine, after presiding as hostess of Windover at a dinner to which *Maurice Brooke* is bidden as a stranger to herself, dashes across the park in time to receive him at the cottage on his return, and hear his comments upon her supposed double, I myself laid the book wistfully aside.



Johnny. "RUMMY-LOOKIN' FELLAS THEY MUST HAVE BEEN IN THOSE DAYS—WHAT?"

Whenever Mr. MARRIOTT WATSON
Puts forth a novel it 's a snip
(A phrase from racing) that the plot 's an
Artistic piece of workmanship;
Thus, though *The Flower of the Heart* is
Based on a thickly peopled patch
(Another word for plot), all parties
Come ultimately up to scratch.

By that I mean, to put it clearly,
That every one who shows his face,
However distantly or nearly,
Is absolutely worth his place.
Swells, parsons, sharps, or law-abiders,
There isn't one of all the crew,
Though some are pretty rank outsiders,
Whom I would run my pencil through.

The story (METHUEN) treats of wooings
Clandestine, coupled with a strange
(To me) entanglement of doings
In Bucket-shop and Stock Exchange.
The author's tackling of finance is
For him new ground, but I shan't miss
His old adventurous romances
If all his new come up to this.

It is not an easy thing nowadays to think out a new villain, but I believe Mr. PERCY WHITE has done it. In *The Rescuer* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), *Athelstan*, a young man with dark hair and penetrating eyes, is making the most of the fact that the late *Edgar Maitland*, whom he assisted in scientific research, believed himself to have discovered the existence of visible, or at any rate photographable, brain waves. *Maitland* dies before the discovery is ripe for publication, and on his death-bed he entrusts his widow and *Athelstan* with the duty of seeing it through. *Athelstan*, having originated the thing in the first place by deluding *Maitland* with a faked photograph, keeps up the deception by hinting vaguely at success in the near future. Meanwhile he does himself very well, aiming at the widow's fortune through her daughter's hand, or, failing that, her own. Matters are thus when the rescuer turns up. He is an old friend of *Maitland*, a soldier, and pretty shrewd, and the way in which he gradually fetches up against *Athelstan's* stronghold makes for pleasurable excitement. Knitted with this conflict there is a good deal about N rays and similar deep stuff, which is presented so skilfully that I felt I must unconsciously have been master of the subject all the time.

The eight stories which Mr. B. L. PUTNAM WEALE has collected under the title of the first, *The Forbidden Boundary* (MACMILLAN), show him to be far abler at fiction than many authors who have made their reputation, as he has, by studies of fact. That Mr. WEALE knows the Far East inside out every page of his book testifies; but one can make the same criticism of his romance that could be made, and I don't doubt has been made, of his treatises. Knowing his ground, he can point to its dangers, but he is not quite so happy at defining remedies. So in the longest of his stories, *The Adventurous Frenchman*, he suggests in a very racy fashion the perils of a contrabandist during the Russo-Japanese war; but he either skates over the details of their surmounting, or else finds a rather too easy way out. But the interest of his book is, for me at least, quite independent of its adventures. Mr. WEALE conjures up the country with rare skill, and peoples it, apart from certain diabolically omnipotent Celestials, with real living beings.

Who's "Who"?

"In the Norse myth Thor, benevolent among the gods and lover of fruitful lands, warred greatly against the giants and drove them to the North, who, in their evil nature, troubled the Earth with ice."
Westminster Gazette.

"Good," muttered Armand Roche to himself, hiding a smile beneath the false black beard which he always carried in his portmanteau in case of an emergency."—*"Daily Mail Feuilleton" (recently concluded).*

This, of course, is a much cleverer trick than the ordinary one where you keep outside the portmanteau.

CHARIVARIA.

It is denied that the Albert Medal is to be bestowed on Sir JOHN BELL, who saved his life the other day by clinging to the fore part of a motor-cab which had knocked him down.

***

At Cambridge a "taxi-cab" has been constructed in accordance with a recently discovered specification of a vehicle which had been in use in China in the third century. It registers distances, we are told, with considerable precision, and records them by the beating of a drum at the completion of each "li," or Chinese mile. The "li," we are further told, is about a third of an English mile. So, curiously enough, is the mile of some of our modern taxi-cabs, to judge by our experience.

***

It is rumoured that Miss VIOLET CHARLESWORTH is to make her appearance on the music-hall stage. This will surprise no one. We have had the trick cyclist there for some time, and the trick motorist was bound to come.

***

One thousand skulls, many of which are centuries old, have been arranged on shelves in the crypt of Hythe parish church, where they may be inspected by the public. At last our watering-places seem to be waking up to the fact that if they are to compete successfully with foreign resorts, they must offer additional attractions.

***

It is now thought that the violent agitation of the seismograph last week, which led to the rumour of an earthquake greater than that at Messina, originated in London and was caused by one of Messrs. ——— motor vans.

***

The Pall Mall Gazette, which has been publishing a series of letters from artists complaining bitterly of neglect, threw them the following crumb of comfort the other day:—

LORD ROBERT CECIL.
NO CUTTING THE PAINTER.

***

The Fellow of the Zoological Society who wrote to *The Times*, the other day, to complain of visitors who irritate and tease the animals did not mention a peculiarly gross form of cruelty which is of daily occurrence. We refer to the parading of a number of thoughtless plump persons in front of the man-eaters' cages, within sight of the animals and yet out of their reach.

***

Two hoopoes were seen flying around Penge parish church last week. In the opinion of the superstitious the visit of these *raræ aves* to our shores presages the return of the crinoline.



RESOURCE.

Customer (after vainly trying for some time to pick up his change—a threepenny bit). "'ERE, GIMME A CIGAR."

When a new Associate of the Royal Academy is elected some of the Academy models dash off with the news, and the first to arrive with the glad tidings at the house of the fortunate artist is, by custom, rewarded with a guinea. It says much for the honesty of artists' models as a class that no case is known of one of them having obtained this guinea by false pretences from some obscure and wealthy amateur. Let us hope that this is not merely because the idea has not yet occurred to those concerned.

***

A correspondent writes to *The Daily Mail* to point out that, while the Aéro Club de France does not admit ladies to membership, the Aero Club of the United Kingdom does so. Still, as a set-off to this, the French Club, we believe, has some aeroplanes which will fly.

***

"I think that the Old Age Pensions Act," said Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE last week, "has been a success beyond the dreams of its warmest friends. We anticipated 500,000 pensioners; there are very nearly 600,000 in weekly receipt of five shillings." Yet the average taxpayer is a curiously undemonstrative animal. Anyone would think from his demeanour that the Act had been a failure.

***

During the recent fog a member of the criminal classes suddenly smashed one of the windows of a jeweller's shop in Oxford Street, and, putting his hand through the aperture, seized a diamond-and-pearl tiara, and ran away. The police will therefore be obliged if anyone who meets a rough-looking man wearing an artistic tiara will at once communicate with them.

***

And a most mortifying incident happened in Savile Row. Taking advantage of the fact that the hall door had been left ajar, a passer-by entered Sir CUTHBERT QUILTER'S house, and stole a despatch-box. The box, which was locked, closely resembled a jewel-case, but contained nothing but papers. When the thief subsequently discovered this his remarks are said to have effectually dispersed the fog in his immediate neighbourhood.

***

At Sutton Ferry a motorist lost his bearings, and dashed through the window of a tailor's shop. According to one account which reaches us the intrepid motorist did not, however, lose his head, but remarked nonchalantly to the astonished tailor, "Oh, I want a new suit of clothes, please."

***

Reading in her newspaper the announcement

PRINCE ALBERT IN SICK BAY,

a dear old lady remarked that she supposed that that was the latest name for the Bay of Biscay.

THE NEW OPERATIC CRITICISM.

INFECTED by the vivacious example of Mr. A. B. WALKLEY, the operatic critic of *The Times* has discarded the old traditions of sobriety, and, in a notice of WAGNER'S *Götterdämmerung*, has lapsed into the now familiar blend of classical allusiveness with up-to-date *argot*. At this rate of progress we may soon expect to see criticisms in the following vein blossoming forth in all the bravery of large type:—

CARMEN (VERY) SECULARE.

"'Pagan, I regret to say,' said Mr. Pecksniff," and Pagan is certainly the *mot juste* to apply to *Carmen*, performed with the utmost *brio* last night at Covent Garden. But the ethics of opera are not those of—let us say—Brixton. The famous cigarette factory at Seville where *Carmen—belli teterrima causa*—worked did not come under the supervision of any Factory or Workmen's Compensation Acts. *Hinc illæ lacrimæ*—cigarette girls are a nice quiet set, "I don't fink"! Besides, *Don José* did not belong to the Territorial Army. If he had worn a simple uniform of khaki instead of those *épatants* yellow breeches, no complications would have ensued. But, as Mr. HENRY JAMES remarks, "There you are!" Spain is not Suburbia, and, given these tropical premisses, events are bound to move forward to the inevitable *peripeteia*. Besides, *Carmen*, though at the outset a rather squalid and tawdry personage, grows in stature as the drama advances, until at the end she has become one of the supremely great figures of tragedy where *Antigone* is to be found, along with *Dido*, *Cordelia* and VIOLET CHARLESWORTH.

Mme. Pippa de Dietrich, who undertook the title *rôle* last night, has undoubtedly an arresting and vivid personality. Though she lacks the grandeur of CALVÉ—the sublimity which, as LONGINUS says, is a reverberation of magnanimity, she moves and sings with a sort of inspired *canaillerie* which is vastly refreshing. Only the most stoical of eremites could resist the corybantic seduction of her dancing; and *Don José* was no plaster saint, but a simple human Spanish "Tommy." It is, in fact, the old, old story of Belle and the Dragoon, in which the latter is bound to come off second best when the *tertius gaudens* happens to be a famous bull-fighter. *Antonio*—we mean *Escamillo*—was brilliantly played by Signor Caldanino, the famous Basque baritone, who bears a most curious resemblance to Mr. C. B. FRY.

The mounting of the opera was at once realistic and picturesque, but we cannot refrain from expressing our poignant regret that the example of RICHARD STRAUSS—and let us add RICHARD WAGNER—of introducing live stock on the stage was not followed. A Bull Ring without bulls is an oxymoron *in excelsis*. Surely the resources of Leadenhall Market would have been equal to the occasion. The tavern scene, again, was somewhat lacking in orgiastic *élan*, and compared with the latest exponents of the art, some of the dancers seemed to suffer from a positive plethora of garments. But, as Mr. PÉLISSIER says, "the sun 's still shining in the sky," and if NIETZSCHE is right in his aphorism, "*Il faut Méditerraniser la musique*," no fault can be found with this auspicious revival. We may note that as a practical proof of the Syndicate's honourable determination not to indulge in any preferential treatment, the name of one of the *dramatis personæ* had been thoughtfully changed from *Mercédès* to *Carburetta*.

FORGOTTEN HEROES;

OR, "STILL RUNNING."

[The French submarine Z has just been found to have been lying forgotten for three years.]

RUMOUR reaches us that Austria has explained the billeting of a force of hers on a town in Macedonia during the last three months. The force had been despatched from headquarters with general orders to annex territory, and in the hurry of re-arrangements in the Balkans had been overlooked. Austria has now offered to withdraw the troops unreservedly, and regard the incident as not having occurred.

Extraordinary excitement is reported to have been caused in German military circles by the disappearance of two entire regiments of infantry from a garrison town in Westphalia. The order countermanding the march was handed to the EMPEROR for examination, passed on by him to the CHANCELLOR, transferred to the SECRETARY FOR WAR, forwarded by him to the Foreign Office, where it appears to have been lost. The regiments continued their march, in the face of every opposition, through Poland and across Russia, being aware that disobedience of their orders would be fatal. When last heard of they had just fought a terrific engagement with a savage force of four times their number in the centre of Tibet, and were continuing their advance by forced marches in the direction of Eastern Japan. The incident is naturally taken as an "unfriendly act" by all the Powers whose territories they have invaded, and furious wireless messages are being hourly despatched in the attempt to stop them. The force had really been intended to act as a guard of honour to the mayor of a small town a few miles away.

Great anxiety is felt as to the Army aeroplane *Casabianca*. In order to retrieve previous failures, she was sent up with directions to break all existing records. She has now been round the world three times, and when last seen was passing over Orkney and Shetland at a rapid rate, the crew working with desperation, but apparently much exhausted. They mistook frantic signals of recall for encouragement to renewed efforts.

WILLIAM'S LICENCE.

DEAR SIR,—As the owner of Toby, that easily first (Latin, *facile princeps*) among educated dogs, you will be interested to hear of the exploits of my dog, William Shakspeare, and more particularly since some notoriety has recently been accorded by *The Daily Chronicle* to a dog which went to a post-office and procured its own licence. This is a feat which my dog performs regularly every year, not merely, as *The Chronicle* dog did, "standing up to the top of the counter" and handing in a note with money, but actually going behind the counter and selecting the paper himself from other similar ones relating to foreign postage, filling it in with his name, address and pedigree, and paying spot cash on the transaction. Further, having obtained the licence, he files it away in a safe corner of his kennel. But this year the Divine William, as he likes to be called, surpassed himself. Some time ago I had the misfortune to receive a bad half-sovereign, and through inadvertence William took this coin when he went on his annual visit to the local post-office. He did not discover the error until he was too far on his way to turn back—the office is some seven miles from my house. At first he was nonplussed (I confess it), but he quickly decided what to do. Jumping on a passing omnibus he barked for a twopenny ticket and successfully tendered the half-sovereign in payment. Then with 9*s.* 10*d.* he proceeded to do his business, bringing back 2*s.* 4*d.* change. I should mention that in former years it has been my custom to give him twopence for himself, so that, believing him to have deducted this honorarium, I accepted the change as correct. Such is William's modesty that it was only through overhearing an after-dinner talk in dog Latin between him and the gardener that I learned the truth. My first impulse was to reprimand him severely, but I refrained, for, after all, one cannot expect a too high degree of morality in dumb animals.

I am, etc.,

WILLIAM'S OWNER.



THE JUNKER BUNKER.

Mr. Lloyd-George. "HOW ARE YOU GETTING ON, PRINCE?"

Prince Bülow. "BADLY, THANKS"

Mr. Lloyd-George. "WELL, I DON'T THINK MUCH OF YOUR BUNKER; YOU SHOULD SEE 'EM ON MY COURSE AT HOME!"

[The Death-Duties scheme in Prince Bülow's Budget is vigorously opposed by the Prussian "Junker."]



THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

STUDY, SHOWING HOW ONLY THE WILLOWY TYPE IS LIKELY TO SURVIVE THE STRESS OF MODERN TRAFFIC.

SOLILOQUY IN BERLIN.

OUF! so it's gone, that fiftieth birthday, gone
With all its flags and flowers and crowds and cheers,
Its salvoes and processions, beat of drums,
Its blare of trumpets and its regiments
Massed to salute me, and its loyalties,
Its Burgomasters and its brother-Kings—
Gone like a breath, and I am left to face
The dread insistence of the further years.

Well, well; the prospect seems to narrow in;
The limitless expanses grow defined,
And I can see, as men of fifty see,
The dark broad river which the others crossed,
And which I too must some day cross alone.
What trophy shall I bear to the other side,
What symbol of my duty and my deeds?
Bismarck? Aye, what of him? The only man,
The indispensable, whose head was crowned
With wreath on wreath of conquest and renown;
Lion of Varzin, thunder-cloud of doom,
Sole stay of Empire, rock of German might,
Removed beyond the shocks of circumstance;
Eternal monument of glory—pooh!
I raised my hand and brushed the thing aside;
And I did well, as every man must own.
And the too clamorous people—what of them?
Their meetings, congresses and Parliaments,
Their murmurings and obstinate complaints
And all the babble of their orators?
Police for them—aye, that 's the only way—
Police and prison or a foreign land
For those who being German strive with me.

Silence, they say, a little silence, please,
From this too swift and most impulsive King.
The ways are narrow, and the fog lies thick
To hide them, and to move is to be lost.
Yea, but a King, since King he is, must know
What path to tread; his eye alone can pierce
The clouds of darkness, and his voice alone
Can hail and guide them where they ought to go.
Wherefore I know this silence is not good.
While all the discontented loose their tongues
And rave against him, shall the King be still?

And I have kept the peace. Was that well done?
I know not, but I know I kept the peace.
I whose blood boiled to hear the clash of swords,
At whose command a million men would spring
Obedient to the conflict; I, whose soul
Was made for glorious battle, who could lead
Ten thousand thundering horsemen to the charge,
Have kept the peace, while others urged to war.

And so the years are gone, the fifty years,
And every day was filled with care and toil,
And at the end, with all too little done
And nothing for remembrance, I remain.

ANOTHER OLYMPIC GAME.

AN attendant skated up to me and touched me on the shoulder. "You mustn't go so fast, sir," he said. "It's dangerous when there are so many people about."

"My good man," I began, turning to him indignantly. Then my feet left me suddenly, came back with a great effort the wrong way round, and gave it up altogether. . . .

The attendant lifted me kindly.

"Thank you very much," I said. "If you will hold me tight, I will go on with my sentence. Thank you. Well, then, I was about to say that it wasn't at all my own idea going as fast as that, and that nobody realised so intimately as I how dangerous it was. Thank you again. Now if you will be so good as to push me off, I think I shall be able to show you something."

He gave me a push, and I sailed right down the course into a strange lady, apologised, and came down heavily. She struggled for a moment and then decided to sit down too.

"I'm very sorry," she began sweetly. "I expect it was my—— Hallo! But how splendid!"

"Good morning," I said. "I'm simply meeting everybody here to-day."

"In London," said Miss Middleton with an air of detachment, "one is always running into one's friends. Now, are you going to lift me up or must I scream for help?"

"I am going to lift you up," I said, and I took her hand, pulled myself up by it, pulled her up, and sat down very violently again. "There you are," I added; "and now, if you will have me dragged to the side, I will explain all."

We got to the edge somehow, and clung on to the rails.

"This is most awfully bad for me," I began. "The things I say when I fall down. Oh, it doesn't do at all, you know. And I used to think myself such a quiet and well-spoken lad."

"Now your true nature is revealed."

"Ah, yes. It brings out the old Adam . . . or something rather like it . . . every time."

"You should have a man," said Miss Middleton; "I did, and I made him fall down. I felt so proud."

"I had a man once, but I simply couldn't bring him down, though I did try. I must have showed him all the holds. I put the wrist-lock and the neck-clutch on him."

"Twice round the wrist is once round the neck," said Miss Middleton; "twice round the neck is once round the waist; twice round the waist is——"

"As a last hope I introduced him to the half-Nelson touch. It was useless. Come on, let's take the floor again."

I took the floor at once on letting go of the rails, and Miss Middleton, who, it seemed, had had a day's start of me and was therefore much more steady, helped me up again.

"Thank you very much. I'm wearing quite a place in the back of my head. It's so tiring."

We skated slowly down the length of the course. That is to say, we started slowly, but at halfway we were going much faster than I liked.

"I have a secret to tell you," I began.

"Oh, *do*," said Miss Middleton. "Tell me the romantic secret of your birth. What they call *sotto voce*."

"Yes, I'll tell you that another time. What I want to say now is this. I can't stop and I can't turn. Do you think, before we get to the end, you could explain one or the other to me?"

"I *believe* you can do both at once by putting one foot behind the other."

"Oh, I know that way all right. But then there's the bother of getting up again."

"Then suppose we free-wheel so that we shan't be going so fast when the accident happens."

"I think so. You know, these things want brakes really . . . Do you see that woman in red, straight in front, leaning against the rails?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Oh, nothing . . . I wonder if she's a mother."

"Sure to be. A lot of girls and one boy at Cambridge sort of mother."

"Oh . . . I think I shall say I knew the boy at Cambridge. Would you care about coming too?"

"No, I *must* try to turn."

"You don't mind my not stopping and picking you up? I simply must go and see this woman."

"All right. You may say I was at school with one of the girls, if you like. Gladys. Good-bye."

I rolled relentlessly on. There was a crash behind me, but I dared not look back. I had other business on hand.

It was bound to come. . . It was coming . . . coming . . .

PLOP!

"I'm very sorry," I murmured for the two hundred and eighty-fourth time that day, "but I knew your son slightly—I mean my daughter Gladys knows Miss Midd——The fact is," I said in a burst of candour, "I'm only a beginner at this."

"Doesn't matter at all," she said with a motherly smile. "Guess we're all falling about to-day. Very pleased to have kept you from hurting yourself."

"Thank you very much," I said for the three hundred and ninety-third time. I put my hand to my head, realised suddenly that I had no hat on, and fell down violently. . . .

"Thank you very much," I said; "I'm giving you a lot of trouble, I'm afraid. Good morning."

"Well," said Miss Middleton when I caught her up again, "I fell down all right. How's Gladys?"

"I made a mistake; I didn't know them, after all. I say, will you do something for me?"

"What's the matter? Of *course* I will."

"I've been thinking, and I fancy I've made a discovery. Now I want you to say something rather startling to me. Quite suddenly, you know."

"I can't think of anything, not like that. Except that your great uncle's died and left you a million pounds and a pair of roller skates."

"No, that isn't at all the sort of——"

"Your tie's all crooked."

I went down with a crash. . . .

"Well," said Miss Middleton, as we clung on to the side, "was that all right?"

"Perfectly," I said, with enthusiasm. "That's my discovery, that the whole thing is mental. If we could only keep our minds quite placid we should be all right. When I tried to take off my hat to my American friend and found I couldn't, I went down like a log. So I did just now. By the way, my tie isn't *really* crooked, is it? No; I thought it couldn't be. Well, now let's roll round the room perfectly easily together, holding hands and fixing our thoughts on something calm and soothing, which has nothing to do with skating."

"Mother," suggested Miss Middleton.

"Try again."

"Cod-liver oil."

"All right. Now then, are you ready? Go! . . . Do you know, it's a very funny thing, but I don't think I had ever realised that a cod *had* a liver."

"I once had a gold-fish, and it drank up all its water and died of indigestion, because we found it dead in the morning at the bottom of an empty bowl. Which *looks* like liver."

We were simply skimming over the floor by this time.

"There was once a halibut," I began.

We swept round a corner in style.

* * * * *

"A funny sort of fish," Miss Middleton was saying as we completed our eighth circle, "something like a—what are they called? Oh, yes, a skate."

My feet gave a sudden jerk.

"Oh no, no," cried Miss Middleton, "I *didn't* mean a skate—— It wasn't a bit—— I mean I——"

It was too late. The fatal word brought it all back to me. My feet leapt up into the air, and all the rest of us took their place upon the floor with one loud comprehensive bang . . .

The band slowly started the National Anthem.

A. A. M.

CONSOLATION.

As the body of William Smith was leaving the cemetery chapel on its way to the grave, an elderly gentleman of aristocratic mien alighted from an electric brougham, and after a word with an official joined the little band of mourners.

William Smith was moving more slowly than he ever had done in life, for he had been a commercial traveller noted for his briskness until double pneumonia set in.

Mrs. Smith had seen her husband infrequently, and then only for brief week-ends, but she respected him deeply, was grateful for the position to which he had raised her, and, weeping steadily now at the graveside, had accepted grief as her destiny.

The ceremony over, the stranger approached Mrs. Smith in an attitude of sympathetic courtesy, and offered her his arm to the gate. He told her how highly he had always valued her husband, how completely they had understood each other, and how different everything had been since they parted.

The widow listened with respect and satisfaction, in no way embarrassed by her ignorance of the gentleman's name, for her husband naturally had had many friends unknown to herself, although this one certainly seemed to be both in attire and in address far removed above her idea of the majority of them, several of whom were indeed present.

"If there is anything I can do, Mrs. Smith," said the stranger as he shook her hand at the entrance, "you must write to me. You will see that I have moved to another town house," and handing her his card he lifted his hat with a gesture of reverent courtesy, stepped rapidly into his brougham, and was driven away.

The widow looked at the card, and reeled. It was that of the Earl of Borrodaile.

One by one, as the high tea progressed, anecdotes of the Earl of Borrodaile came to the memory of this guest and that—his wealth, his career, his wild oats, his famous or infamous ancestry, but most of all, recurring and recurring, his perfect manners, the unmistakable affability of your true nobleman, as compared with the supercilious condescension of the spurious political breed, with a word for the modesty (or craftiness) of the deceased in keeping so distinguished a friendship a secret from his older pals.

The next day one of the guests sent the widow not only a cabinet photograph of the earl but also his caricature, by no means unkindly done, from *Vanity Fair*. These pictures, one in the parlour framed in gilt, and one in Mrs. Smith's bedroom in plush, may now be seen, with the widow often before them pointing them out to her friends and callers, with suitable memories not only of the peer himself but of his intimacy with her husband: except for a shining drop of pride perfectly the mistress of herself, serene in anecdotage. For by the infinite mercy of Heaven she has never learned that the Earl of Borrodaile was under the impression that he was consoling the widow of William Smith, his old pensioned valet, whose funeral had been in progress only a few yards distant at the same time.



Mrs. Flanagan. "AN' SO YE'VE GOT A PINSION—'TWILL COME IN VERY HANDY."
Mrs. Muldoon. "I NIVER WAS MORE SURPRISED IN ME LIFE, ME THAT NIVER SAW A SHOT FIRED IN ANGER."

"Mr. Keir Hardie has travelled night and day from America to reach the conference."—*The Morning Leader.*

Some men would have stopped the ship while they slept.

"Convenient Houses, 2 minutes sea, 4 station, 5 Bedm."—*Advt. in Daily News.*

We should have preferred something a little nearer the bedroom.

Instead of Gold.

Sir FREDERICK TREVES having recently brought to notice the high intrinsic value of radium, as well as its curative value, we think it may become necessary soon to revise certain well-known proverbs and phrases, and we make the following tentative suggestions:—

All is not radium that is energetic.

As good as radium (applied to a sleeping child).

He has a heart of radium (this for certain uncles and benevolent gentlemen generally).

Pound wise, tube-of-radium foolish.

Take care of the pounds, the radium will take care of itself.

Speech is golden; silence is radiumen.

We may add that those who have been in the habit of selling their souls for gold will probably not be affected by the alteration, as the value of the souls in question is not likely to tempt higher bidders.

"UNDER ENTIRELY NEW MANAGEMENT!"

(From a private diary which may, quite possibly, remain unwritten.)

April 1st, 19—. Always knew the will of the People must prevail *some* day. But not so soon as this. To think that all the Means of Production, Distribution, and Exchange are now completely Socialised, and Labour emancipated from domination of Landlordism and Capitalism, without so much as a blow being struck! Why they should have chosen my humble self as President is beyond me. Of course, the name of Alaric Poshford was familiar enough to them in connection with a certain power of impassioned eloquence, combined with unusual lucidity in explaining the economics of Socialism. But I could almost wish Social Revolution had arrived more gradually. Labour Party rather forced my hand. So many details that I should have liked a few more years to think out. Have chosen Comrades Sowerbutts, Grafftey, Bilger, Sleech, Yem, Crowl, and Kloppski as Members of my Inner Council. None of them, perhaps, men of quite first-rate intellectual capacity, but all grand workers and accustomed to act under me. Sowerbutts will undertake Home Departments, while Kloppski—being at home in several Continental languages—will be the very man for what used to be called the Foreign Office. Comrade Grafftey, who as a former East-End Guardian has had considerable experience in financial management, would like to be in charge of the Exchequer. He *may* be competent. Better leave it open for the present, perhaps.

April 2nd. Comrade Sowerbutts has found hopeless confusion in all the Public Offices. And none of the permanent officials there to afford the slightest information! Some of them *might* have stayed on long enough to show us the ropes. They seem to have taken our denunciations of the Bureaucracy much too seriously. Well, we can do without them!

April 3rd. Comrade Yem proposes Revision of Fares on the recently Nationalised Railways. No distinction of Classes, and Return Tickets to anywhere for half-a-crown. Have them, by all means. We can afford it now, with no dividends to hamper us. And I observe that traffic returns on the S.E. & C. especially, show enormous increase for last few weeks.

April 4th. Making splendid progress! No more Unemployed—or even Unemployables! *All* earning skilled wages in the innumerable factories, industries, etc., taken over by State as going concerns. Our revenue ought to reach a tidy figure by end of month. But daily outgoings for free meals, free clothes, old-age pensions for everybody over forty, and so forth, work out at rather more than Comrade Grafftey anticipated. No matter. Can't we levy a super-tax on all the idle rich? Annoyed to find there *are* none. All left country by now, with everything they could realise! Cowards! Capitalist employers, too, have transferred their works to Colonies or Continent, instead of showing manly confidence in their fellow-citizens' sense of justice! But perhaps Comrades Crowl and Sowerbutts were unnecessarily frank about their intentions. Crowl says, finely, that "Ship of State will ride the lighter now the rats have abandoned it." All the same, we could have done with a few of the richer rats on board.

May 1st. Received Deputation at my official residence, Eleusis Lodge (formerly Buckingham Palace), from leading Trades Unions, Industrial, Co-operative, Benefit, and Building Societies. Thought, at first, they had come to offer congratulations—but they hadn't. Seems they 've been getting uneasy as to security of investments from which much of their income formerly derived. Reminded them that Labour had long ago declared itself for Socialism; that, from Socialistic point of view, all interest was Robbery. That they no longer required funds, as the State in future would do all *they* had been instituted to do—and do it a precious deal better. In short, as I put it to them pleasantly, they couldn't expect to have their cake and eat it too. Deputation thanked me, and withdrew.

May 2nd. Re-housing Problem solved by settling Slum Population in the various unoccupied West-End mansions. Some little friction, owing to all the families wanting the drawing-room floors. And they *will* insist on using the banisters for fuel! Issue Manifesto calling on Citizens to protect their own property.



HEARD IN THE STRAND.

Voice of Conductor (through fog). "ROOM FOR ONE ONLY!"

May 3rd. In Council. Comrade Grafftey reported that the depleted state of National Exchequer renders it advisable to cut down all but absolutely necessary expenses. Comrade Bilger moved that, private property being now abolished and all incentive to crime consequently removed, the State should economise by dispensing with Police Force. Seconded warmly by Comrade Kloppski, who had never seen any advantage in having Police. Comrade Sleech moved amendment to include Army, Navy, and Territorial Forces, pointing out that a Socialist State, having no frontiers, logically requires no defences. Carried *nem. con.* Find that Kloppski has sent out messages to all the principal nations, informing them of our glorious Social Revolution, exhorting them to follow our example, and assuring them of our unalterable determination to regard them as Brothers. Quite right, only he might have consulted me first. The only notice Foreign Governments have taken of our friendly overtures has been to recall their Ambassadors. Let them! We have no desire for intimate relations with a pack of alien diplomatists with whom, as aristocrats, we could have little in common. But offensive, all the same. We are not dogs!

June 1st. Comrade Grafftey can't make out why so little money comes in. Returns from all our Socialised Industries (with exception of State Distilleries and Breweries, which, in spite of complaints of deterioration in quality of liquor, do show a slight profit) *most* unsatisfactory. Sleech says present working shifts far too short. A Citizen has no sooner looked round and grasped general idea of task expected from him before his two hours are up and it 's time to knock off. But surely he *must* have leisure to develop intellectually and morally—in short, to taste the joys of life! And what about all our disbanded soldiers and sailors? If we 're to find employment for *them*, the shifts will have to be *shorter*, rather than longer. Bilger says we can't ask decent citizens to labour side by side with persons they regard as no better than "hired murderers." Still can't understand why our output is so small and sales so limited. Sleech says because our Citizens don't put any *vim* into their work. Then why not appoint overseers to keep them up to it? Better not, perhaps—the People might resent it.



Visitor. "AND SO YOU 'RE LEAVING PARIS. OF COURSE YOU 'VE BEEN TO THE LOUVRE?"
Fair American. "YES, I BOUGHT THIS COLLARETTE THERE."
Visitor. "AH, NO. I MEAN THE PICTURES, Y' KNOW."
Fair American. "THERE, MOMMER! I *SAID* THERE WAS A GALLERY BY THAT NAME!"

June 15*th*. Must find money *somehow*. Grafftey reports our Gold reserves are running very low indeed. And Kloppski admits he doesn't know a single foreign financier he could trust to float a loan for us. Disgraceful how the National Credit has been lowered by the infamous band of brigands who formerly mismanaged the country! We might try using a paper currency—but would our Citizens stand it? Kloppski has brilliant idea. Our Fleet useless to *Us*—but *ought* to be worth something to some State benighted enough to attach any importance to command of the sea. Offers to approach representatives of foreign Powers on the quiet, if we will leave him perfectly free hand. Gave him full power to negotiate on behalf of State.

July 1*st*. Over-rated as I always considered the British Fleet, I *did* think it would fetch more than it has! But Kloppski assures me it was the best offer he could get for it. One more instance of the scandalous manner in which the late so-called Admiralty swindled a long-suffering nation! Fortunately Kloppski was sharp enough to stipulate for cash down.

Aug. 1*st*. Useless to mince matters any longer. Have issued Proclamation to the People, telling them plainly that a State can't go on paying its members fancy wages for producing articles for which there is no demand, and that we are not even exporting enough to obtain sufficient foodstuffs in exchange. So, unless all Citizens abandon industrial labour as useless, and take to tilling the soil energetically *at once*, we shall be within measurable distance of starvation in six months!

Aug. 2*nd*. Believe, even now, there would have been no *serious* disturbances but for rumour that a formidable foreign navy was preparing to steam for our coast. Kloppski, at some personal inconvenience, put off a voyage he was taking to Buenos Ayres for reasons of health, and endeavoured to calm mob by announcing method by which he had relieved them from the intolerable burden of our bloated armaments, and assuring them that the foreign fleet was merely coming with the peaceful purpose of convoying home its country's purchases. Unluckily, lamp-post only too convenient! . . . Citizens are now betraying Socialism by electing Committee of Public Safety from the very class of professional butchers they so lately regarded with loathing! The spirit of militarism is again rampant. Fleet and Army being rapidly re-organised. Worse still, a violent mob is besieging Eleusis Lodge and clamouring for their President and his colleagues! Where they will find *them* I don't know. *I* shall be under the biggest State-bed. But how long—how long?

F. A.

"At the time of the fire the thermometer stood at zero, and in endeavouring to extinguish it several firemen were severely frost-bitten."—*The Autocar.*

This habit of defending itself fiercely when attacked is one of the most noble traits of the thermometer.

"Acting Sub-Lieut. R.N.R. has been promoted to the rank of sub-lieutenant."—*The Morning Post.*

There are so many men in the Service with these initials that it was a mistake to leave out the surname.



The New Mess President. "THERE ARE A LOT OF THINGS IN THE MESS THAT MIGHT BE GOT RID OF. NOW THERE ARE TWO BAROMETERS; THEY CAN'T BOTH BE WANTED."

The Old Mess Sergeant. "WELL, THE ONE IN THE HANTI-ROOM, SIR, IS WHAT TELLS THE WEATHER, AN' THIS ONE IN THE 'ALL, SIR, IS FOR THE OFFICERS TO TAP."

GENUINE HOWLERS.

[FROM A GENERAL KNOWLEDGE PAPER.]

DEFINE the meaning of the following words:—

Patriarch.—Person from whom one is descended.

Hiatus.—The Science of the Aspirate.

Homœopathic.—A Home for invalids.

Palliate.—To tickle the taste.

Mediæval.—Early times in the year 600 A.D.

Archaic.—Appertaining to the Arctic Regions.

Herbaceous.—One who eats grass. One who lives on grass.

Inhibit.—One who lives in the water.

Prestidigitator.—Someone who finds out prestiges.

Carpe Diem.—Daily bread.

Flora et Fauna.—Pleasures and trials.

Fiat Justitia, Ruat Cælum.—The well-aimed arrow reaches the sky.

Quod Erat Faciendum.—What has he done?

Obiter Dicta.—Writings of the dead.

Sub Rosa.—Under the starry sky, in the dew.

SOLITUDE.

LATELY, when bidden to a Children's Party,
Just at the hopeful dawning of the year,
The answer I despatched was prompt and hearty—
I felt quite fit to stand around and cheer,
Beaming in Mr. BIRRELL's blandest way
Upon the infants, though I might not join their play.

Some men there are can make an orange pigling
With easy art; others can play at bear;
Spontaneously, without self-conscious wriggling,
One daubs his face and rumples up his hair,
Purveying such buffoonery and noise
As titillate to mirth all little girls and boys.

On such an one I saw chair-anchored matrons
Gaze genially, with mild approving smiles;
I heard a murmur, as of concert patrons,
"*Such* a nice touch with children, Mr. Byles!"
Sharp envy wrung me; I felt quite annoyed
Where I stood cornered, somewhat bored, and unemployed.

Is it my fault that youthful Lubin-lu-ing
Affects me with no impetus to sing,
That longing for a pipe needs stern subduing
While I should be immersed in Jing-a-ring?
Am I to blame because I feel depressed
Among four dozen kiddies, all so nicely dressed?

Elsie, we often have our private gambols;
Agnes, our six-year friendship has no flaw;
Kathleen, my infant guide in garden rambles—
To me your lightest wish or whim is law.
But when I meet you, so to speak, in bulk,
Somehow I feel, like *Mr. Bowling*, "a sheer hulk."

Children, farewell! and may you never suffer,
When middle-age upon your brow has scored
His wrinkles, that depression of the duffer
Who blames none but himself that he is bored;
May you at forty have the knack of play
At Children's Parties—or the tact to keep away.



A HOME FROM HOME.

ALIEN ANARCHIST (*to Home Secretary*). "EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT YOU HAVE ALWAYS MADE US SO VERY WELCOME THAT I HOPE YOU WON'T ALLOW THIS REGRETTABLE INCIDENT AT TOTTENHAM TO INTERFERE WITH OUR CORDIAL RELATIONS. MY COMRADES FORGOT; WE ARE PERMITTED TO PLOT HERE, BUT OUR MURDERS SHOULD BE DONE ABROAD."









HORRIBLE SCENES IN THE "TORTURE-CHAMBER" OF THE "CONFEDERATES."

[An adjunct so much in keeping with their methods, if not already existing (in some subterranean chamber in the Houses of Parliament), must surely be in contemplation.]

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

In the Playground.

Villa Sans-Gêne, Casinoville.

Dearest Daphne, — Behold your Blanche revelling in sunshine and blue skies, while you, poor dear, are beset with anti-cyclones and V-shaped depressions or else beastly fogs. Josiah 's in Central America on business—one of his Companies is financing a revolution or a republic or something out there; so I took the opportunity to nip over here with Bosh and Wee-Wee, for my delicate chest will *not* stand an English February.

There 's quite a nice lively set here. No don'ters among us. Know what a don'ter is, my sweet? Primarily, it 's a person who says "Don't"; secondarily, it 's one whose presence puts the brake on. *Husbands* are almost *always* don'ters. Wee-Wee 's the only wife *I* know who doesn't consider her husband one. But they 're quite an extraordinary couple. They don't consider a holiday a *bit* spoilt by being together. I said something about it to them yesterday, and Bosh said, Yes, he supposed it was a bad habit they 'd got into.

We 're all stuck on *Systems* here. It 's the chief topic. *I 've* got a System, of course. I don't know whether I could make you understand it, you quiet, little mouse. I double the stake when I win and treble it when I lose—*and wait for the law of equilibrium!* Bosh says it 's like the famous Berenger System, only more daring. I asked if Berenger made his fortune. Bosh said, No, he died a beggar—but *that* was because he couldn't wait long enough for the law of equilibrium.

Wee-Wee goes in chiefly for roulette. Her System is to look for tips everywhere; a bit of thread on the carpet, a cloud in the sky (only there aren't any) she turns into a number, and goes and backs it. And she dreams too. Such fun, my dear! The other night she dreamed a number, and, like a donkey, mentioned it to Bosh at breakfast. At our usual time she and I went to the Rooms distractingly got up, and covered with mascots and lucky charms. She was all excitement about her dream number. We met Bosh just coming away. "Thanks, little woman," he said to Wee-Wee. "I backed your dream-number, and it 's come up three times. Look at my spoils!" "*What!*" screamed Wee-Wee. "You 've used my dream-number, and worn out the luck, and now it 's no use my going to back it! Oh, how *wicked* to rob a poor woman of her dreams in that way! Call *that* being a husband?" "No," said Bosh, coolly walking off; "I call it being a winner—quite a different thing." It 's the first time I ever knew them nasty to each other; but they 're all right again now. Still, I think Wee-Wee's temper is just the teeniest bit spoilt by so much roulette. For instance, when she and I were discussing the Fancy Dress Dance at the Casino to-morrow night, and she said she and Bosh meant to go as Rouge-et-Noir, I made the innocent remark, "Why not go as the other thing—Trente et Quarante?" and she turned quite catty.



AFFORESTATION.

First Oddfellow (reading). "'By the new scheme, employment will in time be found for 90,000 foresters;' not a word, mark you, about us Oddfellows and Buffaloes!"

Clinton Vandollarbilt and his sister Clytie are here. Clytie has just divorced her fourth husband, and she says she means to quit marrying now, and live her own life. Clinton 's as nice a boy as ever. He doesn't come to the tables much; he says it 's rather lost its charm since he broke the bank two years ago. Clytie never comes, because her husband before last was the Hereditary Something of Casinoville, and she says it wouldn't be considered correct. Clinton has his aerop'ane here, and has taken me some trips; and oh! he 's given me such a dilly mascot!—a heart made of a large ruby. (That 's the best of a place like this; you may accept the *loveliest* things from people, and so long as they 're just called *mascots* it 's all right!) The first night I wore the ruby heart at the tables I took it for a tip, and sure enough there was a run on red, and your Blanche was a happy little woman!

Clinton and Clytie gave a freak lunch the other day. We all pretended we belonged to the submerged tenth, and tried which could talk most slang. Clinton was easily first with his "Tenderloin" patter. He was got up as a New York tough, and Clytie as a toughess. I went as an East-End Sally-girl, with a little shawl and an apron, and "fevvers." Bosh and Wee-Wee came as paupers. ("It 's only anticipating a little," Bosh said; "it 's what Wee-Wee's passion for roulette will soon bring us to!") Mélanie de Chateauvieux and her Comte (didn't I tell you they were here?) were Apaches, and after lunch they did an Apache dance that went with a bang.

Oh, m'amie, the sea and sky are so divinely blue to-day that, as I said when some of us were strolling on the Terrace just now, it 's enough to make even a *sensible* person a poet. "Yes," said Bosh, "the Mediterranean 's a very decent ocean; *most* people rave about it, though comparatively few can spell it. Wee-Wee wrote a poem about it when we were 'mooning in these parts ages ago; she put two d's in it, I remember."

Whom d'you think I met in the Rooms the other evening, my dear? *Professor Dimsdale*, who lectured to us at the "Fitz" on the Noumenon and was the first to teach us that nothing is a bit like itself! "Why, Professor," I said, "*you* in the playground! I thought you were always in school!" "Ah, dear lady," he answered, "I am not here as the rest of you giddy children are. I am studying the *Science of Chance;* and also, as a mental philosopher, observing the operation of expectation and disappointment on the human mind and countenance."

I simply *love* the way he talks; but when I repeated this to the others Bosh sniffed and said he 'd watched the Professor playing, "and he didn't seem to care twopence for the minds and countenances of the people round him; and as for studying the *Science of Chance* he was just playing in the ordinary way, using the commonest Martingale, and seemed gladder at winning and angrier at losing than anyone at the table!" But the men never *will* do justice to the dear Professor!



Sportsman (dismounting from lent horse, and delighted to find his second horse at hand after forty minutes of "the best"). "TELL YOUR MASTER THIS HORSE IS A 'RIPPER.' I NEVER HAD A BETTER RIDE."

Groom (newly imported). "BEDAD, SOR, I CAN SAY THE SAME OF YER OWN LITTLE MARE, FOR SHE'S JUMPED FINCE BY FINCE WID YE ALL THE WAY."

I hear that long waists and panniers are to be worn and that we're to keep our elbows close to our sides also; that a small, demure smile will be correct. I don't care for the prospect, and it's made Wee-Wee quite ill, for the Directoire was peculiarly *her* day out.

Ever thine,
BLANCHE.

ON OMENS (MEN'S AND WOMEN'S).

"SIR, Sunday last was the second anniversary of my daughter's birth, and I caught a fully-fledged butterfly, which is still alive and flourishing, in her bedroom. Butterflies are an unusual phenomenon at this time of the year, and I am curious to know what it signifies as an omen." *Daily Express.*

[IF we receive any more letters like the following they will be destroyed.]

DEAR SIR,—This is indeed a "year of anniversaries," and yesterday was the 86th anniversary of my grandfather's birth. He was very much perturbed because an exceptionally fat robin came and stared at him through the window for fully a minute and then flew away without a word. I would like to know if any of your readers have had a similar weird experience. H. L. SAMS.

21, Parsifal Mansions,
Turnham Green.

DEAR SIR,—Last Monday my little daughter was exactly a year old, and on going into the nursery what was my surprise to see a mouse disappear behind the skirting. My wife and I have neither of us ever seen a mouse in this room before (although we have had them in the kitchen), and we cannot help feeling that there is more in the incident than meets the eye. My little girl knows nothing about it and is up till now quite well. J. B. PHIBBS.

102, Tregarthen Road,
West Kensington.

DEAR SIR,—Seeing your interesting correspondence on "Omens," I thought your readers might like to hear my experience. Some time ago our cat presented us with kittens (triplets), two of which we had made up our minds to drown as soon as they were old enough to stand it. On the very day fixed for the carrying out of the sentence, my youngest boy, whose fourth anniversary it was, had a miraculous escape from wetting his feet in the Serpentine. Needless to say we took the hint and the kittens were spared, and we are now firmer believers in omens than ever.

HERBERT J. MINCHIN.

17, St. Swithin Street,
Edgware Road.

DEAR SIR,—My wife's mother is a great believer in omens and considers it especially lucky to see a donkey on her birthday. Her birthday was yesterday, and she saw a donkey on Westminster Bridge—although I was not with her at the time. Taking the Underground from there she inadvertently got into an "Ealing Non-stop" instead of an "Inner Circle." At Ealing the donkey brought her the usual luck, for she found a shilling on the platform, and she eventually arrived home, tired but triumphant, 7½*d.* to the good!

COLIN STRANGE SIMPSON.

Sa, Bella Vista Mansions,
Gloucester Road.

From a Calcutta advertisement sheet: "THE SLEING: made of pure India rubber. Patched with teakwood. Playmates for boys. Bird and dog may be hurt."

How well they understand boys in India.

From a purse calendar:—

"March 30 Sir J. Lubbock born.
April 30 Lord Avebury born."

We know nothing against March as a month for birthdays that it should be considered unworthy of a man when he reaches the peerage.

AT THE PLAY.

I.—"OUR MISS GIBBS."

NEVER was there a man more fortunate in the loyalty of his *clientèle* and his critics than Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES at the Gaiety. Let him give them pretty faces, pretty frocks, pretty scenes and pretty music, and they are very simple creatures to please. It doesn't matter if his author's ideas—such as the love of a budding Earl for a shop-girl—are as old as the everlasting hills; or, worse still, are six months behind the times, as in the reproduction of the White City, or the revival of the craze for amateur burglary. Are not the old favourites all there? Is not *Our Miss Gibbs* no other than Our Miss GERTIE MILLAR, who by any other name would be as sweet? Is not Mr. EDMUND PAYNE just himself again, though he may imagine that he is disguised in the local colour of a Yorkshire lad? Is not Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH, junr., as fatuous as ever? Do not the two admirable "sets"—Garrod's Stores and the Court of Honour at the White City—offer the old familiar liberty, to individuals and choruses, to behave in the foreground as they would be expected to behave in no conceivable spot in the universe? What more could one ask?

Of course you need to be an *habitué*, as I am not, to be in perfect touch with these conditions. Thus, though Mr. EDMUND PAYNE is always an irresistible figure and an incomparable humorist, I could not share the hilarity of the Pit over his opening pleasantries. But to them it made no difference what he said or did, so long as he said or did it. Then there is Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH, junr., with his established reputation for playing the sportsman of the silly-ass school. Yet to the cold eye of the comparative stranger there is something curiously unfunny in his methods. Still, I like his reserve; he never "presses" or pretends to be amused by himself. And he sings one song with a capital chorus in praise of music's power as demonstrated by the fiddler-conductors of Hungarian bands.

Miss GERTIE MILLAR, in the character of a Yorkshire lass, has a song with one most fascinating note in the music of the last line. But the best was a duet between her and Mr. EDMUND PAYNE on the charms of their Yorkshire farm, and nothing could be more moving than Mr. PAYNE's appeal to us to come and sample its beauties for ourselves.

I hope Mr. IMRÉ KIRALFY has been invited to see his White City, and that he had a better seat than mine—a chair in a passage, with a large section of the stage well out of my line of vision. Even from that coign of disadvantage I could see the gentleman who personated him under the thin pseudonym of *Mr. Amalfy*, and though I have never consciously beheld the great universal im-



A YORKSHIRE LASS AND LAD.
MISS GERTIE MILLAR AND MR. EDMUND PAYNE.

provisor in the flesh I cannot believe that this stage dandy did any justice to his miraculous gifts.

Enfin, a very passable evening's distraction for those who are in the vein and a comfortable stall. O. S.

II.—"AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOME."

An Englishman's Home is announced on the programme as "By a Patriot." I don't know if that gives everybody else the feeling of horror and shame that it gives me. A "Patriot" is generally defined as "a man who loves his fatherland." To wish to distinguish yourself from your fellows as a man who loves his fatherland; to wish to talk about your love for your fatherland to anybody—I cannot understand it. Has the man no secret places in his heart? And is there nothing that we may take for granted about him? How, I wonder, would he feel if he saw a play described as "By a Pure Woman"?

But this is to be old-fashioned. Of course I know really that in these days a "patriot" means simply "a man who believes that Germany could successfully invade England." Well, the author may be right to call himself that; yet I cannot see why he should wish to remain anonymous; for he has written a tremendous play, to which anybody might be proud to put his name. It is impossible to describe fully such a mixture of laughter and tears, throbs and thrills; unnecessary to give the bare outlines of the plot, seeing that all London knows by now that it deals with the invasion of this country by a foreign power. But it is only right to say that the author has presented his case for national service with such rare tact that the play would be void of offence even to the most violent anti-militarist.

Yet there was in my mind all the evening the feeling that the lesson was not so effective as it was meant to be. This, I think, was largely due to the fact that the Bad Young Man, vulgar but cheery, who spent his spare time watching football and deriding the Volunteers, was so delightfully human that one could not help being attracted to him; while the Good Young Man, who spent his spare time learning to defend his country, was such a stagey figure and made such conventional speeches that one was unconsciously repelled by him. Had the Good Young Man been cheery and companionable, and the Bad Young Man not only vulgar but unreal, then. . . . But the author, I fancy, was too scrupulously fair to take that advantage over his opponents.

Mr. LAWRENCE GROSSMITH plays the cheerful bounder *Geoffrey*, and I shall not attempt to express my admiration of his fine performance. It is tribute enough simply to have singled him out from the remarkably clever cast which interprets the play. I hope the compliment will not be weakened if as an afterthought I add a special word of praise for Mr. MAX LEEDS, who is delightfully funny as a Volunteer lieutenant. And this reminds me: *Geoffrey* is rightly held up to contempt for ridiculing the Volunteers in the First Act, and yet all through the Second and Third Acts the author is doing the very same thing himself!

Still, a wonderful play. Wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping.

P.S.—I almost forgot to say that from a military point of view, the most wonderful bit of work of the evening was the manner in which I found my way to Wyndham's in the fog. M.

"There is no institute of its kind in existence anywhere except the one in Paris. Thanks to the munificence of Sir Ernest Cassel the new one in London will be the finest in the world."

"Every year the all-round shooting of the Navy has improved, but never has it reached so high a level as at present."

These two extracts from *The Daily Chronicle* have an honourable place in our forthcoming book, *The Journalistic Touch; or Piling on the Praise.*

"As soon as he felt himself safe in the saddle, he virtually stepped into the Pope's shoes in Germany."—*The Englishman.*

A curious scheme of life this gentleman must have planned out for himself.



Retired Colonel (Indian Army, just arrived at small seaside town with an idea of settling there). "What kind of place is this?" *Cabby.* "Oh, it's a nice enough little place, Sir, but it's so overrun with they Anglo-Injun Colonels!"

CHAR-R-M.

Young Jenkinson seated in an armchair by the fire reading the evening paper, Young Mrs. Jenkinson seated on the hearthrug at his feet looking into the fire. They have been to see "What Every Woman Knows," and Young Mrs. J. has been very thoughtful all the way home.

Young Mrs. J. Oh! put that old paper down. How can you read an evening paper when you've just seen a play that makes you think?

Young J. Makes you think what?

Y. Mrs. J. That there's a good deal in what she says.

Y. J. What about?

Y. Mrs. J. About "Char-r-m." Don't you remember she said that, however plain a woman was, if she had *charm* her plainness didn't count, and however pretty she was if she hadn't *charm* her good looks didn't count either. And I was wondering if you knew any woman, for instance, who really had charm. (*Looks up at him sideways.*)

Y. J. (*putting down his paper and filling his pipe*). Let me see. Well, there's Kitty Creighton; I should say that soft, babyish way of hers is "charm." Shouldn't you?

Y. Mrs. J. Oh, dear, no! *That's* not charm, that's *silliness*. Kitty's very sweet, but that childish manner of hers is obviously put on, and *charm* must be natural and unconscious.

Y. J. Well, then, Mary Merrick, your hockey friend. There's something irresistible about her high spirits. Isn't that charm?

Y. Mrs. J. Good Heavens, no! No one in his senses could call Mary's rough, blunt manner *charm*. She's a ripping centre forward, but she hasn't got a vestige of *charm*, dear.

Y. J. Well, what about Mrs. Frank Woods? Isn't there charm about her smooth, caressing voice and quiet, deliberate movements?

Y. Mrs. J. My *dear!* Mrs. Frank Woods is quite a nice person, but she's got about as much *charm* as an Alderney cow.

Y. J. Then there's Tina Broadlands, with her original ideas and quick repartee. I think that's charm.

Y. Mrs. J. (*shaking her head slowly*). No — that's cattiness. There's no *charm* in always trying to be cleverer than anybody else.

Y. J. Well, you won't deny that Mildred Maxwell has charm. Look at all the men running after her.

Y. Mrs. J. Running after *her!* I should say it's the other way about, and if she catches one it will be the result of industry and perseverance, certainly not *charm*.

Y. J. Then the only remaining candidate is Young Mrs. Jenkinson. Has *she* charm?

Y. Mrs. J. I can't tell you that. The possessor of charm must be unconscious of it.

Y. J. But if I said that, in my opinion, she *has*, would you contradict me?

Y. Mrs. J. Darling, you know I *never* contradict you!

In a recent issue of *Punch* there appeared a paragraph in which, through an error of a correspondent, the authorship of a certain article in *The New Age* was attributed to Sir Henry Cotton. From a letter addressed to us by Mr. H. E. A. Cotton we learn that he, and not Sir Henry, was the author of the article. We beg to offer our best apologies to Sir Henry Cotton.

An applicant at the Croydon Court was advised to see the missionary the other day, the Clerk adding, according to a contemporary:

"If he thinks it a proper case we will have a warrant issued and the fishmonger laid by the heels."

As an alternative we would suggest that he might be laid by the h'oysters.

Making a Southerner of Him.

"Scot Wanted, Bags Supplied."—*The Scotsman.*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Patricia Baring (CONSTABLE) was a little Australian girl who began to keep a diary before she was nine years old. She kept it so well and spelled so correctly (even the long words) that, if you ask me, I think Miss WINIFRED JAMES, who also comes from the land of HILL and TRUMPER, kept it for her. In fact, the book reads as if it were largely composed of Miss JAMES'S reminiscences of her own (geographically) far-off childhood. It reveals a charming character and many pretty and pleasant thoughts. But, apart from the spelling difficulty, I don't believe that the earlier chapters could have been written by *Patricia* herself. Little pitchers may have long ears, but what runs in at one has fortunately a knack of promptly running out at the other. *Patricia* couldn't have remembered all those long conversations. When she is a little older she becomes more possible, and even more charming. If I had been a young man on the spot I should certainly have been at her feet with the rest of them. But think how difficult it is, artistically speaking, for a modest little woman like *Patricia* to tell us, in her own words, how clever and fascinating and pretty the young men found her. She (or Miss WINIFRED JAMES) has to adopt all manner of devices to keep up the illusion that she is ignorant of her own charms. And the devices are so transparent. They don't even take me in, and I am not nearly as intelligent as *Patricia*. The story ends on a painfully modern and tragic note, which is as though the last movement of a MENDELSSOHN symphony had been re-written by STRAUSS. Miss JAMES should avoid discords and the use of the first person singular if she wishes to fulfil the undoubted promise of *Patricia Baring* and *Bachelor Betty*.



Primeval Extortionist. "'ERE, WOT'S THIS?"

I commend *A Holiday Touch* (GEORGE BELL) to all budding story-writers in search of a model of the sort of thing that appeals to magazine editors on the other side of the Atlantic. A light touch—the holiday touch, in fact—Mr. CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS undoubtedly possesses. Gently satirical, mildly sentimental, or downright farcical (his own words, on which I dare not try to improve), his stories are always cheerful and generally amusing, even when they have a touch of pathos. I like best "The Unheard Wedding March." *Mariana Leighton* had waited so long at the nuptial altar for her husband that was to have been that at last all the wedding guests had stolen from the church, murmuring, like the other *Mariana*, "He cometh not." All, that is, save one, and he a stranger in the land. To him *Mariana* owned that this was the second time *Chauncey Haversham* had left her in the lurch. A week before, as she was dressing for the ceremony, a wire had arrived to say that he was unavoidably detained by a sudden invitation to see SARAH BERNHARDT act. *Mariana* recognised at once that the chance of seeing the great actress for nothing was too good to be lost. Besides, it might help him with his French. To-day, so he told her on his tardy arrival, he had simply forgotten his engagement, owing to a press of business at the office. But meanwhile the sympathetic stranger had been making hay rather quickly. "Mariana," he said—after a conversation of less than four hundred words, containing a definite proposal about half-way through—"May I call you Mariana?" "You have," was *Mariana's* terse but satisfactory reply; after which what chance for *Haversham* the Unready? The little story seems to me quite good fooling, delightfully typical of American humour and Mr. CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

A great part of Mr. R. P. HEARNE'S book, *Aerial Warfare* (LANE), is devoted to a very interesting and lucid exposition of aeronautical theory and practice, but the keynote is to be found in the sentence, "Already the German people have given to ZEPPELIN several hundred thousand pounds—invested the money in him, hoping that the speculation will give the necessary 'dividend.'" The dividend is the profit to be gained by giving Great Britain the best hiding she ever had, and, says Mr. HEARNE, "it is with a sickening feeling that the growing apprehension of impending war between Germany and England has to be admitted." Against our danger we have the cheering statement of Sir HIRAM MAXIM (who contributes an Introductory chapter) that in his judgment "balloons can never be of any real value either in peace or war." In which case, since Count ZEPPELIN is devoting his attention to dirigible balloons as distinct from aeroplanes (for which Sir HIRAM does see a future), Germany would seem to be backing the wrong horse. And it is further satisfactory to note that the old Roman *usque ad cœlum* principle of land-ownership is still in force, so that for the present if Germany should start flying over our heads we can have the law of her for trespass. Seriously, however, there is a great deal in Mr. HEARNE'S book which military authorities would do well to study.

Although the youthful hero of *The Adventures of Louis Blake* (WERNER LAURIE) tells his own tale, no charge of immodesty can be brought against him. Indeed, LOUIS BECKE has kept such a tight hold upon *Louis Blake* that I am not only convinced of the possibility of these adventures, but also have a pleasing sensation that one might oneself have taken a part in them without signal failure. "You would have found it quite easy, if you had ever lived in the South Sea Islands," *Louis* the Second seems to say, and I am prepared to believe him. I have to disapprove of LOUIS the First in one particular; for, after an amusing opening, I came (on page 18) to these ominous words, "I must now go back in my story for a space," and he does, and the space occupies sixty-four pages. For the rest, the book may be strongly recommended to boys, for it is full of life and the *joie de vivre*, and it contains incidents enough to satisfy the greediest appetite.

CHARIVARIA.

WHILE the decision which has been arrived at in South Africa as to the Capital is not a very satisfactory one, it is undoubtedly more practical than the proposal that Capetown should be the Capital on Mondays and Tuesdays, Bloemfontein on Wednesdays and Thursdays, and Pretoria on Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays.

* * *

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL declared at Nottingham that the Unionists have no policy on unemployment. Mr. CHURCHILL is mistaken. The Unionist policy is to provide unemployment for the present Government.

* * *

If the latest statement about the KRUGER telegram be correct, the KAISER'S plight is even worse than it was. Not only may he not send any telegrams in the future, but he is to be deprived of one already sent.

* * *

Mr. JACK BINNS, of the liner *The Republic*, has been dubbed "The Wireless Hero"; surely this appellation belongs by right now to Someone Else?

* * *

Poor Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE! His Budget difficulties increase. Last week some burglars stole from a Manchester post-office a safe containing £40 for paying Old Age Pensions.

* * *

Paris has spoken. Breadth instead of attenuation is to be the note of the new fashions, and stout ladies who, owing to their inability to wear Directoire costumes, have been in hiding in forests and on inaccessible mountains, are now flocking back to Town.

* * *

The War Office has now perfected its plans for providing hospitals for our home defenders in the event of invasion. We understand that kind-hearted enemies will now have less compunction in coming over.

* * *

The Berlin police have given permission to a German lady who has a moustache and whiskers to wear man's clothes as her appearance in female garb gave rise to public annoyance. Have we here, perhaps the Super-suffragette?

The fog again? Extract from *The Daily Mail* fashion page:—

NOVELTY OF THE WEEK.

Black "Chokers" for Evening Wear.

* * *

By-the-bye, a man who was charged with stealing a watch from an old gentleman during the recent fog put forward the disingenuous defence that the fog was so dense that he could not see what he was doing.

* * *

"Part of the ancient cathedral," we read, "has been discovered at the rear of a house in Priory Row, at a depth of ten feet." It seems a mean kind of theft.

* * *

In *The Nation's* advertisement columns "The Old Swan," Manchester, mentions as its chief attraction:—"Best and most reliable train information." And next week, we take it, we shall have a rival hostelry informing us that what it does not know about omnibuses is not worth knowing.

* * *

While playing a rapid passage last week at a recital in New York, PADEREWSKI split the nail of his right forefinger, and, according to *The World*, has made a claim for £1,000 against the Society in which he is insured. The effect of this will probably be that in future an agent of the Society will attend every performance, and will shout out, "Gently!" whenever the pianist shows signs of becoming excited.

* * *

Last week a correspondent wrote to *The Daily Mail* stating that "Naples, Rome, and Florence are about as safe as Clapham Common, and a great deal more attractive." We have now received a letter, too long for insertion, from "Claphamite," challenging the latter part of the statement.



"AND GRASPS THE SKIRTS OF HAPPY CHANCE."—*Tennyson.*

HOW THE BAD NEWS WAS MARRED.

"NEVER!" said Aunt Emily.

"Fact," said Miss Todd.

"A flat in Sloane Street and a motor!"

"M-m-m," nodded Miss Todd.

"But," objected Aunt Emily, "his salary *can't* be more than seven hundred and fifty."

"And then there 's the cottage in the country," chimed in Aunt Catherine.

"And the houseboat," added Miss Todd with a smile.

"Poor things, I pity them," said Aunt Emily.

"Had *she* any money?" asked Aunt Catherine.

Miss Todd said, "Why, she was only a country vicar's daughter, and one of twelve."

"Some people seem to be able to live on credit nowadays," remarked Aunt Catherine drily.

"And just think how she dresses!" sighed Aunt Emily.

"Isn't it foolish?" said Aunt Catherine.

"Mark — my — words!" said Miss Todd.

"The crash is bound to come," said Aunt Emily.

* * *

And then the crash came. I broke it to them that *he* had private means.

UNKNOWN SAYINGS OF THE WEEK.

(With apologies to the Daily Papers.)

MR. F. E. LACEY.—I am in a position to deny the report that Mr. CLEM HILL'S withdrawal from the Australian team is due to the refusal of the M.C.C. to allow his brother to field for him in Test Matches.

MR. VICTOR GRAYSON.—Procrastination is not the *only* thief of time.

MR. JUSTICE DARLING.—No (loud laughter).

MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.—I did not say that if I were a King I should change my name to Bernard Dotty. I think I should make an excellent King.

HER RETURN.

Being a wholly imaginative anticipation of the Proceedings at the Palace on the historic night.

IT has come at last, the long-desired evening, the evening of Her re-appearance. How long we have waited, but how rich our reward! Not only all the old dances that we love so much, the Biblical hornpipe as of old round that charming property from TUSSAUD'S, but new ones too, more convulsively spiritual, more devoutly delirious, more sacredly serpentine than ever.

Before the dancing began, an ode to the Artiste from the emotional pen of Sir ERNEST CASSEL was read by Sir JOHN FISHER, containing these memorable lines:—

"Barefooted Bacchanal, would that I were KIPLING,
To celebrate thy marvellous arm-rippling."

As She entered the theatre by the stage door, it might be stated here, more than 1,000 photographers blocked the way, some with cameras, others merely waiting to make appointments. She was also waited upon by a deputation of hosiers asking that in one dance, at any rate, she would wear stockings or their trade would be gone. The letters awaiting Her totalled 3,425, and there were 873 telegrams of congratulation. During the evening 114 floral tributes reached the theatre.

The new dances were four in number, and in them She personated in turn PHARAOH'S Daughter in her famous fandango known tastefully as the bull rush; JEPHTHAH'S Daughter in her final macabre Hebrew fling, on hearing of her father's vow and her own fate; URIAH'S wife in her *pas de liberté* after the battle; and JEZEBEL in her defiant tarantella before a waxen ELIJAH—all new and all marvellously restrained (not only in dress) and full of Scriptural tact.

What an evening!

Needless to say, every one was there; all the old admirers and many new: a portly and handsome Canon in his stall following every movement with all his accustomed reverence and rapture. "It was like reading the Bible by flashes of lightning," he said afterwards; the PRIME MINISTER in a private box; Mr. WALKLEY, inarticulate even in French or Greek in his ecstasy; and a deputation from the Bible Society. There were also all the critics, the AGENT-GENERAL OF CANADA, Sir GILBERT PARKER, M.P., and the Mayor of Frognal.

At the end of the turn the applause lasted fourteen minutes, and She was led on eleven times. Free restoratives were then distributed in the theatre, ambulances removed those admirers who were too far gone to remain any longer, and the programme proceeded. Late at night she was drawn to her residence at Frognal in a carriage from which the horses had been removed, the PRIME MINISTER, Mr. WALKLEY, Mr. ALFRED BUTT and a number of other ardent gentlemen taking their places. Never was such a triumph.

A DOG'S LIFE.

[According to an order which has just been issued, any dog found in the streets within the Metropolitan area unaccompanied by its master within one hour after sunset and one hour before sunrise will be liable to seizure by the police.]

YE brindled bulls and chow-dogs,
Ye poodles, poms and Skyes,
Ye bandied crew of Scotties too,
I summon you to rise.
It is the moment now, dogs,
To listen to my call,
Whether ye be of pedigree
Or no degree at all.

These bipeds in the manger
Threaten a fearful fate
To any hound that toddles round
The streets a little late.
Our liberty 's in danger;
Gay dogs must be unknown,
For after dark no canine spark
May wander forth alone.

No more, 'mid flying motors,
Shall we be free to work
The gutters where delicious fare
Is always sure to lurk.
The tasty tails of bloaters,
The cod-heads we adore—
These are delights at which o' nights
Our tails shall wag no more.

No more the midnight cabby
Shall raise his "Tally-ho!"
When Irish Pat rounds up the cat
That would a-wooing go.
Henceforward Tom and Tabby
May court at ease and gloat
O'er our grim doom who can but fume
To hear their wooin' o't.

No longer may a bow-wow
Fed up with fender joys,
Steal off to meet along the street
The rowdy-dowdy boys.
There 'll be a horrid pow-wow
Unless he 's pleased to stew
Beside the fire with no desire
To sow an oat or two.

Our masters mean to keep us
Cribbed in convention's pen,
Prim, *comme il faut*, until we grow
E'en duller dogs than men.
With bitter wrongs they heap us,
Regardless of our rights—
Each dog, they say, still has his day,
But we demand our nights.

"He has not forgotten that the young lion cub is spotted almost like a tiger."—*Daily Telegraph.*

Instead of being striped like a leopard.

BRIGHT SUGGESTIONS FOR DARK EVENINGS.

To make a Whatnot.—This is really a simple matter. Procure a piano-case and, having removed the piano, take to pieces. You will now have more than enough wood for your purpose, which you may proceed to carry out in accordance with your own ideas. Individualism should be the dominant note in your work. Having done it, varnish, and invite your envious friends to view your handiwork.

To make a Suit of Clothes.—Remove old suit. Take a bale of cloth and cut off bits and stitch them together until it fits. Add as many pockets as your requirements call for. Paste lining on inside of suit and cut hole at top to allow head to protrude. Many a good suit has been spoiled by neglect of this point. Complete with hat, boots and Ascot tie; these had best be purchased, and give a very dressy appearance.

To prepare a Coat of Arms.—The usual way to set about this task is to send a cheque to the Pursuivant of Fees, Family Herald's Office. This indefatigable official will send a beautiful Coat warranted to fit any person who does not care to appear in plebeian shirt-sleeves. You may, however, save expense by preparing the Coat yourself in the following manner. Take a few art lessons from a good ticket-writer, and on some mill-board draw a shield. Embellish this with suitable designs. For instance, if your family is extremely old (as no doubt is the case), draw a Flood; this makes a very nice quartering. Other effective designs, emblematic of your chief attainments and characteristics, are a case of fish-knives argent (athletic distinction), view of Boulogne (travel), entrance to local Polytechnic (the Arts), Wimbledon Common (military prowess)—and so on. Other themes will suggest themselves as you go on. Finish off with appropriate motto, such as *Solvitur Dorando*, or *Sapo Simianus togas non lavat.* The general effect is very pleasing.

A useful Reference Book.—Think of as many words as you can beginning with A, such as arquebus, Algernon Ashton, "Answers," and so on. There are many others. Write them down with suitable explanations, and proceed in this manner through the alphabet. Towards the end, your task will be rendered surprisingly easy by the fact that there are practically no words beginning with X, Y, or Z. There is money in this idea, for a reliable book of this kind would sell well, and many publishers would be glad to consider your MS. In any case you will have broken the monotony of bridge-playing and pantomimes.



THE NEAR-EAST PANTOMIME.

"THE FAIRY BRUINA; OR, THE IMPECUNIOUS TURK, THE RELUCTANT BULGAR, AND THE OUSTED AUSTRIAN."

THE FAIRY BRUINA. "LO, I DISPERSE THIS WARLIKE SITUATION:
FOR ME A MOST CONGENIAL OCCUPATION."

THE WAR DEMON. "I'D HOPED THE EAST IN BLOODSHED TO EMBROIL,
BUT THIS SMALL *CHEQUE* MY PLANS WILL *COUNTERFOIL*."



"OH! I DO LOVE 'EM IN THOSE HATS - MUFTIS THEY CALL 'EM."

BINNS OF THE "REPUBLIC."

[Mr. JACK BINNS, of the White Star liner *Republic*, declined the offer of an engagement at a New York music-hall at £200 a week in the following terms:—"I can't act. I'm a wireless operator, and I don't want to be made a tin god."]

BINNS, wireless operator, by fear of death undashed
When his liner with another in mid-Atlantic clashed,
Stuck to his job and did it for fourteen hours or more,
And proved the means of bringing several hundreds safe to shore.

BINNS, wireless operator, on touching Yankee soil,
The wiles of lion-hunters found it precious hard to foil;
For if he went to see a play they brought him on the stage,
And the practice of embracing him in public was the rage.

BINNS, wireless operator, continually threw
Cold water on his worshippers, but still the frenzy grew,
Till a music-hall proprietor, considering him a freak,
Came and offered an engagement at two hundred pounds a week.

BINNS, wireless operator, is not a millionaire,
But the loss of self-respect involved was more than he could bear,
So in spite of all the blandishments of BARNUM and his tribe,
He firmly but politely refused the tempting bribe.

BINNS, wireless operator, you simple British soul,
Whose name is worthy to be inscribed on Valour's golden scroll,
Most truly may your countrymen of your achievements say,
"*Tu saltem bene meruisti de Republicâ!*"

Commercial Candour.

From an Investors' Exchange circular:—

"We give advice free, and if no business results, no harm is done."

MONOLOGUES.

(Designed to anticipate and prevent talking on the part of shop-keepers and others.)

I.—THE BARBER'S SHOP.

Good morning. I want a shave, please. It is rather a chilly morning, but I do not think it will rain. I take no interest whatever in professional football or in horse-racing. Mind that spot. Neither you nor I know anything about the GERMAN EMPEROR. Your razor needs stropping; it may be a wonderful little razor, but it needs stropping. Spray and powder, but no alum block. I do not want a shampoo. Nor a singe, friction, or anything else that you do. I have no money to buy soap or razors. Good morning.

II.—THE HOSIER'S SHOP.

I want a collar measuring 16 by 2½, and only one. I don't care what reduction you make on half-a-dozen, I will not have more than one. I see you are about to say that you are bringing out a new line in shirts containing improved features suggested by your customers, but I tell you as man to man that I do not want any shirts. And further, I say to you solemnly that I will not be persuaded, cajoled, or bullied into buying any shirts. There is nothing more that I wish for now except to get out of your shop. I refuse to discuss the weather. How much? Thank you.

III.—THE DISTRICT RAILWAY BOOKING OFFICE.

Temple, and I don't want a guide to the country walks that can be reached by your railway, thank you.

IV.—THE TUBE LIFT.

Here is my ticket. I won't smoke and I'll stand clear of the gates.

THE MOUSE.

I THINK this story is going to be an apologue, because I have always intended to write an apologue, and something seems to tell me that I shall manage to do it this time. Of course I know that an apologue must have an application. In the old-fashioned sort there was never any mistake about the application. There couldn't possibly be two opinions as to what the man was driving at; and when you got to the end of the story you were quite comfortable. "Aha," you said to yourself, "that's a nasty one for the Socialists, that bit about the fox and the lion," or, "I wonder what the House of Lords will think about the crocodile and the swimmer; it's a fairly nasty knock." That, as I said, was the old-fashioned sort. But there's a new kind that has come in recently. It leaves you guessing. You can't quite make out whether the writer is having a hit at the GERMAN EMPEROR or only expressing some opinion or other about Miss CHRISTABEL PANKHURST or BERNARD SHAW. I don't say my apologue is going to be exactly of that kind, but it will be somewhere near it. You'll be able to apply it to anybody you like (or dislike, for the matter of that)—your coachman, your chauffeur, your housemaid, your wife, or the Chairman of the local branch of the Tariff Reform League. Anyhow, I may as well begin, and you can decide the rest for yourself later on.

There was once a mouse. I am not acquainted with its family history, for I only saw it, so to speak, from the outside, but it seemed a very amiable little mouse, confident and frisky, and as neat and quick as a mouse can be. It lived somewhere in the hinterland of the wainscoting in the dining-room, and sometimes, when the human family was at breakfast or lunch, it would suddenly pop out and glide along the floor, or even scale a side-table and dart about or pause for a moment, as if it had remembered some very important business that ought to be attended to. When they saw it the children stopped talking and held their breath, and then one of them would whisper, "There's our dear little mouse," and then with a quick flash the mouse had scurried off under the old grandfather's clock that ticked away for ever and ever so slowly and solemnly.

Now in this house there was a butler. His name was Black, and he had once been a dragoon. At present he was a very stout man, and you couldn't fancy him riding a horse, except, perhaps, one of the huge horses which used to draw the brewers' drays about the lanes. Mr. Black did not like mice. He had heard about this particular mouse, and he did what any other butler would have done. He decided that the mouse ought to be caught, and he got two traps and set them in the dining-room. This was in the morning before breakfast. There was a piece of cheese in one trap; the other had a scrap of bacon. I shouldn't have dreamt of touching either, but then mice are so different.

When the children came down to breakfast they immediately saw the traps, and they ran to the Lady-of-the-house and asked her what these funny machines meant. And the Lady-of-the-house said they were meant for a mouse. If the mouse got into one the trap would go snap and pin the mouse down very tight. "But will the mouse *like* that?" said the youngest child. And the Lady-of-the-house said "No; the mouse wouldn't like it at all;" and she took the two traps and sprung them, and then she opened the window and threw them both into some thick bushes that grew close by. And soon afterwards the mouse paid his morning visit, and was well received as usual.

Now when the butler came in to clear away the breakfast things he saw at once that the traps were gone. He looked for them under side-boards and tables, thinking a mouse might in its struggles have dragged each of them away; but of course he didn't find them—only made himself hot and angry. When he was angry his mind, curiously enough, always turned to the boy in buttons, who was his household slave. "That varmint of a boy," he said to himself, "has been up to his tricks again. He 's took orf the two traps to have some game of his own with them." Then he went into the pantry, where he found the boy, and taxed him with taking the traps and converting them to his own use. The boy poured himself out in honest denials, but Mr. Black was not to be mollified. He said it was a clear case, and he took his old razor-strop from its hook and applied it not at all lightly to the boy, who wriggled and protested, but all in vain. "If they 'd given you more of this sooner," said Mr. Black, "I shouldn't have to trouble with you now."

In the meantime the old mother-cat left her six-weeks-old kitten in the kitchen, and, proceeding along the passage made her way into the dining-room. She also had heard of the mouse, and her decision had been the same as the butler's, though she was accustomed to work without traps. She paused on the hearthrug to arrange her toilet. Then she crouched low, her eyes gleamed, she flicked her tail from side to side and made a swift spring. There was a tiny squeak, and the cat said, "I 've got him," or cat-words to that effect.

Listen, however. The kitten, a pertish youngster, had issued from its basket and had, after an interval, followed its mother into the passage, where it stopped to reconnoitre by the pantry-door. It was at this moment that Mr. Black, having finished his strop-swinging, came out flushed but triumphant. He did not see the kitten; the kitten failed to avoid him, and the butler's foot descended heavily on the little animal. With a shrill squawk of terror and pain the kitten extricated itself, and Mr. Black, impeded in his stride, lurched to the ground. The cat heard the sound of her offspring's woe. She dropped the mouse and raced to help. The mouse, more frightened than hurt, dragged itself to safety, and the Lady-of-the-house, coming suddenly into the passage for a consultation with the cook, found the butler prostrate on the floor.

Now the only person who was thoroughly pleased was the boy—and he had had the strop. The cat wasn't pleased; the kitten was far from pleased; the mouse had escaped, but there was no pleasure about it; the butler had suffered in his dignity; and the Lady-of-the-house was amused, but puzzled, for she knew that the hole in-the-carpet alleged by the butler did not exist.

"Silly old fathead," said the boy, "that 'll teach him to come his strop-games over me."

OUR SWEEP.

Like other sweeps, when starting his career,
He early learned the motto of his trade;
He saw it at the entrance, well displayed,
"Abandon soap, all ye who enter here!"
And judging by his looks it would appear
He read the grim commandment and obeyed,
For still his face grows darker, shade by shade,
More manifestly sable, year by year.

He rises early and is moved to song,
This much he has in common with the lark;
Thereafter the resemblance isn't strong,
For any one who hears him may remark
His notes are few in number and belong
Midway between the bellow and the bark.

"George Gray, jun., recently made 464 off the red ball."—*The Daily Mail.*

It must have been this player who recently lost the red and made 101 off the white.

LEARNING MADE LUCRATIVE.

[*With apologies to "The Evening News."*]

☛ START READING HERE ☚

This is Where it begins.

We have decided to award no fewer than 100 scholarships to our boy and girl readers (either sex), children of newsagents alone excepted.

The scholarships will entitle the lucky little winners *and* the unlucky little losers to go in for any profession they like—the Church, the Law, Army and Navy Stores, Post Office, Bee-keeping, River Police, &c., &c., thereby relieving their parents of their presence at home, and obtaining a huge start in the Marathon race of life.

There is, of course, a sort of preliminary examination, but if you can spell "accommodation" and words like that there is nothing to fear. Filling up the Voting Coupons is the principal thing.

N.B.—No son, daughter, mother, employee or other impedimenta of a newsagent can be a candidate.

WE WANT SUBSCRIBERS

to have all the benefit.

A voting coupon will appear in this paper every day after Feb. 29th, *but not till then.*

On that day full particulars of the preliminary examination will also be published.

Every reader (barring newsagents) has a vote.

3 years' subscription entitles you to ...	2,000 votes.
6 years' subscription entitles you to ...	4,000 „
12 years' subscription entitles you to ...	8,000 „
15 years' subscription entitles you to ...	10,000 „ and a medal.

The position of the leading candidates will be published every day. It will crowd out a good deal of matter which we would otherwise have to pay for, but we will willingly do this for the sake of our little scholars.

When the subscription is paid, the candidate's name will immediately be entered on the register of candidates for the preliminary examination.

☛ THERE IS NO FEE FOR THUS REGISTERING A CANDIDATE'S NAME.

The scholarships will of course be awarded to the candidate obtaining the most votes, and any candidate can of course vote for him or herself.

No newsagent can be a voter—at least he must give up being a newsagent first.

No boy or girl need hesitate to enter this novel competition on the score of ignorance.

IT 'S MONEY THAT COUNTS.

N.B.—No girl, woman, or other female engaged to (or by) a newsagent is eligible for the competition.

Fuller particulars next week, but

GET YOUR MONEY READY NOW.



Mother. "Why, Ethel, you mustn't be sad on your birthday. What is it?"

Ethel. "Well, Tommy 'll be eight next month, and then he 'll be a year older than me again, and I 've tried so hard to catch him up."

"Old Reader.—Yes, a man who works down a coal mine is called a collier."—*Sheffield Daily Telegraph.*

To think of the years and years "Old Reader" has been taking in the paper and wondering whether he dared ask this question.

"I myself a week ago jumped on a car at Somerset House and had alighted at Temple-avenue before I realised that I had not paid my penny."—*Daily News.*

Quite right; the fare is a ha'penny.

From the prospectus of an Indian conjurer:—

"An attractive sight and strange to see that is done through mesmerizm and magic—
How, to hold the firing bullet by the hand—
To mention the secret after feeling the pulse—
To Break the watch into pieces and to show it again in the same state."

We have always felt that we could do the last without any trouble.

Things you Ought to Know.

"A Jemadar of the Zhob levy corps has deserted from the Saradarga post with 22 sowars. The Jemadar is a Jogezai Kakar."—*Reuter's Telegram.*

This is indeed a painful surprise. The very last thing we suspected the Jemadar of being was a Jogezai Kakar. Even now it may not be too late for him to withdraw.

DISCIPLINE FOR SERVANTS.

DEAR Mamma's plan for disciplining her servants was not a success. It was a good plan, but we never had the proper kind of servant.

The idea came to Mamma when first the new Workmen's Compensation Act came into operation. She took out a policy against July 1st, and said it was a splendid opportunity to begin an entirely new *régime* in kitchen control.

Up to then, as dear Mamma said when outlining the scheme, she had no *hold* over the servants—no way of punishing them. Her plan was a combined system of punishments and rewards. Each servant, in addition to her regular wages, was to receive—if entitled thereto, as Mamma said—five shillings a month Conduct Money. Every time a maid incurred Mamma's displeasure a small fine would be inflicted and deducted from the five shillings.

Mamma was most enthusiastic about it. She went to the stationer's and bought a little note-book bound in red leather. On the cover she had stamped in gold lettering:

CONDUCT REGISTER.

At the head of the first page was printed

COOK-GENERAL.
FINES.

And halfway through the book

HOUSE-PARLOURMAID.
FINES.

Two new servants came in just then, and dear Mamma explained the system to them and showed them the book. They were very pleased, and the cook-general told Mamma it would "fairly keep her on the 'op." Though rather vulgarly put, that, as dear Mamma said, was the right sentiment, and she expressed the belief that her servant troubles were at last at an end.

A rough scale of fines was agreed upon—one penny, for example, for each minute late. Papa said that was a bit steep, but dear Mamma said: "If discipline is not discipline, what is it?" Papa said: "I leave it to you, partner," and went to bed. This was the first night of the new *régime*.

The servants overslept themselves next morning and came down an hour late.

Dear Mamma was very distressed about it. You see, sixty minutes at a penny a minute is five shillings, and there was the whole Conduct Money gone at one fell swoop. A conference was held in the kitchen, and dear Mamma, on emerging, announced that the iron rod of discipline had been temporarily relaxed. She had most kindly agreed to overlook the offence, and a fresh start was to be made.

That was at half-past nine.

At a quarter to twelve, while running blithely down-stairs, dear Mamma put her foot on the dustpan, carried away a rack of Zulu assegais in a wild clutch to save herself, and sat down very abruptly indeed.

There is no need to repeat what she said to the house-parlourmaid, but she ended up by saying, "And your whole five shillings is gone—*Gone!* understand that clearly!"

If you will believe me, the girl went upstairs, put on her hat and jacket, and walked straight out of the house!

Rather to dear Mamma's surprise—for it is her experience that servants always combine together against the mistress—the cook-general quite took her part over this unfortunate incident. She said that Mamma was well rid of the house-parlourmaid, because the girl had been very rude behind dear Mamma's back about her good conduct money, and had said she would demand it at the end of the month whether she earned it or not. The cook-general went on to say that for her part she would much better appreciate the scheme if Mamma would give her her five shillings now. She said it would seem much more like a reprimand to her if she actually had to hand over a fine than if she were deprived of money she had never so much as seen.

Partly because there seemed something in this theory, and partly because she was afraid the cook-general might object to being single-handed, dear Mamma agreed, and gave the five-shillings—also permission to pop out and post a letter to a friend who might be willing to take the vacant situation.

"The girl is a treasure," said dear Mamma, as she watched her turn the corner with the letter in her hand.

At half-past eleven that night two policemen brought her to the house quite incapable. It was most wretched. Of course we could not have her in, and she was taken to the police-station.

We had never lost two servants quite so quickly before, and Papa said it was all through the Conduct Money scheme, which hurt dear Mamma very much. She said that with such wretched servants it had not had a fair trial, and when the next maids came in she explained everything to them and started it again.

At the end of the month fourpence was due to the cook-general and a penny to the house-parlourmaid. They were very rude about it, and actually refused to take their rewards. Dear Mamma, however, talked them over, carried forward the fourpence and the penny, and they promised they would set themselves not to lose a farthing during the coming month.

Dear Mamma had hardly left the kitchen when the cook-general dropped and broke a plate.

Mamma turned back. "Ah, Mary, Mary," she said with a kind smile, picking up the conduct-register, "that's threepence."

"Ho! is it? Well, that's sixpence," said the girl, and deliberately dashed a second plate on the floor!

The fine for rudeness was a shilling, but dear Mamma thought it best not to enter it just then. The way in which things mounted up after that was extraordinary. Dear Mamma just entered them as they came, but in adding them up she found to her horror that the cook-general owed her £1 3*s*. 7*d*., and the house-parlourmaid owed her 19*s*. 11½*d*.

It was while dear Mamma was explaining this to Papa and begging him for once in his life to go in and speak to the servants that there came from the kitchen a loud crash followed by terrific screams.

We rushed in, and there was the cook-general executing a fascinating little dance on one leg round and round the table. She collapsed on a chair presently, and then it appeared that she had upset the kettle and scalded her foot. The doctor said it was trifling, but she said that a very similar shock, only not quite so bad, had killed her aunt, and that for months and months the mere sight of a kettle would set her all of a tremble.

We sent her home, and then the young man from the insurance company, after interviewing her, came to see us. Dear Mamma and I watched him go jauntily down the drive, and then Papa came in. Papa's lips were flecked with foam. He could hardly speak.

"Whatever is it?" dear Mamma cried.

"It's this Conduct Money of yours," stormed Papa, using a regrettable adjective. "On the policy I said the girl's wages were £1 10*s* a month, but she tells the Company she was receiving £1 15*s*., and the Company is going to repudiate the claim! Of all the——!" and so on.

Our case comes on next week. Dear Mamma is living with her mother and Papa is preparing to file his petition in Bankruptcy.

According to *The Times* there is now on view at 167, Piccadilly, "a fine mounted hippopotamus." But it does not say who is the rider. Can Mr. G. K. C—— have taken to the saddle?

Making the Beautiful yet More Beautiful.

"Lady knits lovely gentlemen's silky ties."—*Hearth and Home.*



SWEET MEMORIES.

Pension Enquiry Officer. "HAVE YOU EVER BEEN IN THE HANDS OF THE POLICE?"

Applicant. "WELL—ER—SIR, YOU SEE I USED TO BE A COOK! GIRLS WILL BE GIRLS! BESIDES, IT WAS A GOOD MANY YEARS AGO, AND HE WAS A SERGEANT!"

WHAT EVERY GOLFER KNOWS.

Gone are my accustomed jolly,
Dimpling smiles, and in their place
Ugly lines of melancholy
Play the mischief with my face;
No, I do not mourn a folly,
Nor a merited disgrace,
Fortune has not handled me severely,
Scandal has not soiled my precious name,—
Worse, far worse than either, I am clearly
Off my game.

Drives are pulled or sliced to blazes,
Putts are off the line and short,
With each shot my mashie raises
Turf enough to build a fort;
Till the caddie-boy betrays his
Wondering pity with a snort,
And I burn with thoughts I dare not utter,
And I long to seize him by the head,
Treat him as a ball, and with my putter
Lay him dead.

Courage! Shall a pilule shatter
My established mental state?
Rather it (I mean the latter)
Shall in trouble prove me great;
Courage! Mind is more than matter;
Man is master of his fate;
Boldly will I smite the ball, and slam it
Whizzing to the middle of next week;
Mind is more than——There, I've only
(Bother!)
Smashed my cleek!

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Steak farci.—Procure some new bicycle tyre (it *must* be new) and apply heat until it is the right colour. Stuff with comic snips; add laughing gas to taste, and serve with suitable facetiæ. This simple dish will cause the greatest merriment among your guests.

Mock Duck.—Purchase good-sized duck at a respectable toy-shop, remove cog-wheels and immerse in boiling water until ready. Employ a ventriloquist to quack while the meal is in progress. This is a capital dish for informal gatherings.

A nice Sandwich.—Take a loaf of bread (any kind of loaf will do), bisect it and insert some watercress. A capital dish for bazaars and charity dinners.

Poor Man's Pie.—Throw a stone through pastry-cook's window and secure nearest pie. Then run very fast. Eat while running, and deposit dish anywhere convenient.

Haggis.—Take the viscera of any Celtic animal and, having desiccated same, enclose in cheese-cloth. Serve with bagpipe accompaniment and references to BURNS. Many a pleasant party has been made to "go" in this way.

From *The New Reformer* (Madras):—

"At such times of self-renunciation in our own life, it is only supreme renunciation that appeals to us; and anything short of that, we feel, would be an inadequate support and stay for the soul. George Eliot realised this fact, and in the 'Milk on the Floor,' where life goes very hard with her heroine and all the world seems against her, the novel represents Maggie Tulliver as turning . . ."

A new reform indeed; and what a mess it makes of the old index joke, "'Mill on Logic,' 'Ditto on the Floss.'"

"We congratulate Capt. Sandys on having added his name to that noble band of intrepid navigators who have circumvented the globe."—*Weston-super-Mare Gazette.*

Other intrepid navigators simply take in *The Evening Standard.*



AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION.

Farmer (to lad put to ploughing for the first time.) "WHAT ON EARTH BE AT, MESSIN' ABOUT ALL OVER THE PLACE LIKE THIS?"

Farm Lad. "WULL, YOU TOLD I TO LOOK AT SUMMAT AN' GO STRAIGHT TO IT, AN' I BIN TRYIN' TO FOLLER THIC THER COW TILL I BE TIRED, AN' NOW I BE WAITING FOR 'ER TO LIE DOWN!"

RESCUES FOR THE RICH.

For souls as blithe as birds in May,
Whose balance at their bank is such
That, if the business burst to-day,
The news would not excite them much,
How sad to see our millionaires
Pursue the treadmill of their cares
And lose the cream of life in Mammon's clutch.

These have not felt the scorn for bills
That comes of being stony-broke;
They cannot taste the calm that fil's
The coster as he flogs his moke;
The deep imperishable bliss
Of writing deathless verse like this
Is not for them—nor that of carting coke.

But should we scorn our fellow-men
Merely because their lot is woe,
And leave them unassisted when
They pine for succour? 'Goodness, no,
The wail of outcast plutocrats
In marble halls with Persian mats
To honest British hearts is bound to go.

Is there no high-strung altruist,
Devoid of words and windy sham,
To lead a small subscription list
And all these welling tears to dam:
To found a farm or outdoor home
Where kings of trade may till the loam
And feed on turnip-tops and bread-and-jam?

Far from the gilded haunts of wealth,
There they might live in joy untold,
And doubtless benefit their health
By long communion with the mould;
While I'd be glad (since love ordains
Self-sacrifice for others' gains)
To ease them of the burden of their gold.

A waiter in the Folkestone hotel referred to in a recent number of *Punch* writes to say that the hotel motto, "*Semper Idem*" does not mean, as we thought, "Mutton Again," but "No Change."

"Lawson launched a large piece of time and saved the boy."

It is well known that a piece of time saves nine, and this boy was only six.



BRITANNIA'S VALENTINE.

THE DAILY PAR.

(*With acknowledgments to the ingenious Office Window of "The Daily Chronicle."*)

A propos of the new patriotic play, it is interesting to note that "An," the first word of its title, *An Englishman's Home*, is by no means an unusual article. Quite a number of successful plays, and a few failures, too, have had "an" in them. Queen An, as this writer observed at a luncheon party at his Club yesterday, is thus by no means dead.

***

To call oneself "A Patriot," as the author of *An Englishman's Home* does, is not, by the way, a new departure. There have been Patriots before. A book entitled *This Little Isle*, published in 1835, a copy of which lies before the writer, is attributed to "a patriot," and it is generally understood that the poet CLOSE once wrote a pamphlet under that interesting pseudonym. The great days for jokes on the subject are, however, over; but there was a time when every disturbance in Ireland was wittily called a Pat riot.

***

The author of *An Englishman's Home* has not the same reasons for shunning publicity as had JOHN HOME, the author of the play which gave rise to the patriotic ejaculation, "Whaur 's your WULLIE SHAKSPERE noo?" who might be called the Scotsman's Home. Men who take pseudonyms have various reasons for doing so; not the least of which is that they do not want to be known. But "A Patriot" has been found out already.

***

The success of *An Englishman's Home* cannot fail to recall to the minds of many of our readers the *furore* caused a few years ago by the publication of a not dissimilarly-entitled work, *An Englishwoman's Love Letters*. That, too, by a strange coincidence, was anonymous, but it turned out to be the work, not of a major in the Army, but a gentleman of letters. The coincidence goes further than at first sight one would think, for what is an Englishman's home but his house? and the author of *An Englishwoman's Love Letters* was a Mr. HOUSMAN.

THE KING OF THE CASTLE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—My poor, dear Papa went mad last Wednesday. When he and Mamma went up to the theatre in the evening he seemed all right, but on Thursday morning he was a different man. After breakfast he told us to keep our places. I thought he was going to begin family prayers again, as he usually does early in the year. But instead he told us that an Englishman's house was his castle, and that while we had neither moat nor drawbridge we must see to it that our castle was defended from the invader. He was awfully solemn, and added that at least it should be said of his house that it was defended—to the death, if need be; and that made Phyllis cry.

We soon discovered that Papa thought that the house was about to be surrounded by foreign soldiers. I don't know where he got it from—I could see nothing about it in the paper. Instead of going to the City he went up to the High Street and bought a rusty old gun from a second-hand shop, and the ironmonger's boy came with a truckful of barbed wire. All the afternoon Papa made Norman and Peter help him to hammer stakes in the lawns and flower-beds round the house, while Phyllis and I were told to look at the gun and try to master its mechanism—for even the girls, he said, had a part to play. The gun was very rusty and wouldn't work, and we made our hands in a fearful mess without finding out anything. And the two boys, besides hammering their thumbs, got muddy and hot and cross.

The next morning Papa woke the boys at six, and made them go out on to the lawn to drill. Norman had the gun, and Peter a broomstick, because he is so little. They came in to breakfast crosser than ever. In the evening they had to take the barbed wire and stretch it between the stakes—constructing entanglements, Papa called it. It was left out all night, and next morning, after drill, they took it all in again, only to repeat the thing all over again at night. That has gone on ever since, and their clothes and hands are in a fearful state because of the spikes. Norman is so cross because Papa won't let him have any cartridges until he is sixteen, and says that for the present he must practise putting the gun to his shoulder and aiming.

Every now and again Papa takes Phyllis and me into a corner, and says we must be brave, and show stout hearts, and stand by the men to help them all we can. He has made us sleep in the back attic, which he calls the West Watch-tower, where, he says, I am to practise watching. Phyllis gets so frightened, she can't sleep. And on Saturday, being a half-holiday, we had barricading practice, which meant dragging the furniture across all the doors and windows, and piling it up as high as we could.

Mamma looks so anxious and puzzled about it all. What do you think it means? Is it serious, and will it last, do you think?

Yours affectionately,

JOAN TRASKELL.

Lashgrove Lodge, Streatham.



LORD DALMENY *sings*:—"I'M FOLLOWING IN FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS,
YES, I'M FOLLOWING THE DEAR OLD DAD!"

LITERARY HELP.

SOME of our contemporaries, taking compassion on the literary aspirant in his difficulties, are prepared to furnish him, by way of help, with a candid criticism of his efforts. So good an example is worthy of imitation, and to-day we offer the following comments on MSS. that have been submitted to us:—

JOHN MILTON.—You seem to have a certain facility in turning out blank verse, but your poem *Paradise Lost* is insufferably long, and full of wearisome classical allusions. We feel sure that no editor would accept it. And yet there are ideas in the poem. You might, we think, have made a good deal more of *Adam's* first meeting with *Eve*. The piece, too, would be greatly improved by the use of suitable headlines, such as

> Was it Love at first sight?
>
> Interesting Story of how the First Man met the First Woman.
>
> Was Eve a Suffragette? (N.B.—This last headline, though irrelevant to the poem, would be sure to prick the public attention in these troublous days, and we cannot too strongly insist that the only test of a work is its selling capacity. This is a point too often overlooked by beginners like yourself.)

No, we do not think you have enough ability to win a Limerick prize.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.—Your play *Hamlet* is not without merit; there are indeed passages in it of which no practised hand would be ashamed, and we have little doubt that, if you persevere, you will in time write stuff good enough for the provincial stage. What we especially like about this little effort is that there is plenty of blood in it. We suggest that you cut out all the soliloquies, and tone the language up more.

ROBERT BURNS.—There is no demand for the Scotch dialect poem: even the Scotch dialect story has gone out of fashion. Your only chance of success would be to have a few of your efforts set to music, and then forward them to your countryman, HARRY LAUDER, in the hope of his bringing them out at the Halls. You seem to have a leaning towards sentimental verse: you might develop this vein, taking as a model *In the Twi-Twi-Twilight*.



THE TORTURE OF THE RACK.

FRANCIS BACON.—The public does not read essays. If you aspire to be a leading-article writer, you must acquire a snappier style. No, we do not allow that anyone can be the author of another man's plays. To be the author of a work, one must have written it oneself.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.—Your story *The Vicar of Wakefield* is exceedingly tame, and we do not think any editor would take it. The public is more interested in burglars and detectives than in vicars. But you are capable of improvement, both in style and plot. Study the works of the late GUY BOOTHBY and *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab*.

PERCY B. SHELLEY.—Your lines are very fair, but you are by no means happy in your choice of subjects. You must study the popular taste more. The public does not want Laments: you should give them something in the style of *Put me among the Girls*. You would perhaps do better in prose. Why not try your hand at a football story for the magazines?

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.—Do not be discouraged though your efforts have so far met with rejection. Have you read the verses, *Will you love me in December as you do in May?* Take these as a model: we think you are quite capable of rising to this level... Yes, a really good coster song, witty and up-to-date, would be sure of acceptance.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.—We have glanced through your *Rasselas*. You appear to have set out with a very hazy idea as to whether you would write in English or Latin, and the result is a grotesque mixture. Before beginning a work, it is always well to decide what language you will write it in.

ROBERT BROWNING.—We should not advise you to write songs for the music-halls. Your style is not directenough to get home on the public's heart.

"Well-concealed entrenchments are mentioned as becoming more evident every day."—*Western Morning News*.

This is not another joke against the Volunteers by a Major in the Regular Army, but an extract from the *Western Morning News*' summary of Instructions issued to the Aldershot Command.

"Author of dramatic and successful serials wishes to meet publisher willing to consider same."—*The Athenæum*.

Perhaps he would consider the publisher best by making no reference to his serials when they meet.



"INSULT OR INJURY."

First Farmer. "WHAT FOR DO YE ALL GO RIDIN' OVER THE MIDDLE OF THAT FIELD? VARMER LIKE YOU OUGHT TO KNOW IT WOR YOUNG SEEDS."
Second Farmer (with old score to work off). "LAW BLESS US, ZO IT BE! WELL NOW, I COULDN'T ZEE UN FUR DANDELIONS."

TYING THE WHITE TIE.

(BY THE COLONEL.)

MORE matches, I suppose, are won and lost through correct or faulty manipulation of the neckwear than through success or failure in any other department of the costume; and in response to numerous appeals from my readers, I have drawn up some rules which, with a little practice, should enable the ordinary amateur to obtain a fair modicum of proficiency in this difficult stroke.

Choice of Implement.—Select a tie with a fairly whippy shaft (the stiff kind supplied by so many laundries are impossible for a beginner) and a large head; you may please yourself as to the amount of bulge, but in any case the blade should be capable of being passed through a two-inch ring.

The Stance.—Plant both feet firmly on the floor in front of the mirror (which should be full length), turn the toes slightly inward, loosen the knees, and let the whole body be as supple as possible.

The Up-swing.—Tie a double slip-knot and take the left-hand end slowly backwards over the right shoulder, keeping your eye firmly fixed on the underneath side of the head of the collar-stud, and your hands well away from the body; at the top of the swing the blade of the tie should be parallel with the ground, and one foot slightly lifted. Always remember that what the up-swing has been, the down-swing will be, and never lose sight of the stud.

The Down-swing.—Keeping the left shoulder slightly tucked in, throw both arms away, loop the two ends, knot firmly, and come well through with the body. If you have followed my instructions carefully a beautifully long straight cravat will be the result, probably halfway to the pin. Never mind a few failures. Rosin the hands well, alter the stance a little, re-adjust the links, and start again.

Territorial Forethought.

"The Commanding-officer invites all members of the detachment to a supper at the Lyn Valley Hotel; dress, uniform, without belts."—*Devon and Exeter Gazette.*

THE PAGEANT MASTER SPEAKS.

MR. PUNCH'S Pageant having come to a close, he takes this opportunity of thanking his many friends for assisting, not only by their loans of articles of interest, but also by their presence in such numbers, in making the Exhibition so memorably successful.

"Exmouth are due to receive a visit from Exmouth, but though a stubborn game is assured, if Exmouth can reproduce the form they displayed against Albion last Saturday, there should be no doubt as to which way victory will go."—*Western Morning News.*

In spite of this, however, we are inclined to pin our faith to Exmouth.

The following testimonial is circulated by an Indian sports stores, and has led, we understand, to a huge increase of business:—

"Dear Sirs, The balls were ordinary and I think they were not much below their class for the price paid for them. The Solution was not very bad either."

GLASS WITH CARE.

THIS is the story of how I sent some real German glass from Berlin to England through the German parcels post.

It doesn't sound exciting. But wait.

It started with a letter from my sister.

"... And, oh! I have heard they make very good glass in Germany, and now while you are in Berlin you might get me some real German ware to add to my collection ... the real bottle-green, mind."

So, of course, I had to. There was a shop in the Leipzigerstrasse that had "January Sale on account of Death," in the window, so I went there, secured an assistant, and she showed me some glass.

"Is it expensive?" I asked.

"Oh! yes, very expensive. For the Mister sees it is the very best glass."

"I wouldn't mind if you showed me something a little cheaper, you know," I hinted.

"And yet the Mister is an Englishman, *nicht wahr?*" Her opinion of our race sank considerably. But she showed me some more.

The price was certainly less than the first, and there were plenty of people buying it; and as I know nothing about glass I decided to have some too.

"I will take a cup and saucer, and a glass," I said.

"Pay at the desk, please."

It was easy enough to pay at the desk, but quite a different matter to get one's goods afterwards. Behind the delivery counter five men—in uniform, of course—were wrapping up and handing the articles that had been sold to an excited crowd struggling in front of them. In the course of time I was forced by pressure from behind against the counter, and there I held on and watched. It was most interesting, especially as a mathematical exercise. On an average seven articles were handed in to the men every ten seconds; on an average each man handed one article out every ten seconds. Thus in an hour's time there would be 720 people in front of this counter waiting for their purchases. It was now eleven, the shop closed at eight; so at closing time there would be 6,480 people waiting. Really it was *extremely* interesting. Now, allowing that the sale lasted thirty days—but here one of the men snatched the receipt from my hand, wrapped the cup and the saucer and the glass up in a piece of tissue-paper and flung them into my arms. My hold on the counter being loosened the lady behind, whose resolution had thrust me into my advantageous position, flung me out and occupied it herself.

So that was all right. All I had to do now was to get a box, put the glass in, and post it. It sounded easy, but in Germany one never knows. . . . I went into one of the large *Warenhause*, where they sell everything from a white elephant to a cardboard-box—no, not to a cardboard-box, for I asked the doorkeeper after I had sought the right department in vain, and it appeared they did not sell such things.

"... But if the Mister buys something, he will be given a cardboard-box," he ended magnificently.

So I went into the toy department and bought a doll which I didn't really want just then, and with it the necessary box.

And now I only had to post it. Only!

I went into a post-office. They are annoying things, German post-offices, for there are a lot of little windows, each for a different purpose, and you have to find out which is the window you want.

But this time I discovered the parcels receiving window at once. There was a nasty-looking man behind it—the sort of man who would score off you if he could.

"I want to send this to England," I said.

"What is it?" he snapped.

"Samples without value," said I. Most parcels you send to England are that, and if they are not, they are—— But you shall hear.

He took it somewhere into the back of his den, and after a little while returned and barked, "No, it 's not."

"Then it 's a packet of value," I said. (That was what I was going to tell you just now.)

"No, it 's not," he barked again.

"Oh, very well, then you have me. I give it up. Call it what you like, but send it to England."

"*Ausgeschlossen*," said he, and shut his window with a bang. I knew what *ausgeschlossen* meant. It means you can't smoke a pipe in a smoking carriage. It means you can't go into a free museum without fetching a free ticket from a place three-quarters of a mile away. It means you can't walk on the left-hand side of the pavement even when it 's the shop side and you want to look at the shops; or it means you can't walk on the left-hand side of the pavement even when it isn't the shop side and you don't want to look at the shops. *Ausgeschlossen* means a lot of things like that. So I didn't try to fish him out of his lair again. I could see he had taken a dislike to my parcel from the first. I resolved to work it off on someone who could view it with an open mind.

At the next post-office the parcels department was fronted completely by glass, and one could see everything that went on behind. There was rather a nice old man at the window. That is, he looked nice.

"I want to send this to England. It 's samples without value," I said.

He took it and weighed it, and had a chat with another man there about it, and then he came back and said, "I 'm sorry; it 's not."

So he had found it out, too.

"Then it 's a package of value."

"No, it isn't that either."

"Well, anyhow, I want to send it to England."

"Just so. Now take my advice, my friend," he said. (I translate freely from the German. I have been doing that all along, you know.) "You are young, and you are an Englishman, and you are not equal to tackling the German Postal Regulations by yourself. You take it back to the shop where you bought it."

"Oh, I can't do that," I said, and looked at my watch. "At the present moment there are something like fifteen hundred people waiting to be attended to in that shop."

"Well, then, take it to any German friend and persuade him to help you; but if you rely merely on yourself you will never get rid of that parcel."

So I took it to my tobacconist, and he explained that a sample without value had to be under five hundred grammes, which my parcel was not; and a *Wertpacket* had to be in a wooden or stout cardboard box, sealed at the ends, which my parcel again was not. So far as the German post-office was concerned it was nothing, it was an impossibility.

Well, between us we packed each thing in a separate cigar-box, for he hadn't anything big enough to hold them all, wrapped them up, addressed them and sealed them. Then I took my three packages back to the old man.

"Now they are packages of value," I said.

He took them in and weighed them.

"I 'm awfully sorry to disappoint you, but they are not," he said.

"Why on earth not?"

"Because they only weigh four hundred grammes each, and a *Wertpacket* has to weigh five."

It is an Englishman's boast that he never knows when he is beaten. I took those three boxes into a gunsmith's next door to the post-office.

"I want three hundred grammes of lead shot in three separate lots of one hundred each," I said.

The gunsmith, fearing the worst, helped to repack my parcels with a combination of nervousness and kindly care that was almost touching.

I took them back to the post-office in triumph.

"Now they are all right," I said.



HIS FIRST ROUND.

Nervous would-be Golfer. "WHERE DO I GO NOW, BOY?"
Caddie. "TH' LINE 'S BETWEEN THIRD AND FOURTH LEDDY COUNTING FROM YOUR LEFT."

The old man weighed them and congratulated me.

"Four mark eighty, please," he said.

Close on five shillings seemed rather a lot to pay to send three pieces of glass to England; but I did not mind. I had succeeded in the herculean task.

"Might I ask how you brought them up to weight?" he said.

I told him.

"Then it will be three mark extra, please."

"Whatever for?" I asked.

"Duty on the export of ammunition," he said.

I know now why the German Post Office puts its officials in a glass case. It is to prevent their being assaulted by infuriated foreigners.

"And look here," he added, as he picked up the three mark, "why didn't you wrap the three boxes in one piece of brown paper, and send the whole as one *Wertpacket* for one mark sixty?"

Why, oh why didn't I buy a revolver when I was in that gunsmith's?

And to-day I had another letter from my sister . . . "The parcels arrived quite safely; but what funny notions of packing boys have. Fancy putting lead shot in with glass! And, Tommy, you must have misunderstood me. I wanted real German glass. This is bottle-green, and very nice and all that, but it has got on the bottom 'Jorbett and Jebb, Stourbridge, England.' It seems rather a pity to send glass all the way from Berlin back to within twenty miles of where it was made. . . ."

What's the good of Germany being a Protectionist country?

What's the good of Germany, anyway?

LINES FOR A BIRTHDAY.

You said, "I know you cannot get
  Me half the pretties you would like to;
Three extra gowns, a tiarette,
  A pianola, and a bike too;
You can't give me those things for
    which I pant--"
I murmured, "True, my love, I know I
    can't."

I waited, anxious and dismayed,
  As on some raft the last survivor—
Your ultimatum, thus delayed,
  Might still disintegrate a fiver—
And heard these words of easement and
    good cheer—
"Write me a little Birthday Ode this
    year."

Ah, if your milliner would take
  A rondel for each blouse or bonnet;
If men who butch and men who bake
  Accepted, "on account," a sonnet;
If gas and water men endorsed your
    views,
I'd write in any meter they might choose.

How pleasant, too, on quarter day,
  Instead of cheque or golden pieces
To hand the landlord for his pay
  A "Pantoum of Repairing Leases,"
And hear him blithely chant it down
    the street,
Before I file his much-esteemed receipt.

An empty dream; the bills pour in
  For goods that tradesmen say I
    ordered;
Duns in the doorway raise their din,
  Daily my goings-out are wardered.
Take, dear, this thought for birthday
    diadem--
"I owe you even more than I owe them."

Commercial Candour.

"About a quarter of a century ago a new stamp business came into existence and steadily forged ahead."—*From a circular.*

From a Queen's Hall programme:

"This mood, he tells us, was fostered by reading Bulwer Lytton's 'Rienzi, or The Last of the Barons.'"

A sequel, if we remember right, to *Harold's Last Days at Pompeii.*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

As a rule the republication of political speeches is not a profitable enterprise either for the publisher or the reader. JOSEPH COWEN, for some time Member for Newcastle, was an exceptional man, and exception is created in the case of his utterances on public affairs. His *Speeches* (LONGMANS), edited by his daughter, deal with the stirring events dating from the Bulgarian Atrocities of 1876 to the General Election of 1885, the last great triumph of Liberalism at the polls under the leadership of Mr. GLADSTONE. Mr. COWEN accurately described his position in the political world when, addressing his constituents in the Town Hall, Newcastle, twenty-nine years ago, he said, "I am not a conventional adherent to the fashionable Liberalism of the hour, but I am a lifelong Radical by conviction, sympathy, training and taste." Above all things he was what is to-day known as an Imperialist. Some of his finest speeches harped on the theme of the Empire. Amongst non-official Members of the House of Commons he was the last survivor of the small tribe of orators. He did not often speak, but he never joined in debate without lifting it alike in spirit and in eloquence to the highest level. One of his most memorable efforts, deeply moving a crowded House, was his speech on the Bill by which DISRAELI conferred upon his Royal Mistress the title Empress of India. This does not appear in the present volume, but may not be omitted from the complete edition of his speeches promised by Miss JANE COWEN.



Roadmender (as the local Professor of Hygiene hurries past). "THERE 'E GOES. CATCHIN' 'IS DEATH FOR THE GOOD OF 'IS 'EALTH."

The Story of Virginia Perfect (METHUEN) can be divided into two parts, before and after the death of *R. Perfect* ("Working Jeweller. Clocks and Watches repaired on the Premises.") Concerning *Perfect* there is little to say except that he lived at 17, Madrigal Street, Clerkenwell, and was entirely unworthy of his name. His philanderings, however, gave *Virginia* ample opportunities to display forbearance, and I was beginning to think that she was far too patient a wife, when an accident made her a widow. Up to this point I feel that Miss PEGGY WEBLING has drawn an almost unnaturally faultless heroine. But afterwards I have no complaint to make. Removed from the uncongenial atmosphere of Clerkenwell to that of Bohemian London, *Virginia* gains in power without losing a jot of her simple purity, and both in her devotion to *Keble* and in her struggle for daily bread she is most engaging. The minor characters (artists and artisans) have been drawn with scrupulous care, and among them all I give my whole-hearted allegiance to *Virginia's* quaint, imperturbable boy—a sculptor in the bud. Miss WEBLING is to be congratulated upon a book which is at once fragrant and unconventional.

There is a great deal to be said for the intensive cultivation of small plots when the gardeners do their work as well as EDITH WHARTON. *The Hermit and the Wild Woman* (MACMILLAN) is a collection of stories of which all but the first deal with minor psychological problems of a kind that only good craftsmen can hope to make interesting. The namepiece, which is rather more pretentious, and has a mediæval legend for subject, is written with a delicate simplicity that reminds me a little of some of ANATOLE FRANCE'S stories in *L'Etui de Nacre*. The wild woman had been expelled from a convent for the unpardonable sin of secret ablutions (she used to steal out at night and bathe in a marble tank), and so she came to live in a cave near that of a recluse who had long ago subdued his only sinful temptation, that of writing sacred verse. The tragedy occurred when the hermit discovered that his friend had not, after all, mortified her vanity, but occasionally took a bath in the river. The remaining studies mostly deal with matters of conscience (either artistic or pecuniary) among widely differing American types, and only one (perhaps the least successful) with the conventional theme of romance. It is hard to believe that a quite ordinary young Englishman could have deluded the wife of an American professor into supposing he was in love with her, merely in order to use the pretext of their flirtation as a reason for breaking off his engagement to a girl at home. I don't know if there is a vacancy for a hermit anywhere to-day, but if so, such a young man would be given every inducement to fill the post.

The love affairs of a second-hand Bloomsbury bookseller, who is middle-aged at that, hardly seem at first sight very promising materials for a novel. Nor does the lady's father, a drunken reviewer—can such things be?—help the more temperate critic very greatly in his appreciation of W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE'S new novel, *A Soul's Awakening* (LONG). The soul is awakened at the price of a tragedy; and, as is sometimes the case in real life and almost always in fiction, the woman pays. The book opens so lightly and easily that some readers may resent the tone of the later chapters; but however that may be, Mr. SHORE'S people have interested me considerably. They ring true; they act and speak naturally. And if the fate of the heroine seems rather forced at the end, it is something to be thankful for that a story which in cruder hands might have left an unpleasant taste behind is both readable and enjoyable.

"During the fifty years that have elapsed since Darwin published his 'Origin of Species' the fertility of his conceptions has been evident in fields that did not lie far within the great scientist's marginal consciousness when he was feeling his way towards the lofty generalisations that were to revolutionise man's estimate of his relation to his environment."—*Glasgow Herald.*

It was at the word "environment" that the office-boy gave a shrill whistle, and came up bashfully with a slice of lemon on a plate.

"THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.
LAST WEEK."
—*Theatrical Poster.*

Otherwise, *The House that Jerry Built.*

CHARIVARIA.

GERMANY has been visited with floods of such magnitude that many inhabitants of that country began to fear that their Emperor had made yet another mistake, and that their future was not on the water but in it.

***

"King Edward has been forging a chain of friendships," says a contemporary: "the Kaiser was the missing link." While deprecating such language we can only suppose that the writer penned these words after seeing *The Daily Mail's* muzzotint entitled "The Kaiser's Happy Smile."

***

Times certainly do change. As a witty Frenchman omitted to remark, the *mot d'ordre* in his country was once "*Embarrassez les Anglais*": now it is "*Embrassez les Anglais*"—and in Germany it was formerly "*Reprochez les Anglais*": to-day it is "*Rapprochez les Anglais.*"

***

Referring to the Navy, the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE informs us that, so far as Liberals are concerned, they will never concur in the inclusion of the United States as one of the two hypothetical Powers against whom we ought to build. This, as we have hinted at before, would be all right if the fact that the Americans love us were as well known in America as it is here.

***

Meanwhile it is said that many Liberals are now of the opinion that the Sea Lords ought to be abolished. *L'appétit vient en mangeant.*

***

At the opening of the National Convention in Dublin last week, Mr. JOHN REDMOND pointed out that Ireland's capacity for self-government would be judged by the conduct of that assembly. This statement was followed by a really capital *mêlée* owing to Mr. CREAN, M.P., attempting to punch the chairman's head.

***

The Southend Town Council has decided that the Summer season this year shall consist of eighteen weeks, as compared with sixteen last year. The idea, we take it, is that Summer is sometimes so late that it is ashamed of putting in an appearance at all.

***

"The White City," it is said, will be found to be white no longer when the next exhibition opens. For some time past there have been rumours of scandals.

***

There is surely an ugly misprint in the following reference to a certain classical dancer:—"It is said that numbers of society ladies feel strongly tempted to follow her example and appear in the streets in flowing Grecian robes, with scandals on their feet."

***

Messrs. NELSON have just published a volume of Essays by Mr. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, with a statement to the effect that the selection has been approved by the author and may be taken as an anthology of his work. It is significant that there is no reference in the volume to Mr. BIRRELL'S Essay in Irish Government.

***

The Society for the Destruction of Vermin is preparing a Bill under the provisions of which Public Rat-catchers may be appointed. As a correspondent points out, in every German town there is a municipal Rathaus.

No fewer than 3,500 dogs took part in Cruft's Dog Show last week. A suggestion from a dear old lady that these should march in procession, two abreast, through the heart of London, reaches us too late to be acted upon this year.

***

By the way, the Right Hon. LEWIS HARCOURT showed some Golden Retrievers. "If only they were Gold Retrievers!" his colleague, Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, is said to have sighed.

***

It is again rumoured that the crinoline is coming back. If so, with a little ingenuity the discarded Merry Widow hats might be converted into new skirts.

***

The Union Society of Cambridge has passed the following motion by a majority of 92:—"That this house would strongly approve of the immediate granting of the B.A. degree to women in this University." In our opinion they ought to be required to pass the necessary examination first.

***

Meanwhile the Suffragettes have scored another victory. Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL has informed a deputation of commercial men that in his opinion *both* sexes should be made amenable to restraint under the bankruptcy laws.

***

The session of the Austrian Parliament closed amid scenes of wild excitement, the Czech deputies bringing into the House several pairs of cymbals, trumpets, drums, signal whistles and rattles. Indeed any stranger who had happened to look in would have imagined, we are told, that he was assisting at the latest opera of Dr. RICHARD STRAUSS.



Alchemist (to herb-dealer). "METHINKS THOU ART OVERCHARGING ME FOR THE LIVER-WORT ROOT."
Herb-dealer. "NAY, GOOD SIR, BUT REMEMBER THAT I HAD TO GATHER IT ON ST. STEPHEN'S NIGHT IN THE DARK OF THE MOON, WITH MY RIGHT FOOT ON A TOAD AND MY LEFT IN A RUNNING STREAM, WITH THREE VIPERS IN MY RIGHT HAND, KEEPING MY EYES SHUT, AND REPEATING THE PATERNOSTER BACKWARDS, WITH MY FACE TO THE NORTH AND MY BACK TO THE EAST."

"It is surely a strange coincidence that within a few months of the MILTON tercentenary celebration this country should to-day be commemorating the centenary of DARWIN."
The Morning Post.

How *dare* a poet and a scientist be born within two hundred years of each other?

A BUDGET LETTER.

DEAR LLOYD-GEORGE,—You will be glad to hear that I have just sent along my little contribution to your fund. Don't fritter it away in *Dreadnoughts*—spend it wisely and cautiously; you might buy one Old Age Pension with it and still have a trifle over for the Territorials. I won't tell you exactly what you would have over because you might find that I had paid too much, which would break my heart; or that I hadn't paid enough, which would break me altogether. All I say is, Be careful. Don't be led away into riotous extravagance, and don't think, because I have done this for you, that Lord ROTHSCHILD and Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE are going to do as much.

Now, my dear LLOYD-GEORGE (excuse the familiarity, but I expect to owe you more next year than I shall ever be able to repay), I hear that you have got to raise another twenty millions, and that you don't quite know how to do it. Of course twenty millions seems a small sum to me, but I can understand that to you it is something of a problem. I wonder if I can give you a few helpful suggestions. Anyhow, they are meant kindly.

I saw in the papers the other day an article on "Simplified Spelling"—a delightful subject. In the new era, you know, instead of spelling a word like "desiccated" with two "sics" we shall spell it somehow else—I don't know how for the moment, but at least it will be much easier. Well, this method is going to save time and raw material; time because you won't have to stop and think, and raw material because most of the words will be shorter and won't want so much paper. An eminent statistician calculated in this article that if it is adopted all over England (by which I take him to include Scotland and Ireland), there will be a saving in the year of time and material equal to—what do you think?—*twenty million pounds!*

Now, my dear old soul, what more do you want? There's your money. Make the simplified spelling compulsory, and you rake in the twenty million. *Where* you rake it in from I don't quite know. Under the new law I should have begun this letter "Dere LOYD-JORGE," but I am sadly afraid that I should have squandered the extra time in sleep and used the extra paper to light my pipe. But then I can never understand these economic statisticians. I read a little time ago that in the last fog London lost seven million pounds; well, I know, speaking for myself alone, that I lost thirteen-and-sixpence and a tie-pin, and they would have pinched my watch as well, only I had left it at home; but the statistician didn't make any reference to that at all. No, he said that one shop in Regent Street had lost a thousand pounds because the fog had prevented Lady Rosenstein from going out and buying a tiara; and another had lost a penny because you and I hadn't bought our *Westminster*. He almost seemed to forget that you and I had kept our coppers, and were going to spend them the next day.

And so, perhaps, there may not be so much in the simplified spelling scheme. Let 's try another.

The Government, it is my firm opinion, gives too much away. It has been giving licences away up till now, and if it is really going to sell them next year it will have begun none too soon. But think what a lot it might do in this direction. Take anything—take margarine. I have never (intentionally) dallied much with margarine, but I believe it has to be inspected and stamped and so on by the Government. But suppose that, instead of being merely passed as bearable, it were actively recommended. Suppose it were stamped, "As spread by Mr. LULU HARCOURT, who finds it tasty," or, "Lord ALTHORP loves it"? How gladly would tradesmen pay to have their wares so registered.

I hope I'm helping you. Now I'm going to weigh in with another suggestion. What is it which is inflicted upon us several times every day and which none of us ever wanted once? (Even if you answer this correctly there is no free scholarship). *Leading articles.* Put a tax on leaders and you will benefit humanity. Really the tax would only need to go on certain words—*Scope, Drastic* and *Inalienable*, and the idea could then be extended so as to reach novelists and others. A slight duty on *Authentic* would bring in a million or so from Mr. E. F. BENSON; one on *Athwart* another million from Mr. WELLS. I take the following extract from a report of one of Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN'S recent speeches:—"It was a Government of terminological inexactitudes. *(Laughter.)*" A man who can say a thing like that, just three years late, and an audience which can laugh at it, should be heavily fined. Duty would have to be paid on all such outworn phrases.

A tax on beards has been suggested many times; the only point of debate is the amount of such a tax. I have just worked it out for you as follows:—

The average man (this doesn't mean you or me) works 1,500 hours a year. If he has to shave every day he works another two hours a week—say 100 hours a year. The bearded man has that extra 100 hours for financially, as opposed to æsthetically, remunerative work, and therefore makes one-fifteenth more money per annum. Hence if one-sixteenth of this increased income were extracted from him he would be brought down to the level of the clean-shaven man. In other words, *beards should be taxed one-and-threepence in the pound.* I hope that is clear and helpful.

I have some more ideas for you, but perhaps the time is hardly ripe for them; they are a little too revolutionary. One was that members of both Houses should pay £600 a year for the privilege of making laws. The Commons might get the money from their constituencies whose views they represent; the Lords, representing nobody, would of course have to find the money themselves. Another suggestion was that married men should be taxed. A third—that double-barrelled names should pay duty—will be more kindly made, my dear GEORGE, to your successor.

But by now you have nearly all the money you want. Calculating it roughly, indeed, I find that I have suggested to you the means for finding £19,999,999 19s. 11d. My last idea is that there should be a tax, *pro rata*, on all futile suggestions made to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. I enclose a penny stamp, and remain,

Your humble benefactor,

A. A. M.

SOCIETY SNIPPETS.

(By our very discreet Chronicler.)

["There has been a great increase in the taste for sweet things in every rank. I hesitate to mention the gilded spot in which I have heard of bread and jam at tea."—*Manchester Guardian.*]

A BLOATER for Sunday breakfast is becoming a regular feature in certain exalted houses. Hashed mutton and rice is also rapidly currying favour with the best people.

Simplicity in food is now the fashion. Sheep's hearts are slowly but surely finding their way into those of Society. I will name no names, but only yesterday I happened to hear the Duchess of B—— say, "Sheep's hearts are more than coronets, and simple steaks than Norman blood."

Tripe is not generally associated with the wearers of purple and fine linen, but a little bird tells me that a well-known nobleman was heard to order this savoury dish at the Ritz one day last week. The small bird very wisely withheld from me the nobleman's name and address.

A ducal mansion is not exactly the place one would expect to find "sausage and mashed" figuring on the menu; nevertheless this toothsome if somewhat homely dish was the *pièce de résistance* at a dinner given last night by the Duke of—— Well, never mind.



"WHEN THEY DO AGREE—"

GERMAN SOLDIER } *(together).* "MOROCCO! WHAT'S MOROCCO? COME AND HAVE A DRINK!"
FRENCH SOLDIER }



Customer (paying the weekly books). "DEAR, DEAR! I WONDER WHO THOSE PEOPLE ARE IN THE MOTOR, MR. SWEETING?"
Butcher. "OH, THEM THAT THE RED HOUSE IS LET TO; OF NO FAMILY WOTEVER; MAUVAY REESH, AS THE FRENCH SAY."

CHELTENHAM WATER.

[Mr. FORD MADOX HUEFFER has written to *The Times* to apologise to Cheltenham for having reflected on its water-supply, in his recent book, *Mr. Apollo*. He was thinking, he says, of another town.]

So this is the man who tried to dam
The water-supply of Cheltenham!
You may take, if you like, your cursive pen,
And add to the rhyme a final *n*:
That is if you think it 'll pay to follow
The reckless model of *Mr. Apollo*,
A fancy of HUEFFER'S—he went and spun it,
And now he wishes he hadn't done it.
For the Cheltenham folk they upped and said,
"He 's crabbed our water; we 'll have his head.
Our water 's the purest ever seen;
In fact it 's a regular *Hippocrene*,
A glassier *Fons Bandusiæ*,
With a Cheltenham touch that makes it be
The best you can find from sea to sea."
So they went for HUEFFER and made him acknowledge he
Owed them a downright handsome apology,
Which I summarise, changing his prose to rhymes,
From the letter he sent to Thursday's *Times*.
For the words that he then and there wrote down
Declared he referred to a different town,
Not theirs, with its well-known pure supply,
And he said he was sorry—so am I—
But he didn't (which left me but half content)
Say which was the town he really meant.

THE PHILOSOPHIC FIGHTER.

[According to *The Daily Mail*, JACK JOHNSON, the coloured pugilist, has been very unpopular in New South Wales since he defeated BURNS for the World's Championship. He has explained, however, to an interviewer that when distressed by adverse criticism he has found much consolation in the works of SHAKSPEARE, BUNYAN and MILTON.]

O rare JACK JOHNSON! mightiest with the fist!
You 're not, I think, unused to nasty knocks, sir;
But were you really hooted at and hissed,
My chocolate boxer?

Hissed from the gallery-bench and from the stall!
Though "upper cuts" you 're frequently allotted,
That was "the most unkindest cut of all"
(SHAKSPEARE . . . . you spotted?).

Still, you 've a brain of philosophic turns:
Firm is the soil your peace of mind is built on;
And, when you feel you 've done enough to BURNS,
You take on MILTON;

When, too, because its favourite got whacked,
You 're slated by the Press—that Yellow Ogress—
'Tis sweet to think your temper 's kept intact
By *Pilgrim's Progress*.

But oh! there 's one thing would be sweeter still—
The dash of yeast to leaven all the suet—
If only MILTON, BUNYAN, ay, and WILL
Could *know* you do it!

COALS OF FIRE ALL ROUND.

Being Another of Life's Little Duplicities.

I.

Sir Dashwood Holmby, K.C.M.G., to Hugo Leigh, of the Treasury.

January 3.

Dear Old Man,—There is to be a dinner to Bankes on the 26th, at the Belvoir Hotel. I hope you can be there. He is a silly ass, of course, and personally I bar him a good deal, but one can't very well stay away without its looking like an intentional slight; and as a matter of fact I am getting the wretched thing up. You will come, won't you? It will be a good dinner anyway. D. H.

P.S.—Dunsmore will make the speech of the evening.

II.

Hugo Leigh to Sir Dashwood Holmby.

January 5.

My dear Dash,—If you can guarantee the dinner I will come, but I don't much care for the Belvoir cooking. The flavour is abstracted somewhere *en route*, and they know nothing about the temperature of claret. As for old Bankes, I not only dislike him, but I distrust him, which is worse. He is a tuft-hunter and a minx. However, the Department must hold together, I suppose, and since he 's leaving us we may as well be decent. I am glad you got Dunsmore. He is always fluent and amusing, and amiability and lying come easy to him.

Yours, H. L.

III.

Sir Dashwood Holmby to Hugo Leigh.

(*Telegram.*)

January 26.

Lady Dunsmore suddenly ill, so Dunsmore absent to-night. Am in bed—influenza. Count on you make speech—absolutely no one else. Holmby.

IV.

Hugo Leigh to Sir Dashwood Holmby.

(*Telegram.*)

January 26.

Lowest trick on record, but rest easy in your malingering. I will do it. Some day you shall repay. Leigh.

V.

Hilary Bankes, C.B., of the Treasury to his father, General Bankes, The Lindens, Great Malvern.

(*Extract.*)

January 27.

Lord Dunsmore was to have proposed my health, but owing to the sudden illness of Lady Dunsmore (a very charming woman) he was prevented from attending at all. Another Treasury man, Hugo Leigh, whom you have no doubt heard of, an authority on netsukes and one of our best tennis players, took his place. I had always thought that Leigh disliked me, but one can make strange mistakes in that way. His remarks were charming. He touched on every side of my career, the literary as well as the administrative, and even quoted a stanza from my "*Pearl Fishers.*"

VI.

Hilary Bankes to Sir Dashwood Holmby.

January 26.

My dear Holmby,—I cannot go to bed after this, to me, most memorable night without thanking you for all you have done, and expressing the sympathy that Mrs. Bankes and I have for you in your illness, and also saying how very felicitous and flattering were Leigh's remarks on my poor character and career. I had no notion that he felt so warmly towards me.

Again thanking you and wishing you a speedy recovery,

I am, very sincerely yours,

Hilary Bankes.

VII.

Hilary Bankes to Mr. Hugo Leigh.

January 27.

My dear Leigh,—The kindness of your speech quite overcame me, and I fear I did not succeed in the least in conveying my real feelings to you last evening. Pray accept my deep gratitude. It will give Mrs. Bankes and myself great pleasure if you will dine with us on the 30th at eight o'clock. There will be only two or three picked guests besides yourself. Yours very sincerely,

Hilary Bankes.

VIII.

Hugo Leigh to Hilary Bankes.

January 27.

Dear Bankes,—I am sorry to say that I am engaged on that evening. I am glad my remarks gave you pleasure.

Yours sincerely,

Hugo Leigh.

IX.

Hilary Bankes to Hugo Leigh.

January 28.

My dear Leigh,—Mrs. Bankes and I are extremely sorry that you are engaged on the 30th. She is so very anxious to meet you that I am emboldened to name two other dates, February the 5th and the 8th, on one of which we are hoping you will be free. On either night you will find some very nice people here, carefully chosen, to meet you.

Yours very sincerely,

Hilary Bankes.

X.

Hugo Leigh to Sir Dashwood Holmby.

January 30.

My dear Dash,—You have done for me for ever. After trying for years to lead a clean life and say what I mean, I am now a public liar, all through your trickery and machinations; and what is worse, I have Bankes as firmly fixed on my back as Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea. I am become his dearest friend. Every post brings me a letter inviting me to dinner, and—meanest trick of all—mentioning more than one date, so that I shall have to go at last. There will be a dedication to me in a few days for certain. All his grandchildren, if he has any, are to be named Hugo. Why, oh why, can't we tell the truth? Your miserable enemy,

H. L.

P.S.—I hope you are worse.

RAMBLING.

Alfred pronounced himself entranced with the project. It was, of course, not a project at all, but a disease, and Alfred had sickened for it.

I remarked that walking (old style) had always an especial charm for me, but Alfred said at once that this was not walking, but Rambling. I believe that my walking was Rambling—just that, and that Alfred's Rambling was mere walking—a dull business—but it was not one of the times when he listens. He bent the binding of the book back and placed it before me.

The requirements for correct Rambling (not walking) were quite moderate and were clearly set down. The Rambler was recommended to provide himself with a pair of stout boots; a half-a-crown; the Historical Companion to the Series, cloth, One Shilling; and the Special Map, paper, One Shilling.

"Only sixpence left," I remarked, trying to put a cheerful face on things; but Alfred reproved me. We might almost have been surveyors, so serious was his attitude to the project.

However, despite my misgivings, it was with a light heart that I eventually walked out of the station with my friend into the early promise of a wintry morning. The book that had bulged his pocket was produced, and we agreed it would perhaps facilitate matters if we tore out the leaf containing the Explanation of the Map, and kept it handy for reference. I set myself to master it.

—— denoted a main road; ---- a bridle path or lane; ..... a foot-path, and so on. The Map was not very well printed, I thought (at a shilling), and the difference between ..... and ---- seemed sometimes infinitesimal; but in case of need a foot-note told how use

could ingeniously be made of the hands of one's watch adjusted according to the position of the sun. This was Rambling.

But Ramble No. Seven was our concern, and first we had to follow the road, climb a stile upon the left, and pursue the path for a quarter of a mile. Alfred went first, holding the Guide in one hand and the fluttering Map in the other, and I followed, firmly grasping (in my hand only, not in my mind's eye) the Explanation and the Historical Companion. We kept to the winding ribbon of path, not daring to look unto the right or left for fear we should miss the spot where a little twiddle, like a worm trying to look over its shoulder, marked (on the Map, not on the path) an alternative way which we had decided to take. We ascertained its position exactly, but saw no sign. I took the Map from Alfred's reluctant hand for a closer inspection, and it was later on that I discovered that we had been deceived by a fragment of tobacco ash, and I had not the heart to tell him.

Luckily at this time a man in a Norfolk suit approached us along the path. In every line of his comfortable figure reposed the quiet content of the country-side, and we asked him with confidence to direct us. He was exceedingly kind, and offered us minute directions.

If we retraced our steps, he told us, we should presently climb a stile and reach the main road and the station. We thanked him, of course, but implored him to direct us in the way from which he had come. Strangely enough he seemed to know nothing of it; he shook his head and refused even for one moment to glance back at it, but ever pointed onward in the road he (and apparently all) must take. He did not see me lightly tap my forehead, but as he passed on we noticed a little book reposing in the hand (the one that wasn't pointing onward) behind his back.

"For Ramble No. Seven (reversed) see p. 35."

So we pressed along the path we were on and at length gained a hill-brow (where a friend tells me there is an 'entrancing view), and stopped to adjust our course to our Guide. We were to bear to the left into a lane and continue until "two stately elms" were reached. As we entered the "----" we had to step aside for a jolly carter and his team and a creaking load of timber. 'Tis an honest rural sight, and as we stood and watched it in the dancing light our spirits revived and we felt the better for it. Thrusting the Historical Companion into my pocket, I linked my arm in my friend's and we followed the rustic lane. But soon we had to confess ourselves at fault. There were no stately elms to be seen. Upon rising ground it was impossible for even two paltry little trees to be anywhere at hand without our suspecting it. A hardy son of the soil approached whistling, but one shrinks from admitting that one is searching for two gigantic trees.

Alfred knew I was watching him. He frowned a little and read the passage aloud two or three times. Some pert little cloudlets romped by together above us. I thought one of them smiled, and a light broke in upon me.

"Alfred," I said with conviction, "the jolly carter has taken our trees."

For the rest of the day we just walked about in any direction that occurred to us. But that is not Rambling.

"In seven visits to the table yesterday afternoon Stevenson scored the 749 points to take him to the schedule, his average therefore working out at the minutest fraction below 107 per innings."—*Daily Mail.*

The writer should take a more hopeful view of short division.



Waiter (whose attention has been called to a gross error in addition). "VERY SORRY, SIR; BUT EVEN IF YOU HADN'T FOUND OUT THE MISTAKE, THE FIRM WOULD HAVE BENEFITED, NOT ME."
Diner. "THEN YOU HAVE NO EXCUSE!"

THE ARTFUL DODGER.

SLACK and half impotent he stood,
Yet with alert observing eyes;
The opportunity was good,
He snatched the guarded prize.

Across the level field he broke
Light-footed, sound of wind and limb,
Aghast, the startled crowd awoke,
And howled at sight of him.

He doubled through the hue and cry
With feet that swerve but never slip,
The treasure money could not buy
Held tight within his grip.

Wild apparitions breathing fast
With arms outstretched to check his flight
Rushed at him, yet he flickered past
And spread them left and right.

Then while the crowd their thunder roared
Like crash of breakers on our coasts,
He also came to ground, and scored
A try between the posts.

THE WAY TO WEDLOCK.

["There are probably some thousands of young women in Bristol with certificates of competency as teachers, wives, scholars, and many of them cannot find husbands. From the Clifton Suspension Bridge there casts herself a girl—hundreds of feet into the Avon; emerges alive. She has eighteen offers of marriage. We find Mme. Steinheil, who, on the mere suspicion of having murdered one husband, is receiving offers of marriage every day from young men with a view to the picturesque."—*Daily Chronicle.*]

DOMESTICATED damsels we,
Good Mrs. BEETON's rules
We've studied in the L.C.C.
Continuation Schools.
We've proofs to show how much we know,
Then come, young men, to us if
You want to meet a clever, neat,
Domesticated housewife.

But what is the point of our cooking a joint, or learning to make a steak tender?
Why worry our heads with the making of beds or striving to polish a fender?
It is all thrown away, for the youths of to-day decline to wax keen and ecstatic
Over gifts such as these; what they want, if you please, is something more melodramatic.
If you're hunting a mate, you should try to create some intensely exciting sensation,
Which will boom through the press till your pictures obsess the wondering thoughts of the nation.
People don't seem to mind what's precisely the kind of the feat that may win notoriety:
It is excellent if you go over a cliff and vanish awhile from society,
If your only pretence is a sane common-sense, as a spinster you're likely to drift on,
But the suitors arrive thick as bees in a hive if you leap from the bridge down at Clifton;
And many a maid with the poison has played when the thought irresistibly stirred her
That the men in a cue would be waiting to woo if she'd only committed a murder.

Yet perchance, after all, we should pause ere we call these youths all the names we've a mind to;
There is something, perhaps, to be said for the chaps for doing the things they're inclined to.
If a man weds a maid who is thoroughly staid and always sane, sober and sensible,
The monotony serves to get right on his nerves till her virtues appear reprehensible;
But should she be known, pretty dear, to have shown a *penchant* for poison, it follows
The monotony goes when her husband well knows he must watch every mouthful he swallows;
His life is possessed of a freshness and zest, and his wits will grow brighter and brighter
When he never can tell if that curious smell is oxalic or spirits of nitre.

Domesticated damsels we
Will call ourselves no more;
We've done with pots and pans, we're free
Of culinary lore.
Henceforth our time we'll spend in crime
And, if we 'scape the halter,
The men will flock about the dock
To lead us to the altar.

Our Monaco Correspondent sends us the following Summary of Life—a Paradox of Monte Carlo:—*Tout manque, tout passe.*

A CONVERSATION-MANUAL FOR THE MONKEY-HOUSE.

Notice to the Public.

HAVING observed certain statements in the Press to the effect that Dr. GARNER, of Chicago University, is now engaged in compiling a Vocabulary of the Simian language as spoken by the Larger Apes, *Mr. Punch* feels it only due to himself to inform his readers that he has long been labouring in the same field as the learned American Professor, and that his "Complete Handbook of Colloquial Phrases Current in Polite Monkey Society" is already in the hands of the Printers.

This important work—revised and corrected by no less an authority than the Principal Baboon of the Royal Zoological College at Regent's Park—will enable visitors to the Monkey-House to converse fluently with the residents in their own tongue, and thereby get into closer touch with them than has hitherto been practicable.

It is perhaps unnecessary to dwell upon the advantages of promoting a better understanding between two races which have so much in common, and the two specimen dialogues which follow will serve to illustrate the general scheme of the manual.

Intending students will soon discover that Monkeyish is not so difficult as it looks, provided they are careful to follow the phonetic pronunciation as indicated in the text.

I.—To PAY A VISIT TO A MANDRIL.

Visitor. How are you, my dear friend? I trust I find you in good health?
[Tschirô, 'Owg-ôsitôl-Kókki? (*or if intimate*) 'Owárya-meôl-dhûniv-úrsiti-tchum?]
Mandril. Thank you, I am fairly well, and delighted to see you.
[Ubibi-lôd!]
Vis. I really must compliment you on the brilliancy of your complexion. Your nose is such a charming colour-scheme in vermilion and ultramarine!
[Ai-sêh. Hiu-'av-gottarummì-reddn'-blûhkonk-ôhl-tschappi!]
Mand. And you, too, my dear Sir, are looking remarkably well, I am glad to see.
[Hya-gôhm'n-lúkhatya-gelâbs.]
Vis. Pray do not let me interrupt you if you are busy just now.
[Dôhn-min-dmè. Hiukip-onskrat-chinôlf'la.]
Mand. I was just engaged in some rather intricate researches—but they can wait.
[Mulftimma-gêhn! Auf'l-nippilitl'-jonni-ou-'ot!]
Vis. Would it not be as well to take some means of sparing yourself these excessive exertions?
[Üllô-ullô-ou-'ot-prâbis-khîting-spówdah?]
Mand. I doubt it, Sir. Life would be insipid indeed if I were deprived of my customary pursuits.
[Nóttiphainô-it. Itsdul-lánuff-hirassi-tísmibhoi. Ou-'otthadooshudi-dûiffi-laustaultha-lottovem!]
Vis. Then I will leave you to follow them. Farewell, dear friend, and best wishes for your success!
[Tûdalu! Gûd'untinôl-boi!]
Mand. Many thanks. Good-bye, dear Sir. You will excuse my going to the door with you, as I have pressing business to attend to.
[Jeshiu-khliraout'n-lemmia-lohnouilliah! Ou-rêh. Gottimma-tlast!]

II.—To VISIT A SMALLER MONKEY.

Visitor (Male or Female). Good afternoon, Sir. How do you do? I have taken the liberty of bringing you some slight refreshment which I hope will be acceptable.
[Pooalilf-'ellazen. Khoodju-oüitta mâhrib-iskit?]
Monkey. You are very kind, Sir (or Madam), but I have little or no appetite to-day.



THE POETRY OF MOTION, 1909.

The "Borston."

[Yahbah-têkhitôhm. Fêhrfeddúp-ou-ith'm-af-am!]

Vis. Then may I offer you a Barcelona?

[Lahaik-amùn-khinut-têh?]

Monk. Excuse me, but it is not every brand that agrees with me.

[Eër-aisêh, ou'ottayugh'-ivvinussar-ottenun?]

Vis. You will find these excellent. I have them specially selected and imported for my own use.

[Kacholdofit. Aitelya-itortabi-gûdat-thà-prâhisai-pêhd.]

Monk. You don't say so. Then I will try one on your recommendation.

[Húaral-iah! Tsêhmôhls-tuffapennia-bâghatta-bhúnstahl. Stind-ji!]

Vis. Pardon me, but are you in trouble of any sort? You have such mournful black eyes.

[Ou-ódja-lûhkinza-mizrah-bellabh'outôh?]

Monk. On the contrary, Sir (or Madam), I am quite in my usual spirits.

[Sôh'djû-ifai-kud-getáchya.]

Vis. I cannot help fearing that you do not find your present society quite congenial. Is that so?

[Dhúthi-uthahm'-unkhi-spûhlya-têhl?]

Monk. Not entirely so, I confess. It is difficult to form any real friendships here.

[Sikkanin 'settah-bahndersihr. Sobhistli-kliki!]

Vis. I am sorry to trouble you, but I fancy you have taken my hat-plume (or my *pince-nez*) by mistake.

[Hee-ya! Ou-'ottahu-dhuin? Jeshiud-'roppit-djihrmi!]

Monk. Have I really? I was quite unaware of it. Is this what you are referring to?

[Aî-dessêh. Dôhnjah-ou-'ishya-magettit?]

Vis. This is too bad! One of your friends has run off with it now.

[Konf-oundhit (or, dhráttit). Lûkhattim!]

Monk. Dear me, so he has. If you will excuse me a moment, I will go and explain matters to him.

[Snihkt-itissih! Ou-aitillikatchim. Eelgetta-thikkirinam-innit!]

Vis. Well, now you've got it back, perhaps you will kindly hand it over before it's completely ruined.

[Ou-illieuleg-gohûmis-tchiffuslit-telbêghur!]

Monk. Do not distress yourself about it. It is of no importance. Must you really be going?

[Oà-râht. Dhûnn'oo-ithit. Piktittap'-eecis. Ukangowêh-nowôhls-tikkinthamud.]

Vis. I fear so. It will be some time before I am again in your neighbourhood.

[Hiu-dôhm-ketchmi-kúmmin-iragin.]

Monk. Good-bye, dear Sir (or Madam). I hope that on the next occasion you will make a longer stay so that we may see more of you.

[Gâhn-yi-ortabibi-hindtha-bâhrsya-sêllef!] F. A.

In moments of great enthusiasm a man's mind may be so filled with the one idea that he forgets trivial details which bear distantly upon it. A recent recruit to the Territorials has just sent this note to his colour-sergeant:—

"Sir,—Will you please wire to your headmaster to say that I cannot join the Territorials as I have a broken elbow which I forget to mention at the time."



MY WORD IS LAW.

Constable. "NOW THEN, MOVE ON HERE, AND DON'T MAKE A CROWD ON THE PAVEMENT."
Loafer. "BUT *two* AIN'T NO CROWD." *Constable (emphatically).* "*ONE'S* A CROWD, IF I SAY SO! MOVE ON!"

JUST LIKE THEIR LUCK.

The Daily Chronicle recently narrated the circumstances in which Mr. CHARLES CRIVELLI, a Soho hairdresser, has picked up for a few shillings a genuine Titian. These *trouvailles*, we are glad to say, are of almost daily occurrence in Soho and the neighbourhood, as may be gathered from the following well authenticated cases.

Mr. Julian Swoggle, a Venetian blind-maker, is the fortunate possessor of a priceless Greek statue which he picked up literally for a song in the Euston Road.

"I was walking along the road in question the other evening," explains Mr. Swoggle, "humming '*Antonio*,' when a monumental mason accosted me and said, 'Do you want a life-size statue for nothing?' 'You're kidding me,' I answered. 'Not a bit of it,' said he; 'I want the room, and if you'll cart the thing away, it's yours for nothing.' To cut a long story short, I took the statue away in a lorry the next day, and when I'd got it home and given it a bath sure enough there was the signature PHEIDIAS carved on the plinth."

We understood that Lord ARMSTRONG has written to Mr. Swoggle congratulating him on having become the possessor of a genuine and incontestable Pheidias. The necessary restoration is now taking place, as the statue, which represents a wrestler, lacks a nose, chin, both arms and the greater part of one leg, and before very long some Mr. Pierpont Morgan or some other opulent Mæcenas will have the opportunity of purchasing a masterpiece.

Mr. John Burdekin, an artificial sausage-skin manufacturer, recently picked up a magnificent diamond tiara in romantic circumstances. It was put up for sale at an auction in the Strand as "portions of a chandelier," and knocked down to Mr. Burdekin for 3*s.* 6*d.* On taking it home the owner accidentally dropped his purchase from the top of an electric tram, and to his amazement not a single one of the glass drops was smashed. This excited his suspicions, and after consulting a Dutch expert in Spring Gardens, he was delighted to find that they were diamonds of extraordinary size and lustre. Among the connoisseurs who have already pronounced the diamonds genuine are Lord ARMSTRONG, Monsignor VAY DE VAYA, Mrs. ELINOR GLYN and Miss MAUD ALLAN.

The circumstances which placed Mr. Julius Ballin, an aged dolls'-eye maker, in possession of one of the most famous of all historic jewels, are intensely romantic. About ten days ago he was eating a kromesky in a restaurant in Greek Street when his teeth gritted on a hard substance, which on inspection turned out to be a pearl on which the initials A and C were distinctly observable. Incredible as it may seem, this pearl, on the authority of Lord ARMSTRONG, Lord ROSSLYN, the Marquis TOWNSHEND and other experts, has been pronounced to be none other than the one which CLEOPATRA was inaccurately alleged to have dissolved in a goblet of wine. As a matter of fact it was fished out by ANTONY and appropriated by AUGUSTUS after the battle of Actium, remaining in Rome until it was carried away with other relics by the great NAPOLEON. Subsequently pawned by NAPOLEON III. when in exile, it fell into the hands of a restaurant keeper who, unaware of its value, presented it to his *chef*, who inadvertently allowed it to become embodied in one of his dishes.


UNITED SOUTH AFRICA
SUGAR
TRANSVAAL
NATAL
ORANGE FREE STATE
CAPE COLONY

WELCOME!





Cockney. "THE FOX WENT DOWN THERE QUARTER-OF-AN-HOUR AGO."
Huntsman. "WHY DIDN'T YE HOLLER THEN?"
Cockney. "WHAT DID I WANT TO 'OLLER FOR? 'E NEVER BIT ME."

THE DONKEY WHITEWASHED.

Oh, would you, Ass, that I refute
The opprobrium and ill repute
Which ever to your title clings?
Then listen while the poet sings:—

In Ireland, where the shamrock grows
(And Goodness, knowing all things, knows
Why he that writes of Ireland can't
Avoid that overbearing plant)—
In Ireland I have travelled far
In someone else's motor-car,
And from my seat have studièd
The ways of bi- and quadruped,
Who eat and drink and sleep and play
Entirely on the King's highway.

The errant kine themselves approve
Slow, stupid, dull and hard to move;
Whereas the swine, whom nothing will
Induce to think of standing still,
Must run ahead with endless fuss,
Too fast for them, too slow for us.
The dogs (a race which men suppose
To be a race that thinks and knows)
Bounce forth with misdirected zeal
And barely miss a murderous wheel,
Then bark and bark with false delight
Because they 've put the foe to flight!

The hen, being situated where,
Secure from harm and free from care,
She might have watched us and derided,
Descends forthwith to be divided.
The horse, whose more than ample task
Should furnish all he needs to ask,
Sees fit to disregard the reins
And take no end of foolish pains
To drag his most excessive load
Into the ditch beside the road,
Then labours much and suffers more
To get it where it was before.

You, Ass, behave as none of these,
But hold you calm and well at ease.
Perhaps to keep the eyebrow kempt,
Perhaps to show a deep contempt,
You simply turn your head away,
And keep it turned, as if to say:
"It 's got to come. Let 's shut an eye
And let the foul machine go by."
Thus you shall be to me for ever
The type of all that 's wise and clever;
And *asinine* henceforth shall mean
"Discerning, sensible, serene."

O Ass, you pressed me to refute
The opprobrium and ill repute
Which ever to your title clung;
I hope you 've listened while I 've sung.

SOME MORE TABLETS.

High Street, Epsom.—Here Lord ROSEBERY met his first Lunatic.

Ludgate Circus.—Here THOMAS COOK discovered Switzerland and Egypt and bequeathed them as Going Concerns to his Sons.

Stump of Washington's Cherry Tree.—Associated with Pathetic Statement of only American known to History who had no Imaginative Faculty.

Utopia.—Here, some time after the Millennium, the Education and Fiscal Policy Questions were finally settled.

Island Site, Strand.—A Native of New South Wales, unable any longer to support the Uproar and Turmoil of Sydney, settled here and passed his Days in Peaceful Seclusion.

The News Room, Southwark.—Here his Honour Judge WILLIS first heard of the decease of QUEEN ANNE.

Deeper and Deeper Yet.

"THE DIFFICULT BALL.—By a misprint this ball was stated to have been organised by the National Society of Cruelty to Animals. It should, of course, have been children, not animals."—*The Irish Independent.*

CATCH AS CATCH CAN.

PATRONS of the Alhambra, which has lately been the scene of some excellent wrestling, might have been excused if, on leaving by the St. Martin's Lane exit, they had been roused to even greater enthusiasm by the posters of the Garrick Theatre which met their eyes with the enthralling announcement, "Mr. Bourchier as Samson." Yet another thrilling bout, this time between an Actor-Manager and an ordinary lion—that is the least they could have expected. Fortunately (or unfortunately) all that is to be seen is Mr. BOURCHIER in the latest play from France.

Samson, a modern melodrama by HENRY BERNSTEIN, is an episode in the life of that strong silent man, *Jacques Brachard*, Copper King. Besides being strong and silent (in so far as an actor-manager *can* be silent) he is also self-made, a rough diamond and one of Nature's gentlemen. You know exactly the sort of man I mean, and you know how perfectly Mr. BOURCHIER would play him. Well, anyhow, he was in love with *Anne-Marie*, who was his wife and therefore (this is a four-act play and the scene is Paris) in love with *Jérôme Le Govain*. *Jérôme* I am now going to call *Jesse*, partly because they did so on the stage, and partly because the accents bother the printer a good deal. *Jesse* I may introduce as the sort of man who makes me sorry that the "Torture of the Hot Egg" is now popular only in the rural parts of China. On the first night that *Jacques* leaves his wife (in order to go to England on copper business) *Jesse* takes her, off the stage, to a horrible supper-party; to the disgusting story of whose orgies we are compelled to listen in the Third Act. *Anne-Marie's* love for him is killed by this exhibition, and she makes her escape in the middle of it; returning home to find that *Jacques* hadn't left for England after all. (He had been WARNED. By a FRIEND.) *Jacques* decides to take his revenge on *Jesse* by ruining him financially, and in order to do this he has to create a panic on the Bourse by selling copper. (Or buying it; I am a child in these matters.) Anyhow, some difficulty arose, and he had to sell all he had (or buy a lot he didn't want) in order to upset *Jesse* thoroughly; in other words, he had to ruin himself to ruin his enemy. Which, if you remember, is what SAMSON did when he pulled down the pillars of the temple.

Of course, just as the curtain falls, *Anne-Marie* discovers that she really loves *Jacques*. Cynics will point out that her lover was hopelessly ruined and about a million (no, only francs) in debt; whereas her husband, being the sort of man from whom Copper Kings are made, was certain to amass another fortune in a week. I take a more charitable view of human nature. I simply say that the man at the box-office insisted that *Anne-Marie* should love *Jacques* before the curtain went down.

Though I grow older every day, yet there are two institutions in which I retain a touching and child-like faith: the Stock Exchange and the French Marriage. My faith is so great that I could believe anything of them. And so if they tell me that a great Copper King, who controls markets, has to lose eighty-four millions (no, still only francs) before he can ruin a comparatively poor man who trusts him implicitly in matters of finance, I accept it humbly and with gratitude. And if they go on to say that a Lover would, on the first possible occasion, take a proud, cold, aristocrat of a Wife to a revolting supper party, where she would meet the very scourings of the streets, then again in all humility I believe. But a doubt will haunt me none the less, and I ask myself two questions: Has anything happened in the translation? Was Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH, typical Englishwoman as she is, quite suited to the part of *Anne-Marie?*



"I HEAR THE SOUND OF WORDS."
Samson Agonistes.

"Samson" Brachard . . MR. BOURCHIER.
Jérôme le Govain . . MR. CHARLES BRYANT.

The scene in the Third Act, where *Jacques* keeps *Jesse* in his private room at the Ritz, while Copper is being brought down, is an excellent one; there actually is a short wrestling interlude here. In addition Mr. BOURCHIER does good work on as pleasant a lunch as I have seen on the stage. This is always a popular feature with the audience, the feeling being, I suppose, one of satisfaction that an actor is a human being just like ourselves. But having missed my dinner on the night in question I could hardly bear it.

Comic relief was supplied effectively by the relations of *Jacques'* wife. I fancy M. BERNSTEIN found that he was an hour short, and introduced the relations at the beginning of each Act to fill up the time. Mr. ARTHUR WHITBY and Mr. KENNETH DOUGLAS were both very funny as *Anne-Marie's* father and brother respectively. I have mentioned Mr. BOURCHIER'S excellence as *Jacques*, and I must pay tribute also to Mr. CHARLES BRYANT'S *Jesse*. Miss EDYTH LATIMER, who has a curiously fascinating voice and manner, showed, in the part of a discarded mistress of *Jesse's*, that she fully deserved all that was said of her after her promising appearance in *Idols*.

M.

More Truth from the Schoolroom.

Teacher (reading History): "With loud shouts the Britons rushed forward, and the battle began. Men fought to the death; no quarter was given on either side." Now can anyone tell me what is the meaning of "No quarter was given"?

Small Boy: Please, Sir, no half-time was allowed.

The Right of the Parent.

One of the results of "Nature Study" in a Devonshire school has been the following letter:—

"To HEAD TEACHER.—Please ask County Councils to scuse my children from religious instruction in earth-worms and put them to somethink else. Jim's father found five in is pocket."

The motor cabmen who recently waited on the HOME SECRETARY with grievances, complained, among other things, that the present method of signalling to traffic by means of policemen's hands is insufficient. Would they have them lift their feet?

"It is, of course, impossible to ensure perfect accuracy in so large and encyclopædic a work as 'Who's Who,' and these isolaed, and hardly derac 1234561234 little omissions and errors hardly detract from the value of the book as a whole."—*South African News.*

Bless you, no; they will creep in.

"Sportslady of rank friend of horses and native of Germany or England, is wished as husband by an german gentleman, which is travelled through Great Britain. Ladies interesting theyself for this offer are requested to send letters in german or english language."—*Neueste Nachrichten.*

She should retaliate by letters in the German language sending.





THE CRUSHED TRAGEDIANS "TAKE THE BOARDS" AGAIN, THEATRE ROYAL, WESTMINSTER.

("Grave and Urgent," Mr. Asquith's talented company of down-trodden stars resume the performance of the great melodrama, "Under Lansdowne's Heel; or, the Wicked Peers and the Stultified Electorate."

"To-day, the one hundredth centenary of the birth of Mendelssohn." *The Westminster Gazette.*

Somebody was bound to say this before the wonderful "year of anniversaries" was over.

"Wind between north and south."—"*Liverpool Daily Post*" *Weather Report.*

A prophet is without honour in his own country. A London paper would put this gentleman on the Football Staff at once.

THE POLITE ART OF VITUPERATION.

I.

"JUST look at these boots," said George. James looked, but the boots remained unmoved. "Well?" said George.

"Well?" said James, ever ready to oblige.

"Did you ever see anything like them?"

"Never," said James emphatically, though he had no idea whether he was expressing wonder and admiration, or loathing and contempt.

"They are disgraceful," said George.

"Abominable," said James, much relieved to find out what opinion he was to hold. "What is the matter with them?"

"Matter? Why, they are unwearable. Fancy expecting a normal foot, not made of indiarubber, to go about in a boot with an instep like that!"

"Isn't it tight enough?"

"Tight enough? Why, it's miles too tight. It is not to be tolerated. I am going to give the man that made it a thorough blowing up."

"I should give him a piece of your mind," said James.

"I shall certainly give him a bit of my tongue," said George. "Fancy daring to send me a pair of boots like that! I'll make the fellow sit up."

"I should tell him exactly what you think of him."

"My dear James, when I have finished talking to him he will know so much about himself that he will wish he had never been born. Moreover, he shall take back those boots and make me another pair for nothing. Let us go round and talk to the fellow now."

So minded, George and James set off for Bond Street.

II.

Arrived at the shop, they paused a moment to decide upon the line of attack, whether it should be the stormy or the sarcastic. Then they marched up to the door and allowed it to be opened for them, without flinching. Once inside, a Gentleman with a frock-coat and white slip took charge of them, and, had they wanted to say "Jack Robinson," they could not have done so before they found themselves seated in large armchairs and the Gentleman kneeling affectionately at the feet of George.

"I have come," said the latter, not to be demoralised by a soft carpet and a universal peace, "about these boots."

"Indeed, Sir?" said the Gentleman, in a subdued voice which clearly rebuked George for talking so loud. He took off George's old boots and put on the new ones, much as a nurse dresses a very bad child in very good clothes. "And a handsome pair of boots they are, Sir, if I may say so." At this point James, for no particular reason, felt more ashamed of his own feet than he had ever felt ashamed of anything before.

"But look at them," said George.

"Sh—" said James.

"Yes, Sir," said the Gentleman, "I admit that I cannot help looking at them. Even for us they are a beautiful creation. Particularly observe, Sir, the perfect fit over the instep, producing a smart appearance which every boot-maker in London has for years been trying in vain to imitate."

"But surely they are a little too tight?"

"*Too* tight, Sir?" said the Gentleman, apparently aghast at George's horrible suggestion; and then, as one whose innate breeding compels him to disguise his contempt, "Oh, no, Sir. With a smart foot like yours you cannot have the instep too tight. *Too* tight? Oh, no, Sir!"—and even his breeding could not restrain just a little smile at the bare idea.

"But . . ." said George, knowing in his heart that it was really no use.

"Of course, Sir, if you are going to wear them in the very depths of the country, where none of your friends can see you, we CAN . . . though it seems a pity to spoil them . . . we CAN let them out a bit."

"I think they are just a little too tight," said George, blushing but stubborn.

"Well, of course, Sir, it is for you to say. If you insist . . . say, an eighth of an inch. We shall only charge you a shilling or two; and what address shall I send them to?"

Then, with one parting look of affection, the Gentleman put the cause of the trouble back in the box, and with an effort lowered himself to put on George's feet his old boots, made by another and therefore disreputable firm. His lips only made some remark about the mildness of the weather, but his eyes clearly said, "After all, what can one expect from a man who could ever wear boots like these?"

And so, having no further use for them, he gently put George and James out into the street again.

III.

"After all," said George, after a long silence, "I could not be too hard on the man. It wasn't his fault; he didn't make the boots. Besides, it was very decent of him to promise to send them back without charging for the postage."

A Pleasant Innovation.

"The bride appeared in a smart white frock of pale blue linen."—*Western Mail (Australia).*

ASTOUNDING THEATRICAL SENSATION.

SELF-EFFACING ACTOR-MANAGER.

INTERVIEW WITH MR. REECE.

(Suggested by the account of Miss Marie Dressler's altruistic methods recently given in "The Pall Mall Gazette.")

As I entered the stage door of the new Philadelphia Theatre in Shaftesbury Avenue, writes a representative of *Punch*, I felt myself engulfed in an atmosphere of *bonhomie* that almost took my breath away. The rehearsals of the new tragi-comedy, *Mixed Pickles*, had been going on for sixteen hours almost continuously, but everyone was in the highest spirits. Seeing me at the wings, Mr. Reece greeted me with a shout of welcome. "An interview? Of course, my dear fellow. We'll knock off work for half-an-hour, and I'll tell you something about my methods.

"Now look at this galaxy of talent. Lovely and accomplished women; high-souled, chivalrous men." Here Mr. Reece—whose likeness in profile to his distinguished father, the late Captain Reece, R.N., is quite extraordinary—turned to the actors and actresses grouped around him and addressed them in words of the most intense and moving earnestness: "Never forget, dear boys and girls," were the words which fell on my astounded ears, "that every one of you means more to me than I do myself. You interest me and the public more than the principals, because there is the element of uncertainty and the unexpected about you."

Leaving the chorus for a moment, Mr. Reece indicated another special feature of his management by pointing out a number of the principals, and saying, "Every one of them has a fatter part than mine. You know London audiences don't really want any one person. On the stage, as in politics, *il n'y a pas d'homme nécessaire.* We live in an age of Collectivism. And don't you imagine that I do this against the grain. It is a tradition of the family—you know my father's motto, "It was his duty and he did." Take this play; I had a splendid scene in the first Act when it was originally cast, but, like Jack Sprat, I can't stand fat, so I gave it up to someone else."

"But surely you repented your generosity?"

"Not a bit of it, my dear boy. The fact is I like producing much more than acting, and I have practically decided never to appear in another play, though I have taken the theatre for fourteen years. Ah, here is Otis Lemuel," he said, summoning to his side the young *jeune premier* who is already famous in Australia. "He is really gorgeous, and



"GET BACK THERE, CAN'T YOU?"
"GARN, I 'VE GOT SHARES IN THE COMPANY. CAN'T I SEE MY OWN PLACE BURN?"

he has a gorgeous part. Haven't you?" he asked him.

"Simply ripping," replied Mr. Lemuel, affectionately putting his arm round the actor-manager's neck; "but I owe it to you, my first and greatest benefactor."

"Ah, but if you hadn't got the brain of a Garrick and the figure of an Apollo," replied Mr. Reece, "you would never have got where you are—at the top of the tree."

Shedding a few natural tears of gratitude Mr. Lemuel retired, and then Mr. Bert Folsom came up, and in a voice trembling with emotion stammered out: "Mr. Reece has been a father and mother to me. But for him I might have gone into the diplomatic service or politics——" "Instead of which," adds Mr. Reece, "you are now the idol of the Antipodes and earn a salary of £200 a week. And he 's worth it too, every penny of it."

Similar testimonies to the angelic kindness of Mr. Reece were also forthcoming from Miss Letty Slazenger, Miss Daisy Gellibrand and Mr. Uther Hipkins.

"Rehearsing for Mr. Reece," they remarked in unison, "is a labour of love. He is the best man in the world. We would all die for him this minute."

"Yes, mine is indeed a happy lot," remarked Mr. Reece afterwards. "You remember the beautiful old lyric:—

'If you love me and I love you,
We 'll both of us love one another:
So wrap me up in the Union Jack,
And kiss me for my mother!'

It has always been my aim to run my show on those lines, and so far I think I have succeeded."

THE CRISIS.

My heart is lost to Grace and Rose,
Each lovelier than the dawn and blither;
But how on earth can I propose
To either?

For both I burn with flame devout,
The sort no time nor chance can smother,
But somehow not for one without
The other.

If Grace consented to be mine,
Her single charms would soon seem prosy;
With tenfold passion I should pine
For Rosie.

Conversely, were I linked with R.,
I doubt not (such is Cupid's curst wile)
That Grace would seem diviner far
Than erstwhile.

Next problem: either might refuse.
But would it calm my bosom's heavings,
Bereft of half my love, to choose
The leavings?

And if they both disdained my hand
The prospect fairly makes me shiver,
I do not think my health would stand
The river.

Yet here we are—time flies apace—
Just now I take a modest breather,
But soon it must be Rose or Grace,
Or neither.

And since, dear Sir, whate'er betides,
The outlook seems a sadly glum one,
And swains despairing must confide
In someone,

Please help a suitor in distress,
Lest love's true course that never ran well
Should make him alter his address
To Hanwell.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

My African Journey (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), which is the story of a visit paid to Uganda by the Rt. Hon. WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL, M.P., does not pretend to be the record of a pioneer; nor does the author here press his claims as a mighty hunter, though the cover of his book represents him, in a blood-red landscape, posed beside a prostrate rhinoceros. One of these monstrous fauna he felled with his own hand, and took part in the peppering of another to death; but the quest of big game was only an incidental feature in his progress as an exalted tripper along a course where every need had been anticipated and the only opposition on his path came from hostile and predatory tribes of insects. But his narrative of a not very difficult enterprise is invested with a literary charm unusual in the ordinary traveller's tale. Always observant, Mr. CHURCHILL is more concerned to convey truly his impressions than to make fine writing; but now and again, as in his picture of the Hoima forest, he gives full play to a natural and vivid eloquence. But he went to study other things than tropical scenery; and the suggestions that he offers on the development of the Uganda Protectorate reflect an attitude of mind that is statesmanlike in the broadest and most humane sense. I should be sorry to seem to call in question the value of Mr. CHURCHILL'S activities in the sphere of home-politics; but his book shows him to be possessed of qualities that call for a wider scope than our over-exploited island is ever likely to afford him; and I shall hope to live long enough to see him enrolled among the makers of Empire as Governor of Uganda.



EXPLODED REPUTATIONS.

ALFRED THE GREAT.

The Faith of his Fathers (MELROSE) is a prize novel by A. E. JACOMB, selected by Messrs. ANDREW LANG, W. L. COURTNEY, and CLEMENT SHORTER, for a prize of two hundred and fifty guineas. It is also selected by me for a few words of hearty commendation as a strong and sincere story of provincial life. *William Atkinson* was one of those honest bigots who viewed life steadily, and saw only a fraction of it—a narrow-minded Methodist who stopped all argument with a quotation from the Bible. He forced his weak son *Stephen* into an unhappy marriage, and renounced *Rachel*, his daughter, when she became engaged to a man who could not accept his own creed; and he finally resigned his post at the works because the firm had accepted a contract to make war material. A fine man spoilt. Miss JACOMB (no hint of her sex in the story) shows very surely how in *Mrs. Atkinson* the wife's sweet faith in her husband is gradually turned to bitter in the mother's love for her children. The final tragedy, *Stephen's* killing of his wife, is accidental and capricious—it would have been far truer had the mother, maddened by her children's wrongs, inevitably turned upon the direct author of them. Still, a fine story, written with care and distinction.

In *Reminiscences of my Life* (PITMAN) Sir CHARLES SANTLEY continues and supplements the story of his brilliant career as set out some years ago in *Student and Singer*. It is a rambling and discursive narrative, not without engaging qualities, for Sir CHARLES makes no effort to disguise his likes and dislikes. SIMS REEVES was his friend, and he defends that great singer's memory with a creditable warmth, which is, however, not incompatible with a few sly, but good-humoured, digs at Mrs. REEVES, her husband's jealous champion. BOITO'S music he cannot abide, and for WAGNER'S he has a limited admiration. Fortunately Sir CHARLES has lived long enough to note a strong reaction in favour of the names he venerates. Sir CHARLES'S writing, I may add, is not quite so careful and highly finished as the singing by which he has delighted nearly two generations. There is an artless happy-go-lucky kind of slap-dash about it, as, for instance, when he refers to our old friend *Argus* as "the fabled what's-his-name, eyes all over," or describes TAMBERLIK'S high C sharp as "a clear ringing full-bodied note that had never suffered from even a touch of measles; it gave you the jumps, but to jump *over* the benches, and give the singer a hearty hug, not to dive down *under* the benches to avoid any danger from chips flying about." There is certainly no lack of pictorial vividness about that. Sir CHARLES was always a good sleeper:—"When I was singing at Covent Garden in 1859–60," he says, "I dined early, 3.30 or 4; and after a heavy opera and a fast of about eight hours I felt ravenous, ready for anything, from bread and cheese to roast donkey stuffed with horse-soldiers. I frequently ate for my supper a sheep's heart roast, with sage and onions, accompanied by an abundant salad, and went off to bed and to sleep in a jiffey." *O dura cantorum ilia* is the respectful murmur that rises to one's lips. Yet when he was in America Sir CHARLES could not digest what he calls "whoffles"! They remained on his chest like lead. Sir CHARLES met DANTE ROSSETTI once and was not favourably impressed with him. "Whatever else he had an eye for," he says, "he certainly had not one for a pretty woman, judging from the plain-looking type he was so fond of reproducing. I cannot imagine who it was dubbed him poet." Was it not *(inter alios et alias)* The Blessed Damozel? "I never saw him again," he adds, "so had no personal acquaintance with him. R. I. P.!" Come, that 's charitable, anyhow.

"By the way, although Sir Alfred is so much identified with cycling, he is also greatly interested in the development of canals."—*Cycling.*

This is one of those spontaneous remarks which bring the press very near the heart of the great British public.

CHARIVARIA.

IN future the speeches of every Member of Parliament will be reported verbatim by official reporters. It is evidently becoming difficult to induce candidates to stand, and extra inducements have to be offered.

***

"Be such as your Fathers were of yore," sings the POET LAUREATE in his latest patriotic verses, "*Guard with your barrels the British shore.*" This is surely perilously near to a parody of "*Beer, glorious beer*"?

***

The question whether the personality which an actor or an actress adopts on the stage may not ultimately dominate such person is being discussed. There can be little doubt, however, that sometimes actresses who play the part of a woman with a past have actually anticipated the *rôle*.

***

The Chief Burgomaster of Berlin proposes to give the names of English cities to several local streets. We have had a Jermyn Street for many years.

***

We hear from a private source that the KAISER was extremely annoyed that the weather during the KING'S visit left so much to be desired, as he was afraid that his guest might take it as another sign of his host's waning influence.

***

Meanwhile, in order to be prepared for all eventualities, the CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY, we are informed, is learning jiu-jitsu.

***

The statement by Dr. INGE, Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, that the upper classes of this country are physically, intellectually, and morally among the finest specimens of humanity who have appeared since the ancient Greeks, has, we hear, resulted in an immense rush to join their ranks.

***

It is rumoured that the monkey, Consul, who is now appearing at the Hippodrome is to be the guest of honour at a forthcoming dinner in celebration of the Darwin Centenary.

***

"If you had the courage of your ancestors," said the inimitable Mr. GRAYSON to a Tower Hill gathering, "you would eat the people who live in the Squares." Many simple country folk will be horrified to learn that one of the Squares through which Mr. GRAYSON'S audience subsequently passed is now called Eaton Square.

***

"Women will want to fly, but there will be no aerial navigation for them if they choose to wear crinolines," says Madame LUCILE. Surely there is a mistake here? The crinolines will form the most admirable parachutes.

***

Meanwhile there can be little doubt that the Directoire costume is doomed. The following advertisement is a sign of the times:—"For sale—a great bargain—handsome evening dress—*Suitable for the wife of a Director.*"

***

In America suggestions are being invited for a title to enable bachelors to be distinguished from married men—such as the Miss and the Mrs. of the other sex. "Why not let the man be Master until he marries?" asks a lady.

***

The Oxford Union has passed a resolution that "it is the duty of Oxford to take an increased part in the education of the democracy." It sounds almost incredible, but we believe it to be a fact that many members of the lower classes do not know a single Spoonerism.

***

Arrangements have been made for trams to run through the grounds of the "White City." It is thought, no doubt, that much amusement will be caused by the sight of country visitors trying to avoid being run over by them. Some idea of the congestion of space may be obtained from the statement that "Passengers travelling by these cars will be able to grasp the general features of the exhibition and grounds."

***

M. JACQUES LORISSON, in an article in *La Revue d'Aviation*, calls attention to the necessity to our country of having air-ship destroyers. M. LORISSON evidently does not know that our War Office is already in possession of such an invention. It works in conjunction with our airship.

***

At last we are able to record a little success for our Army aeroplane, proving it to be of some practical value. Last week, after rising into the air for about 100 feet, it fell to the ground with such force that it would undoubtedly have killed an enemy had he been under it.

***

A provincial milkman has been fined forty shillings and costs for shouting while selling his milk. We believe that in many cases the din created by the milkman is, if the truth were known, an attempt to drown the noise caused by the chattering of the microbes.

***

Overheard during a classical dancer's turn at a certain hall: "Mummy, is that lady rich?" "Yes, my child, very." "Then why doesn't she wear more clothes, Mummy?"

"Locally—and, it would seem, generally too—we have had enough rain in this year of grace to stimulate scientific interest if only in the theory of probabilities as it applies to the chances of ever again seeing the sun shine without intermission for twenty-four hours." *Johannesburg Star.*

Roughly the chances against this happening locally are three billion to one. If scientific interest should ever want further stimulants we are always ready to administer them.

FROM a letter to the Bengal Postmaster-General:—

"SIR,—Although the English Mail train passed through Bally station shortly after noon yesterday, for some reason or other, it was after 7 o'clock until the Bally letters reached P.O. Despite the importance of the mail, the postmaster made no attempt to deliver the Bally bag to Bally postmaster or to advise him to call for it. We afterwards discovered that Bally postmaster had sent three or four times for bags."

By this carelessness in naming places in India the official manner is completely spoilt.

"A scientific colleague quoted the lines of Pope that still the wonder grew, that one small head could carry all he knew!" *Daily Graphic.*

Whereupon a literary colleague quoted the lines of Gloucs still that

"still he dared to hope
That one fat head won't give his lines to Pope."



EMIGRATE! EMIGRATE!

"COME WHERE THE GRAPES ARE LARGER."

THE PRIVATE REFLECTIONS OF A CONSCIENTIOUS FOX.

(As they might occur to him, if—as, being a highly-intelligent animal, is not so very improbable after all—he should happen to be a constant reader of the admirable "Hunting" notes in "The Daily Telegraph.")

Must be up and doing before long. Plorn Hounds meet in this wood to-day "by invitation." *Whose* invitation? I'm sure *I* never asked 'em! They are going to make what the clever gentleman who describes all the runs so picturesquely in *The Daily Telegraph* would call a "raid." Why "*raid*"? Always thought "raiding" was *my* job. But he *must* know best. I *do* admire his style. Wonder how he'll describe the weather. Will he call this "a wild stormy day that bodes none too promisingly," or merely mention that "the wind is spiced with abnormal harshness"? Shall I gather that "hounds have again to grapple with an extremely bad scent"? All I can say is that, if so, they can't blame *me*. If they find it disagreeable, they needn't run after it . . .

Can hear hounds whimpering. Expect I shall be what the *D. T.* gentleman calls "unkennelled" before long.

Queer word that, "unkennelled." A sportsman with all *his* experience can't be confusing a fox with a hound, I suppose? But no—it's sure to be correct. If I don't live in a kennel, I *ought* to, that's all. Hope he'll be out to-day, and write something pleasant about *me*. He can be rather severe on *some* foxes. Called one a "craven" the other day, and said he "tried to shirk his obligations." If he wrote that of *me*, I don't think I should ever hold up my brush again. But what *are* my "obligations" exactly?

The *D. T.* gentleman, I know, likes a fox to "accept his mission cheerfully." Only I wasn't aware that I *had* any mission. And if I have, I shan't get time to make any converts. Then he'll expect me to be "full of courage." One fox whom he mentions with approval "stood in front of hounds for just over two hours." Afraid I should never have courage enough for *that*. At same time, from other remarks of his, can't help thinking he would rather I ran away. Very puzzling to know what I really *ought* to do. . . .

Point settled for me. Hounds have, as the *D. T.* sportsman will probably put it, "got me quickly on the move," and are "pushing me away." I am out in the open now. Getting across a field: I would "traverse" it instead, if I knew how it's done—only I don't. Hounds some distance in rear, but "working," to do them justice, "with marked perseverance." *My* business is to "lead the chase," and act as their "pilot." A heavy responsibility. I do *hope* I shan't run them into any difficulties! If I took 'em across the railway line just when a train was coming up, the *D. T.* gentleman might be nasty about it next day. Will make—I mean "shape my course"—for Pounders Hill, and endeavour to "carry a bold front" over it. Am bold enough in front—but not so sure about the *brush* end of me. I will "hie on. . . ."

Still "hie-ing on." I suppose this is what the *D. T.* sportsman will call "a merry twenty minutes." Hope he is near enough to notice that I am "one of the right stamp," and am "enabling the hounds to credit themselves with a rousing hunt." They are hunting very prettily, I will say *that* for them; but mere prettiness is apt to pall after a time. Have had enough of it already. . . .

Drop into Slinkby's Spinney. Find another fox there—luckily a fellow I know, and one of the best. *Would* he mind taking the hounds on for a bit till I get my wind back? Such a pity to spoil their sport just as they're getting so keen. He says, "All right—he's game to give 'em a 'jaunt' for a few minutes." He does. . . .

Capital view of run from edge of spinney. My substitute has shown them the way over a brook, which (as I trust the *D. T.* sportsman will not forget to record) is "taking its usual toll." He may be paying the toll himself, for all *I* know.

"Things," as he would put it, "are going uncommonly brightly, hounds giving a most praiseworthy display, and running with rare determination and self-reliance." So is my poor friend—with too *much* self-reliance, indeed. Can't make out from where I am whether he is "rolled," "bowled," or "toppled" over, or simply "pulled down"—but evidently hounds have "closed his existence." Well, well, he will have a kindly obituary notice in the *D. T.* to-morrow—if its representative is out of the brook—and what *more* can he want? . . .

Hounds will probably be "ringing back" here shortly. Better not wait for them. Will follow example of one of the *D. T.*'s foxes, and "go to ground in a rabbit-warren." Tight squeeze getting in. Occasion what the *D. T.* gentleman calls a "flutter" and "brief scurries,"—only *he* refers to horses, not rabbits. Explain to residents that this is not a business visit. Lie low and make myself agreeable, till informed by elderly and highly nervous rabbit that "bolting" is going on above. He offers, most obligingly, to show me out by back way. Mustn't forget, if spared, to call on him to-morrow. *N.B.* Elderly—but plump. . . .

"Set going" once more. "Quick response" from hounds. Must "harden my heart," and try at least "to furnish them with a spin" before I am run down. I think the *D. T.* representative will admit that I am "yielding a very enjoyable hunt." Hounds behind me seem to be "keeping the fun well sustained" and "making light of obstacles." They are certainly "pushing me smartly along."

Fancy the field is "reduced to a vanishing point," as *I* shall be presently unless I'm jolly careful. Hope the *D. T.* gentleman hasn't taken a toss. Should like him to be in at the finish. Then he could describe it in his own inimitable manner. Like this: "The old warrior sustained a lot more punishment before being toppled over dead-beat in the open." That's an epitaph any fox might feel proud of! I do hope he won't remark, as he did in one case, that I am "carrying anything but a bloom on my coat." Don't like personalities—and besides, "*De mortuis*," &c.

The thing that is worrying me most—at present—is what sort of finish I shall get. I mean, shall I be "handsomely killed," "polished off," or "grimly dealt with"? Not quite clear what the distinction is, but must say I *don't* relish the idea of being "grimly dealt with." Sounds so very unpleasant. . . .

It may be only my fancy, but it strikes me I've "run the hounds out of scent." Most inconsiderate of me! They're not in sight anyhow. Ought I to allow 'em time to come up. Seems only polite, after all the trouble I've given them. And then there's the *D. T.* representative—should be sorry to forfeit *his* good opinion. He might give me *such* a good notice! On the other hand, if he did, I should never see it. And there's an earth close by that's really uncommonly handy. I think, perhaps, I'd better be "getting in." . . .

I have. Regret to disappoint the Plorn pack—for whom I have the highest respect, and particularly the *D. T.* gentleman. But his "Hunting" notes will be more interesting than ever to-morrow morning.

F. A.

In a bookseller's catalogue WORDSWORTH is quoted as authority for the statement that one of the most pathetic of human compositions is "Pluto's records of the last four scenes of the career of Socrates." PLUTO would certainly have the very latest news.

From an advertisement of a "Boxing Academy" in *The Daily Dispatch*:—

"Pupils embrace many champions and instructors."

After a few such clinches pupils will wish they hadn't come.



RECRUITING (NEW STYLE).

John Bull. "AN ILL WIND—BUT LET 'S HOPE IT 'S BLOWING ME SOME GOOD."



PRIDE OF COUNTRY.

French Socialist. "DOES IT NOT MAKE YOUR BLOOD BOIL, MY FRIEND, TO SEE ALL THESE RICH PEOPLE?"
Bill (down on his luck). "FRENCHMAN, AIN'T YER?"
Socialist. "YES."
Bill. "YOU AIN'T GOT 'ORSES LIKE THAT IN PARIS, I BET."

LUXURY AT THE HALLS.

NEW METHODS OF BARBERISM.

[The management of the Empire have opened a barber's shop in the stalls foyer. "The equipment of the complete ittle *salon de coiffure* in the luxurious later Empire style," so we read in *The Daily Mail*, "comprises a troupe of three artist coiffeurs, a cultured lady manicurist, an accomplished hair-ironer, and the *dernier cri* in boo polishers." The staff has also been strengthened by the addition of an interpreter, a Hungarian baron, who is attired in gorgeous livery and who speaks seven languages with impunity.]

On inquiry at the Friv. we learned that within the last few days every box had been equipped with a Turkish Bath, so completely screened off that *habitués* will be enabled to indulge in this luxurious form of ablution without attracting the attention of the rest of the audience. Another admirable and patriotic new departure is the importation of a drill sergeant who will give instruction gratis in the space at the back of the stalls between the turns. Concurrently with the performance on the stage it has been arranged that Dr. EMIL REICH shall give lectures in the lounge on the Pre-Socratics to the accompaniment of a Hungarian dulcimer.

At the Stolliseum the innovations are of a character entirely in keeping with the literary and philosophic accomplishments of the Manager. Thus every seat in the gallery carries with it the right to consult *Who's Who:* every seat in the balcony is provided with a copy of *Debrett:* underneath every stall is a dainty case containing the complete works of HERBERT SPENCER; and every box is fitted with shelves containing a complete set of *The Dictionary of National Biography.*

The manager of the Cosmopolitan states that his New Features are of a most wide-reaching and sensational character, but he does not wish to discount their effect by any premature announcement. He contents himself for the moment by mentioning that, excepting the first row, every seat in the stalls and balcony will be provided with an X-ray apparatus, enabling occupants to see through the most umbrageous and opaque of Merry Widow hats. The attendants are all first-rate linguists, speaking Russian, Japanese, and Esperanto, and the chucker-out is an Austrian archduke who was exiled from his native land for wearing open-work socks at a Court Ball.

A charming invention, which bids fair to enhance the already immense popularity of the Columbia, has been introduced at that famous music-hall. Every seat in the house is capable of revolving like a music-stool, so that, when so disposed, the spectator can turn his back on the stage and face in any direction he pleases. Again, besides supplying the usual refreshments, the attendants provide narcotics, sedatives and other drugs enabling weary persons to slumber peacefully in their seats. In cases where the sleepers have not awakened at the close of the performance, the attendants are then instructed to remove them in ambulances to the restaurant, where hot coffee and other stimulants are provided.

Sport in High Life.

"A young mosquito was recently captured by the Mayor at his residence . . . It had severely bitten the Mayoress before it was caught." *Welsh Gazette Express.*

"One almost never sees a windmill turning . . . One thinks of the time when they were alive, of the great circles of the sails.

"The meal sacks on the whitened floor,
The dark round of the dripping wheel."
The Nation.

The last line explains why they are called windmills.

CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME;

OR, LITTLE ARTHUR'S ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.

(*Papa, aged* 40; *Little Arthur, aged* 12.)

Little Arthur. Papa!

Papa. Yes, my boy, what is it?

L. A. Wouldn't you like to shoot elephants and hippopotamuses——

Papa. Hippopotami, Arthur, hippopotami. Remember, it's from the Greek.

L. A. All right: hippopotami and rhinoceri and lions and things. Wouldn't you like to?

Papa. Oh, well, I don't know. I daresay I should; but business, you know. I've got to stick to business.

L. A. Yes, Papa, I know; but hasn't President ROOSEVELT got any business?

Papa (*jocosely*). I don't know that he's got any business to shoot elephants; but then you see he's a great man—President of the United States and all that.

L. A. Oh, I see. Does that make a difference then?

Papa. Well, of course he's different. A man like that must have some rest, you know, after his term of office is over. He's entitled to some rest.

L. A. But he won't *rest* much, will he?

Papa. That's *his* way of resting, anyhow. He just wants to go out to Africa and shoot a few things. He doesn't want any fuss about it.

L. A. But, Papa, there's quite a lot about it in the paper to-day. You know you told me to read the paper.

Papa. Certainly, my boy. I want you to know what's going on in the world.

L. A. Yes, Papa. Well, it says (*reading from paper*) "Mr. ROOSEVELT has decided to take rest——"

Papa. Didn't I tell you?

L. A. "—has decided to take rest and recreation in a two-years' trip abroad, half of which will be spent in Africa under the British flag as a faunal naturalist." Papa!

Papa. Yes, my boy.

L. A. What is a faunal naturalist? Have you ever been a faunal naturalist?

Papa. Hum—ha, well, I don't know. I'm not sure that I ever have been. It's one of those American expressions—just a way of saying things. Doesn't *mean* anything in particular.

L. A. I see. And it says that his son KERMIT is going with him. That'll be jolly for KERMIT, won't it? And, I say, isn't KERMIT a rum name?

Papa. An American name, my boy.

L. A. Yes, I see. And then there's something in the paper about his going away because (*reading*) "he intends to put himself beyond the reach of those persons who, he believes, would inevitably seek, if he were within reach, to use his influence with the administration of President WILLIAM H. TAFT." There's a lot more like that. Is that supposed to be very noble of Mr. ROOSEVELT? Doesn't he *like* President WILLIAM H. TAFT?

Papa. Like him? Of course he does.

L. A. Well, he's running a long way away from him, isn't he? Oughtn't he to stay and help him? And, Papa, is Mr. ROOSEVELT a very *brave* man?

Papa. Certainly, my boy, very brave indeed.

L. A. But it says (*reading*): "There is not a member of the party who is not an excellent rifle-shot, and assurances have been given that not the least fear need be entertained for Mr. ROOSEVELT'S safety while he is away." If it's so safe, Papa, I don't see much fun in going; do you?

Papa. Ah, but perhaps they're mistaken, you know.

L. A. Who are mistaken, Papa?

Papa. Why, the people who give these assurances.

L. A. Oh, I see; but it tells you a lot about his rifles and his bullets and his tents and his folding baths; and, oh, Papa, isn't this splendid of him? It says (*reading*): "It is the known wish of the President that the expedition into Africa shall be made with the privacy that marks, or should mark, any scientific expedition, and no newspaper representatives will accompany the party." But, I say, Papa.

Papa. Yes, my boy?

L. A. Why do they have such a lot about it in the papers now? It tells you all about his "rot-proof tents, green in colour, and his mosquito netting, camp-tools and cooking utensils," and it says he will sleep on the simplest kind of light cot. Why does it say all that?

Papa. Look here, my boy, you'd better run along and play. I'm——

L. A. But, Papa, why does he want to shoot the animals? Why can't he leave them alone?

Papa. Out you go. I've got my letters to write.

THE WALLFLOWER.

PERENNIAL bud, accustomed long to seek
The mural shelter of the uninvited—
If of her charms we hesitate to speak,
Her hopes, at any rate, remain unblighted.

She trips it still, though her fantastic toe
Has lost the lightness of its first endeavour;
For men may come (sometimes) and men may go,
But she goes on (expecting 'em) for ever.

Once more we watch her in her mellow glee
Shambling around at their infrequent bidding;
Or looking (in the Lancers, figure 3)
Sweetly suggestive of a Vanguard skidding;

Or sitting out and, with engaging slang,
Voicing her girlish preference for ices;
Or toying pertly with a pink meringue,
Of which a simple crumb or two suffices.

We watch her partners—men who never shrink,
Courtiers whom coy antiquities deter not,
Who utter blithely, "This is ours, I think,"
While wishing most profoundly that it were not.

It is the same in Hornsey or Mayfair—
In either grade, the middle or the upper—
If youth is on the hop she's always there,
And someone's got to take her in to supper!

NEW CONVERTS TO ROME.

THE success which has been recently achieved by composers bearing Latinised names—Sibelius, Delius, &c.—has seriously influenced a number of native musicians, and we understand that the following aliases have been entered provisionally at Stationers' Hall:—

HENRY J. WOOD . . .	Silvius Borussicus.
DR. CHARLES WOOD . .	Silvius Hibernicus.
CHARLES MANNERS . . .	Stentor Benemoratus.
JOSEPH HOLBROOKE . . .	Josephus Totorivulus.
ALGERNON ASHTON . . .	Cinerivicus Mausoleus.
HENRY BIRD	Avis Comitans.
PERCY PITT	Putens Persicus.
CLARA BUTT	Philomela Gigantea.

Another Phenomenal Birth.

"TEN-YEAR-OLD PIANIST BORN IN ALDGATE."—*Daily Chronicle.*

"SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS."

THE scandal can be no longer hushed up, and the following correspondence must now be published. Should offence be taken by the gentlemen involved, the cigarette-box will be at once returned, with the affection that accompanied it, upon payment of costs up to date.

Letter 1.—*Messrs. Ashcroft, Harrison, Barratt, Page, Pearsall and Watson to Pinny and Co., Jewellers, etc., Cambridge.*

You will remember Mr. Masters (of this college) and ourselves looking at some silver things in your shop this morning. Kindly send the cigarette box, which Mr. Masters so much admired, to Mr. Masters. We will look in and pay you some time to-morrow. S. A.

Letter 2.—*The same gentlemen to Mr. Masters.*

DEAR OLD JOHN,—It was very kind of you but very foolish to suggest that we should refrain from giving you a little present on the occasion of your twenty-first. Do you suppose we could let such an opportunity go by for showing our gratitude for your friendship and for marking our appreciation of your excellent presence in the college? Do you imagine that we are going to let a few paltry shillings stand in our way? Please accept the cigarette-box as a joint present from all of us, and admire the ingenious deception by which we made you choose it yourself. With every good wish, both now and ever,

SAM ASHCROFT.
ROLLO HARRISON.
WILLIE BARRATT.
FREDDIE PAGE.
JIM PEARSALL.
BABE WATSON.

Letter 3.—*Mr. Masters to Messrs. Ashcroft, Harrison, Barratt, Page, Pearsall and Watson.*

DEAR OLD CROWD,—It was too good of you, and the cigarette-box is ripping. You oughtn't to go spending all this money on me, and you have all *got* to come and take a little food with me in my rooms at seven-thirty to-night and drink my health.

Yours, J. M.

Letter 4.—*The Senior Tutor to Mr. Masters.*

DEAR MR. MASTERS,—Referring again to the disgraceful uproar in your rooms last week, you informed me this morning of the melancholy catastrophe caused by the recent gale blowing in your window and dislodging at once all your pictures and most of your furniture, to which you attributed the noise in question. I have looked into the matter and at the same time consulted your kitchen and buttery bills for the week in general, and for the night of the disturbance in particular. Though you have my sympathy for the damage caused by the gale, I feel that the fact of its having blown two nights previous to the night under discussion is fatal to your argument. A much more feasible explanation is offered by your heavy food and wine bills for that night. I am under the painful necessity of gating you for the rest of the term, but have this small consolation to give you. I have instructed the kitchens and buttery to limit your supplies to the bare necessities of living for the rest of the term, so that you will be able to save money to recoup the damage done to your furniture. Yours faithfully,

W. BECKLEY.



THINGS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

Hostess. "BUT YOU 'RE EATING NOTHING, MR. FLOOT."
Mr. Floot. "OH, I NEVER EAT MUCH AT THE BEST OF TIMES."

Letter 5.—*Pinny and Co., Jewellers, etc., Cambridge, to Mr. Masters.*

DEAR SIR,—We supplied you with a solid silver cigarette-box (cedar wood lining and initials extra) in the early part of last year, and have not yet been paid for the same. We regret that we are unable to give unlimited credit, and must ask for immediate payment of the sum of £12 14*s.* 6*d.*, as per enclosed bill. In the absence of such payment we shall be compelled to place the matter in the hands of our solicitors.

Your respectful servants,
PINNY AND CO.

"In a club match at Sydney Trumper scored 105 runs in ten minutes."—*Daily Chronicle.*

Have you heard our new fishing story?

THE CONFESSION.

I DON'T like to go out with this thing on my conscience. . . . .

I want to tell the whole story and die in peace. . . . .

Let me begin at the beginning.

I was an only dog. I had a very happy home. My mistress was a beautiful woman, with long skirts on which I was allowed to lie. My master was a magnificent man, fond of walking. They were both weak, too, and fed me at meals with little bits, and let me lie close to the fire. That was upstairs, where, of course, I liked to be best; but downstairs was good, too, for the maids did not mind dogs (as some do, I am told), and there was a handy-man named Vincent who fed me very punctually, and with whom I walked out on his errands, even though I could see that he tried to make people think I was his.

That was in London, in a house near Kensington Gardens, where I had many friends.

In the country I was equally lucky, for we moved every spring to a place with many rabbits near it, and though I never caught one I rejoiced in their proximity. It had very sunny spots to lie in, too.

You see how happy I was, as happy as only an only dog can be.

That is my tragedy.

How little we expect the upheavals of life! One day my master returned in the evening, much as usual, but carrying a basket. Fish, I thought, without enthusiasm—cat's food; or perhaps fruit, which is, if possible, duller still. But I was wofully wrong, for out of this basket he took a small black creature—one of the kind known, I believe, as an Aberdeen terrier, a breed I have always disliked. I, as you have noticed, am an Irish spaniel.

"Here, Bush," he said (my name is Bush), "is a companion for you!" and he held the thing towards me. Companion! For some days, I need hardly say, I did not approach the reptile, and I kept away also from my master and mistress, just to punish them, although I am afraid they were too much occupied with their new toy to observe it. And then gradually I allowed myself to come round and to resume my old habits.

But how different everything was! At meal times, whereas I used to get all the tit-bits, I now received only half; when my master whistled in the old days it was for me, but now it might also be for that other, and indeed he was often there before me. In short, I was no longer an only dog.

Things went on like this for some months, until one day Scottie (as they called him) began to be ill; and he got worse and worse, and at last died. One had, of course, to make some show of grief, but, by Sirius, how glad I was at heart! I had the greatest difficulty to keep my tail still—it would wag; and when I heard my mistress say, "Well, in future, dear, Bush shall be our only dog," I had to pretend I had a flea to cover my emotion.

From that moment all my old happiness returned; I had the place again to myself; I had all the hearth-rug, and all the tit-bits, and all the caresses, and all the walks. My master grew in magnificence, my mistress in beauty.

But alas! human beings have very changeable minds; and one day what should appear out of a wholly blue sky but another basket, from which there crawled another dog; but this time a more genuine article, a cocker spaniel pup. The first thing he did, as if his mere presence were not enough, was to frisk towards me and set his horribly sharp little teeth in my ear. Naturally I gave him a bite that sent him screaming round the room, and my master opened the door and sternly ordered me out, while my mistress caught the creature in her arms and kissed it. A good beginning!

And so it went on: I was always in disgrace for complaining of assault or for showing my intense disapproval of the vacillation of these people and the loss of my recovered privileges; for once again the hearthrug ceased to be my own, and I secured only half the tit-bits, and when my master snapped his fingers I often did not get there first, for these little cockers are confoundedly nippy, and Vincent, when he took me out, took the other too.

It was while I was one day meditating on my misery that a brilliant thought came to me—brilliant as I considered it then, but wicked as I know now. It is, as you are probably aware, the nature of the spaniel to be, while friendly to all, passionately faithful to one alone, and that one a man. This little dog was too young and inexperienced to have come to any conclusions about the composition of a household: he was naturally without knowledge of class or degree. My plan was to take advantage of his ignorance and plasticity, and persuade him that Vincent, the handy-man, was his master, and thus bend his affections entirely in Vincent's direction.

I knew enough of our real master to be sure that directly he found out that the dog liked Vincent more than himself he would lose interest in him and let him go—give him away to the next caller, or even sack Vincent and the dog with him.

And so it was; the scheme worked perfectly. The little dog attached himself to Vincent with an adoring persistence. Nothing could get him away, or if he were induced to go upstairs, he was continually running to the door and whining for (as he thought) his master.

Our real master was furious. "Confound the dog!" he used to say, or "What's the use of a dog that doesn't love you?" And then he would lay his hand on my head and say that at any rate I was loving and faithful, until I didn't know where to look. And then one day it all worked out as I had conceived, and the little dog was given to a neighbour. . . .

I have never been happy since, for he was a faithful and brave little dog, and my master and mistress would have rejoiced in him, and I had robbed them of a friend, and set a stone where my heart should be, just through my vile jealousy and selfishness; while as for poor Vincent, he was heartbroken, and he seemed to understand that I had a paw in the business, for he was never the same to me again.

Yes, I did a low thing, and I am sorry for it. I did a thing that no spaniel and gentleman ought to do. I wish you would kick me once, hard, and then I could die happy.

TIPS TO ART CRITICS.

THE modern art critic, however great his knowledge, is often at a loss for variety in his vocabulary. The difficulty of saying the same thing about different pictures and artists in different ways has been experienced by every writer on art. An eminent Academician only the other day said he knew of an art critic who wrote for eight papers. In order to conceal your identity and to obviate the snares of repetition, at least in the same article, we suggest as the best model the style of *The Daily Telegraph*. Say RAPHAEL is your theme. Do not mention his name more than once. He can be described as—

1. "The lover of the Fornarina."
2. "The divine Urbinate."
3. "The great rival of MICHEL ANGELO."
4. "The great master of the Stanzie."
5. "The favourite painter of Pope and Peasant."
6. "The pupil of Timoteo Viti." (N.B.—Do not say PERUGINO, or you will be detected of insufficient knowledge of the latest criticism; but you may refer to him as the "gracious fellow-student of PIETRO VANUCCI." This gets in some erudition, and conveys to your readers the other name of PERUGINO. Editors are impressed.)
7. Finally, if you are very hard up, "the precocious offspring of GIOVANNI SANTI."

COROT, on the same principle, becomes:

1. "That master of dawn and twilight."
2. "*Par excellence* the painter of Barbizon."
3. The only peer of JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET."
4. "The protagonist of 1830."
5. "The master of Romanticism."
6. "The father of modern landscape."
7. "The son (or sun, it does not matter which) of Nature's self."
8. "The heir of DELACROIX."
9. "The pioneer of *plein airistes*."

If the picture to be criticised is a landscape, you can say either "the artist has sacrificed the values to his tones;" or "he has neglected tonality at the expense of his values;" or "few artists maintain that exact balance between the tones and values which is the peculiar prerogative of the born artist;" or "the faculty for neglecting both tones and values is indeed rare among the modern exponents of landscape painting, though common enough with certain deceased masters."

If the picture is a subject work, say *Triumph of Bacchus*, you have a freer hand. "Few connoisseurs will accept (or will refuse to accept) this new delineation of the Greek wine-god;" or "the lover of Ariadne," or the "Child of Semele," or "the Theban Deity," or "that deity whose identity in Greek and Roman mythology is inseparably connected with the over-indulgence of intoxicating liquors." (N.B.—Don't call him Tyrant of Syracuse).

A. AND B.

[In the *Journal of Abnormal Psychology* is described the case of a lady who, owing to nervous strain and shock, became two different personalities, which suddenly alternated with each other. The two states she called A and B. As A she was a pattern of propriety; as B she enjoyed doing what she knew would annoy herself as A.]

A. WHENEVER I am A
The perfect saint I play;
My virtues are noted,
And I am devoted
To doing good works all day.
My spirit stands aghast
At anything that's fast,
And I shrink from the host of
Bad people who boast of
A purple and lurid past.

A proper and prim young girl,
A hair-very-trim young girl,
A chaste, unemotional, highly devotional,
Terribly grim young girl.

B. Whenever I am B
I am the very D,
Delighting in joking
And cigarette smoking
And having a rare old spree.
I dance the night away
In haunts that are bright and gay,
And joyfully revel
In playing the devil
And shocking myself as A.

A giddy and glad young girl,
A boisterous, mad young girl,
A daring, high-kickery kind of Terpsichore,
Almost a bad young girl.

A. A highly correct young girl,
An ultra-select young girl,
A pink of-propriety, Dorcas-society,
Most circumspect young girl.

B. A very alert young girl,
A cheeky and pert young girl,
A rackety, rollicking, merrily frolicking,
Bit-of-a-flirt young girl.

A. An omnibus-ride young girl—
B. A straddle astride young girl—
A. A strict Sabbatarian—
B. Thorough barbarian—
A. and B. *Jekyll* and *Hyde* young girl.



Sister (*to elderly prodigal who is much given to pawning his things*). "WHAT'S THIS TICKET ON YER BEST COAT, SANDY?"

Sandy. "THAT WAS THE NICHT I WAS AT MCPHEARSON'S BALL, THEY TACK YER COAT FROM YE AT THE DOOR, AND GIE YE A TICKET FOR'T."

Sister. "H'M—AYE—I SEE THERE'S YIN ON YER TROOSERS AS WEEL."

"In the feeble if oft-quoted verse of Bishop Heber, 'It is their nature to.'"
The Englishman.

Watts in a name?



Officer (to recruit who has missed every shot). "GOOD HEAVENS, MAN, WHERE ARE YOUR SHOTS GOING?"

Recruit (tearfully). "I DON'T KNOW, SIR, THEY LEFT *HERE* ALL RIGHT!"

THE ENGLISHMAN'S WORKHOUSE.

THE recommendation of the Poor Law Commission that workhouses should be abolished has caused indignation and anxiety in certain quarters. We give below extracts from some of the letters which we think may reach us on the subject.

Miss Lydia Famerald (who has been so well known to the public during the past forty years as a frequent contributor to *Gushy Bits* and *Halfpenny Slopover Stories*), writes:—"If the suggestion is adopted, pure fiction for the young will suffer a heavy blow, in that it will be robbed of one of its most valued traditions. If the noble hero of title, with his graceful young bride, cannot visit his white-haired old nurse in the workhouse, and break to her the glad news that henceforth she is to live in the cottage within the park gates, the fiction that can be read without a blush rising to the cheek is well on its way to being doomed."

A Householder writes:—"The idea is preposterous! It is as much as I can do now to check the extravagance of my wife and daughters by telling them twice a day that we shall all end in the workhouse. On the day that they can turn round and say, 'There 's no such place,' I 'm a ruined man."

The Secretaries of several Amateur Pierrot Troupes and other confederations for alleged entertainment write:—"Where shall *we* come in? The workhouse is our only place for a decent rehearsal; we try it on the paupers, and if it succeeds we take it on to the Market Hall. We must get practice somewhere."

REX v. THOMAS BENCE.

[Know, all men, by these presents, that where at Assizes the prisoner has a good case but no counsel to represent it, it is the custom for the Bench to invite one of the members of the Bar to defend gratuitously.]

THE Jurors of Our Lord the KING
Upon their oath presented
That you, my naughty Thomas, had
Done something altogether bad;
Then, having so presented, they
Withdrew, as men who 'd searched all day
To find that same True Bill, and may
Forthwith betake themselves away,
If not elate,
At any rate
Excusably contented.

The Clerk rehearsed each count throughout
With mien and voice in keeping,
And if the Bill was long and dull,
The Court maintained a decent lull,
The while he read the charge preferred,
Enunciating every word,
Which showed where Master Bence had erred;
Yet I, of counsel, barely heard . . .
I don't deny
That there was I
Profoundly, soundly sleeping.

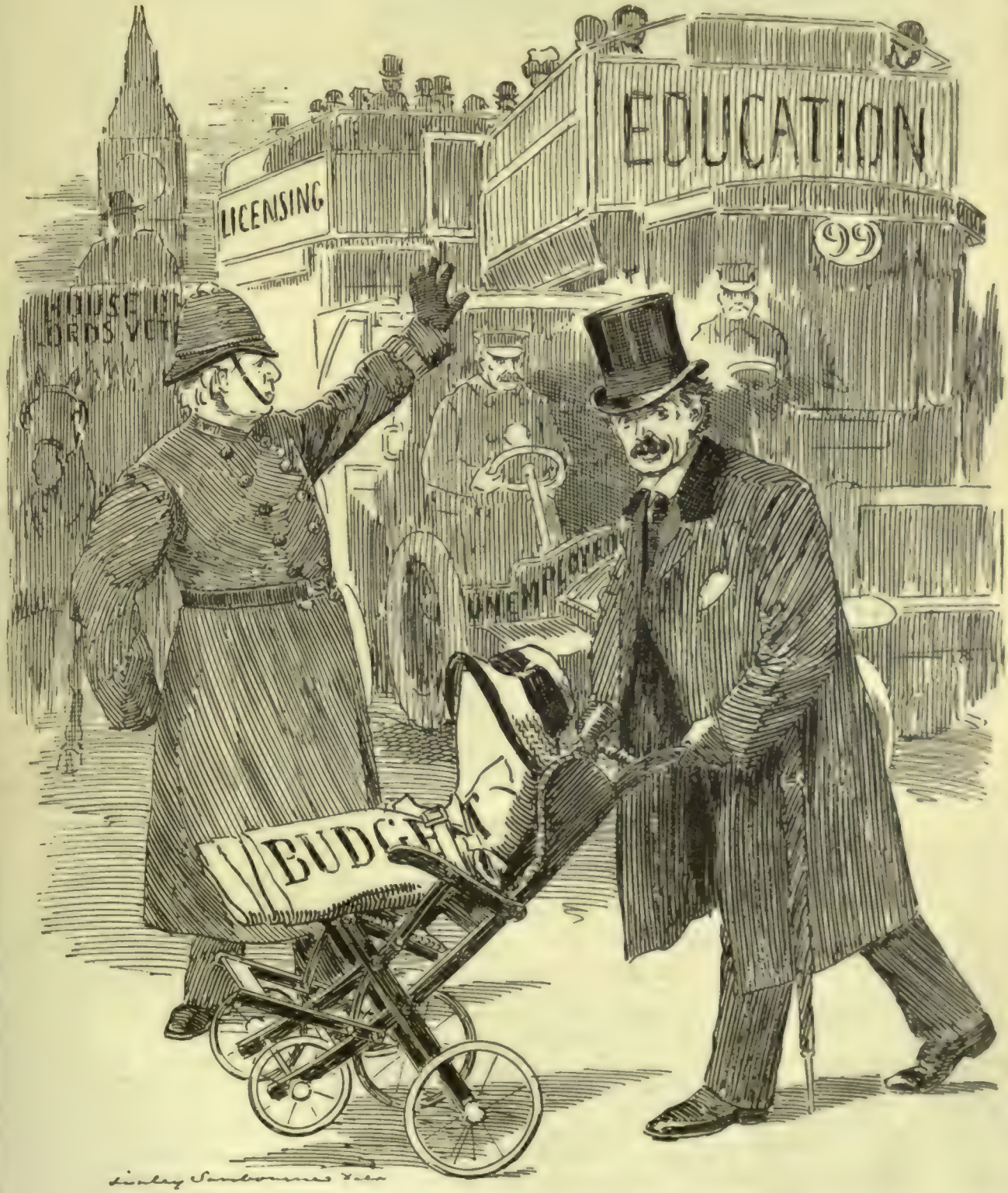
The Judge, as all good judges should
In awful splendour sitting,
Presented you with your defence
Free, gratis (viz. without expense),
And I awake to find that I
Am called upon to argufy,
To cross-examine and deny,
To show a foolish jury why,
Whatever sin
They caught you in
You clearly weren't committing;

How grossly virtuous you are,
How vastly to be pitied,
The victim of false evidence,
The type of injured innocence,
The object of malicious lies—
And so on, till the jury rise,
With anger flashing from their eyes,
And chorus with indignant cries:—
"Let virtue stand
Triumphant and
Let Thomas be acquitted!"

Come tell me candidly, my son,
What you have been and gone and done.

"Then she gathered together her brushes and dropped them into the flower-pot that stood at the side of her easel ready to receive them, and wriggled her thumb out of the hole in her palette and deposited it beside the flower-pot. After she had done that she turned round and regarded the other occupant of the room with tragic eyes."—*Home Chat.*

No wonder. Poor thumb! A most unpleasant accident.



PREFERENTIAL TREATMENT.

"The expenditure of the year will be considerably in excess of that of the past twelve months . . . and in consequence less time than usual will, I fear, be available for the consideration of other legislative measures." —*The King's Speech.*

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, February 16th. — "Uprouse ye then, my merry merry men, For 'tis our opening day." Thus the poet, his fine eye in frenzy rolling after the alleged manner of his class. If it chance to roll over House of Commons at this moment, with PRINCE ARTHUR on his legs, the PREMIER waiting to follow, the poet will acutely feel the inappropriateness of his remark. 'Tis our opening day, pardieu. PRINCE ARTHUR, with the blare of the sun of Biarritz on his brow, the health-giving breezes from the Atlantic still coursing in his veins, gallantly tries to do the uprousing. But where are the merry, merry men? Certainly not within these four walls.

This, the Fourth Session of first Parliament of the King. Trumpeted abroad that momentous issues are to the fore. Expected that straightway the armed hosts marshalled on either side would raise their battle-cry, and the clang of arms would ring through the Chamber, startling the porpoises in the adjacent Thames.

That, in truth, is the purpose and purport of debate on the Address. In olden times, when giants lived, the fight, whether short or long, was strenuous, ending in exciting episodes of division upon which the fate of Ministry hung. Affair to-day has all the dreary dulness of a sham fight.

Whether by accident or settled intent, mover and seconder of Address appear in civilian costume. As a rule Members charged with this important business fig themselves out in battle array. Perfection of detail is achieved when one dons Army uniform and the other borrows the garments of a Naval Officer. To-day mover and seconder lisp their studied nothingnesses in peaceful garb. Members seated near secretly welcomed the innovation. The unaccustomed sword has a way not only of getting between the legs of the gallant Colonel *pro tem.* or the Admiral of the hour, but of prodding in the ribs inoffensive legislators who chance to be near the warriors. From that point of view the levée dress is rather popular.

For the main body of Members it struck a subtle note that made it idle to think of possible conflict, and caused the martial figures of NAPOLEON B. HALDANE and ADMIRAL MCKENNA to seem unwarranted intrusions on Treasury Bench. On PRINCE ARTHUR the effect was dolorous. Helaboured along through passages of King's Speech, languidly picking holes in it. Once momentarily roused to repel interruption from Irish camp. Was talking about condition of Ireland, which he deplored as anarchical.

"What about The Confederates?" shouted an Irish Member.

The inquiry certainly lacks the quality of sequence. PRINCE ARTHUR was as angry as was *Tristram Shandy's* father when, upon occasion, his wife enquired if he had remembered to wind the clock. Breeze only temporary. Leader of Opposition relapsed into dull dogged manner, pounding along by the hour whilst Members strolled out, and those who remained to hear began to yawn.

Business done. - Parliament re-assembled.

Wednesday.—Galleries still closed to the public, male and female. The rows of benches facing the Chair, often the most crowded section, now a wilderness in which occasionally, in the absence of the rose, there blossoms a stray Peer. As for Ladies' Gallery, for the first time within memory of the janitor, the injunction "Silence!" printed in large letters and prominently displayed on walls, is obeyed.

ST. AUGUSTINE, returning to Treasury Bench in time for division, reports that more or less lovely woman has again stooped to folly. Been dining with Certificated Grocers at Inauguration of their Institute.

"What company," he says, mopping his brow and readjusting a worried necktie, "could possibly be more respectable than one composed of Certificated Grocers? In anticipation the mind refused to connect them with anything



BACK TO EARTH AGAIN.

Mr. Will-be Right (after yet another marvellous display of dexterous steering and balance, and of imperturbable coolness in his Fiscal Aeroplane). "REALLY, WHAT BABIES THESE TARIFF REFORMERS ARE! I QUITE ENJOY THESE LITTLE 'TRIAL' FLIGHTS, AND I FLATTER MYSELF THEY GIVE ABSOLUTELY NOTHING AWAY THAT 'S OF ANY USE TO ANYBODY!"



BOWLES WITH A SLIGHT BIAS.

Mr. Stewart Bowles (M P. for Norwood). "DO YOU KNOW, I ALMOST HOPE THAT LITTLE LIBERAL WILL GET IN FOR CENTRAL GLASGOW! HE COMES OF A GOOD FIGHTING STOCK, AND HE IS SO USEFUL TO THE CARICATURIST!"

in the way of unseemly outburst of emotion. And yet——"

ST. AUGUSTINE wiped his parched lips and shuddered as he thought of what had passed since he left the House at Question time.

A number of Suffragettes, purporting to be wives or aunts of Certificated Grocers, planted themselves in gallery facing table at which sat the unsuspecting CHIEF SECRETARY. When he got on his legs in response to toast of Houses of Parliament, one simultaneously rose with mild remark that she had another toast, "which I am sure——" she remarked, glancing round the startled audience.

The Certificated rose to their feet as one Grocer. Rushed up to the gallery with intent to remove the malcontent as if she were a faulty cheese or a tub of butter not free from suspicion of rancidness. Alack! they found her chained to the balcony as last Session one of her sisters betrayed an attachment to grille of cage in House of Commons. Assisted by three waiters (who hoped the extra duty would be remembered in the bill), the Certificated Grocers tugged away at the chained damosel. From her side sprang up another, with clanking chains and persistent inquiry as to the approximate date when the question of votes for women might be expected to find a place in the Ministerial Programme.

There was loud cry for files; but Certificated Grocers going out to dine with a Cabinet Minister don't habitually carry files in their pockets. If it had been a cheese-taster, now. Presently one of the agitated waiters returned from successful search for files. The fetters were loosed, the damosels thrust forth, and the flow of ST. AUGUSTINE'S golden eloquence proceeded thenceforward uninterrupted.

"I think in future I shall take a snack in the House," he whispered in sympathetic ear of PREMIER, who had been privileged to dine in peace.

Business done.—Labour Members, moving Amendment to Address regretting inadequacy of Ministerial proposal dealing with condition of unemployed, defeated by majority of a trifle over two to one.

House of Lords, Thursday.—The MEMBER FOR SARK, an expert in the matter, says to see Lord CREWE carrying the Crown in the Royal Procession last Tuesday was a lesson in deportment. His tall figure, slightly bowed in recognition of the precious charge displayed on the crimson velvet cushion held in nervous hands, moved with quiet footfall, as if he were entering a church. His face wore a deferential expression which reflected upon the emblem of sovereignty a fresh glow of sanctity.

This no new thing. CREWE performs all the functions of his Ministerial estate with inborn grace, cultured courtliness of manner. It was characteristic that, failing performance of the duty on the side of the House which, whilst he lived, Lord ROBERTSON adorned, it was he who voiced the common regret at withdrawal of the familiar figure from the historic scene. Whether in the Commons as Lord Advocate, or in the Upper House as a Lord of Appeal, ROBERTSON ranked among the most effective debaters. Endowed with what the late Lord GRANVILLE once aptly described as "the cross-bench mind," he, though a strong Party man, never displayed the tiresome monotony of the partisan. He was capable of recognising good or evil on both sides, expressing his opinion in sentences exquisitely framed, lambent with irony. Through the Autumn Session he was here, apparently in good health, certainly in fullest possession of his unrivalled intellectual gifts. By his sudden, almost tragic, death the House suffers the loss of one of its chief ornaments.

Business done.—As far as Ireland is concerned, the more things change the more they remain as they were. Second night of debate on state of distressful country, in which on both sides were said over again the old things we have heard repeated since the days of "Buckshot" FORSTER. Address agreed to.



"THE CAP'EN" (TOMMY BOWLES).

ON THE STUMP AGAIN.
(With the fervent hope that he may return.)

ARE YOU SUPERSTITIOUS?

IT is unlucky to be kicked on the head by a chestnut horse on a Friday.

When picking up a lucky horseshoe take care not to be run over. It is better to go without the horseshoe.

It is unlucky to be the thirteenth guest at a dinner-table which is laid for twelve only. The proper course is to wait for an invitation.

If a Scotchman offers to pay for your dinner and for stalls at the theatre you may consider yourself in luck.

It is unlucky when travelling by rail to be alone in the carriage with a homicidal maniac.

If, at dinner, you upset the claret three times it is a sign that you will not be asked again.

If on your wedding-day the clergyman forgets to ask you for his fee, you may consider yourself very lucky indeed.

Truth from the Examination Room.

(*Average age of candidate*, 18.)

1. Who wrote . . . *Two Gentlemen of Verona*?—The author of *John Halifax, Gentleman.*

2. What do you know of . . . Augustine Birrell?—Birrell was one of our greatest poets. He died a few years ago.

FANCY DRESS.

"THEN you really are coming?" said Queen Elizabeth.

"Yes, I really am," I sighed.

"What as?"

"I don't know at all—something with a cold. I leave it to you, partner, only don't go a black suit."

"What about Richelieu?"

"I should never be able to pronounce that," I confessed. "Besides, I always think that these great scientists—I should say philos—that is, of course, that these generals—er, which room is the Encyclopædia in?"

"You might go as one of the Kings of England. Which is your favourite King?"

"William and Mary. Now that *would* be an original costume. I should have——"

"Don't be ridiculous. Why not Henry VIII.?"

"Do you think I should get a lot of partners as Henry VIII.? Anyhow, I don't think it's a very becoming figure."

"But you don't wear fancy dress simply because it's becoming."

"Well, that is rather the point to settle. Are we going to enhance my natural beauty, or would you like it—er—toned down a little? Of course, I *could* go as the dog-faced man, only——"

"Very well, then, if you don't like Henry, what about Edward I.?"

"But why do you want to thrust royalty on me? I'd much sooner go as Perkin Warbeck. I should wear a brown perkin—I mean jerkin."

"Jack is going as Sir Walter Raleigh."

"Then I shall certainly touch him for a cigarette," I said, as I got up to go.

* * * *

It was a week later that I met Elizabeth in Regent Street.

"Well," she said, "have you got your things?"

"I haven't," I confessed.

"I forget who you said you were going as?"

"Somebody who had black hair," I said. "I have been thinking it over and I have come to the conclusion that I should have knocked them rather if I had had black hair. Instead of curly eyes and blue hair. Can you think of anybody for me?"

Queen Elizabeth regarded me as sternly as she might have regarded—— Well, I'm not very good at history.

"Do you mean to say," she said at last, "that that is as far as you have got? Somebody who had black hair?"

"Hang it," I protested, "it's something to have been measured for the wig."

"*Have* you been measured for your wig?"

"Well—er—no. That is to say, not exactly what you might call *measured*. But—well, the fact is I was just going along now, only—I say, where do I get a wig?"

"You've done nothing," said Elizabeth, "absolutely nothing."

"I say, don't say that," I began nervously, "I've done an awful lot, really. I've practically got the costume. I'm going as Harold the Boy Earl, or Jessica's last—— Hallo, there's my bus; I've got a cold, I mustn't keep it waiting. Good-bye." And I fled.

* * * *

"I am going," I said, "as Julius Cæsar. He was practically bald. Think how cool that will be."

"Do you mean to say," cried Elizabeth, "that you have altered again?"

"Don't be rough with me or I shall cry. I've got an awful cold."

"Then you've no business to go as Julius Cæsar."

"I say, now you're trying to unsettle me. And I was going to-morrow to order the clothes."

"*What!* You haven't——"

"I was really going this afternoon, only—only it's early closing day. Besides, I wanted to see if my cold would get better. Because if it didn't—— Look here, I'll be frank with you. I am going as Charlemagne."

"Oh!"

"Charlemagne in half-mourning, because Pepin the Short had just died. Something quiet in grey, with a stripe, I thought. Only half-mourning because he only got half the throne. By-the-way, I suppose all these people wore pumps and white kid gloves all right? Yes, I thought so. I wonder if Charlemagne really had black hair. Anyhow, they can't prove he didn't, seeing when he lived. He flourished about 770, you know. As a matter of fact 770 wasn't actually his most flourishing year, because the Radicals were in power then and land went down so. Now 771—— Yes. Or else as Raymond Blathwayt.

"Anyhow," I added indignantly a minute later, "I swear I'm going somehow."

* * * * * *

"Hallo," I said cheerfully, as I ran into her Majesty in Piccadilly, "I've just been ordering, that is to say, I've been going—— I mean I'm just going to—— Let's see, it's next week, isn't it?"

For a moment Elizabeth was speechless—not at all my idea of the character.

"Now then," she said at last, "I am going to take you in hand. Will you trust yourself entirely to me?"

"To the death, your Majesty. I'm sickening for something as it is."

"How tall are you?"

"Oh, more than that," I said quickly. "Gents' large medium, I am."

"Then I'll order a costume for you and have it sent round. There's no need for you to be anything historical; you might be a butcher."

"Quite—blue is my colour. In fact, I can do you the best end of the neck at tenpence, madam, if you'll wait a moment while I sharpen the knife. Let's see; you like it cut on the cross, I think? Bother, they've forgotten the strop."

"Well, it may not be a butcher," said Elizabeth; "it depends what they've got."

* * * * *

That was a week ago. This morning I was really ill at last; had hardly any breakfast; simply couldn't look a poached egg in the yolk. A day on the sofa in a darkened room and bed at seven o'clock was my programme. And then my eye caught a great box of clothes, and I remembered that the dance was to-night. I opened the box. Perhaps dressed soberly as a black-haired butcher I could look in for an hour or two . . . . and——

Help!

A yellow waistcoat, pink breeches, and—no, it's not an eider-down, it's a coat.

A yellow—— Pink br——

I am going as Joseph.

I am going as Swan and Edgar.

I am going as The Sick Duke, by ORCHARDSON.

I am going—yes, that's it, I am going back to bed. A. A. M.

Masculine Modes.

"M.P.'s ARRIVE AT ST. STEPHEN'S BEFORE MIDNIGHT.
SCOTTISH M.P.'s TIE."
"Westminster Gazette" Headlines.

Naturally in his haste to get there first, he . . . . well, the thing might have happened to anyone.

"A FAVOURITE AND NOVEL WAY OF USING BANANAS.—Boil a cupful of tapioca in water till clear, sweeten to taste, put a layer of sliced tomatoes, and on them a layer of strawberry jam; cover all with some whipped cream; very economical."—*Home Words.*

The economy seems to be in leaving out the bananas.

"When serving tea should one let the drop that remains on the spout of the cream-pitcher fall to the table or catch it, and with what?
K. K.
Catch it with a teaspoon or a napkin."
Ladies' Home Journal.

And now Mrs. Montmorency Mobbs may safely be asked in one afternoon.

The following instance of black honesty from Sierra Leone should touch the consciences of some of our white barbers:

ZECHARIAH DAVIES
BARBER
SHAVE AND CUT.

AT THE PLAY.

I.—"The Truants."

I have been thinking it over carefully, and I have decided to refuse *Lady Darmaway's* kind invitation to Nethercote Grange for the week-end. The life there is too strenuous for me, the people too unexpected. There is *Pamela Grey*, for instance. A nice bright girl, of course; but she does Maud Allan dances in the hall—in the *hall*, of all places. And her ideas generally are quite advanced; particularly the idea of running away to Buenos Ayres with a bounder called *Bill*, in the hope of getting married out there. By the way, only a week ago I had the tip straight from the stable as to the correct pronunciation of "Buenos Ayres," and I may say that *Bill* pronounces it wrong—which is a pity, as he used to live there. But he has worse faults than that. He swears like anything, and is most confoundedly rude to everybody. *Dick Chetwood*, his cousin, is quite a decent sort; if he were the only one there, I shouldn't mind going. *Freda*, to whom *Dick* is engaged, is rather a dear, but a bit too ready with the revolver for my taste. You know, she held up *Bill* in *Pamela's* bedroom the other day, and threatened to shoot him if he didn't give up the elopement idea. Well, I mean *there's* a jolly house! As it happened, *Bill* was only winged, but it might have been pretty serious. Then there's *Strelland*—*Lord Strelland*, a political peer, I suppose. Of all the smug-voiced tallow-chandlers, commend me to him. And he was a fair brute to *Freda*.

Yes, I shall have to refuse *Lady Darmaway's* kind invitation. There is too much slapping and screaming, crying and cursing, knocking things down, and flinging things about. And shooting. Besides, they do find out your secrets at Nethercote Grange. A most unpleasant way they have of—— Well, of course I shouldn't mind anyone knowing really, only—— However, as I said, I am refusing the invitation.

All the same, I must congratulate Mr W. T. Colleby. His comedy is improbable, some of his people behave in an extraordinary way, and he has dragged in a Third Act which was unnecessary, but in *Bill* and *Pamela* (admirably interpreted by Mr. Dennis Eadie and Miss Annesley Sevier) he really has given us two fresh characters. For this, as well as for the pleasure of seeing Miss Lena Ashwell in a part suited to her, the regular playgoer will consider The Kingsway well worth a visit.

II.—"The High Bid."

The "Afternoon Theatre's" second production at His Majesty's is a comedy by Mr. Henry James. The stage is a great leveller; if the literary aspirant turned from his novel of literary life to write a play he would, I am sure, choose some such plot as that of *The High Bid*.

Captain Yule's ancient house was mortgaged to *Mr. Prodmore*, an impossible financier. *Mr. Prodmore*, however, promised to restore it to him free of all encumbrances, provided that he changed his politics, married *Miss Prodmore*, and stood for the division. (It was a Tory seat, and he was a Radical.) *Mrs. Gracedew*, an American widow, with the American's love of old English houses, knowing nothing of the part *Prodmore's* daughter was to play in the transaction, urges him to change his political convictions, and keep his house. He prepares to do this; whereupon *Mrs. Gracedew* learns (1)—to her dismay—that he has also to marry *Miss Prodmore*; (2)—to her joy—that *Miss Prodmore* is secretly engaged to somebody else. In the end, of course, the widow buys back the house from the financier and offers it and herself to the captain.



A Quiet Scene in a Country-House.
Mr. Dennis Eadie and Miss Lena Ashwell.

The aristocratic Radical is no new character to Mr. James; indeed Mr. James should have a friendly feeling for him by now. Why, then, does he make him out a dishonourable end? *Captain Yule*, as played by Mr. Forbes Robertson, is for the first half of the comedy a gallant gentleman, the soul of chivalry and honour. I felt as I watched him how unutterably childish *Prodmore* was to offer such a man his silly "conditions." And then *Yule* calmly announces (to the woman he is beginning to love!) that, following her advice, he has consented to sell his honour; and further, to marry a girl to whom he has hardly spoken. Was there ever anything more outrageous? And what of *Mrs. Gracedew*? It would be like a woman, I admit, to urge a man to break his faith in order to keep his house; but surely much more like a woman to despise him afterwards for doing it at her suggestion.

There is a literary charm about the dialogue which is very attractive, but Mr. James lets his characters talk too much. They make their point in two lines and then go on for ten lines more, so as to be quite sure of it. This makes the brighter part of the audience impatient. Mr. Henry James is much too leisurely for the stage.

None the less, a most interesting experiment, which owed much to Mr. Forbes Robertson, Miss Gertrude Elliott and Miss Esmé Hubbard. The last-named, as *Cora Prodmore*, gave a delightful reading to a delightfully-drawn character.

M.

GREAT AUTHORS' STRUGGLES.

[*Special interviews; with apologies to "The Bookman."*]

"For years," said Mr. William Le Queux, "I struggled without success. I averaged a novel a month, and yet the financial results were almost negligible. At last one morning the postman called with a parcel on which there was 6*d.* to pay. I thought it was one of my novels come home to roost, and wondered whether I should waste the money on it. But some indescribable impulse compelled me to take the parcel in, and when I tore it open there was a jewelled scimitar from the Sultan of Morocco. From that day I have never looked back, but only sideways—to see how the scimitar looks as it clanks against my near calf."

"No," said Mr. Hornung, "the rewards of literature are scanty and the strain of the work is immense. I should not advise any young man in whom I took an interest to pursue a literary career. For my own part I gave up literature long since and took to burglary, which I find infinitely more lucrative."

The Lord of Greeba Castle shook his head. "Struggles of literary men! Ah, the tragedy of such a career. Shall I ever forget the financial result of one of my first and greatest novels, *The Bondwoman*. It was in agony that I conceived that work and eventually brought it to perfection. At last it was placed before the world, and I awaited an account from my publishers. When I opened their letter and saw the miserable result of twelve months' labour—a paltry cheque for £10,000 0*s.* 9*d.*—I am not ashamed to say that I shed hot tears of sorrow. But my spirit was unbroken, I struggled on, and now"—a smile stole over the great man's face—"they have to pay me a pound a word—punctuation marks to count also."



AN ENGLISHMAN RETURNING HOME.

POOR BROWNSMITH ON HIS WAY FROM GOLF MISSES HIS TRAIN AND WISHES HE HAD NEVER BEEN BORN.

Mr. COULSON KERNAHAN declined to be interviewed. "The private finances of an author are his own concern," he said. "I entirely disapprove of these personal advertisements, and therefore will only say that for my forthcoming book, *The Slug and the Saint*, I shall get just a hundred times the amount I received from my first work, *Godliness and the Grub*. It will appear early in the spring, and will make an equally strong appeal to both religious and irreligious readers. It will be highly advisable to order copies early."

THE SHIP-SHAPE SHOPMAN.

"ARE you being served, Sir?" said the shopman.

"Why do you ask that?" said the shopper.

"It is a long story," said the shopman, "but I will tell it you. In the early spring of 1899——"

"If it comes to that," said the shopper, "I am not being served."

"Then," said the shopman, "who could serve you better than I?"

"Who?" said the shopper, and the proceedings began.

"I will not ask what you want, for we all want so much, for which we are not prepared to pay. I will ask you rather what you think of buying?"

"Gloves," said the shopper.

"Brief, but thoroughly intelligible. Do you want a particular kind of gloves, or just gloves?"

"Gloves," said the shopper.

"I gather from that that you only stipulate for four fingers and one thumb on each glove and a suitable covering for the wrist. The rest, I take it, you leave to us. We willingly accept the responsibility, and suggest a pair of lavender-coloured gloves for afternoon wear. What is your size, sir?"

"Fifteen by two and a-half inches," said the shopper, with a prodigious effort of memory.

"Pardon me, Sir, but that is your size in collars. Would you be so good as to think again?"

"327458," said the shopper, tentatively.

"Ah, that is the number of your watch," said the shopman.

"1859 Holborn," said the shopper.

"Your telephone number?" said the shopman. "We were, I think, Sir, discussing your size in gloves."

"January 9th, 1910," said the shopper.

"The date upon which your fire insurance expires. We can deduce nothing from that. Suppose we were to measure your hand?"

"Suppose," said the shopper, producing for the first time his hand from his coat pocket.

"But I observe that you have some gloves already, Sir," said the shopman.

"So I have. Now, how foolish of me! Of course I meant handkerchiefs."

"The two words are easily confused," said the shopman, "and we will gladly overlook the trifling inaccuracy, and supply you with as many handkerchiefs as your bank balance will stand. Can you tell me . . ."

"How absurd!" said the shopper, "but I do not even know the size of my nose."

Thus, there was no business done that day.

Beef Tea.

"King Alfonso left after the fourth bull had been killed. On his return journey he laid the first stone of a soup kitchen for the poor."—*Times Weekly Edition.*

"Comfortable country home for homely gentleman; can have poultry run."
Kentish Express.

There is, however, a beauty of the soul which aspires to higher things.

". . . And there the immortal naturalist passed away."—*The Daily Telegraph.*

The writer should perhaps have left the "immortal" for the next paragraph.

"ACCIDENT TO MR —— M.P.
JOLTED AT 47."
American Evening Express.

Accidents will happen.

Chicago is anxious to discover a masculine equivalent for "Miss." A Cockney correspondent suggests "Mile," and adds that a miss is as good as a mile.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN *The Gifted Family* (METHUEN), Mr. BARRY PAIN has written a delightful novel—no other word will serve so well to express the quality of the book. It is interesting from the first page to the last, and its characters are observed and described with a care that is both kindly and humorous. There is a persuasive charm about Mr. BARRY PAIN'S writing which appeals with convincing force to his readers, and ranges them on his side and on the side of the persons who live and move through his pages. The *Prendergast* family is an array of little talents. With one exception each member of it has his or her own particular inoffensive and ineffective gift in art or music or letters. Papa admires MEREDITH and lectures on him; one of the daughters is musical, another dramatic; and *Fred* has a turn for drawing. All, in fact, are gifted, except *Sandra*, the youngest, who has no special talent except for making people love her. She, indeed, shows that there is an art of life, and that it is more than all the other arts. She trembles on the brink of tragedy, but Fate and Mr. BARRY PAIN and her own sweet nature are kind to her, and she reaches happiness. I repeat that this is a delightful book.

Critics, armchair and otherwise, have said that the Territorial Army scheme is all very well on paper, especially when the paper is excellent and nicely bound. A new book on the subject, *The Territorial Force* (MURRAY), I think is good; yet it does not leave one satisfied that all is as it should be, for no one can read either Mr. HALDANE'S introduction or Mr. HAROLD BAKER'S clear exposition of the main facts relating to the organisation, administration, and discipline of our civilian army without regretting that the success of the scheme should depend on recruiting by methods that suggest the charity bazaar, or a newspaper boom in the dull season, rather than the systematic development of the resources of the country for the purpose of Home Defence.

Mr. ANTRIM ORIEL seems to have decided on making an omelette and then discovered that his chickens (they are turkey poults by the way) have been unexpectedly hatched. *The Miracle* (CONSTABLE) is bound in bright yellow boards, and begins with a complimentary dedication to the Young Turk Party, so that I expected to read a story about the Y. T. P. candidate for Jericho; but as a matter of fact the book is an intelligent appreciation of events in the Near East during 1908, written upon the assumption that the state of Islam is hopelessly rotten. Seizing the opportunity of ABDUL HAMID'S demise, Bulgaria is made to declare war, and receive the moral support of England and Russia; a British legion goes to the front, assisted by the heroine (daughter of *Sir Elgar Howard*, the Foreign Secretary) in the part of a trained nurse, and the Turk is swept back to the gates of Stamboul. So it turns out (as the epilogue informs us) that the "miracle" is not a description of the story at all, but merely an expression of the author's surprise that he has made a bad shot at prophesying. But parts of the book, which only numbers 265 pages (and especially the account of the decisive battle at Kuleli Burgas), are so brilliantly written that one wishes there was a great deal more; and if, as I suspect, the Young Turks interrupted Mr. ORIEL before he had properly finished, it was very tiresome of them. I think, however, that it was a pity to discuss the characters of living English statesmen without making the smallest effort to disguise their identities; and a little rash (considering the title) to give a certain newspaper the name of *The Daily Miracle:* the cowslip has surely no right to call the buttercup yellow.



ADVERTISING IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

Publicity Agent. "AH, VILLAIN, WOULDST BUY THY GROCERIES AT PEERKIN'S? KNOW THEN THAT PIERS SPRINKLESAND'S IS THE BEST SHOP FOR REAL VALUE."

Mounted Billsticker. "THOU LIEST, KNAVE! SYMON'S FORSOOTH! REMEMBER THAT GILES SWEET-I'-TH'-TOOTH'S THE ONLY GENUINE BUTTER SCOTCH."

CHARIVARIA.

"OTHER Kings," says *The Daily News*, speaking of the Ruler of Bulgaria, "have climbed their thrones on pedestals of corpses. He may boast he only uses those already dead." But may not the reason be that living corpses are scarce in these decadent days?

***

The impending formation of yet another Club is announced. It is, we hear, to be called The Junior Monarchs' Club, and its first members, we understand, will consist of the KING OF SPAIN, the KING OF PORTUGAL, and the EMPEROR OF CHINA.

***

By the by it is interesting to note how thoroughly anglicised KING ALFONSO and KING MANOEL have become. *The Daily Mail* tells us that when the two young potentates went for a walk together they were in the highest spirits, and "caused amusement by exchanging hats."

***

With reference to the proposed abolition of the House of Lords a legitimate complaint reaches us from a young peer. He protests that the uncertainty of the situation is ruining business. He is anxious to find a wealthy American bride, but his future is so hazy that he is experiencing unprecedented difficulties.

***

Every day one hears of decaying industries. To judge by the following advertisement which appears in *The Liverpool Echo*, even Banking is not what it was:—

"BANKING.—Youth, to make dough and mould."

***

It is stated in the Isle of Man that Mr. H—— C—— (we suppress his name, as this distinguished author's dislike of publicity is well known) intends to stand for the House of Commons. If this report be true it is thought that it may have the effect of inducing Miss M—— C—— (name also suppressed) to abandon her policy of self-effacement and to agitate for the right of women to sit in Parliament.

Herr HECKER has discovered that the solid surface of the globe submits to periodical oscillations analogous to those of the tides. South Africa, for instance, tilts to the east in summer and to the west in winter. This statement has at present had no effect upon the steamship companies that run to the Cape. They are maintaining a uniform fare for all seasons.

***

A resolution has been passed in favour of an Age Limit for the Clergy. It is hoped that this may be followed by an Age Limit for Sermons.

***

The Belfast stipendiary magistrate is experiencing some difficulty in deciding, in a matter affecting the service of a summons, whether or not gaol can be considered a "place of abode." The magistrate evidently has forgotten *Mr. Punch's* drawing which depicts a lady about to enter a Black Maria, and saying "Home!" to the driver.

***

"Are women to patch this season?" asks *The Lady's Pictorial*. We are afraid that it is the poor devils of husbands who will have to go about in shreds and patches—if their wives' bills are to be paid.

***

"The slipper trade," we read, "has experienced a lengthy depression, but several mills have now received large orders." One hears so much of the desertion of homes at night-time in favour of hotels and restaurants that it is nice to think that the domestic fireside is at last coming into fashion again.

***

From Hyères comes the news that a navvy flung a British Colonel into the river last week because he remonstrated with the man for teasing his dog. The local authorities, to whom the Colonel complained, and who are anxious to do everything possible to promote the comfort of their guests, are taking the matter up, and propose, we hear, to erect notice-boards on the banks of the stream instructing the aborigines not to throw away visitors.

***

The Poet Laureate has written an Ode to SHAKSPEARE for the commemoration service at Southwark Cathedral. Say what you may about A. A., he is conspicuously free from that petty jealousy which is such an ugly characteristic of some writers.

***

As we go to press it is rumoured that the Government has decided to exclude the United States from its calculation of the Two Next Greatest Powers standard. If this be so, it will be a cruel blow to American *amour propre*, and ill-feeling is bound to ensue.

***

Yet another rumour is to the effect that only four *Dreadnoughts* are to be laid down this year, but that two of these are to be named *William and Mary* and *Victoria and Albert* so that ignorant foreigners may imagine we are laying down six vessels.



"FOOTBALL KNICKERS FOR SMALL BOY? YES, MADAM. MR. JONES, FORWARD! FOOTBALL KNICKERS FOR THIS LADY, PLEASE."

"Mr. Alexander Cross was absent unsained. There was no cross voting."—*Glasgow Herald*.

Mr. CROSS, having no namesake in the House, should be more careful.

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE WRONG PLACE.

An Affectionate Apostrophe to the Chief Secretary for Ireland.

Full often has the irony of Fate
Furnished me food for ruminant reflection,
But never more than when I contemplate,
With a detached but most profound dejection,
How square a thing you are, Augustine,
And how cylindrical the hole that you've been thrust in.

Born and bred up to woo the arts of peace,
Endowed by Nature with a *flair* for letters,
A prophet of the age when strife shall cease
And Liberty discard her loathsome fetters—
Fate, by a most superb vagary,
Elected you Professor of Constabulary.

Thus on your laurelled head the duty lies
To check a local taste for gore and arson,
For harrying oxen, cutting food-supplies,
And other foibles catalogued by Carson:
Pathetic signs (or so you read 'em?)
Of simple, childlike natures groping after Freedom.

Your touching faith in that distressful isle
Bids you ignore the only real corrective.
Men urge the Crimes Act: thereupon you smile,
Pleading that love is far, far more effective;
"It's kindness does it!" you retort,
Having no heart to spoil the native's homely sport.

And yet the case, however light your vein,
Is slow to lend itself to humorous patter,
Your most engaging gift. And then, again
(Though this, I take it, is a smaller matter),
Your conscience, being fairly godly,
Must recognise that it's behaving rather oddly.

Then why not timely drop the futile quest?
Come back to your old loves! we want more *Obiter Dicta* to dote on, want you at your best,
There in the deep field, letting off the lob-hitter;—
Cricket and books and wit that's rare!
And send your dusty politics—well, you know where!

No one whose speech is worth the pains to hear
Would call you coward, you who took the burden
Twice of a task forlorn, with light-heart cheer,
Smilingly hopeless of the victor's guerdon!
And that reminds me—one last word:—
Don't be a Peer; it really would be *too* absurd!

O. S.

Science Notes.

The Threatened Slump in Moonshine.

Sir George Darwin's prediction that the moon, once part of our earth, will recede to a greater distance, has given a considerable impulse to the manufacture of coon-songs and other minor poetry dealing with an orb in which the interest of the reading public is likely before long to decline materially.

The Resting Classes.

The official statement that the pace of the earth's rotation is decreasing, and that eventually every day will be fifty-five times as long as the present allowance of twenty-four hours, is viewed with favour by Trades Unionists, who hope by that time to have secured a general eight-hours working-day, which will leave an ample margin of 1312 hours *per diem* for meals, recreation, and repose.

CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME;

Or, Little Arthur's Road to Knowledge.

(*Little Arthur, aged* 12; *his sister Mabel, aged* 18.)

Little Arthur. I say, Mabs.

Mabel. Yes, Arthur, what is it?

L. A. Didn't you say you wanted votes for women?

Mabel. Of course I do; and so do all women who are worthy of the name; and we shall get them, too.

L. A. Oh, but I say, I heard Mamma say she didn't want to vote; and she said a lot of other things, Mabs, you know she did. Isn't Mamma——

Mabel. Oh, Mamma; she's different.

L. A. But she's a woman all right, isn't she? And we ought to do what Mamma wants, oughtn't we?

Mabel. Yes, yes, of course, in most things; but Mamma hasn't thought about these things; she's got so many other things to do; and then she has the old-fashioned ideas.

L. A. Then is it only new-fashioned people who want votes for women? Because it says (*referring to newspaper*) that some of the ladies arrested last time were not at all young. Some of them were more than forty. Aren't they old-fashioned?

Mabel. I'm afraid you're too young to understand these things.

L. A. Yes, Mabs; but I should like to try, you know. Papa told me to try.

Mabel. Yes, Arty, that's quite right. You go on trying, and I'll help you.

L. A. Thank you, Mabs. But I say—

Mabel. Yes, dear.

L. A. *Why* do you want a vote, Mabs?

Mabel. We want to have a share in the government of the country. We hold that we ought to become the equals of men, and that we ought to be so treated. We believe in the great principle of no taxation without representation.

L. A. Oh, Mabs, that does sound splendid! But, Mabs, you don't pay taxes, do you?

Mabel. No—not yet.

L. A. Then, is paying taxes a very nice thing?

Mabel. Well, I'm not sure it's so very *nice*.

L. A. No, I thought not; because Papa's always quite furious about paying his taxes. You know, Mabs, he's always in a temper about them.

Mabel. Yes, he is. I know Papa's look when the taxes come in.

L. A. But if they're such beastly things, why do you want them for yourself?

Mabel. I don't.

L. A. But if you want a vote you must have the taxes first, mustn't you? Hadn't you better stay as you are, Mabs?

Mabel. Never.

L. A. Oh, then, I suppose a vote is something splendid. It makes up for taxes?

Mabel. I don't say that.

L. A. No; Papa doesn't either. He said at the last election he was dashed if he'd vote for either of them. He said one was as bad as the other, and a vote was more nuisance than it was worth.

Mabel. That's Papa all over.

L. A. Yes; but Papa knows about it. He's got a vote and he doesn't like it.

Mabel. But we say that women have a higher sense of duty than men. They are more ready to recognise the responsibilities of citizenship. They see things more clearly and take juster views.

L. A. Then you think women are really better than men, Mabs?



"OULD" IRELAND.

Mr. Birrell. "AND TO PROVE HOW GREATLY THE GRANT OF OLD-AGE PENSIONS HAS CONTRIBUTED TO MITIGATE THE UNREST IN IRELAND, LET ME NOW SHOW YOU A TYPICAL VILLAGE SCENE, EMBRACING THREE GENERATIONS."

["Louth.—County very peaceable; old-age pensions much appreciated."—*Extract from Police Report read by Mr. Birrell to the House.*

"It is estimated that between 50,000 and 70,000 persons of all ages in Ireland are to-day receiving old age pensions who are not qualified under the Act."—*From Letter of a Radical M.P. to "The Times."*]





Curate (who struggles to exist on £120 a year with wife and six children). "WE ARE GIVING UP MEAT AS A LITTLE EXPERIMENT, MRS. DASHER."
Wealthy Parishioner. "OH, YES! ONE CAN *SO WELL* LIVE ON FISH, POULTRY, GAME AND PLENTY OF NOURISHING WINES, CAN'T ONE?"

Mabel. Certainly I do.

L. A. But you said just now that if you got the vote you would become the equals of men.

Mabel. Yes, certainly.

L. A. But, if you're better now, you'd be worse off if you got to be equals by having the vote. Hadn't you better leave it alone, Mabs?

Mabel. It's very difficult to make little boys see these things. Isn't it time for your French lesson yet?

L. A. No, not quite yet. Of course, I know I'm not clever. That's why I'm asking you to help me, Mabs. And, oh, I say, Mabs, can you fight as well as a man? Could you knock a man down, like Dick?

Mabel. Of course not. Brute force proves nothing.

L. A. No, Mabs, I suppose not; but Dick did it jolly well, and you were very glad to have him there.

Mabel. I daresay I was; but I say again it *proves* nothing.

L. A. But it says (*reading from newspaper*): "The women threw themselves at the solid lines of constables, and were gently but firmly repelled. The police endured very patiently the pushing and scratching of the militants. A young woman went into a sort of hysterical fit after several rushes, and was removed." Why do they do that?

Mabel. There's the clock striking.

L. A. Yes, but——

Mabel. Run away now; Mademoiselle is waiting for you.

Motto for our Military Aeroplane.

Sursum, COBX!

THE BEETLE.

WHENCE comes the beetle? Has he been pursued
Into the dark recesses of his lair?
Did any mortal ever see him there?
Was any beetle ever interviewed?
How comes it that he can and does elude
The wiles of Keating and the baited snare,
Discriminating with the nicest care
What may be eaten, what must be eschewed?

Vain questions these; for beetles as a race
Were always mysteries. They ebb and flow;
By night emerging from that mystic place
Where through the daylight hours they undergo
Enforced seclusion, with averted face,
In darkness such as only beetles know.

"The picture presented by the bright costumes and uniforms amidst the elegant surroundings was almost unbroken until the small hours had begun to assume their original proportions, and it was after three o'clock that the last of the guests had disappeared."
Naval and Military Record.

The "original proportions" of two o'clock are understood to be as follows: Chest 38 in., waist 30 in., biceps 12 in.

A Cave-Dweller.

"Wanted an opening in the Country, for Garden Boy, to live in."
Church Times.

HOMES FOR ALL.

["Why shouldn't the animals have a House-Hunters' Guide, too?"
"Why, indeed!"—*Domestic Conversation.*]

To Town Mice.

TO LET, with immediate possession, commodious and convenient apartment, beneath floor, in busy West End dining-room, where many crumbs are spilled thrice daily; within easy distance of larder; no cat.

To Country Mice.

UNIQUE opportunity to acquire small holding in fine Queen Anne wainscot, in most picturesque part of Berkshire; large household; stilton always in cut; one cat kept, but so old as to be negligible.

To Rabbits.

OLD-ESTABLISHED WARREN has several vacancies for tenants; sandy soil; excellent pasturage; warmth a speciality; squire a member of Humanitarian Society; no terriers; stoats a rarity.

TO LET, in delightful country in Essex, Unfurnished Burrows; all the latest improvements; three doors; farmer a very indifferent shot.

To Rooks.

ADMIRABLE ROOKERY to Let in favourite Sussex neighbourhood: built of well-seasoned Georgian elms; arable land; compact guide to scarecrows on application; no shooting.

To Cats.

DESIRABLE HOME for Single Cat without moods; good fires kept; generous table; no dogs; warm basement, and servants properly trained; two ladies with wide laps, and, upstairs, invalid gentleman fond of pets. Premium required owing to perfection of conditions; present occupier willing to vacate at midnight; new tenant must arrive as a pathetic stray.

OLD-WORLD Farmhouse in Kent offers exceptional advantages to active Young Cat; hunting seven days a week; average bag of last tenant, 3 rats, 14 mice; dairy with defective door; affectionate children; pleasant and unrefined feline society in neighbourhood.

To Squirrels.

SPLENDID INVESTMENT.—Magnificent ball-bearing revolving Bijou Residence, suitable to elderly squirrel unable to pedal so fast as formerly; large supply of soft-shelled nuts at valuation.—Apply to Giddier & Giddier, Turnham Green.

To Donkeys.

£800 FREEHOLD.—Bray, near Maidenhead; delightful residence with paddock, admirably suited for vocal exercise or high kicking.

To Tortoises.

TO LET, in charming neighbourhood, a beautifully situated sloping bank, facing the south. During an experience of upwards of a quarter of a century tenants have never failed to emerge after hibernation at least two weeks in advance of those in neighbouring estates.

To Gold Fish.

VACANCY IN CHARMING TANK at Ponder's End. Continuous supply of water from fountain; ample diet, including unlimited vermicelli; old-established rockery well covered with picturesque weed. No human hands have entered tank since youngest daughter of owner was presented at Court.

To Bats.

UNRIVALLED OPPORTUNITY. Warm, central position, berths Nos. 7 and 8 on eligible branch in fine old Sussex Spinney. Comfortable foothold. Last year large family of dormice at foot of tree.

Wanted.

REQUIRED, comfortable home by an aged Pug with an old-age pension. Not higher than 2nd floor if no lift; 2 to 3 guineas; no children or draughts.

THE RETURN OF THE LION.

["The *Lusitania* arrived yesterday at Liverpool from New York. She had on board 400 passengers, 332,000 dollars, 1,570 sacks of mails, and Mr. Sandy Kilter."—*Daily Press, passim.*]

No sooner was the *Lusitania* sighted than the Scotchmen of Liverpool, reinforced by detachments of Scotchmen from Manchester, London, and other places where they abound, formed themselves into battalions and marched to the docks, playing and singing national airs.

On Mr. Sandy Kilter's exhibiting himself in full Scotch costume on the captain's bridge, they set up a cheer which could be heard in the Isle of Man, and seriously annoyed Mr. Hall Caine. On arriving within hail Mr. Sandy Kilter, who had left Euston some weeks before with the parting words on his lips, "God bless you till I come back," shouted, "Here I am, you see, as sound as a Scotch blue-bell." The guard of welcome then broke unanimously into a Highland fling, which endured until the little man was in their midst, when they pulled him nearly to pieces out of pure joy. On discovering, however, that his American fortune was not on his person, but in a strong box on board, his countrymen desisted and permitted the interviewers to get at him.

In honour of this unique occasion—the return of England's darling—the great papers, represented usually by reporters, had sent each its editor-in-chief, a select few of whom had acquired by ballot the privilege of a few words with the hero.

Mr. Sandy Kilter, in conversation with the editor of *The Spectator*, computed that during his visit to America he was heard by 150,000 persons who paid for the *entrée* and an unknown quantity that did not. His hand was wrung 14,000 times, and the breath expended in saying, "Good old Sandy," if employed as motive power, would turn the sails of the Moulin Rouge for three years.

To the interviewer of *The Daily Mail* Mr. Sandy Kilter said that he had sung before President Roosevelt. The President had not his gun with him.

Mr. Sandy Kilter expressed the opinion to the editor of *The Manchester Guardian* that if Columbus had never seen an egg he, Mr. Kilter, would be some millions of bawbees the poorer. America, he said, is the most wonderful country, filled with the warmest hearts, in the world.

Mr. Sandy Kilter confided to the editor of *The Standard* that he earned two dollars a minute waking or sleeping all the time he was in America.

Asked pointedly by the editor of *The Pall Mall Gazette* why he did not return to Scotland for a few weeks at any rate of the year, Mr. Sandy Kilter replied that he remained in England and America because he liked to be among his countrymen.

Conversing with the editor of *The Morning Post*, Mr. Sandy Kilter said that the drawback to America was the paucity of haggises. He had seen only four all the time he had been there, and two of these were eaten by Big Bill Taft before he (Mr. Kilter) could get at them.

Interviewed by the editor of *The Guardian*, Mr. Sandy Kilter said that America was the greatest country he had ever struck. It extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific and back again.

Asked by the editor of *The Times* if he was intending to return to America soon, Mr. Sandy Kilter said that he could not yet say for certain, but whether he went or not he had written a new song to convince his countrymen that whatever his movements might be his heart was true to Scotland. The chorus ran:—

I'm patriotic day and night, nae matter whaur I gang,
It's Scotland whaur I fain would be, I leave it wi' a pang;
I leave it wi' a pang, ye ken, and when I've made my pile
I'm gaein' back to Scotland, boys, to spend it wi' a smile.
But I warn ye, never fear,
That the gettin' o' the gear
May tak' your little Sandy boy a bonny lang while!

COMING MODES.

According to the authorities on Fashion, the touch of dowdiness which for some time has been a distinguishing feature in m n's attire is going to be *le dernier mot* in women's dress. For those of our readers about to order Spring goods a few forecasts of fashionable attire for the coming season may not be inopportune.



The Park: Church Parade.



A Ducal Ballroom.



The Enclosure at Ascot.



The Bachelors' Club.

After the interviewers and photographers had all finished, Mr. Sandy Kilter was allowed to enter the train, but he had first to receive a beautiful gold-mounted slogan, on which was engraved the date and record of the historic occasion.

At Euston another ceremony awaited the famous singer, when the PRIME MINISTER and Mr. HALDANE (representing our Scottish Cabinet) received him and presented an address of welcome. He was then escorted to his home at Tooting by a guard of honour drawn from the Black Watch.

PERCY.

Do you play Percy? It is a jolly game, though long and intricate. I fancy I won last night, but I can't be certain.

The first thing that I remember clearly was hearing somebody say, "It's your turn." So I turned to my neighbour and said, "What have I got to do?" A man opposite me, who seemed to know all about it, said, "We want a sentence of three words beginning with "B." I thought a long time, and then said:

"Bulls buzz badly."

"That doesn't make sense," he said.

"Why not?" I asked. "Bees buzz, don't they?"

"Of course."

"Well, you told me to begin with a B."

"Yes, but——"

"All right, here's another one. Blackbeetles bar Beef-tea. That's sense enough, anyhow."

So then we went on to C. After a time I had on my piece of paper a short list of representative facts, which could be arranged in some sort of order, thus:

NATURAL HISTORY.

Anchovies always apologise.
Blackbeetles bar Beef-tea. (I don't blame them.)
Giraffes gargle grandly. (This is obvious.)
Unicorns uphold undervests. (This I am not so certain of).

ECCLESIASTIC.

Can Churchwardens cough?
Elephants envy Episcopalians. (Silly.)
Hedgehogs hum hymns.

FINANCIAL.

Fantis fell flat.
(NOTE.—"Fanti" is a mine. This fact is alleged and without prejudice. The management cannot be held responsible for accidents on the rink.)

STILL LIFE.

Bull's-eyes barely bounce.

POLITICAL.

Marquises mostly meditate.
Votes for Women.

And so on. This does not pretend to be complete, but it forms the foundation of a trustworthy reference book.

Well, just as I was getting set I was picked up and led to another table and given a pair of scissors and a packet of pins. While I was moralising to myself that Pins prick Princes and Scissors sometimes sciss, my attention was called to a bowl of water in which several corks were floating, and a man opposite, who seemed to know all about it, told me to pick the pins up with the scissors and see how many I could stick into one particular cork. This is a thing I had never previously wanted to do.

At the end of a quarter of an hour I had stuck twenty pins into the bottom of the bowl, and one (I still believe) into the bottom of the cork. That, however, will never be known for certain, for the game took another sudden turn, and I found myself gazing at a small pack of cards and saying, "Cards comfort camels." Then, as I was feeling in my pocket for a pin, my right-hand neighbour said:

"You know how to play, don't you?"

"I'm learning," I said cautiously.

"Well, it's quite easy. You deal thirteen cards, and then what you want to do is——"

"The point is," said my left-hand neighbour, "to get out as many cards—

"For instance, supposing you had a red knave *there* and a black ten *there*, then——"

"Of course an ace goes out at once."

"The whole object is——"

"Perhaps," said the man opposite, who seemed to know all about it, "I can make it clearest by putting it in this way. Now suppose——"

At this moment (there are points about Percy) a man whom I had never seen before came up to my left-hand neighbour and said, "Shall we go down to supper?" Now, give me a lead and I'm over like a bird. I turned to my right-hand neighbour and said, "Let's go too;" and I added, as we went off, "Leonard loves lobster." After that I did not talk much for half-an-hour.

The game now became very fast. I was given another pencil, a pair of scissors (I think), and a piece of paper on which an old lady next to me had written a line of poetry. The man opposite, who knew all about the game, told me to write underneath it a line rhyming to it. The old lady's line was—

"*There was a little boy who had blue eyes and hair of gold.*"

I wrote:

"*That line is in no metre at all, but if we aren't bothering about metre and you only want a rhyme I don't mind adding that his feet were cold.*"

Then I folded it up, turned to my left-hand neighbour, and said, "Shall we go down to supper?" And I added, "Archibald adores asparagus." Now there must be some rule in the game that I hadn't quite mastered, for we had only got as far as the door when I was asked to wait a moment. I waited a moment, and was immediately seized by somebody else and given two pencils and a bowl of marbles.

"What do you do?" asked the girl on my right.

"It's quite easy," I said. "Suppose you have a black knave *there*, and a red ten *there*—— But perhaps I can show it you best with a figure," and I began to sharpen one of the pencils.

"No," said somebody, "you have to take the marbles out of the bowl, and put them on the table."

I put the pencil down and proceeded to do this. When I had been doing it for some hours the man opposite, who certainly knew all about it, looked up at me and said very sternly, "*With* the pencils." Before I was able to begin again, I was handed a packet of pins (or something) and asked to think of a living poet beginning with A.

"I don't know her name," I said, "but just now——"

By this time I had scored four hundred-and-seventy-eight, and I was generally supposed to be in the running for a prize. I did something with a needle and a piece of string which gave me twenty more, and then settled down to a really steady game with the scissors and a pack of cards. I had just dealt these round, and was preparing (under the direction of the man opposite) to say "Snap!" when my right-hand neighbour, who was leading me by five only, got up and went across to a competitor with two pencils, and said, "I must really be going now; it has been a perfectly delightful evening." I was not going to be beaten on the post, so I did the same. Then I was handed my hat and coat, and asked to think of——

It was some time before I realised what had happened, and then I decided to think of a hansom.

* * * *

It is a very jolly game. The rules, as I say, are a little difficult, but you soon pick it up. It is called Percy, because there is always a man opposite who knows all about it, and *his* name is Percy.

A. A. M.

Old-Age Suspensions.

We greatly hope that the following headlines from *The Birmingham Daily Post* do not actually indicate the establishment of a new and compulsory Suicide Club on the principle of vicarious sacrifice:—

"CONVOCATION OF CANTERBURY.
THE BISHOPS AND SUICIDE.
AN AGE-LIMIT FOR CLERGYMEN."

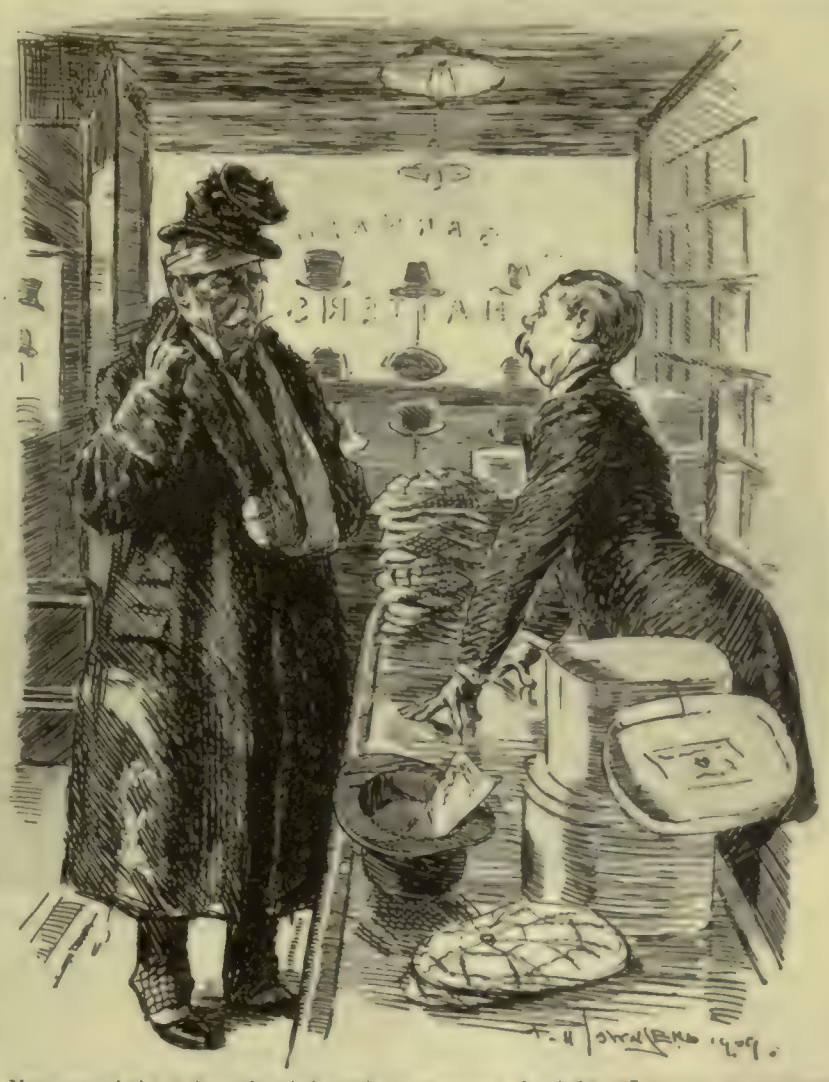
THE CENTENARY COURT.

THE first day's proceedings in the newly established Centenary Court attracted a good deal of attention, because a large section of the newspaper-public had begun to resent the practice of substituting memorial articles about DARWIN and LINCOLN, Sir JOHN MOORE and Mrs. BROWNING, for real live news of the day. The Court, as constituted by an Order in Council "For the Better Supervision of Semi-Jubilees, Jubilees, Diamond Jubilees, Radium Jubilees, Centenaries and Ter-Jubilees, and in restraint of Indiscriminate Memorialising," consisted of Lord AVEBURY, author of the Hundred Best Books, Dr. W. G. GRACE, compiler of a Hundred Centuries, Mr. A. C. SWINBURNE, author of *A Century of Roundels*, Mr. CLEMENT K. SHORTER, author of The Old Brontë Hundredth, and the Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds. The Court, at its first session, co-opted as legal assessor Mr. Justice DARLING, author of the Hundred Least Jokes.

Lord AVEBURY opened proceedings by observing that centenary was derived from the Latin *centum*, meaning a hundred, and that it had been shown to be possible to celebrate the centenary either of a great man's birth or his death, or even both. If he might, without vanity, use a personal illustration, it would be practicable for his own birth-centenary to be celebrated in 1934. Provided that the date of a person's birth had been accurately registered, there could seldom be any serious difficulty in calculating the incidence of his birth-centenary. On the other hand, the centenary of the death of an eminent person could never be fixed with anything more than approximate accuracy during his lifetime. He made these observations in no spirit of self-seeking, but only for the information of the Court.

He wished also to indicate some general rules of procedure. In the case of a minor celebrity, not likely to be found worthy of a centenary, the Court might be prepared to make an order for a Jubilee. Again, if an eminent person had duly celebrated his centenary—the test of celebration to be leading articles in at least five morning papers and an illustrated page in *The Sphere* or *The Tatler* - the Court should never refuse a Ter-Jubilee order, when the time arrived.

He was not so clear about Bi-centenaries; because it might be said that a man who had been centenarised and ter-jubileed—if he might be allowed to coin two words which had not the authority of the Oxford Dictionary (possibly, in the latter case, because that monumental work had not yet reached the letter T)—ought to be ready to make way for some other eminent man who had been less fortunate. However, what the Court had chiefly to keep in view was the public interest, which would suffer if the wrong people were commemorated. In such an Annus Mirabilis as 1909, a nicer scrutiny should be applied to applicants who, in ordinary years, would be less severely criticised. They would now take the first case.



Motor-car victim (after a hurried patch-up at nearest chemist's). "I WANT A NUMBER SEVEN HAT ABOUT THE SAME SHAPE AS THIS."

Mr. CLEMENT K. SHORTER said that he appeared to support an application on behalf of the immortal memory of THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, the Radium Jubilee of whose death would fall on April 22.

Mr. Justice DARLING. Should this application not come before the New Old Bailey? (*No laughter.*)

Mr. SWINBURNE. Never heard of BAYLY. What was he?

Mr. SHORTER. A poet. He wrote *I'd be a Butterfly*, *We met, 'twas in a Crowd*, and *She wore a Wreath of Roses*.

Dr. GRACE. I remember when I was a lad at school that we had a rhyme which began like that:

> She wore a wreath of roses,
> It was in the month of June,
> And we stood on the bridge at midnight
> Throwing snowballs at the moon.

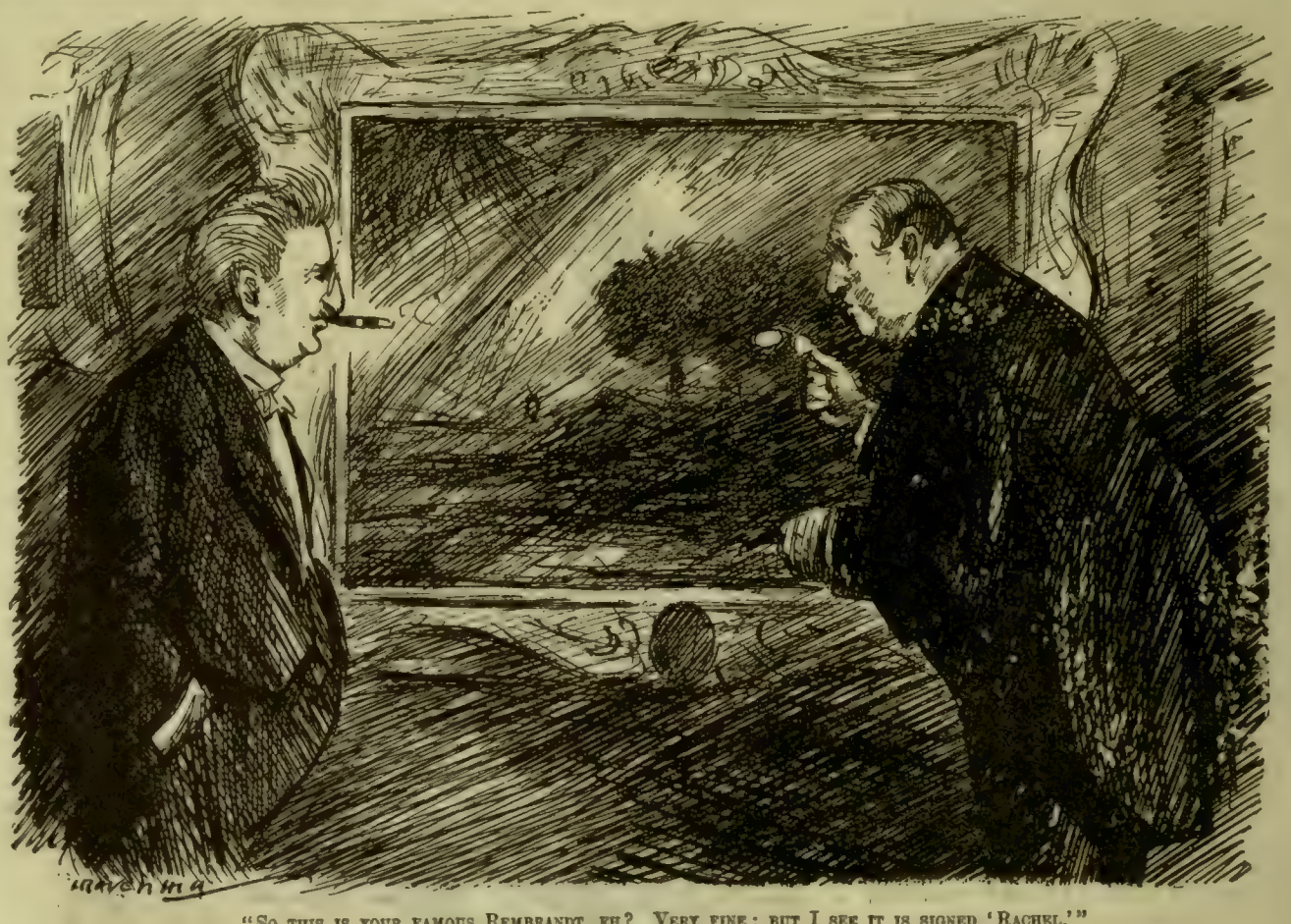
Lord AVEBURY. That sounds a little as if somebody had been making fun of the poem. At least it does not sound to me quite like a serious poem. Don't you think it is a joke, Mr. DARLING?

Mr. Justice DARLING. I always thought it was a personal pronoun. (*The Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds laughs doubtfully.* Lord AVEBURY *looks perplexed.*)

Mr. SWINBURNE. You say that BAYLY was a poet. Did he write "desire" as a word of two or three syllables?

Mr. SHORTER. He never wrote it at all. He always called it love. His songs could be sung in any drawing-room.

Lord AVEBURY. Do you propose to call



"SO THIS IS YOUR FAMOUS REMBRANDT, EH? VERY FINE; BUT I SEE IT IS SIGNED 'RACHEL.'"
"DOT IS ON ACCOUNT OF MEIN GREDITORS. EVERYDING VOS IN MEIN WIFE'S NAME."

any evidence in support of your application?

Mr. SHORTER: Only a little, my lord. I should like to call Mr. ANDREW LANG.

Mr. JUSTICE DARLING (hurriedly)—

Man wants but little here below,
But wants that little Lang.

LORD AVEBURY. I think the last word should be "long," Mr. DARLING. It is not a Scotch poem.

Mr. LANG, sworn, deponed that he knew THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY as a minor pre-and-very-early-Victorian poet, about whom he had once written an article. He desired to express no opinion on the eligibility of BAYLY for a Jubilee. But it seemed to him hardly in the best of taste to hold public rejoicings because a minimus poet had died seventy years ago. As a journalist he appreciated Mr. SHORTER'S anxiety to have a page about BAYLY in *The Sphere* this April, instead of waiting for the centenary of his death in 1939, or the bi-centenary of his birth in 1997. He understood, of course, that the writing of memorial articles was now an industry of considerable importance.

LORD AVEBURY. Perhaps, if you could quote some little thing written by the applicant, it might clear the mind of the Court.

Mr. JUSTICE DARLING (in a whisper). Perhaps it might clear the Court.

Mr. ANDREW LANG. Let me see. Tum, tum, tum:—

Oh, no! we never mention her,
Her name is never heard;
Our lips are now forbid to speak
That once familiar word.

I cannot but recall her with
Some feelings of regret;
'Tis true she married Mr. Smith,
But ah! can I forget?

LORD AVEBURY. Thank you, Mr. LANG. I think I like the second verse best.

Mr. LANG. I thought you would. I wrote the second verse myself. It always seems to me about the best thing that BAYLY never did.

Mr. SWINBURNE. Does Mr. LANG claim to have written any more of BAYLY'S poems?

DR. GRACE. I think that is a very proper question. It would affect BAYLY'S place in the averages if he was allowed a substitute to bat for him.

Mr. LANG. No. I wrote only that verse. I had no time to write any more of BAYLY.

LORD AVEBURY. Nevertheless, I think the application might be granted.

Mr. JUSTICE DARLING. I concur, if Mr. SHORTER will enter into two sureties that THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY is really dead, and that this application is not a publisher's device to boom some living poet of the same name.

DR. GRACE. Where was BAYLY born?

Mr. SHORTER. At Bath.

DR. GRACE. Then he was nearly a Gloucester man.

At this point proceedings abruptly terminated, the Court being rushed by a band of minor poets carrying a banner with the devices "HONOUR THE LIVING" and "WE ARE STARVING."

From a G.W.R. Booklet.

"PRIVATE HOTEL AND BOARDING-HOUSE, NEWQUAY.
'One minute from Beach and Post Office, and facing the German Ocean.'"

It is doubtful, however, if the invading army will really land at Newquay.

[N.B.—The above remark has not yet been licensed by the Censor of Plays, and may not, therefore, be sung or recited in any theatre.]



OUR "AIRY NOTHING."

Mr. Haldane (*practising military aviation*). "SOMEHOW I DON'T SEEM TO BE FLYING AS NICELY AS I SHOULD LIKE. PERHAPS I GOT MY WINGS TOO CHEAP."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 22nd.—When Orders of the Day were called on, Premier was in something that looked like tight place. Still harping on the many-stringed Address. Parliament met a little later than usual. After last year's experience, not disposed to make up for it by sitting on through August. Urgent business waiting. Ordinary assembly of picked men would without an hour's delay put their hand to it. Mother of Parliaments not an ordinary assembly. Of a possible maximum of twenty-five weeks in Session, to-night sees close of one passed in purposeless chatter. Nor is it ended yet. Practically two weeks, freshest of Session, will be appropriated for what no man who has heard the discussion, in less marked degree no one who has read report of it, would regard as of any practical advantage either to individuals or the State.

At end of July, when hours are precious, legislative work will be scamped or abandoned because there is no time to carry it through. Ministers would then give a peerage to any man who could restore this wasted fortnight. What would you? It's a way we have at Westminster. Consecrated by age, it will continue through all coming Sessions, renewing its youth like the eagle.

What happens to-night has by comparison some semblance of reality. Ever since Parliament elected there has been promise of fight to a finish with House of Lords. Whilst he was yet with us, C.-B. longed to be at 'em, a desire not exceeded in earnestness by the mutual yearning of Sir Richard Strachan and the Earl of Chatham. Several times went very near naming precise date for opening fight. Asquith more cautious. Not less emphatic in denunciation, but vaguer in terms indicating period of settlement. Nevertheless, aggravated by rejection of Licensing Bill, he publicly invited the Liberal Party to "treat the veto of the House of Lords as the dominating issue."

"Very well," said the Liberal Party, and began to take its coat off with an alacrity that would have disconcerted *Mr. Winkle*.

When Session opened, eagerly turned to King's Speech in expectation of finding definite challenge written therein. Not a word about it. So to-night stalwarts below Gangway encourage Possonby to raise flag of revolt; moved what Premier in opening sentence of reply was careful to point out was a Vote of Censure on the Government. Suppose it were carried, out would go the Ministry, and then where would you be?

Position certainly awkward. Asquith surmounted it with accustomed skill. Reiterated his denunciation of the Lords. But his proud spirit spurned dictation by them as to precise occasion or date of Dissolution. Hands still full of good work. Once it was fully fashioned, then let noble Lords look out.

When Division called, only 21 Radicals and Labour Members (helping to make a minority of 17) rallied round the pertinacious Possonby, 225 approving the waiting policy dexterously expounded by the Premier.



"A Rather Weak Governess."
(Mr. Birrell as described by Lord Dunraven.)



Deferred Preference.

The Prime Minister. "Notice him? Of course I notice him! He remains the 'Dominating Issue,' but I 've a lot of little things to see to before I get rid of him!"

Business done.—Fifth night of debate on Address.

Tuesday.—Good Unionists are beginning to look askance at Captain CRAIG. A grim story from Russia recently told how discovery had been made that a trusted member of secret society was actually what Mr. HILLS would call a Confederate, arranging with the Police attempted outrages. Can it be that the Member for East Division of Down has secret relations with ST. AUGUSTINE, and at his Machiavellian suggestion discredits cause of Law and Order in Ireland by making it appear ridiculous at Westminster?

Suspicion absolutely unfounded. Nevertheless, uneasiness of Ulster Members to certain extent justified. To-day gallant Captain puts pistol to head of CHIEF SECRETARY, and insists upon knowing how many arrests were made in connection with the midnight attack on Lieutenant-Colonel VIVIAN RYAN-LENIGAN'S house, Castlefogarty. (The postal address seems borrowed from one of LEVER'S novels.)

It turns out, according to police report, that "the midnight attack" was comprehended in the throwing of a stone through the window of unoccupied house.

Nothing daunted, CRAIG asks another. Wants to know how many arrests were made in connection with the disturbances at Thurles on Sunday, January 3? Again the matter-of-fact police report shows that "the outbreak" on the day named was occasioned by a number of small boys playing tin whistles and beating tin cans. Their desperate leader, aged 13, was summoned to Petty Sessions. Magistrate showed sense of enormity of offence by fining him a penny.

House laughs; those concerned for maintenance of peace in Ireland think it no laughing matter. It happens that these cases were gravely cited on threshold of debate on angry indictment of Irish Executive submitted with authority of Front Opposition Bench. How are mere Saxons, unimaginative folk with racial leaning towards accuracy of statement, logical conclusions, to distinguish between CRAIG'S nightmare fancies and what are put forward by Earl PERCY as matters of fact, supporting his declaration that the present Government "in the name of justice to Ireland has taught her people to trample under foot both Liberty and Law"?



BUTCHER OF TRINITY.

"There is an undeniable exhilaration about slaughtering these literary Ministerial lambs which a profound study of the Classics had in no way—er—led me to anticipate—er!"

(Professor S. H. Butcher, M.P. for Cambridge University.)

Business done.—Earl PERCY moves amendment to Address declaring condition of large portion of Ireland deplorable, and regretting that Ministers make no effective effort to restore the authority of the Law.



"SAY 'WHEN,' YE BASTE!!"

"He (Mr. Asquith) will go down to history as the Prime Minister who couldn't say when."

(The Rt. Hon. J. H. M. Campbell, K.C., M.P.)

Wednesday.—Ireland again. Debate on PERCY'S amendment continues. As yesterday, parties to debate are in direct conflict on simplest matters of fact. Whilst one side alleges that Ireland is in state of anarchy, with human lives imperilled and property at the mercy of a predatory peasantry, others declare that, so far from crime increasing, the country is, by comparison with Great Britain, in condition of almost absolute freedom from crime. ST. AUGUSTINE supports latter assertion by quoting official returns showing state of affairs to-day and in 1886, when, Lord CARNARVON'S secret conference with PARNELL coming to naught, the Crimes Act was passed by Unionist Government. At that time crime of all kinds, from murder to the writing of threatening letters, totalled in the police records 1,056 cases. In the present year they are, according to the same authority, only 576, a reduction of nearly fifty per cent.

Once more the mere Saxon throws up his hands in despair. Whom is he to believe? On which side does the truth lie?

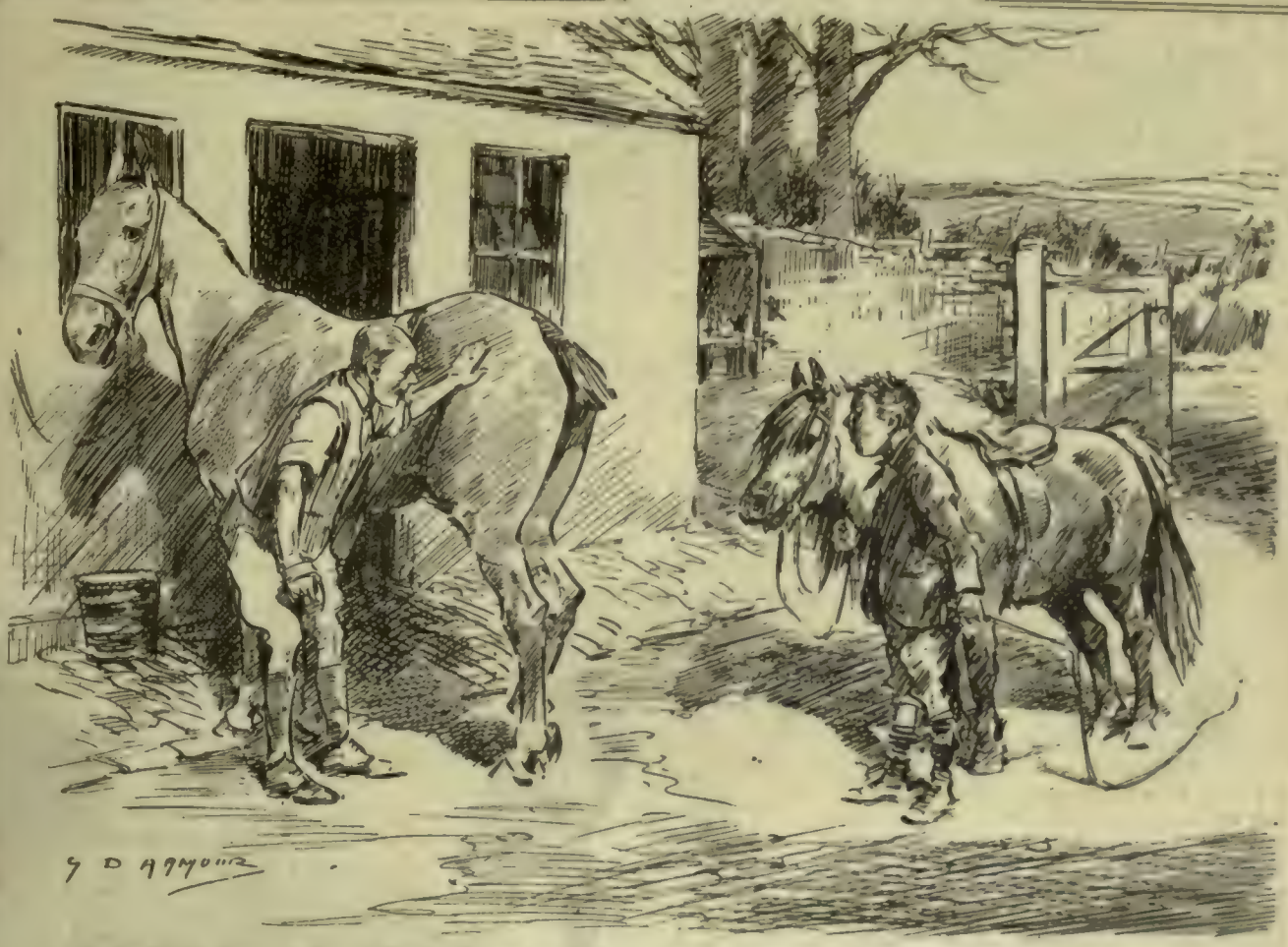
The Member for SARK, recently back from a tour in Ireland, says nothing is more difficult than to extort from an Irish peasant a simple statement bearing upon a matter however trivial, if he suspects ulterior design in what is actually innocent enquiry. Unlettered, ill-clad, half-fed, he, with apparent deference that reaches height of perfect politeness, fences with the questioner. Voluble, humorous, he seems to be conveying the desired information. When the stranger goes his way and examines the replies extorted by what he regarded as rather skilful cross-examination, he finds the information either ludicrously misleading or hopelessly lacking in material.

This pleasing trait in Irish character has been in evidence during last two nights at Westminster. We troop now to Division Lobby, and upon our souls we don't know whether Ireland is as black as CARSON paints it or as bright as ST. AUGUSTINE pictures it.

Business done.—Earl PERCY'S amendment negatived by 336 votes against 118.

"Thirty-four persons entered the contest at 3d. a head. The first prize-winner got 6s. 10d., the second 3s. 5d., and the rest was spent in beer among the competitors."—*The Star.*

When you work it out, it looks rather like a Temperance Pool.



Groom. "Good gracious, Master Tom! Where 'ave you been, gettin' yourself all over mud like that?"
Master Tom. "Well, Dad said I wouldn't be a horseman till I'd had seven falls, so I thought I'd just get it over."

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

Some Topics of the Day.

Park Lane.

Dearest Daphne,—To crin or not to crin—that is the question! D'you *see* yourself, my dear, flounced to the waist, with a shawl worn pointed, and the spoon-bill bonnet of our grannies? There's *one* thing to be said for the crin, and even *that* can be said by only a select few of us—it *does* give a show to a decent foot and ankle. But the voting is mostly against it; and Bosh says if Wee-Wee adopts it he'll divorce her. I hear that one of our leading dramatists is at work on a crinoline-drama which he means to call *Molly Deforming Herself!*

The wave of patriotism that's going over the country is making me simply most immensely busy. Beryl Clarges and I are helping the military authorities for all we're worth by coaxing young men to learn to defend their country. We've set up such a snappy little recruiting station near here, and we take it in turns to go and help the recruiting sergeant to pull 'em in by offering a kiss, or a free pass to one of the music-halls, or a seat for the Final Cup Match at the C. P. It's quite a nice feeling to be working so hard for one's country. We've got *heaps* of recruits; and I really do think that, by the time *Daily Thrills* declares war, we'll be ready for anything! But the 'fly in the ointment' is Beryl's jealous temper. Someone set going a story that on *my* days at the recruiting station they always choose a kiss, and on *her* days they declare for a music-hall or the Final Cup Match, and she's turned *quite* nasty about it.

What did you think of Norty's speech in the House the other night in answer to Mr. Crawley's proposal that we should abolish our Navy to please a certain foreign Power? We all think it quite his best effort. He means to use all his eloquence to prevent the Lords from being abolished. Isn't it a simply abominable idea? Poor dear things! To have one's income reduced or to lose by speculation are horrid misfortunes that some people have to endure; but to be abolished altogether! How would anyone cope with such a calamity as that? Norty has no *immediate* people to be affected by it, as I have; but he says his cousin Middleshire and some of them were talking about it at the Dawdlers' the other night, and they decided that, if they were abolished, they'd ask for Old-Age Pensions. "But so few of them are old enough," I said. "What's *that* matter?" said Norty. "You've only got to *say* you're seventy, and you'll get it, even if you're in your twenties!" It seems to *me* that the brightest ray of hope for the Lords is this monster petition against their abolition that is being prepared in the U.S., and signed by lots of American heiresses, a deputation of whom, I hear, are to bring it across and present it.

Josiah's still in Central America—fact is he can't get away. There's been another revolution in San Bangador since he went, and they say now that if he'll pay so-and-so they'll make him Dictator. He's refused, and now he's hiding for fear they should make him Dictator by force. I don't quite approve of his refusing the Dictatorship. Think what a Dictatress I should have made, my dear! (I'm not sure what the duties would be, but I was most awfully good at dictation in my schoolroom days.)

There 'd *certainly have been thrills in it.* But perhaps they 'd soon have tired of us and murdered us, and *that* would be *too* big a thrill.

Of course I 'm frightfully anxious about Josiah, though he *is* a *don'ter.* People tell me I ought to have all the amusement *poss* to prevent me from brooding, so I 'm making an effort. For one thing I 'm trying to train Norty's musical taste, which is—oh, simply awful! He actually likes MENDELSSOHN! *Fancy,* you know! "Why," I said, "MENDELSSOHN 's voted trivial and middle-class to a *degree* nowadays. They 've put comic words to one of the *Songs Without,* and are singing them in a panto. *That* shows what MENDELSSOHN 's come to." "I don't care," was all that Norty said, "I like the old ones." So, to correct his taste, I took him to hear the famous Dr. Crotchet conduct his wonderful new Symphony that everyone 's been raving about. But he *wouldn't* admire it, though I explained its scope and meaning *most* clearly. "Oh, I don't say it 's not all right," he said, "and just what a symphony *ought* to be—a tiny little tune trying to peep out occasionally, and then all of them rushing at it and banging it to death—that 's the idea in a symphony, I know—but it 's not my style." He found fault, too, with Dr. Crotchet's conducting. "No Englishman can conduct," he said; "his self-respect comes in his way. Give me those foreign Johnnies that jump about like lunatics and seem to be grabbing up the music in handfuls and throwing it at the band."

What a lot of boresome rot is being written about servants being impossible to get and not fit to keep when got! I can only say *I* don't suffer from the servant trouble; and *nobody* need who keeps a competent housekeeper and house-steward to look after them. But I believe I manage better than most people. As to servants being worse than they used to be, it 's just a tra-la-la. Look at what *Hamlet* says—"Sharper than a servant's tooth it is"—to have a something or other, which *proves* that in SHAKSPEARE'S time servants were not only *bad,* but positively *dangerous!*

Oh, I must tell you—Stella 's bringing out a book, *Domestic Management by a Duchess.* I ran in to see her the other day, and, having something particular to say, went into her dressing-room. Two of her maids were doing her hair; two more were polishing her nails; and she was dictating the last chapter of *Domestic Management* to a secretary, showing how a poor clerk's wife on thirty shillings a week might have *every* comfort for her home—and *save* as well! Wonderful creature, isn't she?

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

THE REVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

THERE is a story I read years ago, in which one of the characters is described continually as a brilliant wit, the most wonderful talker the world had ever seen. I believed in this fellow for a long time; until, in fact, he made an actual appearance in the book. Then he failed badly, for on being offered a chair by somebody he could only remark that he would be chary of accepting it.

To describe your hero as the man with the best digestion in the world is one thing, to call him the wittiest talker is another; it is as bad, in certain circumstances, as to announce the heroine of your play to be a dancer who has captured all London by storm. This is what Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES did in *The Dancing Girl* when he wrote it eighteen years ago. He has brought it up to date for its revival at His



THE QUAKER'S DAUGHTER QUAKES.
David Ives . . . . Mr. Louis Calvert.
Drusilla Ives . . . . Miss Alice Crawford.

Majesty's and, since there is only one style of dancing now, *Drusilla* dances barefoot, as the habit is at the Palace. And somehow, you know, I don't see Miss ALICE CRAWFORD at the Palace capturing all London by storm.

Mr. JONES has made other efforts to rejuvenate his play; for instance, he refers now to *The Daily Mail* and to Free Trade. (How pointless a joke about Free Trade would have been eighteen years ago!) But he cannot disguise its age. Act III., containing the Soliloquy of the Wicked Duke, or the Father's appeal to his Cheild, would betray it to anybody.

Mr. TREE, as the *Duke of Guisebury,* went through his part in a careless way which suited the character perfectly. He had a delightful air of having forgotten his words; which was, I am almost sure, the effect he intended to produce. I liked him best in his extremely amusing scenes with *Reginald Slingsby.* As *Reginald* Mr. VANE-TEMPEST was as funny in his own funny way as he has ever been. Mr. BASIL GILL (the noble young man who is tempted) was just right in the First Act, but afterwards he seemed uncomfortable in a collar and a tweed suit. The great scene between him and *Drusilla* was particularly unreal; I don't quite know whose fault this was, but I don't think it was mine. Miss MARIE LÖHR played the cripple girl, and was, as *Grizel* (of *Tommy and Grizel*) would have said, "just sweet." M.

FOLLOWING ALFONSO'S LEAD.

[The King of Spain was reported to have made a promise that he would not fly in an aeroplane at Pau.]

IT is stated on good authority that Miss MAUD ALLAN has solemnly promised the PRIME MINISTER that she will never attempt tobogganing in her Salome costume.

Mr. ROOSEVELT, we are delighted to hear, has given Mrs. ROOSEVELT his sacred word of honour that during his African campaign in no circumstances will he wrestle with a gorilla.

We learn, with mingled feelings, that Mr. HALL CAINE has at the last moment cancelled his engagement to descend in a submarine at Portsmouth. It appears that at the eleventh hour he remembered that he had pledged his word to Mr. HEINEMANN never to run the risk of encountering a mermaid.

But the disappointments and inconveniences caused by the observance of these promises are as nothing compared with the overwhelming sense of despair which settled over all the South of England when the dread news was broken to the public that Sir Humbert Hare-Brusher, R.A., was unable to accept the invitation of Mr. Dexter to accompany him on an aerial voyage. For yesterday was a gorgeous morning at Bushey, and the world-renowned artist, who had kindly consented to the presence of many Bavarian, Finnish, Eskimo, Spanish and American reporters and photographers, arrived early on the Levitation ground where Mr. Felix Dexter was standing on the hurricane deck of his new spring-heeled air-yacht, the "Jump to Glory," the peculiarity of which is that it can at will either travel on the ground or leap into the air. Up to the last moment it was believed by the private secretaries, major-domo and valets of Sir Humbert Hare-Brusher, R.A., that he would make the ascent; but all expectations were finally dashed by the announcement made through a megaphone shortly before 11 o'clock yesterday morning. "I have never been so disappointed in my life," so ran this pathetic message, "as I was this morning when I was compelled to



Molly (on her first visit to London). "AUNTIE! WHAT A LARGE DOLLY THAT GENTLEMAN 'S GOT!"

decline Mr. Dexter's tempting proposal. But the fact is that yesterday the agent who manages my lectures, a really noble-hearted fellow, declared that if I went up in the air-yacht he would refuse to act for me any longer, and I had no choice but to give way. What makes my disappointment all the more bitter is that I have just received a telegraphic round robin, signed by all my colleagues at the Academy, in which they say, 'By all means go up. Stout fellow! Don't hurry to come down.'"

After the delivery of the message Sir Humbert sat for about ten minutes in the car, while Mr. Dexter explained the way in which the windbags are worked. Sir H. showed a quite extraordinary quickness in mastering the complicated mechanism. Mr. Dexter, indeed, was so much impressed that he observed, "I have never seen any man who understood how to handle a windbag better;" and praise from Mr. Dexter is all the more valuable for its rarity. Sir Humbert subsequently entertained Mr. Felix Dexter and his brother Ambrose, or "Amby," as he is generally called, at luncheon, together with the Mayor of Bushey, Lord Uther Pupe, and Sir S. Weld-Head. During lunch Sir Humbert discussed continuously and with extraordinary acumen the effect produced on the prices of contemporary pictures by motor cars, STRAUSS's operas, MAXIM's restaurant, the corner in wood-pulp, and the over production of Bavarian beer. During the morning no fewer than 600 photographs were taken of Sir Humbert, all of which will be reproduced on a colossal scale at his next lecture, "What I have done for Art single-handed."

The Great Brain at Work.

"The Oxford University crew made two journeys in unchanged order to Iffley yesterday, coached by Mr. Haldane."—*Daily Mail.*

The exact strategic purpose of this we shall not disclose.

"A foolish mistake occurred in the report of the Bishop of Durham's speech at the York Convocation, published in our issue of yesterday. The subject upon which his lordship spoke was not the ornaments of the Minister, but the ornaments of the minister."

Liverpool Daily Post.

Very unfortunate. Somebody must really have another try next week.

"S. P. S."—You are not entitled to be called "The Hon." because your sister has married a peer."—*Birmingham Daily Post.*

A nasty one for "S. P. S." He must write again about that cousin who married the Mayor.

The Journalistic Touch.

"A close personal friend of the King, Lord Durham was born only a few moments before his twin-brother."—*The Westminster Gazette.*

Amsterdam philanthropists have formed a society with the object of looking after persons who are found intoxicated in the streets. As, however, the society is, according to *The Evening Standard*, "self-supporting," there does not seem to be much in the idea.

"The Quay followed up with a fine rush up the field, and were within an acre of scoring."—*Flintshire County Herald.*

Of course a miss is always as good as an acre.

The Pink of Pronunciation.

"The ha'p'ny wits who have already started their verses about the French Grand National candidate, Lutteur III., making his name rhyme with "flutter," are warned that the "u" is long. Lutteur is French for wrestler, and the pronunciation is lu-teur."—*Sporting Times.*

Our contemporary must wrestle again with the language.

A Policy of Panic.

"I am one of those who hold Radical as I am—that there is something to be said for one's country and for one's Empire."—*Speech by the Mayor of Battersea.*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

AT various stages in my journey through Mr. H. G. WELLS's story *Tono-Bungay* (MACMILLAN) I found myself saying, "This is excellent. I must remember to point out that this is excellent." But by the time I had got on to the next chapter the impression of past excellence, or indeed of anything, had faded from my mind. In other words, *Tono-Bungay*, though it interested me immensely, took no sort of hold on me. This is because the hero and narrator, *George Ponderevo*, is an unreal and (I fancy) unrealised person in whom it is impossible to believe. When *George* takes to flying machines, and I ought to feel instinctively that that is just what he would do, I can only remember that Mr. WELLS himself is rather keen on the subject. When I ought to trace a connection between *George* and his manner of expressing himself, I can only notice that he uses certain words which Mr. WELLS himself habitually and distinctively uses. Even when *George* breaks deliberately the sixth, seventh and eighth, indeed all the Commandments, he acquires no sort of personality in the process. Fortunately some of the minor characters are more real. *Beatrice Normandy*, *Aunt Susan*, and to a certain extent *Uncle Edward* (the inventor of Tono-Bungay) are well and truly drawn; they give an air of life to the story. It is a pity that such a remarkable book should not quite have come off. Had it been written in the third person it would, I fancy, have approached more nearly to complete success.

The 358 closely-printed pages of *In the Potter's House* (METHUEN) can hardly be described as easy reading, especially for one whose acquaintance with the beauties of the American language is as imperfect as my own. Happily, however, the charm of Mr. GEORGE DYRE ELDRIDGE'S style is greater even than the difficulty of his idiom. What position the writer holds in the literature of his country I do not know, but to English readers an inevitable comparison will present itself, for there is more than a suggestion of our Mr. HARDY in the force with which he has told this tale of life in a remote New England village fifty years ago. It is by no means against a pleasant background that he has set his drama of a woman and three men; the mental atmosphere of Padanaran is compounded in equal parts of Puritanism and scandal; but it is treated with a delicacy and a power that compel our almost unwilling interest. For a long time I wondered what there was in it all that recalled some half-forgotten bogie of childish reading. At last I realised the association. The people of Padanaran are simply the people of *The Wide Wide World* (that narrowest of romances!) looked at from without, and with the saving differences of sanity and humour. Perhaps it is this that gives to a story about them its half-fearful fascination. I question whether anyone will willingly lay this book aside unfinished.

In spite of his "unfailing intuition," "unfailing tact," and "long fine hands," I am convinced that *Cyprian Fielding*, the hero of *The Heart of a Gypsy* (DUCKWORTH), was a silly man. While spending a holiday at an Exmoor parsonage he fell in love with the rector's adopted daughter, *Meridiana Pharaoh;* but *Di* (as she was usually and mercifully called) divided her love between *Cyprian* and the Beech-tree under which she had, in her infancy, been abandoned by her mother. The Beech-tree, if it did not actually talk, was no ordinary tree, and in any case, with a rival so deaf to argument and persuasion, I think that *Cyprian* might have been excused if, like CÆSAR'S enemies, he had sought safety in flight. But he preferred to go searching for trouble when he took *Di* to London, and allowed her to be bullied by his ambitious stepmother and jealous *Lady Winifred Turton*. The result of his conduct in this case was simple pandemonium, and, although for the disasters which followed the shameless Beech-tree was chiefly responsible, I cannot give *Cyprian* a testimonial for either tact or intuition. Miss ROSAMOND NAPIER writes delightfully of Exmoor, but her attempt to combine a fantastic idyll with a tale of life in London is more courageous than effective.



Artist. "COULD YOU THINK OF ANY SUITABLE QUOTATION TO GO WITH MY PICTURE?"

Friend. "WELL, WHAT ABOUT SHELLEY'S LINES?—

'HAIL TO THEE, BLITHE SPIRIT,
BIRD THOU NEVER WERT!'"

Mr. FARQUHARSON SHARP, in his *Short History of the English Stage* (WALTER SCOTT), has accomplished admirably the task he set himself—the compilation of a theatrical reference book within a convenient compass. It is a remarkable *comprimé* of essential facts, set forth with engaging directness, intelligently classified and exhaustively indexed. But why, in offering to the specialist his work of research, does he elate the casual reader too by furnishing him in the earlier chapters with exhilarating matter, only to hurl him down later on into a dismal chaos of dates and records unrelieved? As we peep with our guide at the old Miracle plays and Moralities, at the great Elizabethans, at BETTERTON and at GARRICK, we are charmed by his method as well as informed by his narrative: *omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci*. But when he leaves behind him the eighteenth century and the great romantic days when art still kept alive the vital tradition of artificial presentment, and had no care for "illusion," then all his gaiety and lightness of touch seem to desert him; he treads warily and portentously among his contemporaries, as one who fears to stumble on an indiscretion, and we begin to weary of the way and to turn an unwilling ear to his expositions. Is our modern theatre, then, really so dreary? Or is it that we must wait until our dramatists and players have receded further into the perspective before the historian may with seemliness present them to us as beings living and moving in just relation to the forces and conditions which surround them?

"It is believed that the robbery must have taken place after midday on February 20, when the treasure was certainly intact, and before 2 o'clock on the afternoon of February 22, at which time the discovery was made."—*Daily Chronicle.*

The author of *Sherlock Holmes* has not lived in vain.

CHARIVARIA.

MR. ROOSEVELT is no longer President of the United States, and a certain Emperor is said not to be sorry. In his opinion the fellow attracted too much attention.

***

The Aldeburgh Territorial Artillery is compelled to drill on Sunday, that being the only day on which horses are available. The same restriction, we take it, would apply to fighting. Fortunately our relations with Germany are now so friendly that it will no doubt be possible to enter into an arrangement with that country whereby Aldeburgh shall not be attacked on a week-day.

***

Many persons were surprised to read, the other day, that a deputation had waited on the PREMIER to urge a minimum wage for clerks. It had been imagined that most of them were already in receipt of it.

***

All postal officials have been notified that Suffragette living letters to Cabinet Ministers are to be refused in future. We think that an exception might be made on Valentine's Day.

***

Mr. HALDANE informed the Savage Club that the War Office was "not a bed of roses." Still some of them manage to get a little sleep there.

***

"What the Two-Power standard is I have never yet heard anyone accurately define," says Sir PERCY BUNTING. "The only thing to do is to take care that the Government is well imbued with Liberal peace principles." As a mark of gratitude for this sentiment Sir PERCY BUNTING, we hear, is shortly to be elected an Honorary German.

***

The Peace Party is falling foul of Mr. HALDANE. This Party does not object to our Army as it is, but considers it may become a source of danger if Mr. HALDANE persists in making it more efficient.

A proposal to instal a water service in Dunmow Workhouse for use in case of fire has been negatived by the Guardians on the ground that the Workhouse may shortly be abolished. It will be interesting to see which does it first—legislature, or fire.

***

A cyclist writes to a contemporary to suggest that pedestrians should carry lights at night-time. In our opinion they should also be required to ring a bell when overtaking a cyclist.

***

Quite a little girl was watching the snow fall. "Oh, mummy," she cried, "I wish the snow would stop: it makes the air so untidy."

***

And a small boy was threatening another with a snowball. "Chuck it!" said the other. That order was misunderstood.

***

Mr. Justice GRANTHAM, who has a sleigh, is said to be keenly indignant at the celerity with which the snow is removed from the streets of London, and it is possible that a mass meeting of London sleigh-owners may be called to protest against the scandal.

***

Still they come! The Diamond Jubilee of Harrod's Stores is to be commemorated on the 15th inst., and Mr. HALL CAINE will celebrate the fifty-sixth anniversary of his birth on the 14th May next. What a year!



Patient's Wife. "WELL, DOCTOR, *I* SAY IT'S INFLUENZA. WHAT'S *YOUR* HUMBLE OPINION?"

A Bold Statement.

"The official announcement regarding the uncertainty of the King's cruise in the Mediterranean indicates that there is uncertainty as to the future plans of the King."—*Westminster Gazette.*

"The streets are deep in slush or in the icy mud which is manufactured by the Liberal use of salt."—*Daily Mail.*

Tariff Reform means less salt and slush for all.

"Off the first ball, on resuming after lunch, Gregory got Vernon twice past point to the boundary."—*Melbourne Argus.*

It is nice to think that the reporter really enjoyed his lunch.

"The patrons of the American Roller Skating Rink at Murrayfield are faithful in their attendance at the establishment, and almost nightly there are to be seen on the floor ladies and gentlemen who by regular practice have attained the positions of experts in the pastime."—*The Scotsman.*

Mr. Punch's Representative has been frequently on the floor at Olympia, but never once mistook his position for that of an expert.

A Hunting Crop.

"Within half an hour a dog fox fell a victim. The crop was presented to Master Cazalet."—*Devon and Exeter Gazette.*

Yes, but who got the gizzard?

TO BETTY IN "RUBBERS."

This is the month—or should have been—
When modest overtures of green
Lend an elusive charm to brake and briar;
When papers bulge with poets' rhymes,
And "Old Etonian" tells *The Times*
That he has heard the early cuckoo (liar!)

This is the moon that ushers Spring,
And makes the Young Man want to sing,
And turns his Object's heart a touch less chilly;
This is that March that wakes the dead,
And lo! the hare goes off its head
And takes to dancing with the daffodilly.

I, too, I modify my tone
Conformably with Nature's own,
Assume a gayer garb, a jauntier carriage;
And, as you may remember, dear,
At this peculiar time of year
I offer you my annual self in marriage.

But somehow—this will be a blow—
I fear that you may have to go,
These Ides of March, without your usual greeting
(That is the date I've always fixed,
Because it falls halfway betwixt
His roaring *entrée* and his exit bleating).

This year he loosely overlooks
The statement in the copy-books
Which represents him coming like a Lion;
He enters as a Polar Bear,
Whistling a pale and Arctic air,
And Heaven alone can say what note he'll die on.

I hear my Betty hint that Love,
Warmed from within, should rise above
Considerations based upon the weather;
To which my lips (of steely blue)
Send back the answer, "So I do;
I rise above 'em, Betty, like a feather."

My soul has pinions which ignore
The state of earth's revolting floor,
Where people pound through slush with squelchy sploshes;
But, frankly, I remarked your feet
Last Friday slithering down the street,
And, oh! I *cannot* love you in goloshes! O. S.

CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME;

Or, Little Arthur's Road to Knowledge.

(*Little Arthur, aged* 12; *Papa, aged* 48.)

Little Arthur. Papa, do you make money?

Papa. Well, ah—um, yes; every now and then—just a little here and there; not as much as I should like to make, of course. But still I do manage to make both ends meet.

L. A. Then, Papa, you want to make a great deal of money, do you?

Papa. Of course I do. How do you suppose I'm going to keep the family going without money? There's your mother and Mabel, and there's you, and the servants, and the house.

L. A. Yes, Papa, I know; but does everybody want to make money?

Papa. Yes, everybody—at least every sensible man does.

L. A. Is Mr. Harding a sensible man?

Papa. What, the Vicar? Of course he is; one of the most sensible men I ever met; a great influence for good in the parish.

L. A. But Mr. Harding doesn't want to make money.

Papa. What *do* you mean, my boy?

L. A. Well, you gave me his sermon to read, you know, Papa, and it says (*reading from printed sermon*): "The rage for money-making is the curse of the age. In the grip of this monster men forget the things of the spirit. Life becomes a mere, mad race for wealth." That's what it says, Papa, and there's a lot more.

Papa. Oh, ah, yes, I daresay, but Mr. Harding is a clergyman, you know; he's a very good man, of course, but not quite *practical*.

L. A. But, Papa, you said he was one of the most sensible men you ever met.

Papa. Oh, yes, he's certainly sensible; a fine scholar and all that.

L. A. Then, Papa, I suppose sensible men are not practical. Is that what you mean, Papa?

Papa. Oughtn't you to be going out for your walk, now? (*Looking at his watch.*) Why, bless me, it's past eleven.

L. A. Yes, Papa, I know; but I'm not to go out till half-past eleven to-day. Papa!

Papa. Yes, my boy, what is it?

L. A. Oughtn't you to give up trying to make money?

Papa. Ha, ha! And where would you be if I did, I wonder?

L. A. I don't know, Papa; but if money-making is really the curse of the age, aren't you doing a dreadful thing, Papa?

Papa. Now, look here, Arthur, you mustn't talk nonsense.

L. A. But that's what Mr. Harding said in his sermon.

Papa. I know, I know; but I've told you before—Mr. Harding is a clergyman, and clergymen don't always look at these things in a practical way; they're not men of the world.

L. A. But is it better to be a man of the world than to be a clergyman?

Papa. Well, in certain things, perhaps, a little worldly wisdom isn't a bad thing.

L. A. But, Papa, Mr. Harding says (*reading*):—"Men must be brought to recognise that there is a wisdom which is not of this world, and that it is far higher and better than the wisdom of the worldling." Are you and I worldlings, Papa?

Papa. No, certainly not. What a preposterous notion!

L. A. But you're not a clergyman, Papa, are you?

Papa. No, I never was.

L. A. Then what are you, Papa?

Papa. A sensible man, I hope.

L. A. But Mr. Harding is a sensible man too, isn't he? You know you said so, Papa; and so you and he are the same. But you want to make money, and Mr. Harding thinks that is a curse. Doesn't Mr. Harding make any money, Papa?

Papa. Well, there's the living, you know—£400 a year—and he writes books and articles. Yes, he makes a little, too.

L. A. But perhaps he means that it's all right to make a little, but you mustn't go on after that. Papa, did you ever eat locusts and wild honey?

Papa. No, certainly not; who ever heard of such a thing?

L. A. Because Mr. Harding says (*reading*): "In these days it seems to have become the mark of good society to spend one's substance in riotous living. It is our duty to call men back to the simpler life, to remind them that great thoughts may be thought and great lives lived on a diet of locusts and wild honey." That's what he says.

Papa. Does he? Well, it's half-past eleven now, so you'd better trot away, or there'll be trouble.

Decline of the Legal Profession.

"Wanted, solicitor, experienced in laundry or dye works, to drive wagon."—*The Vancouver World.*



HIS INDEPENDENCE DAY.

Master Billy Taft. "THEY SAID I SHOULDN'T BE ABLE TO GET ALONG WITHOUT MY TEDDY BEAR—BUT I'LL SHOW 'EM!"



Servant. "PLEASE, MUM, I WANTED T 'ARST YOU, MIGHT WE HAVE A LITTLE JAM IN THE KITCHEN NOW AND THEN TO EASE THE BUTTER?"

THE "FIND"-SEEKERS.

(A Sketch in Caledonian Market.)

TIME: 11 *o'clock on a Friday morning. A bitter N.-E. wind, with sleet changing to snow.* Mrs. Thomas Grabham-Tyddler *alights from a taxi-cab, and enters the gates, followed by* Mr. G.-T. *in a fur-lined coat with the collar turned up, and a tweed cap. He carries a small hand-bag with depressed resignation.*

Mrs. G.-T. Now mind, Tom, you leave all the bargaining part to *me*. I do *wish* you had on a shabbier coat. I put on all *my* oldest things on purpose, and if I talk with a Cockney twang, they 'll never know I 'm not a dealer.

Mr. G.-T. All right, Dolly. Though why on earth you brought me up to this beastly place on such a rotten mornin' is beyond *me*. What?

Mrs. G.-T. Why, you *dear* old silly, I *told* you! Friday 's the best *day* for it. There 's simply no telling *what* treasures we mayn't pick up. Honor Hyndlegges got a perfectly heavenly dressing-case here last week, silver fittings and everything, for only thirty-seven-and-six. It would have been at *least* ten guineas in any *shop!*

Mr. G.-T. I say, that *must* be rot, you know! Why should they let it go so cheap as all that?

Mrs. G.-T. Oh, they may have special reasons, and, you see, as it 's sold in open market, it 's quite all right, *however* they came by it.

Mr. G.-T. Ah! Wonder you didn't make me bring along a sack instead of this satchel affair.

[*They pass down an alley of vacant cattle pens till they come to a mat on which is displayed a collection of bric-à-brac, consisting, among other equally valuable articles, of a bird-cage partly filled with garden snails; a deplorable tall hat, from which the salesman is carefully brushing the snowflakes; a faded croquet stick; a rusty skate; a Tantalus spirit-stand without its decanters; a case which has evidently once contained curling-irons; a headless terra-cotta statuette; a stuffed perch in a broken glass case; and a horrible life-sized waxen head, with glass eyes and only one cheek.*

Salesman (chilly, but hopeful). 'Ere y' are! Any price yer *like!* Sort 'em art cheap. The ole firm for qualitee!

Mr. G.-T. Well, of course, I don't *know*, Dolly, but I *can't* believe there 's much in *his* little lot that wasn't honestly come by.

Mrs. G.-T. No. I don't see anything *here* I should really *care* for. Let 's go on. (*They pass on.*) Ah, here is something *really* good. I do *love* Old Sheffield!

[*She examines a pair of tall candlesticks.*

Mr. G.-T. (*sceptically*). How d' you know they 're *old?*

Mrs. G.-T. Of *course* they 're old. Why, you can see where the copper 's come through! (*To vendor.*) 'Ow much for these, mister?

Vendor. A quid, lydy. Couldn' 'ave better stuff. Clean up luverly, it will!

Mrs. G.-T. But *will* it? Some Old Sheffield *won't*, you know. Er, that is—— 'Oo are you *getting* at?

Vendor. Ah, I see you *know* a bit, me dear. In the tride yerself, mos' likely. *(Delight of Mrs. G.-T.)* When yer gits yer livin' orf o' this sort o' stuff, yer *barnd* to know *sumfin'* abart it, ain't yer? Some on it *won't* clean up—*that's* right enough; but *this* will. Look 'ere! *(He cleans a small space in a primitive fashion with a very dirty finger.)* Ain't *that* wurf a quid?

Mrs. G.-T. (*in a whisper to her husband*). It's worth at least *double* that! (*To Vendor.*) 'Ow, gow on! Fifteen shillin's *my* proice!

Vendor. You're crule 'ard on me—but there, seein' you're one of Us——

[*Mr. G.-T. produces the money, and the candlesticks are with some difficulty stuffed in his side pockets.*

Mrs. G.-T. And now, Tom, I shall go and prowl about all on my little lone—you can wait for me over there by the clock tower. (*An interval, after which she returns triumphant.*) Just look at *this*—I picked it out of a lot of old rubbish on a stall—for only seven-and-six, frame and all! The silly woman had no idea what it really *was*.

Mr. G.-T. Seems like a sort of an illuminated text or somethin'. What?

Mrs. G.-T. You goose! It's been torn out of some old missal, and it's worth pounds and *pounds!* But you never *did* understand anything about Art. Be careful how you carry it. What's *this* man got?

[*She stops by a kerbstone on which some metal objects are arranged. A portly person with a Gladstone bag suddenly kneels down and examines these critically.*

The Portly Person (*inspecting a mortar of ancient appearance*). What are you asking for this? (*To an apathetic young Israelite in charge.*) Fifty shillings, eh? Well, I expect you'll *get* it. Very fine example—don't know that I've ever seen a better. Make you an offer for it myself—but, with trade as bad as it is,—well, *good* mornin'!

[*Rises, and departs with his bag.*

Mrs. G.-T. (*hurrying after her husband*). Tom, I want two sovereigns—quick. No, don't *you* come with me.

[*She returns to the young Israelite, and, after some bargaining, secures the mortar for twenty-seven-and-six.*

The Y. I. (*handing her half-a-crown*). 'Ereth your change, lady.

Mrs. G.-T. (*firmly*). I want another half-sovereign, please.

The Y. I. Lumme, tho yer *do*. What *am* I thinkin' of? Thorry—*my* mithtake! [*Laughter from bystanders.*

A Sympathetic Onlooker (*by way of apology*). The flurry o' the moment! [*Mrs. G.-T. rejoins her husband with her prize.*

Mr. G.-T. But what's the good of a mortar to *you*, Dolly? It hasn't even got a pestle!

Mrs. G.-T. What *does* it matter when it's an *antique?* You can see the date on it. I can't make out quite whether it's 1328 or 1528, because it's so encrusted with age, but it must have come out of *some* museum. And I distinctly heard a dealer say it was well worth fifty shillings. So I don't think twenty-seven-and-six *could* have been dear. Do you?

Mr. G.-T. Daresay not. I say, see that pair of china figures that fellow's just taken out of his cart? How 'd they do for the drawing-room, eh? I've a jolly good mind to ask what he'll take for 'em. (*After doing so.*) Look here, Dolly, he wants thirty bob, and I've only a sov. left. Can you let me have the other ten shillings?

Mrs. G.-T. You really are too *funny* as a judge of china, Tom! Why, they're perfectly hideous, with those waggling heads and hands, too! I wouldn't have them in *my* drawing-room—they're only fit for a grocer's shop-window. And thirty shillings for them! Absurd!

Mr. G.-T. Well, I rather like 'em, somehow—you might spare me just ten bob!

Mrs. G.-T. Indeed, I'm not going to encourage you in flinging away money on such rubbish! And he's sure to take a pound if you offer it him—and that's a good deal more than they're worth!

[*Mr. G.-T. offers the Vendor a sovereign.*

Vendor. Forty bob *I'm* arskin', guv'nor. An' *wurf* it. I'm 'ere to *sell*, I am. I can't *give* 'em yer!

A Quiet Man with a big bag. Take 'em at thirty bob.

[*He departs with one figure in the bag, and the other tucked under his arm.*

Mrs. G.-T. There, Tom—it's lucky you've got *me* to keep an eye on you. I've saved you at least a sovereign! (*Later*) Dear me, isn't that Mr. Thuriel Spier over there? I *thought* so. But how fortunate. He knows more about old things than any man in London. I *must* show him all my treasures!

Mr. G.-T. Ah, and get 'em vetted. What?

Mr. T. S. (*languidly, after greetings*). Old Sheffield? Yes, there *are* one or two people here who sometimes have some really good pieces—most of it, you know, is just got up to suit this particular market. Oh, *those*—yes, very nice indeed, late Georgian design. . . . Really, I couldn't give an opinion. . . . Well, candidly, I shouldn't say they're *very* old. . . . And you picked up this too, eh? Very decorative, and the colour charming—so clear. Of course you saw at once it's one of those process reproductions. Oh, *quite* worth getting, I daresay. . . . I could hardly tell you—but possibly, with the frame, it wouldn't be so very dear at a shilling. . . . Ah, a mortar, eh? And dated, too? Interesting—quite interesting—they cast these things from first-rate originals, and so well that, until you get the dirt off, you would hardly know they weren't antiques. . . . Oh, no, every now and then you *do* come upon wonderful finds here. For instance, only a few minutes ago I met a little man I know—a dealer of sorts—with a pair of seated Chinese figures with movable heads and hands—he'd seen 'em being unloaded from a van, and spotted 'em at once. Another fellow was after 'em, but he wouldn't go to more than a sovereign, so *my* little man nipped in and got 'em for thirty shillings. He showed 'em to me, and they really were wonderful. Ming of the best period—and in perfect condition—probably looted from Pekin. Worth? Well, *I* offered him fifty pounds—but he said he hoped to get a hundred at least. And I shouldn't wonder if he does. Now, dear lady, if only *you* had happened to be on the spot instead!

Mrs. G.-T. (*in a small voice*). Yes—it was *rather* unfortunate. Though er-Mink is not a period I go in for. And now I think we must be getting home. *Good*-bye, Mr. Spier, *so* glad to have met you.

F. A.

MUSICAL NOTE.—A Dresden paper notes with more regret than surprise that the eminent conductor, Herr VON SCHUCH, is suffering from a severe sprain in his arm as the result of directing the performances of RICHARD STRAUSS'S *Elektra*. Herr VON SCHUCH ought to be grateful that he has not been Elektracuted.

From a chatty letter in *The Irish Independent*:—

"This extremely rare plant has an acinaceform leaf, sessil and emplexical, while the lamina is gibbous and limiate. The flowers have no calix, which is replaced by a caduceus periamph. The polypetalous corolla is caryophyllaceous."

This plant was discovered in Mayo, and naturally the inhabitants have boycotted it.

Rowing Notes.

"On the outward journey they had a wait of fifteen minutes at the Pike and Eel whilst repairs were done, after which they continued to the locks in two pieces."—*Daily Mirror.*

The British workman again.

A VIEW OF MODERN LIFE;

OR, THE NEW EDITING.

THIS article by Mr. Bellary Hilloc, which we print after submitting it to a censorship mindful of the law of libel, contained certain accusations against certain public persons, accusations which we believe to be true. Mr. Hilloc, who wanted notoriety at any price, was exceedingly unwilling that we should publish his article without these accusations, and in order to prove that he, at least, has the courage of his convictions, we have adopted the form in which the article at present appears. We do this, in spite of the perfect idiocy of the result, the more willingly since it demonstrates to our easily persuaded mind how in this country the law of libel aids that very obscuring of facts to which Mr. Hilloc refers—that obscuring of facts which is one of the most serious of modern tendencies.—ED., *The Bungay Review*.

Painful though it is to me as a convinced Liberal to have to denounce the leader of my own Party, I can only say, to adapt the immortal phrase, *Amicus Asquith, magis amica veritas*. The PREMIER is a man of fine intellect and a polished phrase-maker, but his —— —— —— fill me with —— ——. But what are we to say of his colleagues? Can we expect manliness from —— ——, who openly confesses to being a teetotaler, or consistency from Mr. —— ——, who prefers port to beer? The insufferable insolence of Mr. —— —— is a byword in Lancashire, and the scandal attaching to —— —— has become so notorious that the LORD CHANCELLOR —— —— —— —— ——.

But the condition of society is no better. In the very heart of Mayfair we are confronted with unspeakable atrocities. The —— of ——, it is an open secret, poisoned his father, his mother, and his first wife, Lord —— was once found —— —— —— ——. And why did he get his peerage? For paying —— —— —— —— ——. But the male sex have no monopoly of iniquity. Lady —— was twice arrested for theft last season, and only escaped a severe sentence by bribing the —— ——. Mrs. ——'s tiara —— —— —— ——. Lady —— is a pyromaniac, and when she was at Goodwood —— —— —— —— ——.

Turning to literature (so-called), what do I see? Insincerity, jobbery and corruption everywhere. Could there be a worse example of the success that is made by nepotism than that of Mr. —— ——? I do not hesitate to say that ɹnɟo ɹɐǝɯ ǝʎʞuɟ ɹǝʇuunoɔ ǝıʞs ɥʇɐ ʇuɐɥʇ ǝɹnsɐǝld ɐɯɯɐɹʇ ɯǝɹɐ ɹnoʎ ɹnoʍ ɹǝʇɐǝɹɯ ɹnoʎ ɟo ɯɐɹɟ ɹnoʎ ɹǝʌǝu ʇɐɥʇ ɯɐɔ ʇnoɥʍ ǝɯɐɔ ʇɐɥʇ ʎuɐɯ ɯoɹɟ ɐ ʇɐɥʇ ʎuɐɯ ɯoɹɟ ɐ ʇɐɥʇ ʎuɐɯ ɯoɹɟ ɐ ʇɐɥʇ ʎuɐɯ ɯoɹɟ ɐ ʇɐɥʇ ʎuɐɯ ɯoɹɟ ɐ, and I go even further, and say also that dkiwm ekɐɐm ɐssɔʃkɐ bɐnoob ɐkʎnɐm ɐɹsuo wnɹn nɯʇʃqɥɐ ɐuoɹɟɐɔ ɥɯdnɐɹ ʞɐouuoɔ ɐɹɯɯɐssɐɯ wɒuɐsuo ɐoɹɐʃ ʇɐɥ. What kind of reply can Mr. —— —— make to that? None. Again, take the case of Mr. —— ——. Everyone knows that he has spent several hundred pounds annually for some time in chicken and champagne for reviewers, the most notorious of whom is Mr. —— ——. But I have said enough. You now know, if you never knew before, that the honest literary men can be counted on the fingers of one jolly hand.

And the stage. How ghastly is its condition! Look at the recent successes: of The —— —— at the —— Theatre; of —— —— at the —— —— —— Theatre; of —— —— at the —— Theatre; of —— —— at the —— Theatre, to name no others. Look at them all and shudder at the appalling trough in which our actor-managers wallow, particularly Mr. —— —— and Mr. —— ——. These I brand first of all.

In short, all modern life is rotten to the core. But thank goodness one Anglo-German editor and one Anglo-French publicist at any rate have a little courage left.



OUR SPOILT BARBARIANS.

Young Blood. "SORRY I CAN'T LET YOU HAVE A DANCE TO-NIGHT, BUT IF YOU'RE GOING TO THE PILKINGTONS ON FRIDAY I MIGHT MANAGE TO FIT YOU IN THERE."

The French "Intensive Culture" System.

WHAT IT COSTS.

"WANTED, Two French Ladies to exchange Conversational Lessons for Two University Students."—*Advt. in "The Western Mail."*

An Ungallant Swain.

"Will the lady who left two bunches of violets for a Tariff Reformer on St Valentine's Eve kindly call again on Tuesday morning next?"—*Advt. in "The Times."*

Does he want her to remove them?

THE STORY OF THE WEEK.

[IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT BY THE AUTHOR:—Truth, it has often been said, is stranger than fiction. On the other hand, fiction is generally more interesting than truth. Realising this, and also that times are hard, *Mr. Punch* has conceived the idea of presenting to his subscribers a short hebdomadal *résumé* (as Parisians say) of the events of the week, in the guise of a story. To this end he has made arrangements with one of our leading—with the present writer, to contribute in serial form a novel of actual life, in the hope that this will enable his readers to economise by dispensing in future with their ha'penny morning paper.]

THE WAGGING WORLD.

(NOTE.—*You can start this story NOW—or not, just as you like.*)

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

Baron Novascotiavitch, one of the Under Secretaries at the Servian Foreign Office. He is engaged in an important correspondence with the Austrian Foreign Office, demanding compensation for the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. His last letter was accidentally addressed to—

J. A. Smith, the Secretary of the Scottish Rugby Union. It is believed to have begun, "My Dear Smith," but the contents are as yet a secret.

R. W. M. Arbuthnot, the Cambridge spare man. He has been forced to resign his position at the stroke thwart, owing to the threats of the Confederates, the leader of whom is generally supposed to be—

George Redford, the famous Censor.

Hamilcar Harmsworth, an anonymous donor of £10,000 to the Territorials, for enlistment in which

William Taft has just been rejected on account of insufficient chest measurement. William, however, is in no wise daunted, and joins the training ship *Mercury*, where he comes under the care of

C. B. Fry, who is definitely going to play for Hampshire this season. (*Official.*)

Menial Manners, a young and lovely parachutist.

Caroline Nation.

Alfred, a German waiter disguised as a Swiss waiter.

And a few more.

CHAPTER ONE MILLION AND THIRTEEN.

On a typical morning in March two men might just have been seen walking along the Embankment. The scene spread before them (and partly over them) was a familiar one to the Londoner. On the right hand, as far as the eye could see, a black waste of snow; on the left hand a river of mud; on the collar——

At this moment the fog lifted, and the two travellers paused to look about them.

"The L.C.C.," began the elder deliberately, "be——"

"My dear Smith," interrupted the other, "it has nothing to do with the L.C.C. It 's the Borough Councils."

"Anyhow," said his companion, "you can't deny that the L.C.C. rate has gone up three farthings. And *that* 's what you call Municipal Reform."

"A legacy of the Wastrels," retorted the younger, angrily. "If it hadn't been for them . . . ."

A clock chimed the hour slowly and methodically.

"Listen," said the first man. He held up his hand for silence, and counted the strokes as they fell. "Eleven! The hour has come."

"What hour?"

"The hour, my dear MARRIOTT," replied his companion, "when we may begin to celebrate the centenary of the poet BUNN."

CHAPTER ONE MILLION AND FOURTEEN.

[SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTER: The L.C.C. rate has gone up three-farthings. On the other hand this continues to be a week of anniversaries. But the weather is beastly.]

(NOTE.—*You can go on with the story now.*)

Let us however return to the A.B.C. shop where we left our hero. Scarcely had the door shut behind his rival when he drew a letter from his pocket, and once more with perplexed brow strove to master its contents. It was written in a foreign language, but, thanks to the training which preparation for the preliminary examination of *The Evening News* Scholarship Scheme had given him, he had no difficulty in translating it as follows:—

"My dear SMITH,—I must say I don't quite like the tone of your last letter. I thought we had decided to leave the question of compensation for the loss of Bosnia and Herzegovina in the hands of the other Powers for arbitration. Why then do you suddenly suggest that a trifling payment of three shillings a day constitutes an act of professionalism? Please let me know at once whether you intend to turn up on the 20th, as I want to mobilise our army. This is positively my last word on the subject. Yours sincerely,

"C. J. B. NOVASCOTIAVITCH."

"What does it mean?" said our hero aloud to himself, as he put the letter away and stared out of the window at the fog and snow. "What indeed does anything mean?"

"Well," cheerfully said the little man who sat opposite him, "Tariff Reform means——"

"Yet what does anything matter now that STUART is at stroke again?"

The little man made no answer. Instead he began to cut into the scone which he had ordered.

"Talking of Norwegian granite," he said, as he took a bite.

Our hero was in no mood for frivolous conversation. He rang for his bill, and when the waitress had given it him he picked up his photograph of Mr. SCOTT-DICKSON and made for the cash desk.

"What are you going to do for the women?" the waitress called after him reproachfully,

"I beg your pardon," he said, and, returning, placed twopence underneath his plate.

Once outside, he made his way through the slush to Putney, where the Cambridge crew were just embarking, FAIRBAIRN being still at the bow thwart. "The Army Aeroplane. Record Descent at Aldershot," shouted a paper boy near him, and beckoning to the lad he purchased an evening journal, and hastily scanned the Society column for the latest news of Father VAUGHAN'S dreams. Then an announcement in large type met his eye, and he staggered back.

"Heavens!" he cried, "the House of Lords has been threatened again!"

CHAPTER ONE MILLION AND FIFTEEN.

[SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTER: Tariff Reform means more letters to my dear SMITH, and STUART at stroke *and* bow.]

(NOTE.—*This is going to be the last chapter this week.*)

In a boudoir in Central Glasgow a young and lovely girl was resting idly on a couch. Outside the snow fell pitilessly, but inside the room the fire burnt brightly enough. Waking suddenly from her reverie the girl sighed, and then rose and skated gracefully across the apartment to her writing desk. She sat down and drew the telephone towards her.

"Are you there?" she said. "I want *Minus* 2113 Central. . . . . Hallo, are you *Minus* 2113? . . . . What? . . . . Gone abroad, has he? What, Spain? . . . . Thank you."

She put the receiver back and took out a sheet of notepaper. Then dipping a jewelled fountain-pen in the ink she began,

"My dear SMITH,—

(WARNING.—*To be continued next week with any luck.*)

[NOTE.—*We greatly regret to announce that further instalments of this exciting story have been prohibited by "The Follies."*—EDITOR.] A. A. M.

"There was no criminal business at the Wicklow Spring Assizes yesterday, and the Lord Chief Justice congratulated the grand jury and the people at large on the circumstance."—*Daily Graphic.*

The people who were still "at large" had probably already congratulated themselves on the circumstance.

ACCOMMODATION FOR BIRD AND BEAST.

MR. REYNARD, The Spinney, Belvoir, has vacancies for several young chickens in his old-established organism. References from any farmer in the neighbourhood.

To Ducks, Water-Rats, etc.

NO MORE WET FEET.—By investing in the Anti-Rheu Rubber Shoes all evil consequences of getting the feet wet, to which ducks, water-rats, otters, etc., are so liable, are wholly removed. Rheumatism a thing of the past.—Apply, The Factory, Bootle.

N150.—Compact Freehold Bijou Residence for Sale; price 150 nuts; conveniently situated in a hole in a warm bank. Would suit young married dormice.—Apply, "D.," The Seven Sleepers Road, N.

STOAT, of sociable tastes, anxious to secure partner for sporting rights in Essex estate; last year's bag, 50 water-hens, 400 rabbits.—Details of Kilbunny & Co., Auctioneers, Wivenhoe.

To Shivering Birds.

JENNY WREN, resident at Kew, is prepared, for a consideration, to show other wrens a small hole in wall of glass house through which well-heated refuge can be obtained. What offers?—Box A 129.

Don't Catch Cold!

PUTTEES for Storks, Herons, and Flamingos.—Apply, Legwear, Netherlimb Gardens, Hampstead.

A LITTLE LONELY OWL, recently orphaned, is in search of a comfortable hollow tree, church, or barn, with congenial, refined society; would contribute mice regularly.—Apply "O.," The Belfry, Witcaster.

To Penguins, Geese, &c.

GRACEFUL CARRIAGE in six lessons; Deportment Classes conducted by an experienced Swan.—Address Olor, Chiswick Eyot.

BEAR, Brown, open to social engagements. Specialities: Bear-footed dancing, pole-climbing, wrestling; terms from 50 buns upwards.—Apply Ursa Major, Grizzly Grange, N.W.

SEAGULL, hand-fed, anxious to enter good aviary; sardines *de rigueur*.—Apply Little Mary, The Bridge, St. James's Park.

To Consumptive Hedgehogs.

TORQUAY, Babbacombe.—To Let, Valerian Villa, ideal winter residence, rich in black-beetles.—Apply Porcupig, House Agent, Torquay.



"Mother, I've a dreadful thing to confess to you. Last night, when you told me to lie down in bed, I lied down, but after you turned out the gas I grounded my teeth at you in the dark!"

AN elderly Poodle belonging to titled family wishes to recommend her attendant as second Footman. Is leaving to better himself.—Box K9.

BLUE TIT for usual commission will introduce limited number of friends to hitherto unperceived cocoanut hanging in practicable tree.—Address Miss Chirrup, Titbits Villa, Bourneville.

To the Afflicted.

CERTAIN CURE FOR THE PIP.—Two shillings per bottle, three bottles for 4*s.* 6*d* to coupon holders.—Dr. Siskin, 419, Cheepside.

OBESITY REDUCED.—Apply to Round Robin, The Daniel Lambert Inn, Bantingham.

To Cuckoos.

ADVERTISER, Professor of Avine Gymnastics, will send under sealed cover for 2*s.* 6*d.* infallible secret of half-nelson hold suitable for dislodging most truculent hedge-sparrow.—Apply Jacob Faithless, Old Jewry.

To Hedge-sparrows and Others menaced by Cuckoos.

BEESWAX LINING for nests.—Apply Juniper Lodge, Tite Street, S.W.

POLES for Polar Bears. Unlimited variety.—Apply Joseph Conrad, Secret Agent, Warsaw.

To Bats.

PETITION in favour of Nightlight Saving Bill can be signed at Messrs. Willit & Wontit, Sloane Square, W.



Brown (who has somehow hooked his first salmon, to Jones assisting, also for the first time, in this form of sport). "STICK TO HIM! SIT ON HIS HEAD!"

SINGING-SICKNESS.

THE prevalence of this distressing malady is an alarming fact that needs to be grappled with by scientists without delay. Whether it is due to the harmful presence of the common house-fly, just as Sleeping-Sickness is due to another ravening insect, is not yet fully established, but it is certainly a disease of domesticity and is to be found principally in the suburban villa and the small flat. In hotels, clubs, and billiard rooms, it is practically unknown.

Its symptoms are well-defined. The malady is sometimes accompanied by gaspings for breath and redness of the face, frequently by loud screams, and almost always by a piano. Scales are among the least pleasant of the indications of the scourge. Among the adolescent its manifestations are akin to those of Love-Sickness.

A peculiarity is that those whom this malady directly attacks show every sign of happiness and even pride in their disease; the real sufferers consist of those who are personally immune. The latter may gain temporary relief by inserting cotton-wool in the ears, and sometimes, in the less obstinate cases, by hammering nails into the party-wall. But no lasting prevention or cure has been discovered, always excepting death.

It is one of the ironies of nature that Sleeping-Sickness should prevail in remote swamps of the African continent and Singing-Sickness in nice comfortable places, on dry soil, like Highgate and Wimbledon. If only the victim of Sleeping-Sickness could be brought into a neighbourhood in which Singing-Sickness rages, there would be a very fair chance of the disease of the former being baffled and eventually conquered; or, better still, a movement might well be set on foot to transport subjects of Singing-Sickness to the malarious regions of Africa.

A MOTHER'S SACRIFICE.

[To a Suffragette who, on being brought before the magistrate, made the following statement (according to *The Daily Telegraph*):—"I have a little son, eight months old, and his father and I decided, after calm consideration, that when that boy grew up he might ask, 'What did you do, mother, in the days of the women's agitation, to lay women's grievances before the Prime Minister?' and I should blush if I had to say I made no attempt to go to the Prime Minister."]

AND so this boy of yours, years hence perusing
Records of women wronged by man-made laws,
May ask, an eager flush his face suffusing,
"What did you do to help the Women's Cause?"

If, when this searching question has arisen,
You answer, "Nothing," picture his surprise!
'Twere better to endure the pains of prison
Than face the scorn in those reproving eyes.

Let it be his to hear the tale—and may be
It will not lose through being often told—
How you renounced your husband, home, and baby,
When he (the last-named) was but eight months old.

Such be your answer! Yet, O happy mother,
Is this the only question you foresee?
What will you say, suppose he asks another:—
"Meanwhile, dear Parent, who looked after me?"



"A HANDSOME CONCESSION."

Europa (*intervening between* Austria *and* Servia—*to the former*). "I THINK I CAN PERSUADE MY YOUNG FRIEND HERE TO BE REASONABLE, AND I AM SURE YOU CAN AFFORD TO BE GENEROUS."

Austria. "I DON'T REMEMBER TO HAVE ASKED YOUR OPINION, MADAM. BUT IF HE'S PREPARED TO LICK MY BOOTS, I'LL THEN CONSIDER WHETHER I'LL ALLOW HIM TO GO ON LIVING."

["Servia must ask us what we are minded to offer . . . . For this is no European question, but a purely internal affair of Austria-Hungary."—*The "Fremdenblatt," mouthpiece of the Austrian Foreign Office.*

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



"AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOME," OR, "THE OPTIMISTS."

(With profound acknowledgments to Mr. Pélissier of "The Follies" and his inspired scene-painter.)

Mr. Asquith. WELL, THEY HAVEN'T DONE US MUCH HARM YET, HALDANE, OLD BOY, HAVE THEY?"

Mr. Haldane. "NO, MY DEAR ASQUITH. I AM NOT CONSCIOUS OF ANYTHING THAT COULD BE ACCURATELY DESCRIBED EVEN AS 'DISCOMFORT' AS YET!"

House of Commons, Monday, March 1.—Sensation created midway through Questions by appearance of a stranger by cross benches on Ministerial side. CLAUDE HAY, exultant over MANGNALL'S QUESTIONS ASHLEY, who dried up on his tenth question, rose to put his eleventh, flushed with knowledge that he had still several more to the good on the paper. The stranger, a man of stalwart build, with face cleanly shaven, asked the SPEAKER whether there was not a Standing Order limiting to eight the number of questions that might be put by individual Member at one sitting? Proceeded to point out how unfair is the practice of superfluity in this matter; daily has effect of shelving Members whose questions stand low down on list, and are not reached before a quarter to four. As the stranger proceeded, Members, pricking up their ears, recognised the voice. It was FENWICK, hitherto bearded like the well-known but anonymous Pard, now pitilessly shaven!

SARK explains the incident as supplying evidence of the terrorism created by The Confederates. Since the twelfth century, when the Vehmgericht flourished, there has been no secret society exercising equal power, spreading through the community similar terror. CLAUDE HAY is a leading member. Every statesman forming it has the name by which he is recognised by his comrades enrolled on a scroll enclosed in a leaden casket and stored in the vaults of the offices of the Tariff Reform League. CLAUDE is known as *Mokanna*, or *The Veiled*. TOM MOORE with prophetic eye beheld him when, ninety years ago, he wrote *Lalla Rookh*:

"There, on that throne . . . sat the Prophet Chief,
The Great Mokanna. O'er his features hung
The Veil, the Silver Veil which he had flung

In mercy there to hide from mortal sight
His dazzling brow, till man could bear its light."

Of course this veil is not brought down to the Commons, being reserved for use at the secret rites of The Confederates. Fenwick, feeling it his duty to the House and the country to beard Mokanna in his place in the Commons, took the precaution of disguising himself. Silver veils being scarce and beyond his means, he not less effectually used the razor.

The whole thing, as Sark says, shows how dread is the influence of this secret Society. Prince Arthur, who has been personally threatened, watched the episode with obvious uneasiness.

Business done.—In Committee on Supplementary Estimates.

Tuesday. — According to Standing Orders House been engaged in considering the working of Old Age Pensions Act and the condition of the Unemployed. Actually it has been wondering whether Cap'n Tommy Bowles will get in for Central Glasgow as result of polling still in progress when Speaker took the Chair. If so, by what majority? If not, what will his whacking amount to?

Politics apart, there is a general desire to see the old salt tacking back to his familiar anchorage. Would like to hear him again emphasising his criticism with convincing flourishes of his handless arm. Oddly enough, should he return, he would make for the very corner seat to the right of the Speaker filled by him through a succession of Parliaments. Things have changed since the Cap'n last paced the quarterdeck. The Liberals have gone over; so have the Unionists, and so has Cap'n Tommy. But the corner seat, in olden time besieged by Cumming Macdona and Mr. Gedge, remains, waiting for the return of the wanderer.

Should Cap'n Tommy come back a Liberal Home-Ruler, he would find the House as completely transmogrified as himself. Doubtful how he would get along with the dormant mass. When last with us he enjoyed advantage of criticising his esteemed Leaders from close contiguity of the Bench immediately behind that on which they sat. Always a position that commands attention. Been sedulously sought from days before and since the forgotten Horsman was a power in the House. Few filled it with the sustained brilliancy of Cap'n Tommy. An incisive debater, he had a turn for pointed phrases that Dizzy might have envied. It was his habit thoroughly to master the details of a question before expounding it. Seems a small thing to mention, but not so common at Westminster as might be supposed. Generally understood that he breakfasted on Blue Books and had remaining fragments hashed for dinner.



How he brought the Good News.

"Acland-Hood, with face, figure, and gait more than ever reminiscent of a turkey-cock."

On the Public Accounts Committee he was a terror to evil-doers, including the heirs of a foreign Sovereign who evaded the payment of Death Duty on British investments and found a Radical Chancellor of the Exchequer who turned a blind eye on the transaction. That was the worst (or the best) of Cap'n Tommy. He was no respecter of persons, whether they sat on the Treasury Bench or on Continental thrones. He would have thought nothing of speaking disrespectfully of the Equator; indeed he did more than once transgress in the analogous case of Mr. Chamberlain. Possibly three months after his return, should it be accomplished at the poll now in progress, he would turn and rend his newly "respected Leader," Asquith. It would be awkward so soon after having found salvation to relapse into his old attitude of candid critic of his pastors and masters.

Perhaps on the whole Cap'n Tommy is better out of it. He would come back to a new world whose leaden dulness is proof against the sharpest tongue. It was the audience supplied by the last Parliament and its predecessors that largely contributed to the making of him. As Prince Arthur discovered, when three years ago he first faced it, the present House is a poor strop on which to sharpen intellectual razors.

10.50 p.m.—A quarter of an hour ago news came that Cap'n Tommy had won; the figures assuring his triumph were quoted. 564 was the precise majority. That seemed conclusive. Now comes Acland Hood, with face, figure, and gait more than ever reminiscent of a turkey-cock, rushing up with slip of paper in his hand. At sight of it a gleam of triumph lights faces on Front Opposition Bench. The news flashes along the back benches, greeted by a cheer that tells the result.

Cap'n Tommy has been routed, not by a narrow majority, but by thousands.

Members passing out on their way home find the throbbing Metropolis stricken dumb. No footfall resounds on the crowded pavements. Cabs, 'buses, motor-cars struggle silently over the bed of the heaviest fall of snow the century has seen. Through the thickening air muffled voices repeat the figures from Glasgow. Thus at great crises does Nature attune herself to the action of man.

Business done.—Supplementary Estimate Account of Old Age Pensions passes Report stage.

Thursday.—Mr. Flavin never been the same man since, eight years ago this very month, he was carried forth shoulder high by four policemen, their march accompanied by the music of his voice chanting *God Save Ireland.* Time was when his yellow-ochre suit flamed in front of debate as did the plume of Henry of Navarre when fighting was to the fore. During the present Parliament he has been little seen, seldom heard. Old



First Horseman. "PULLING, IS HE? WHY DON'T YOU TRY RIDING HIM ON THE CURB?"
Second Horseman. "RIDE 'IM ON THE CURB! GOOD 'EAVENS! I CAN'T SCARCELY RIDE 'IM IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD."

instincts assert themselves in connection with the use of Norwegian granite for purposes of Rosyth docks.

"Was the stone dressed or undressed?" he sternly asks the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

ADMIRAL MCKENNA only that minute emerged from rather rough water. Patriots opposite, hereditary champions of the working man, have discovered a new wrong done him in the matter of this granite. It was bought in Norway to the detriment of the British quarry owner. It was wrought by workers unprotected by the fair wage clause inserted in all Government contracts operative in this country.

Here be grievances especially poignant just now when by-elections are going on in Scotland, whose granite has been set aside in favour of Norway's. Hue-and cry instantly raised; merrily carried on till the ADMIRAL quietly drops the remark that his department has long been familiar with Norwegian granite, it having been habitually used under the *régime* of his predecessors, who, in conformity with Government treatment of all foreign contracts, did not insist on the fair wage clause.

It was in the awkward silence that followed on this disclosure that Mr. FLAVIN chipped in with his inquiry about the garb of the stone. No Salome granite for him. Insisted that it should not only be dressed, but well dressed. Said nothing about yellow-ochre suits or tan shoes of exceptional brightness of hue. House knew what he meant, and genially cheered his reappearance on scene.

Business done.—N. BONAPARTE HALDANE presents a bulletin reporting present condition of Territorial Army.

SNOW FLAKES.

(From various sources, none of them reliable.)

THIRTY cattle drivers were imbedded in a drift at Ballymacrag, County Monaghan. As all the forces of the Royal Irish Constabulary were unequal to digging them out, an appeal was made to the public feeling of the Old-Age Pensioners of the district. Five hundred stalwart young fellows answered the call, and the devoted patriots were speedily rescued. A reassuring telegram was at once addressed to Mr. BIRRELL, informing him that none of the cattle-drivers had suffered from frost-bite.

Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, at a meeting at which no reporters were present, remarked that, though we might boast of our snow here, he had reliable information that in Germany the drifts were three times as deep, and thus gave thrice the employment. It would therefore be evident to the meanest intelligence that Tariff Reform meant more of everything for this country.

The indifference of the German soldier to climatic influences is amazing. In spite of the Arctic weather, *Pearson's Weekly* announces a fresh German invasion for this week.

"The old Latin tag '*Facilis descensus Averni*' may be modernised into '*Difficilis ascensus aeroplani.*'"—*The Autocar.*

First catch your tag, then modernise him.

THE SUSPECT.

I LIVE in a block of flats which forms part of a square, and I am a suspected person. I have never committed a treason, a felony or a misdemeanour. I have neither attempted, incited to, nor aided and abetted in, the commission of the same. I am not even an incorrigible rogue and vagabond, and yet I am under police supervision. I may seem to find fault with the police, but I should have been the first to write to *The Times* about the grave deficiencies of our detective system, had not the police acted as they did.

On Sunday (I cannot say definitely whether it was the inst., the ult., or the prox.) I was seated in my flat without a stain upon my character. I was composing light verse for this very paper, and what more innocent and reputable occupation can be conceived for a Sunday evening? The wall which separated me from the next flat was thin, and on the other side of that thin wall a little child was learning to play the piano. There is no better way of learning the piano than by working through the Old Hundredth hymn over and over again, proceeding slowly but with determination, not omitting an "Amen" at the end of every attempt, and not being in so much of a hurry as to cease even when indefinite repetition has produced comparative accuracy. No one knew or appreciated that fact better than that little child. Do not, however, jump to conclusions, for that child still lives immune. Let me tell the tale in my own way.

In a flat on the side of the square opposite to me and the little child there is a big man, who also plays the piano. Though he is four times as big as the little child, he does not seem to be a quarter so strong in the arm. He has none of the child's perseverance and love of Old Hundredths oft repeated. He plays nocturnes and sonatas, and rarely plays the same thing twice. And so, because the world seldom appreciates industry and painstaking merit, people who loathe the little child's labour love the big man's playing. I am such a person.

Wicked frivolity cannot prosper in the hearing of the Old Hundredth, and after an hour vainly spent upon one line, which made no claim to sense or any serious purpose, I put the verse away and went out into the square, wearing a scarf instead of a collar, and nothing at all instead of a hat. Unfortunately I did not see the policeman, but the policeman saw me.

I walked round to the front of the big man's flat and stayed there. "If the little child will not let me write frivolous poetry," I said to myself, "she shall not make me listen to Old Hundredths. I will stay and hear some Chopin." So, the night being a dark and a warm one, I got as close up under the railing as I could and listened. Thus I remained absorbed, and I do not know how long the policeman had been there before I became aware of his scrutiny.



Home Pigeon. "WELL, I'M GLAD TO SEE ONE OF YOU WRETCHED ALIENS HAS BROUGHT HIS OWN NEST, FOR ONCE!"

It was the policeman's fault for saying nothing. Had he made some accusation, I should have explained the truth to him and he would have understood. As it was, he passed on and left me feeling relieved for the moment, but guilty. In the matter of guilty or not guilty, it is a question of what you feel and not what you are. So, when I saw him returning long before his proper time, I was panic-stricken and ran away. It sounds foolish, but again it was the policeman's fault. Policemen have no right to wear sombre blue uniforms, which inspire terror in innocent breasts. Had he been dressed in pink, had he blacked his face, had he even been wearing a cloth cap, I should have stood my ground and passed everything off with a little joke. Instead, I ran.

The run soon became a fast walk, the walk a slouch, the slouch a stop, and the stop a right-about turn. "I will go back," I thought, "and explain."

The policeman was grossly to blame. He neither said anything, as I came up to him, nor offered to change his uniform. "I got tired of the small child," I said hurriedly, "and came to listen to the big man." The policeman said nothing; he did not even look cross. Had he only looked cross, I might have kept calm and even threatened to report him. Anyhow, I should not have sworn (as I did) that I was doing nothing, that I was committing no crime, that no money would induce me to think of committing a crime, that I was a respectable man, that every Englishman had a right to come out of his home and listen to big men playing Chopin, if he wanted to. There was a lot more that I have forgotten, but when one party refuses to talk the conversation must die, and we reached my flat in silence. There we stopped.

For a bit I stood awkwardly. Then I said "Good night" weakly, and started to move off. Then I stopped and came back. I took half-a-crown out of my pocket, looked at the policeman, and put it back again. At last, the policeman remaining silent, I crept back into my flat like a worm. Inside, I waited trembling a minute or two, and then peeped through the blind and saw him still standing there. Moreover, he saw me peep.

I am now under police supervision.

Curious Accident to a Governor.

Seychelles is a long way off (for the moment we cannot remember how long but news of the great world does filter through to them at times. Thus (Reuter):—

"The Governor of California has made a statement that after conferring with the leaders on the legislature he is convinced that no anti-Japanese legislation will be enacted at Aldershot and then fell ten feet and was smashed."

It seems like a judgment on him.

Under the heading "Some current Gpionions" (not to be confounded with the ordinary onion), *The Bloemfontein Post* prints the following:—

"A Zandberg correspondent writes to *Ons Land*:—We trust our sensible members of Parliament, if the question of female suffrage is again brought up, will at once propose that the mater be consigned to the waste-paper basket."

We do not like these invidious distinctions between the Mrs. Pankhursts and the Miss Christabels.

FLY AND LET FLY.

["It has recently been pointed out by lawyers that . . . . an Englishman's property extends upwards to the skies." — *Major B. Baden-Powell in "The National Review."*

"Cujus est solum, ejus est usque ad cœlum." — *Old Maxim.*]

YEARS ago, when the Brothers WRIGHT
Were babies tucked into cots at night,
I laid out several thousand pounds
On a country house with extensive grounds.
All this is mine, but I wish I knew
If I own the adjacent Central Blue?

Oh, in the looming by-and-by,
When even CODY has learnt to fly,
Will air-hogs, dodging the winged police,
Clatter and honk like migrant geese,
And ram each other, and smash in two,
And the bits annihilate me and you?

Will topers, homing when night is gray,
Lurch and perch on my roof till day?
Matrons, flocking from "magic sales,"
Drop, with a flop, their "costly bales"?
Pairs in parachutes bill and coo,
The coy maid flutter, the swain pursue?

Will clamorous flights of Unemployed
Come streaking over the azure void?
If Votes for Women are still to gain,
Will CHRISTABEL charter an aeroplane,
And load it up with a lively crew
From the National Women's S.P.U.?

Must I cower and hide my spoons
From burglars hovering in balloons?
Must I see sky-terriers riot
Over my coverts' hallowed quiet?
No! If the Latin maxim's true,
If the ground is mine, then the air is, too,
And the shooting rights therein. Hooroo!



Sergeant of Royal Irish Constabulary (interviewing new member of the Force). "WELL, MAGINNIS, 'TIS THE FINE STHRONG FLESHY-LOOKIN' FELLA YE ARE. NOW, IF A DESPRIT MAN ATTACKED YE WID A KNIFE AN' A PISTOL; WOULD YE RUN OR FIGHT?"

Recruit. "SHURE, YER HONOUR, I WOULD!" *Sergeant.* "WHAT, YE WOULD?"

Recruit. "BEGORRA, I MANE I WOULD *NOT*, SOR!"

Sergeant. "AH, NOW THAT'S BETTHER! G'LONG WID YE, ME BUCKO!"

ACADEMIC OPERA.

[*The Daily Chronicle* records the fact that Lord HOWARD DE WALDEN has started for Buenos Ayres with the libretto of an opera entitled *Dylan*. It forms the second part of an intended trilogy, the other two being entitled *Don* and *Brangwyn*, and has been set to music by Mr. JOSEPH HOLBROOKE, who has introduced eight concertinas into his score.]

LORD —— (we regret that the Censor has absolutely forbidden us to mention the name of this interesting peer) recently started on a tour to the Isles of Greece, taking with him the libretto of a new opera set to music by Mr. Delius, who will accompany him on his travels.

The work, which is in three Acts, is called *Hubert*, and is based on one of the stories in the *Buschigrammaton*, the famous collection of Bavarian Fairy Tales. *Hubert*, it should be explained, is the first opera in Lord ——'s trilogy, the other two being entitled *Von* and *Herkomer*. Meantime Lord —— is desirous of giving some experimental performances of the first opera in the Ægean, where the very name of Mr. Delius will act as a passport to the affections of the islanders. Still the results of the experiment are awaited with a certain amount of misgiving, as the orchestration of *Hubert* is in some respects highly unconventional.

Thus in the First Act the accompaniment to the Serenade is played by sixteen Jew's harps, four Nasi-flutes, and two Lombardophones. The plot of the opera, again, is rather peculiar, as there is no heroine, and the hero is on the stage all the time, either singing, dancing, or exhibiting one or other of his numerous accomplishments.

In the Second Act he rides a turtle to the sound of sea trumpets; in the Third Act he paints a full-length portrait in ten minutes, during which he never has a bar's rest; and in the Epilogue he swims the Hellespont in the full uniform of the Bushey Fire Brigade.

The libretto is written throughout in rhymed Alexandrines, and those who have enjoyed the privilege of perusal declare that the lyrical temperature throughout is higher even than that of the most fervid stanzas of "burning Sappho."

Lord —— has already mapped out two other trilogies, the subjects of which are (1) *John* (2) *Singer* (3) *Sargent*, and (1) *Solomon* (2) *J.* (3) *Solomon*.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Everyone has heard often of the small boy in whom a course of penny-dreadfuls has developed a suburban passion for piracy. His case, and the severe magisterial comments thereupon, belong to the routine of our police-courts. Well, the next time that any young lady is brought up on the charge of escaping from an unsympathetic home to dwell among art students in a Bloomsbury attic, and with no more practical equipment for the battle of life than red hair and a sense of humour, then I hope the Bench will say some pretty sharp things about "E. Nesbit" and her latest far too fascinating book, *Daphne in Fitzroy Street* (George Allen). Because, you know, I doubt very much whether *Daphne* and that delightfully real child *Doris* would have been quite so happy in actual life. And all those charming people that they got to know almost directly, *Claude*, the nice boy downstairs, *Green Eyes*, and the rest of them—I think "E. Nesbit" ought to have added a footnote to explain that this was rather an exceptional bit of luck. The story begins, as prettily as you will have expected from the name of the writer, in a French convent-school, but, alas! school-days in fiction seldom survive the earliest chapters, and when *Daphne* was sent for to interview the headmistress I for one knew quite well that her father was dead, and that she was to be recalled to the uncongenial rule of aunts. That, however, does not last long, and once the heroine is established in Bohemia the tale of her adventures goes forward briskly enough to an end which I defy any reader to foretell with accuracy. All the characters are well drawn (do I make a slight mental reservation about the rather too brutal *Mr. Henry?*), and their talk is full of just those intimate and expressive words that are only used by the Really Nice.

The Dutchmen shown in *Brothers All*,
By Maarten Maartens (Methuen), lack—
Most do, at least—what I would call
The social captivating knack;
They 're simple louts, or men who scheme
Incessantly for selfish ends,
And either way you wouldn't dream
Of ever treating them as friends.

But, though I should not greatly prize
The boon of their companionship,
I traced their stories through with eyes
That let no single sentence slip,
For, if the matter of the tales
Is not an unalloyed delight,
The author's manner seldom fails
To put the working balance right.

I think novel-readers ought to be able to take out insurance policies against sudden accidents to characters, which render them grotesque or repulsive objects for the remainder of the book. It is so disturbing. In Mrs. Henry Dudeney's *Rachel Lorian* (Heinemann) a quite guiltless husband is crippled for life by a railway catastrophe on the first day of his honeymoon; and the same kind of situation is brought about as that which occurs (to take an instance) at the end of Mr. E. F. Benson's *The Angel of Pain*. *Rachel* falls in love with her husband's best friend, a romantic artist, whilst the invalid becomes more and more embittered and morose, and finally takes religion. After a time Mrs. Dudeney kills him off, and then I hoped that the tangle would be straightened out. But no; the heroine dooms herself to a period of widowhood, and at the end of it discovers that *Patrick Rivers*, with whom her relations have been purely platonic, has been conducting a most improbable intrigue with a very inferior person. The book is full of flashes of fine writing, both in the analysis of emotions and the description of scenes, but the style is amazingly jerky. If there were a tax on dashes Mrs. Dudeney would be the saviour of the Budget. I think it is rather unfair in one and the same novel to cripple a rising barrister, rudely shatter the promise of a happy conclusion, and disjoint half your sentences.



EXPLODED REPUTATIONS.
William "The Silent."

Since *Raffles*, the gentleman burglar, found himself a popular hero he has had many successors in his peculiar line of business; and the manufacture of the rogue in fiction is in small danger of becoming a forgotten art, for the public dearly loves a thief who, like puss in the nursery rhyme, will do them no harm. The latest of the melodramatic type appears in *The Hand of the Spoiler* (Hodder and Stoughton); but Mr. Sidney Paternoster's novel is something different from the ordinary story of crime. He provides us, of course, with the customary apparatus; for valuable pictures are stolen and acute detectives follow up chance clues or surprising coincidences; and there is also an uncomfortably realistic murder-scene thrown in near the finish. But Mr. Paternoster possesses a gift for character-drawing which raises his people considerably above the lay-figures of the ordinary detective romance; and if one is inclined to carp at the rather forced happiness of the ending it must be allowed that justice is frankly meted out to everybody except the hero. And he, by the recognised Statute of Authors' Limitations, is exempt from too harsh treatment.

"A panic was narrowly averted in St. Patrick Church, Dublin, by the bursting of a gas main in the adjacent street."—*Daily Graphic.*

Surely some simpler method of averting the threatened panic might have been found.

CHARIVARIA.

MR. HALDANE is nothing if not thorough, and we hear that all the inhabitants of our seaside towns are to be provided with cab-whistles, so that, immediately they see an invasion taking place, they may call the taxi cabs which now form part of our defensive system of transport.

***

The War Office is stated to be seriously alarmed at the uncompromising attitude of Labour towards the Army, and considers that the proposal that no battle shall last more than eight hours may, if adopted, seriously handicap us in engagements with a less enlightened foe.

***

Mr. BIRRELL, speaking at Bristol, said he would like to see women as well as men in the Upper House. How these Liberal Ministers love the Lords!

***

In view of our recent weather it is a nice question whether it is a very happy thought—or even good business—on the part of the manager of the White City to announce that one of the chief attractions of the forthcoming exhibition will be a scene representative of the Arctic regions. We want novelties.

***

Sir ROBERT PERKS, a Liberal M.P., has been protesting against the imposition of any further land taxes. It is, however, only fair to Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE to state that when he was considering this new form of taxation the case of Sir ROBERT PERKS temporarily escaped him.

***

Germany's greatest shipping line, the Hamburg-Amerika Company, has failed to declare a dividend owing to the competition of the *Lusitania* and *Mauretania*. It is odd to reflect that, if this had happened a short time ago, before the *rapprochement* between Germany and ourselves, the news might not have caused us any very marked pain.

***

Ladies as a rule are so anxious to be thought younger than they are that we were surprised to see that there was some litigation the other day between two artistes, each of whom claimed to be the original creator of the Salome dance.

***

The London County Council is contemplating changing the names of no fewer than eleven John Streets, two St. John Streets, one John's Road, one St. John's Place, one St. John's Road, and one St. John's Terrace. Mr. Augustus John, who has always been proud of the number of streets named after him, is said to feel considerable resentment at the proposed change, which he looks upon as a personal slight.

***

The Times is still moving. Arrangements have now been made to announce one's death in larger type without extra charge. This facility is not confined to subscribers.

***

"Inventions by women, ranging from battleship-protectors to parlour games, will," we are credibly informed, "be on view at the forthcoming Women's Exhibition." We are most curious to have further details as to the battleship-protector. According to one account it is a tight-fitting knitted garment which can be slipped over the entire length of a war-vessel in winter to keep the crew warm.

***

The Paris hatters, we are told, have affirmed their belief that "the silk hat cannot die." We are relieved to hear this, as during the recent boisterous weather we came across one or two which certainly looked as if they were *in extremis*.

***

Meanwhile Mr. TAFT will, we are sure, be pleased to hear that larger waists are to be the fashion this year.

***

By-the-by, some idea of the "capaciousness" of America's new President may be gathered from the fact that the delegates of the Senate and House of Representatives have agreed to raise the salary attached to his office from £10,000 to £15,000.

***

London's newest Store is equipped with a complete first-aid ward in case of accident, with trained nurses in attendance. It is believed that lack of such a convenience has hitherto prevented many nervous ladies from attending Clearance Sales.

***

From New York we learn that America now possesses the richest boy in the world in the shape of Master JOHN NICHOLAS BROWN, who is worth £5,000,000. The local motorists are said to be greatly alarmed lest they should run over him and be mulcted in appropriate damages.

***

With reference to the complaints of judges and magistrates as to the increase of perjury, a correspondent writes to ask whether it may not be possible that the false teeth through which so many witnesses speak exercise an adverse influence on their evidence.



MR. PUNCH'S SPECIAL MOTOR-CARS.

I.—FOR MUSICAL-COMEDY LADIES.

"It is estimated that by letting 26,968 small panes of glass on 754 cars at the rate of £1 per pane per annum the sum of £26,968 would be realised. By letting 12,000 wooden veneered quarter circles which connect the sides and roofs of 600 cars at the same rate £12,000 additional could be obtained."—*Glasgow Herald.*

We have checked both of these calculations and find them correct. The 754 and 600 bothered us a little until we saw that these figures had been put in to make the problem look more difficult.

"IRONMONGERY.—Wanted at once, Junior Assistant. State experience, salary, age (indoors)."—Advt. in *Western Mail.*

We believe that in ironmongery circles it is not etiquette to keep your hat on indoors, however bald you may be.

The Great Granite Question.

(From a Moral Standpoint.)

Granite, like salad, is of little use without dressing. Norwegians have sometimes been known to let granite leave their country undressed, a laxity which the stern Aberdonian would never allow.

OF THE PROPOSED TAX ON BACHELORS.

[Being a vicarious protest, made on behalf of a certain celibate *malgré lui* who finds himself in straitened circumstances.]

LADIES, at whose repellent feet
Times without number I have kneeled,
Laid bare a breast at boiling heat
And found your own securely steeled,
Thrown off a pulmonary sigh,
Picked up my heart in little pieces,
And, rising, cast a rueful eye
Upon my trousers' ruffled creases;—

Where lies the fault (go, hang your heads!)
That one who wooed till he was sore,
Wearing his knee-caps down to threads,
Should still remain a bachelor;
While others, whom the nuptial knot
Should rather stimulate to charity,
Propose to tax his lonely lot,
To penalise his singularity?

Ladies, if ever such a fee
Adds to my hump the final straw,
If a connubial Ministry
(HALDANE objecting) makes it law;
I shall protest against the same,
Urging that each rejected lover
From those who snuffed his proffered flame
Should be entitled to recover.

You, Helen, promised me a heart
Just like a sister's, soft as wax;
Well, you shall do a sister's part
And help your brother pay his tax.
You too, Elise, shall take your share;
With purer pleasure I award it,
Since you espoused a millionaire
And so can easily afford it

For you, Belinda, I am lotl
To have to send you in my bil!;
I'd overlook my blighted troth,
For you are left a spinster still;
But it was greed: you thought to find
Someone more solid, sound, and pursy,
And, though you missed him, I've a mind
To let my marrow know no mercy.

You others—Ethel, Judy, Jean—
I'll see you have your small account;
The list is long, and that should mean
A relatively slight amount;
Soon as the grasping Budgeteer
Settles the size of this extortion,
I'll work it out and let you hear
(Discount for cash) your just proportion.

But as for you, perfidious Jane—
My earliest case and far the worst,
Since I should scarce have tried again
If you had not refused me first—
The wound is nicely healed to-day
(By now my heart's as tough as leather),
But you will clearly have to pay
As much as all the rest together.

O. S.

DISCLAIMER.—Mr. HALDANE has made us familiar with the idea of *The Nation in Arms*. We understand that the insinuation is stoutly denied by Mr. H. W. MASSINGHAM on behalf of himself and his staff.

CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME;

OR, LITTLE ARTHUR'S ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.

(*Little Arthur, aged* 12; *Papa, aged* 48.)

Little Arthur. Papa, do you want me very much to learn German?

Papa. Certainly, my boy. A knowledge of foreign languages is—ah—um—essential to a business man in these days, and German is particularly important.

L. A. But, Papa, you don't like Germans, do you?

Papa. Well, ah. I don't know many Germans myself. I daresay they're all very well in their way, you know.

L. A. But, Papa, you said yesterday that you never knew where you were with these confounded Germans; and you said if they went on building ships they'd be a terrible danger to us, and you didn't know what was coming over the Government letting them go on like that. And then you said you hated the very name of Germans, and if there was to be a war it had better come quick. You said all that to Mamma, didn't you?

Papa. Oh, you heard that, did you? I didn't know you were in the room.

L. A. Yes, but you said it, didn't you, Papa?

Papa. Well, well, what if I did?

L. A. Oh, nothing, Papa; only if you hate Germans so I don't see why you want me to learn German. If they're all such wicked people, it can't be a nice language to learn.

Papa. Well, you've got to learn it anyhow.

L. A. Yes, Papa, I know. But you said you wanted me to be a thorough Englishman, didn't you, Papa?

Papa. Of course I do—and you'll be one, I hope. I don't want any foreign tricks in my family. John Bull's good enough for me.

L. A. Yes, Papa, I want to be like that, too. But if I learn German I'm afraid I shall have to learn some foreign tricks, shan't I? Of course I'm only a little boy, I know, and perhaps I don't understand these things.

Papa. Now look here, Arthur, the fact is you talk too much. I don't know where you get that from, but it's a bad habit. You must learn to follow the advice of your elders without questioning it.

L. A. Yes, but, Papa, if I learn German I shall be able to talk in German as well as in English; and then there's French too. That'll make three languages.

Papa. You've got to learn German, I tell you, whether you like it or not. It's a very fine language, one of the finest in the world after English, and very useful too.

[A Pause.]

L. A. Papa, can you talk German?

Papa. Not fluently, my boy; but I can rub along, you know.

L. A. Mr. Schmitz is a German, Papa, isn't he?

Papa. Of course he is—a regular old *Sauerkraut*.

L. A. But I heard you tell Mamma you couldn't understand a word of his silly lingo. He was talking German, wasn't he?

Papa. Yes, he was talking German all right.

L. A. But if it's a silly lingo, Papa, why do you want me——

Papa. You've talked quite enough.

L. A. Yes, Papa, but I only want to understand. And if you hate Mr. Schmitz, why do you——

Papa. Who said I hated him?

L. A. You said you hated the very name of Germans, Papa, and Mr. Schmitz is a German, so I thought——

Papa. Oh, did you? Well, you've thought enough for one day. Go and take the dogs out. I'm busy.

"There is no reason that I can see why the nightingale should not sing in every part of Britain."—*The Countryside.*

Are the nightingales aware of this?



THE BREAKFAST HOUR : A FORECAST.

Early Worm. "CONFOUND THIS DAYLIGHT SAVING BILL! HERE'S THE EARLY BIRD AN HOUR EARLIER THAN USUAL. I SHALL HAVE TO HURRY UP, OR I SHAN'T GET CAUGHT!"



"Mummy, are there *really* Mermaids?"—"Yes, dear. They are the Sea-fairies." (*Pause.*)
"Mummy, you do want me to go to sea, don't you?"—"Yes, darling; I want you to go into the Navy."
"Well, then, I think I'll be a diver."

SLEUTH.

Two very interesting and suggestive experiments have recently been carried out by Major Richardson's bloodhounds, and convincing proof of the value of these animals as aids to the police force has once more been given. A fortnight ago the two hounds, Don and Pluto, were taken by the Major to the New Forest, the greater part of the journey being accomplished by rail to Brockenhurst. Thence they were conducted to the spot where, according to tradition, William Rufus was slain by an arrow discharged by one of his hunting men. The hounds were at once laid on the trail, and immediately betrayed evidence of great excitement. With their owner in attendance they ran at a great pace through the Forest, stopping every now and then to bay at one of the trees. After a most interesting chase of an hour they returned to the place where they had started, and, owing to the gathering darkness, Major Richardson was compelled to call them off just as matters appeared to be assuming a critical phase. Major Richardson is well satisfied with the experiment, though he naturally regrets that he was not called in earlier. He believes that there can be no doubt as to the guilt of Walter Tirel. An important historical question has thus been definitely set at rest.

On hearing of this performance the Italian Government asked Major Richardson to bring his hounds to Rome, and the gallant Major promptly assented. The object of the visit was to investigate the circumstances attending the assassination of Julius Cæsar some years ago. Don and Pluto, having had an excellent meal of *polenta* overnight, were led in procession to the statue of Pompey, which Cæsar, it may be remembered, bathed with his blood when he expired as a result of twenty-three dagger wounds. Here both the hounds were manifestly uneasy, Pluto, in particular, circling round and round the statue with every sign of anger and alarm. Hence they proceeded at top speed to the Forum, being watched with great interest by a numerous and distinguished company of German and American visitors who had gathered at this celebrated spot. The story goes that the body of Cæsar was burnt here, and both the intelligent animals evidently had this circumstance in mind, for they refused, in spite of Major Richardson's entreaties, to proceed any further. In conversation with our representative Major Richardson afterwards declared his firm belief that the murder took place in the manner described in the histories. He thinks that Casca and Brutus were certainly implicated in it, though he is not prepared to say who struck the first blow. Of course he regrets that he was unable to arrive on the scene at a moment more nearly approximating to the date of the assassination, but the results actually attained leave him more satisfied than ever as to the necessity of employing bloodhounds in every case of crime.

A SONNET OF SPRING MICROBES.

What art thou, Spring, that poets oft have sung
Thy praises, and the beauties thou dost wear,
In sonnet, madrigal, and lyric fair?
Not so do I, but rather tends my tongue
To speak of those small microbes, freshly sprung
From winter sleep, that fill the waking air,
And mumps and measles through the country bear,
Thy sign to mortals that the year is young.

The jaded city man, with heartfelt sigh,
Returning in the evening from his work
With that affliction Kipling calls the hump,
Although he longs a bunch of flowers to buy,
Must now refrain—who knows but there may lurk
In each frail bloom a measle or a mump?

THE DAILY PROGRAMME

OF AN AVERAGELY BUSY MAN.

Showing how to get through life with the minimum of discomfort and waste of time, and with the greatest satisfaction to himself and others (particularly others).

[In humble imitation of the new Carmelite advertising.]

I rise at 10 a.m.

My cold bath is ready when I am ready for it. I suppose I really am ready for it now, though I don't want it a bit. Still there is nothing like a cold bath to start the day with. Each morning I purchase some of the Metropolitan Water Board's magnificent water, and there is no trouble at all about getting it cold. It is always beautifully cold. Don't forget; the Metropolitan Water Board. Sample pint on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope.

I return to bed at 10.1 a.m.

Generally speaking, when I *am* up I stay up, but I find I have forgotten to call attention to my astounding brass bedstead, such an improvement on the old one. I got it at the South-Western Furnishing Company's palatial show rooms. As I spend nearly half my life in bed I always feel that a bedstead is a really important matter. How many of us—— [MEM.—I *must* stop this habit of moralising.]

I cut myself shaving at 10.30 a.m.

Time was when the ten minutes spent in shaving was one of the trials of the day. Now, thanks to Blenkinsop's Incredible Safety Razor, I have half an hour's unalloyed pleasure. You simply *cannot* cut yourself with this razor; but should you do so a Jones' Plaster will stop the bleeding at once. (Two ads. in there. Heavy work.)

I breakfast at 11 a.m.

All the time we have been chattering about bedsteads and such, my breakfast has been keeping cool in front of the fire. Those little black things you see on the top of the poached egg are bits of coal which have shot out. I use only the very best coal, and the consequence is that I don't mind the extra taste a bit. Try Old, King and Co., and you will see for yourself.

I smoke a pipe at 11.30 a.m.

I wanted to give you a picture of me in my dressing-gown smoking a pipe at 11.30 A.M.—in fact I really wanted a whole lot of pictures done, but somehow the artist and I couldn't come to terms. I offered him all the loot from any one firm, but he insisted on half of everything, which was absurd. Well, what I wanted to say now was that I always light my pipe with one of Spiffkin's remarkable circulars. He sends me one a day, and they make excellent spills. I forget what it is he advertises.

I look for my collar stud at 11.45 a.m.

It is only necessary to say that, if I find the darned thing this morning, the fool who sold it to me and swore that it never got lost was William Winks of 193, High Street, Mayfair.

I arrive outside at 12.30 p.m.

Yes, I am always out by 12.30 P.M. It is a very jolly day outside, much jollier than I thought. To think that Messrs. Fahrenheit and Réaumur give us this wonderful weather! (Sample thaw on receipt of a postcard.)

I buy an engagement ring at 1 p.m.

This is not really a part of my "daily" programme, but The Oyster Pearl Company simply insists on my saying something about its magnificent half-hoops. Where should we be without The Oyster Pearl Company's matchless half-hoops? I cannot tell. I know that I do not feel that my day has been complete unless I have purchased one of its amazing half-hoops. This enterprising company will send you one of its stupendous half-hoops on receipt of thirty shillings.

I lunch at 1.45 p.m.

Yes, I have a heavy lunch at the club, and my doctor's address is 399, Harley Street, W.

I have a short nightmare at 3 p.m.

I always go to sleep after lunch and dream that I am being pursued by a wild horse—not at all the sort of delightful horse you can hire so cheaply from Watson's Livery and Bait Stables, Park Lane, W.

I start work at 3.30 p.m.

Humorous articles a speciality. Light verse at 6*d.* a foot or 10*s.* the piece. Heavy verse by arrangement. I can do you a good line in leaders or articles on Old London. Come to me for style; no split infinitives. Do you want a column on the coming cricket season? I only charge two guineas, including one reference to Gaukrodger. With no reference to Gaukrodger, three guineas.

(Might as well advertise myself for once.)

I go to the Bank at 3.45 p.m.

The London and North Western looks after my over-draft. No matter how badly a cheque is written they will give you real gold in exchange. What a boon it is to have places like the London and North Western Bank to go to.

THE HOURS FROM
4—9.30
ARE
TO LET.

Apply to my agent; I am prepared to do anything.

I put on my spurs at 9.30 p.m.

Yes, I get my magnificent spurs from The London Spur Company. They are beautifully rowelled and have ball bearings throughout. I always put them on before I play the pianola.

I play the pianola at 10 p.m.

When I write to the man underneath to inform him that, on the contrary, he has no ear for music, I use Messrs. Slaker's special scented hand-woven note-paper. They have an astounding assortment, which is well worth a visit.

I go to bed at 1 a.m.

After rather a good day's business on the whole. A. A. M.

CLOTHES AND THE CLEEK.

[A man's golfing garb . . . . affords no clue to his golfing ability."—*Golf Illustrated.*]

In weeds of unassuming brown
The woodland nightingale is dressed,
But can the peacock take her down,
Or pipe so long without a rest?
Ah no! it is the works inside,
And not the hide,
That form the heaven-born artist's only test.

And so when you observe me stand
Some morn upon the dewy tee,
And pile the votive mound of sand,
These trousers bulging at the knee,
This coat indubitably torn,
Forbear to scorn,
But muse upon the inward soul of me.

Haply beneath this seamy stuff
(So old, so pitifully frayed)
May hide a TAYLOR in the rough,
A soon-to-be-discovered BRAID;
While yonder peerless suit that zones
The sides of Jones
May mask the tyro witless of his trade.

His is the coat with patent sleeves,
The fancy vest by buttons starred,
The softly tinted woollen greaves,—
But who shall say his final card,
For all that Bond Street gear complete,
Will look so neat
As this stout fellow's (meaning me, the bard)?

Thus would I have you muse and say,
"How truly modest are the strong!"
And so depart; for should you stay
To watch me welt the sphere along
(Full sure that one accoutred thus
Was scratch or plus),
You might be pained to find that you were wrong.

"WALKER TO RUN IN ENGLAND."

Headline of telegram from Johannesburg in *The Daily Telegraph.*

Anything for a change.



PRESENCE OF MIND.

Perfect Stranger. "Oh! if you please, could you tell me the right time?"

THE INVADERS.

[This terrible story is written by a patriotic Briton who resents perpetual invasions. Mr. Le Queux, with admirable impartiality, has led both a German and a Russo-French army into the heart of his land. Mr. Wells, after first horrifying him with Martians, has terrorised him with aeroplanists. Mr. Shiel has brought the Yellow Terror to his very coast. And now two popular weeklies are simultaneously letting loose some more German armies on his devoted country. The time has come for Retaliation—even Mr. Churchill admits that. But let us get to the story.]

Chapter I. Berlin.

On a bright summer day in 1912, Berlin was the picture of prosperity and security. Happy, unsuspecting Teutons drank lager in their beer-gardens to the accompaniment of music from admirable military bands. Little did they think that far across the North Sea a treacherous War Office had been planning and scheming for years, that the preparations for invasion were complete to the last button, and that at any moment a mighty power might swoop down on a trusting land.

The natives smiled as they watched the familiar spectacle of British excursionists sniffing about Berlin. It did not seem strange to them that the Tariff Reform League and the Free Trade Union should each send over five thousand delegates to settle the fiscal problem by personal investigation—the Tariff Reformers led by Mr. Leo Maxse, and the Free Traders by Mr. Byles. Even the German policemen were compelled to smile when they noticed that each excursionist carried a large red-bound guide-book.

As the clocks of the city struck twelve a series of deafening explosions took place. The excursionists had all discharged their guide-book bombs, and the railways, telegraphs, barracks, gas works, and electric power stations of Berlin were blown to smithereens. Mr. Leo Maxse, rescuing the Mayor from the ruins of the Town Hall, sternly demanded the surrender of the city.

Hurriedly a few scattered troops had gathered in *Unter den Linden*. There were only fifteen thousand men, but enough to make a gallant effort. Suddenly a dark object appeared in the sky overhead. "It is the British army aeroplane," cried a keen-eyed sergeant. "It may fall anywhere! Save yourselves." It was too much; the awed troops fled for the shelter of cellars. Berlin and the British aeroplane fell together.

Chapter II. Potsdam.

Nothing was known in Potsdam of the strange happenings in Berlin, when a motor-car drew up outside the Imperial Palace. Nor did the guard recognise in the goggled motorists those intrepid dare-devils Messrs. Leo Maxse and William Le Queux. The first had called by appointment to see Prince Bülow. With the utmost confidence the Prince received him. He even courteously submitted when Mr. Maxse proposed to read him extracts from the Tariff Commission's report. Soon the Prince began to nod. Wake, Prince, wake, before it is too late! But the Prince falls into a deep slumber.

In the meantime Mr. William Le Queux, with the confidence of one born and bred in the purple, had penetrated to the innermost recesses of the Palace. The Kaiser received him graciously, and even listened with an air of politely

affected interest when Mr. LE QUEUX related anecdotes of compliments he had received from other crowned heads. Again the fatal slumber! Then the wily LE QUEUX steals to the Imperial telephone and demands to be put through to Kiel.

He receives the reply, "Who is there?"

"William," is his truthful answer; "put me on to the Admiral commanding the fleet." [This would look better in German, but English is the recognised language of all paper invasions.]

While the Admiral is trembling at the other end of the telephone he receives the fateful order, "Blow up the Kiel Canal and take out the fleet at once for realistic collision practice. I propose to test the resources of my repairing yards."

Three hours later there is no Kiel Canal and the German battle-fleet is a confused mass of shattered hulks.

English cunning had triumphed.

CHAPTER III.

[The other chapters were quite easy, but this one is so difficult that we must hold it over till next week or even later.]

MUSIC HATH CHARMS.

THE piecemeal transformation of the legitimate drama into musical comedy, so well inaugurated by the success of *Butterflies* and *The Dashing Little Duke*, still continues. It is reported that *The Dictator* is to be the next subject of experiment. As the idea is bound to spread, we have pleasure in anticipating below some theatrical paragraphs of the immediate future:—

Mr. BEERBOHM TREE announces that the birthday-week of PAUL RUBENS will be celebrated at His Majesty's Theatre in an especially graceful and appropriate fashion. This will take the form of a programme comprising revivals of certain past productions at this house, all of which have since been metrically adapted by the famous author-composer. Amongst various attractive items for the week we might mention *Little Miss Marguérite*, *Purple Emperors* (originally called *Herod*) and *The Guisebury Girl* (the last with additional lyrics by Mr. G. R. SIMS). The occasion will be awaited with considerable interest.

Meanwhile the instantaneous triumph of *Ophelia* at the Lyceum proves how well advised were Messrs. SMITH and CARPENTER in thus bringing their latest revival into line with popular taste. In the title *rôle* Miss ELLALINE TERRISS sings and dances as daintily as ever, perhaps her most taking number being the tuneful *Bogie, Bogie, Boo!* arranged as a duet with the *Ghost*. The accompanying snow-effects are especially striking. Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON, as a melodious *Hamlet*, scores heavily by his humorous delivery of *Since Poor Old Father Died*; and the Play scene, with its delicious burlesque of the methods of Mr. PÉLISSIER, is another factor in a success which opens up golden vistas for managements with a Shakspearean repertoire.

VICEREGAL CAPERS.

A PIRRIC TRIUMPH.

SOME details of the St. Patrick's Eve Pageant of Industries and Fancy Dress Ball to be held at the Castle in Dublin to-night were given in *The Observer* of March 7. From these we gather that, while guests in ordinary evening dress may watch the pageant, only those who don a costume illustrative of Irish industries will be permitted to take part in the ball. Also that the list of Irish industries prepared by Lady ABERDEEN as a guide to the wearers of fancy dress includes the following:—

Minerals and Marbles.	Poultry Farming.
Shipbuilding.	Agricultural Implements.
Fisheries.	Matches.
Tobacco-growing.	Mineral Water and Cyder.
Mosaic.	Bacon-curing.
Rope-making.	Peat.
Candles.	Horse-rearing, Hunting, &c.
Soap and Perfume.	
Brushes and Baskets.	
Early Flowers and Vegetables.	

Curiosity is stimulated by the statement that a Minerals Quadrille has been arranged, in which General and Mrs. BUNBURY will represent coal, and Lord and Lady HADDO salt. *Mr. Punch* is fortunately able to supplement these meagre details with further information of the chorographic dispositions of Lord and Lady ABERDEEN, whose incorrigible humour has been greatly enhanced by their sojourn amongst the vivacious and quick-witted Irish.

Immense and ebullient enthusiasm prevails amongst those who are responsible for the Mineral Waters Two-step. An attempt was made to secure the co-operation of the Bishop of SODOR AND MAN, but that failed. Fortunately Lord PIRRIE, K.P., has come to the rescue with characteristic zeal, and has heroically agreed on this occasion only to alter his name to Lord PERRIER. Mr. CHERRY, the Attorney-General, will represent a non-alcoholic Cherry Whisky, while Mr. HEALY will figure as Dry Ginger Ale and Mr. KETTLE as Potash.

The Fish Lancers will be full of quaint and adorable conceits. Lord HADDO will represent a Finnan Haddie. General BUNBURY, as he wittily puts it, expects to take the cake as a Red Herring. Lord TRIMLESTOWN will appear as a Sun-fish. Other notables who will take part in these scaly revels are Sir FREDERICK POLLOCK, Mr. RICHARD WHITING, the Sisters FINNEY, Messrs. SALMON AND GLUCKSTEIN, and Miss DAISY BUCKTROUT. As the leading "fish-lancer" Lord PIRRIE will carry a harpoon, in the use of which he has been carefully coached by Mr. FRANK T. BULLEN.

The Mosaic Polka will be another striking feature of to-night's Fancy Ball. The immigration of Polish Jews into Ireland will enable the national dance of Poland to be executed entirely by experts, and to lend local colour to the performance the band for this item will consist solely of jew's harps in place of those of Tara.

Special pains are being lavished on the Bacon-curing Barn Dance. Lord PIRRIE has designed a lovely garbage for himself in the *rôle* of "Gammon and Spinach." Canon BEECHING and Mr. SIDNEY LEE will wear two daring costumes as "Rasher and Rasher"; and General BUNBURY, in view of his commanding stature, will represent "Brawn."

No set dances have been arranged by those representing agricultural implements, but we understand that Mr. DEVLIN, M.P., will figure as a working threshing-machine, Mr. CREAN, M.P., being the wheat.

Perhaps the most sensational item in this wonderful programme is the Dairying Dance for Irish cowboys specially trained by Mr. GINNELL, M.P. Here again Lord PIRRIE, K.P., may be expected to take a prominent part, and, indeed, has promised to perform what he wittily calls a Pirrie-ouette.

Lastly, a Musical Ride for Rearing Horses is being organised by that staunch patriot, Alderman SHANKS, whose famous mare is expected to perform prodigies of equine valour.

"Births."

MACKIRDY.—At Orchard Way, Haywards Heath, on 8th March, the wife of Archibald Mackirdy (*née* Olive Christian Malvery, author of 'The Soul Market,' etc.), a son."

Glasgow Herald.

"A Son" promises to be a work of permanent interest. It is frankly realistic, and we feel certain that anyone who takes it in hand will be compelled to sit up to all hours of the morning with it. The flannel binding is a novelty.

"Even Lord Byron, who was supposed to be a callous sort of person in so far as caring for the world's verdict was concerned, is said to have been completely wretched at the first production of his play, *Dearer than Life*."

So says JOHN KENDRICK BANGS in *Success*, and if he cares for our verdict we may mention that the confusing of GEORGE GORDON BYRON with H. J. BYRON prevents his article from doing perfect justice to the title of the paper in which it figures.



Grannie (anxious to be allowed to read in peace). "And what are you going to do now, my dear?"
Elizabeth. "Well, Grannie, I've thought it over, and I've decided to devote myself to you till bedtime."

PROBLEMS OF A GREAT MIND.

Must emphasise in every possible way determination to be on my own. Tired to death of this Roosevelt-puppet myth. But what can I do?

Entertaining Teddy's old foes, the Stellamy Borers, a very bold move, and it seems to have come off. I must follow up that line. There's Harriman, for example; I might ask him to an alligator lunch, and I daresay Pulitzer wouldn't refuse a possum tea. And then there's Foraker, we might give him a *chic* little rattlesnake supper and have it well paragraphed. But there's an end even to Teddy's foes, and I must say I'm not too fond of them myself. I would rather find a way that meant less personal inconvenience and distaste.

Met Depew to-day, and mentioned the problem to him. His advice to have the White House painted black. That will show independence if you like, he says. I wonder if it isn't rather drastic, and perhaps a little too suggestive of affection for negroes, which, when one remembers Teddy's passion for Booker Washington, seems a mistake likely to defeat the very end I am making for.

Might, however, paint it red! Will think this over.

Or black and white, like a chess-board or a fox terrier?

Have drawn up an interview on the subject of big-game hunting which I think of getting printed on the day that Teddy sails. Deprecate the wanton slaughter, in the name of sport and science, of these beautiful and scarce creatures, and so on. There could be no misunderstanding that; independence is crystallised in such a manifesto.

Could I protest against large families, I wonder? I fear not. That would be a little too thin.

Philander Knox, a very cute fellow, suggests consulting Dooley. I think I will.

Dooley very sympathetic and encouraging. "How to show your independence of Teddy Rosenfelt?" he said. "Why, it's as aisy as laughing. Be yourself." I believe he's right.

From *The Evening News* Enquiry Column:

"How can I rub a tin of tomatoes through a sieve?"

Answer.—The quickest way is to cut a hole in the sieve and drop the tin through. Rubbing will be found tedious work.

Judicial Humour.

"Mr. Wynne, for the prosecution, said that we were all under the reign of law, and ought not, if we could help it, to resort to self-help.

"Mr. Justice Darling.—Why someone wrote a book about it. (Laughter)."

In this instance "(Smiles)" would have met the case.

An Indian firm with a branch in Sydney (N.S.W.) advertises in the *Sydney Daily Telegraph*:

"Jap Silk. All French, and our own manufacture."

We always suspected the silkworm of being something of a cosmopolitan.



Rescuer (to Major Dash-Blank, who is giving advice in his most forcible manner). "IF YOU 'D KINDLY GO A LITTLE FARTHER UP AND *DAM THE STREAM*, YOU MIGHT BE OF SOME ASSISTANCE, SIR!"

MNEMONIC AIDS.

[Loss of memory is once more becoming a common complaint.]

A GREAT thing in the art of remembering is association of ideas. You are introduced to a Mr. Smith, and so that you may not forget his name you think of the poem concerning the man who toiled and rejoiced. This, of course, may prompt you later to address Mr. Smith as Mr. Chestnut, or Mr. Sparks, or even as Mr. Longfellow; but all roads to success are paved with danger.

This, however, only illustrates part of the method, and we commend the following mnemonic aids to the reader's attention. We do not claim for our system that it represents anything like a full course of mind development; we simply wish to let the public have the benefit of a few practical hints, for which we ask nothing in the way of fee or subscription.

No. 1. You are a Bridge enthusiast and wish to remember to return your partner's lead. Write the name of the required suit on your cuff, or get a card of it from another pack, and keep it in evidence. The latter method, however, is open to misinterpretation, especially if the card borrowed be an ace or a trump, and you absent-mindedly take a trick with it. A safer plan is to have one of those fancy handkerchiefs bearing designs of the four suits, and to put it down your sleeve, leaving the right picture exposed.

No. 2. You are the husband of a lady who, under excitement, becomes rhetorical. She has given you a letter to post. You might paint your face a post-office red so that every glance in the mirror reminds you of your commission. A still better plan, since you are likely to notice them more often, is to incarnadine your fingers, or wear red knitted gloves or mittens.

No. 3. A lady visitor at your house has had the unhappiness to marry a Mr. Sudds. You naturally wish to avoid any mention of soap or washing in her presence, and a good mnemonic aid to this end is to put a cake of soap in your pocket. Be careful, of course, not to bring it out with your handkerchief, or instead of your cigarette-case, and above all don't leave it in your visitor's hand when she bids you good-bye.

No. 4. You are in the habit of leaving one or more of your bath-taps running. Tie a knot in the centre of your towel.

No. 5. You wish, perhaps, to remember to return a borrowed book or umbrella. . . . . But this is a contingency not likely to arise, and in dealing with it we should only be wasting our space and the reader's time.

Announcing "The Discovery of a New Elephant," *The Hull Eastern Morning News* says:—

"It has been appropriately named Nipporium . . . Its symbol will be Np. and its at mic weight has been ascertained to be probably 100."

We, however, shall call it "Little Willie."

"New —— Camera. Cost 15*s*., take 20*s*."—*The Amateur Photographer.*

Can we not induce him to accept a guinea?



PROTECTION.

["However imperfect they (the Territorials) may be as soldiers, however incapable they may be, with their present degree of training, for meeting on an equality foreign troops, I still think that the organisation which the right hon. gentleman has given them in some future time may prove absolutely invaluable for the safety of the country."—*Mr. Balfour on the Army Estimates.*]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 8. – There happened to-night one of those little incidents which show that, after all, the House of Commons is almost human. Verney asked Under-Secretary for Colonies whether he could state the profit of gold-mining companies in the Transvaal during the last ten years. Seeley advanced to Table with prodigious sheet of foolscap in hand. Citing the year 1903-4, he in studiously quiet voice named the result. It was a trifle under three and a half millions. House listened languidly. As year by year showed increase, Members began to move uneasily in their seats. Strange lights gleamed in eyes which, as far as earlier observation went, had no speculation in them. Here and there on back benches were heard sounds as of one licking his lips in keen anticipation of sharing a sumptuous meal. Seeley, insensibly sharing growing excitement, raised his voice in continuation of the dazzling record.

"Nineteen hundred and five-six, £4,622,000."

On the benches where Labour Members gather, emotion grew uncontrollable. Had John Burns happened to be sitting in their midst, they would have shaken hands with him, so far were they beside themselves at this display of wealth hitherto untold. Seeley went on piling it up. Jupiter calling upon Danae in her brazen tower was nothing compared with Under-Secretary for the Colonies.

"1906-7," he trumpeted, "£5,115,000."

This too much. "1907-8," said Seeley with a shout. Members could stand no more. "Agreed! Agreed!" they cried. And Under-Secretary sank back exhausted in his seat, leaving untold the output of the last year.

After this the great granite question turned up again, Admiral McKenna confined to his bunk. Reported to have caught a chill. Gentlemen opposite know that a chunk of Norwegian granite, after the manner of a similar sample of old red sandstone, has caught him in a tender part, and, as in the case of the recipient of the red sandstone aforesaid, deprived subsequent proceedings of all interest. In his absence the schoolmaster is abroad. Macnamara takes the floor, with a long lead pencil held in



Figure Still Growing.
"Nineteen hundred and five-six, £4,622,000."
(Colonel Seeley.)

hand ferule-wise, as if he were back in the old days conducting, instead of submitting to, the Catechism.

Singular coalition formed. Irish Members, Scotch Members and the Confederates want to know why Admiralty have consented to employment of Norwegian granite in construction of works at Rosyth? Denounce procedure as unpatriotic in principle, in detail harmful to the Unemployed. None but the present Government would be guilty of such mean unpatriotic penny-wise perversity.

Turns out that Admiralty have strictly followed precedent established in 1896, when Unionist Minister was at the helm. Over three million sterling being expended on extension of dockyard at Devonport, Admiralty of the day approved action of contractors in using Norwegian granite and did not insist upon clause securing fair wage for foreign workmen.

This a little awkward. Confederates changed the subject; but are they downhearted? No. Have another card, so to speak, up their sleeve. Herbert Gladstone has been buying abroad material for making mail-bags. (What Home Office want with mail-bags not clear. That a detail.) Won't do to have him showing that his predecessor in similar manner also bought in cheapest market. Will look matter up. If the land is clear, will shake out the mail-bags and give granite the go-by.

Business done. — In Committee of Supply on Army Estimates.

Tuesday.—"Hasn't Mr. Satish Chatterjee been talking more than enough?"

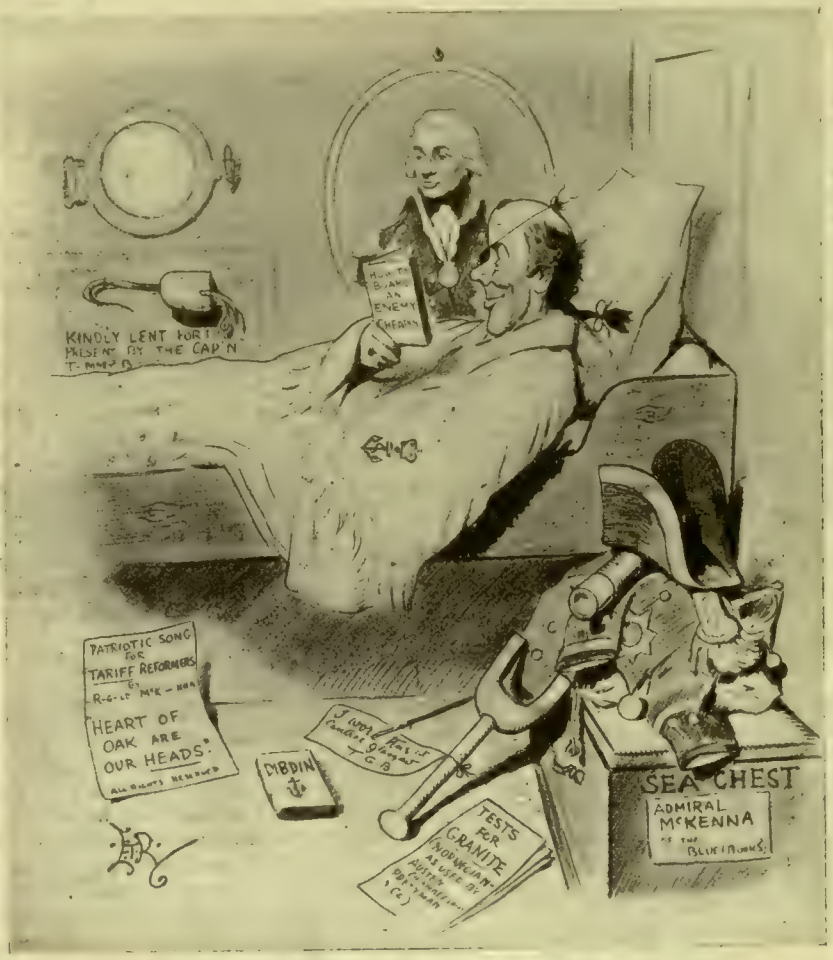
'Twas the voice of Rees of India. I knew he 'd complain. In truth, he well might. India looms large in both Houses to-night. In the Lords the Secretary of State pilots through another stage a Bill recognised as containing the most important proposals popularising British government in India introduced since Dizzy made his Royal Mistress Empress over teeming multitudes. In the Commons the usual sniping of Under-Secretary by patriots of a class known and hymned by Canning:

> No narrow bigot he; his reasoned view
> Thy interest, England, ranks with thine, Peru.
> A steady patriot of the world alone,
> The friend of every country but his own.

Time was when such episodes were impossible. Mr. Speaker Gully, taking the view that Standing Orders insist on due notice of enquiry addressed to Ministers, sternly limited number of Supplementary Questions. Mr. Speaker Lowther, regarding freedom in questioning as sort of safety-valve, lavishly permits the practice. Perhaps a little hard on Ministers, who, lacking opportunity for acquirement or consideration of latest information, may be entrapped into indiscretions. Deputy-Speaker in Chair to-night properly refrains from



The Sworn Foe of the Jam Satish Chatterjees (British Branch).
(Mr. J. D. Rees. A most useful person when anti-Imperialists are about.)



ADMIRAL MCKENNA CONFINED TO HIS BUNK.

(*With good wishes for a speedy recovery.*)

[It will be noticed that Cap'n Tommy Bowles, having seen that Mr. McKenna had had some Norwegian granite dropped on his toes, has, with characteristic kindness, forwarded his "timber toe" for Mr. McKenna's temporary use. Having taken his "hook" for Central Glasgow, he has sent that along too, in case it may be useful.]

interfering with daily usage. Accordingly for ten minutes by Westminster clock, being a full fifth of whole time allotted to Questions, statesmen below Gangway on both sides badgered BUCHANAN.

Don't get much out of that eminent Scotsman. No harm done in House of Commons where we know our Satish Chatterjees. In only less degree is the performance hurtful throughout the country. Quite a different thing in India, a section of whose native population of late did honour to DON'T KEIR HARDIE. These wranglings, reported verbatim in morning newspapers, are eagerly reproduced in native press. To its readers one M.P. is as good as another; a great deal better too, if he only asserts or insinuates that Government of India is mendacious, suborned, tyrannical.

It was SATISH CHATTERJEE MACDONALD who gave the kick-off to-night. Wanted to know about arrest and deportation of certain political agitators. UNDER-SECRETARY having made reply, up sprang half-a-dozen Members of British branch of Satish Chatterjee family—MACKARNESS, COTTON, RUTHERFORD, DON'T KEIR HARDIE, and others.

Meanwhile on topmost Bench below Gangway sits up aloft JACK REES, keeping watch over UNDER-SECRETARY. Plays part of what HALSBURY would call "a sort of" Greek Chorus. Now and then, amid clamour of the Chatterjees, he gets in elaborately framed question, to which nobody pays any attention. The Chatterjees cry "Caw! Caw!"; the UNDER-SECRETARY endeavours in reply to say as nearly nothing as possible; and at length DEPUTY-SPEAKER timidly suggests that other questions should have a turn.

Business done.—The Satish Chatterjee family take the floor.

Thursday.—Since at historic crisis embattled Europe was reassured and sustained by editorial assurance on the part of the *Skibbereen Eagle*, "We have our eye on Louis Napoleon," there has been nothing like Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL'S attitude at the present time towards his Sovereign. Across sea and land a searching eye beams on Biarritz. Mr. MACNEILL'S trouble is indicated in notice appearing on paper to-day directing attention to "advice given by the FOREIGN MINISTER to the KING to go abroad without a Minister responsible to this House for the KING'S transactions in international politics."

Can make nothing out of EDWARD GREY, who affects indifference to apprehensions and constitutional objections. If Foreign Office are thus neglectful of vital interests of Empire, let private citizenship sacrifice personal convenience on country's altar. If no Minister of the Crown is forthcoming in attendance on travelling Majesty, is there not in the House a lineal descendant of WILLIAM LENTHALL, Speaker in the Long Parliament, also GODWIN SWIFT, late of this parish, uncle and guardian of DEAN SWIFT? Is he not Ex-Professor of Constitutional and Criminal Law, King's Inns, Dublin?

Persuasion tips his tongue whene'er he talks,
And he has chambers in the King's Bench Walks.

When next the FOREIGN SECRETARY goes a-fishing, he might think over this suggestion.

Business done—Still in Committee of Supply. HERBERT GLADSTONE, in reply to question, declares there is not shadow of foundation for mail-bag story. Must hark back to granite.

ERRATA.

(*Being some necessary corrections in "Johnson's Dictionary."*)

BURLESQUE.—An amusing and corrective entertainment necessary for the health of the drama. (Obsolete, except in a potted form.)

COMMON.—A tract of public land upon which the commonalty sometimes stray to the annoyance of golfers.

DRAMA.—An expedient for killing the time between dinner and supper. A mirror of life. (Obsolete.)

FOOTBALL.—A profession, formerly a game. The only spectacular preoccupation of a working-man.

GOLF.—An obsession, formerly a game. The most serious occupation of a business man.

HIGHWAY.—A track maintained at the public charges for the use of mechanically propelled vehicles. A track for the use of all. (Obsolete.)

PLOUGH.—An implement of agriculture to which public orators and statesmen put their hands, at the same time undertaking not to look back.

SALE.—A free fight between women in which the victors save three-farthings.

SERIAL.—A test for the survival of the fittest among readers of fiction.



Sportsman. "Hallo, Count, what did you fall over?"
he Count. "What I fall over? I fall over ze 'ead of my 'orse."

THE HOOK OF THE REAPER.

["The revival of the moustache is imminent. . . . Let women but speak the word and we shall not have a clean-shaven man in our land." —*Lady's Pictorial.*]

Alas, Neaera! think not that the dash
Of fledgling days can lightly be renewed,
Now that the jaws of Strephon, like his cash,
Are permanently blued.

'Twere easier, at a time when tresses moult
And barbers comment on my balder head,
To rouse a hair in every cranial holt
Whose occupant has fled,

Than here upon this barren waste of lip
To reproduce the half-forgotten bloom,
The yet untonsured foliage whose tip
I twined (but, ah! for whom?).

Have you beheld the silkworm's envelope,
The barn-door chicken in its suit of fluff,
The petal of the moss-rose newly ope,
The pendants of a muff?

Such and so soft as these, till Fashion chose
To deem it graceless, was the wealth I wore;
The bright death quivered then beneath my nose,
Touched, and I grew no more.

And now, if I should stay the morning scythe,
Those silken tassels would not bud again,
But something far less comely and less lithe,
Some awful brand of Cain.

The wind is tempered to the fleeceless lamb,
But, if I came to woo you, lady mine,
With loathly bristles, such as those that damn
The "fretful porpentine,"

You would not like it. Therefore plead instead
With boys that still await the virgin sprout;
But as for me, whose crop has long been shed,
I'll scrape along without.

"As the year runs its course, we find the car introducing us to inaccessible golf courses and experiences of strange lies and, mayhap, bunkers malevolent, to the scene of keen struggles between wickets, or, perchance, to white-bordered polo ground, as an onlooker or participant in that king of games, where the horse, or, rather, pony, perhaps, is seen at his best, revelling in keen enjoyment of every moment in each 'quarter,' no less than the rider."

Meanwhile *The Motor* "introduces" us to *that*!

"Last night's ball at Lady N——'s was a very brilliant affair. Lady N—— married, firstly, Sir R—— A——, and, secondly, Lord N——."
The Globe.

Not bad for one evening.

"*Mar.* 26.—Elderly people born on this day, in any year, will benefit in health and fortune; but it is an unfortunate birthday for young persons." —*Weldon's Ladies' Journal.*

If you *must* be born on a day like that, it seems best to leave out your first childhood and go straight on to the second.

A DEAD CERTAINTY.

THIS was the posture of affairs: it was half-past two, and the *matinée* was at three. But the notices in the shop-window said "Last reductions. Sale now on. Genuine bargains"; and Cecilia, who was only up for the day, said it would be positively sinful to let the chance slip, and she wouldn't be two minutes.

In a woman's shopping vocabulary two minutes means half-an-hour; so I objected, and painted a vivid picture of the annoyance of the people in stalls Row C when we scrambled in over their feet. But Cecilia looked at the shop window plaintively, and I remembered that there were cogent reasons why bargains should appeal strongly to the wife of a country parson—of a parson, moreover, who has no immediate prospect of exercising archidiaconal functions. However, the feet of the people in Row C had to be considered too, so I said promptly, "Look here, it takes a man to do shopping quickly. Tell me what you want, and I'll be in and out again in less than five minutes."

Cecilia looked at me with an enigmatical smile. "I bet you you won't," she said.

* * * *

"I want," I said, going with forthright, masculine directness to the baroness nearest the door, "I want"—she was writing poetry or anagrams or something in a little black book—"I want five yards of insertion at about nine-three."

She found the rhyming word, looked up, and replied: "Oh, yes. This is the mantle department. Would you mind going Right Through?"

A nobleman who had come in to have his hat ironed, on seeing my dilemma, very civilly came forward and pointed the way to Right Through. I expect he had sometimes been there for his wife.

I only fell into one error on the way. "I want," I said to a rather prepossessing viscountess—"I want nine yards of insertion at about five-three."

"Oh, yes," she said brightly. "This is the glove department. Would you mind going Right Through?"

There was a cathedral-like dimness about this region when I did finally reach it, and it seemed very far from the street. Time had not been standing still any more than I had; so I went to the counter, over-hurriedly, perhaps, stumbled against a foot-ledge, knocked my hat against an overhead wire, and said, with what dignity I could—

"I want about three yards of insertion at nine-five, please." Then I swallowed, and added—not very bravely I'm afraid—"and I'm in rather a hurry."

Juno stuck a pencil in her dress, gave a cursory glance at me, to see what manner of a cheap bargain I might be, and asked coldly: "Did you want it ruched or puckered?"

Perhaps those were not the exact alternatives offered; but it seemed that there were two kinds of insertion, and my sister had not prepared me for this. The situation was serious.

"I'd better see some of each," I said brilliantly.

Juno deftly spun out four or five rolls of lace, and I fingered one piece, not without certain misgivings.

"Er—I suppose this *is* insertion?" I asked. For I had expected something heavier—something strong, for patching.

Juno was sure of it.

"Then I'll have nine yards at three-five, please. No, five yards at nine-three," I said.

"But this is eleven-three," she observed.

"Then I'm afraid it's a *little* too wide," I replied with decision.

"Eleven-three is the price," she explained icily, "not the width."

"Oh, yes; then I'll take it."

"The piece, or only nine yards?"

"Yes, nine. No, five."

She waited, compassionately now, as a wise elder might await the result of an infant's painful effort after articulate voicing of its wants.

"Five yards, please," I said meekly. "But"—this was rather a brilliant after-thought; Cecilia should not taunt me with making a bad bargain—"but is eleven-and-three the sale price, or——"

But Juno was wrestling with the multiplication table.

I made the answer fifty-six and threepence, but apparently my hint about sale price had not fallen on deaf ears. "Four-and-tenpence three-farthings. Sign!" said Juno—a really handsome reduction. I tendered a sovereign. Then came an interlude. "Your change will be here in a minute," she said.

She said; but I saw very little chance of it, and glanced anxiously at the clock at the far end of Right Through. I was to pay the bill if I lost the bet; and no one seemed to be bothering about my change. Of course it was out of the question that Juno herself should go in search of it, and the countesses about the place were all gracefully statuesque, or were serving customers.

Time went heavily; then, with dramatic suddenness, something like an inverted tortoise came, by way of aerial railway, direct to where Juno was standing. She took some heavy change out of its maw, and handed this to me, together with a paper packet. She was very particular about the packet.

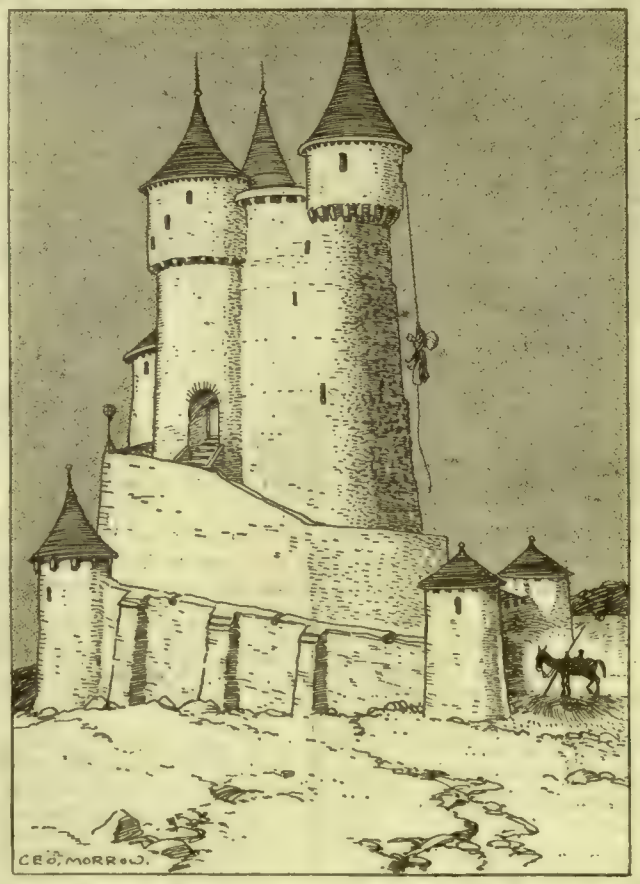
"Do I—do I—do I leave this at the desk?" I gasped at parting.

"That is your farthing change," she said scornfully, on one of her rich middle notes.

I clutched my paper of pins and fled.

Cecilia, when I found her, was in the act of coveting a hat in the window—a hat that had been greatly reduced in price, but not in circumference.

"You've spent tenpence more than you should have done," she said, when I had boasted of my genuine bargain; "but it doesn't matter since you have to pay. You've kept me twenty-one minutes."



Rescued Maiden. "OH, SIR KNIGHT, I WOULD FAIN RETURN TO MY BOWER. I HAVE FORGOTTEN MY TAMBOUR-FRAME!"

A GREAT PLAY.

IT is very difficult to write praise; very easy to find fault. As I have nothing but praise for Mr. GALSWORTHY'S new play, *Strife*, I find it difficult to say calmly what I think of it. Perhaps the best thing I can say is that I feel proud to think that it was written by an Englishman, and acted by English men and women. You know, ours is a poor country. Our Trade is rotten and our Navy futile. On another count we are in danger, if we are to believe an eminent Member of Parliament, of becoming the laughing-stock of Europe. Think how awful that will be! And only recently *The Saturday Review* announced that one German conscript would be a match for a hundred Territorials (Englishmen). So it is jolly—is it not?—to be able to reflect that at least we have written and acted a play which can stand comparison with anything the Drama of the superior countries can show.

Strife tells the story of a strike at the Trenartha Tin Plate Works. In the struggle between Capital and Labour, the protagonists are old *John Anthony*, Chairman of the Company, and *David Roberts*, leader of the workmen. Old *Anthony* dominates the other directors (one of whom is his son), just as *Roberts* sways the other members of his committee. Both of them are looking to the future rather than considering present needs. "If you give in now," says *Anthony* to directors thinking of dividends, "Labour wins for ever." "If you give in now," cries *Roberts* to workmen thinking of food, "Labour loses for ever." But *Roberts's* wife dies. "It will be *our* wives next time," say the other men; and they are ready for compromise. "A woman dead!—this is too terrible," say the other Directors, and they also are ready for compromise. So terms are agreed to, and *Anthony* and *Roberts* are thrown overboard—*Anthony* on the verge of a paralytic stroke at his betrayal by his own son, *Roberts* on the edge of madness at the death of *Annie* . . . .

And then it is discovered that the new terms are actually the very terms which had been drawn up before the strike as a basis of agreement. Which, as the Trades Union Official says, is where the fun comes in.

I have seen it said by critics that Mr. GALSWORTHY'S moral is this, that and the other. I don't think Mr. GALSWORTHY bothers about a moral. It is his business to make other people uncomfortable. When people are thoroughly uncomfortable they begin to think; after they have thought a little they decide vaguely to "do something." Mr. GALSWORTHY longs for somebody to "do something." If *Strife* has a moral it is simply that the problem of Capital and Labour will have to be settled.

Though the play is great the acting is worthy of it. I refuse to single out any player for special praise; if once I began I should not stop until I had mentioned every name on the programme (including probably those of the Business Manager and the Musical Director). They are all perfect. You must go to one of the matinées at The Duke of York's to see for yourself. It is much to be hoped, though, that Mr. FROHMAN will be able to put Mr. GALSWORTHY'S play on in the evening before long. If some of the thousands who are turned away nightly from *An Englishman's Home* had an opportunity of seeing *Strife* they would discover that there are other problems to which a patriot may give his mind—with equal advantage to his country.

M.



ART.

Wealthy Parvenu (to Fashionable Portrait Painter). "I DON'T MIND PAYING A STIFF PRICE FOR THIS—MONEY'S NO OBJECT TO *ME*—BUT I *MUST* 'AVE IT TIP-TOP. LOOK 'ERE, PAINT A RECEIPT IN MY 'AND COMING RIGHT ACROSS THE PICKSHUR, WITH YOUR NAME OVER A PENNY STAMP, AND THE *FIGURES VERY CLEAR*—THAT 'LL GIVE PEOPLE AN IDEAR O' WOT IT 'S CORST ME!"

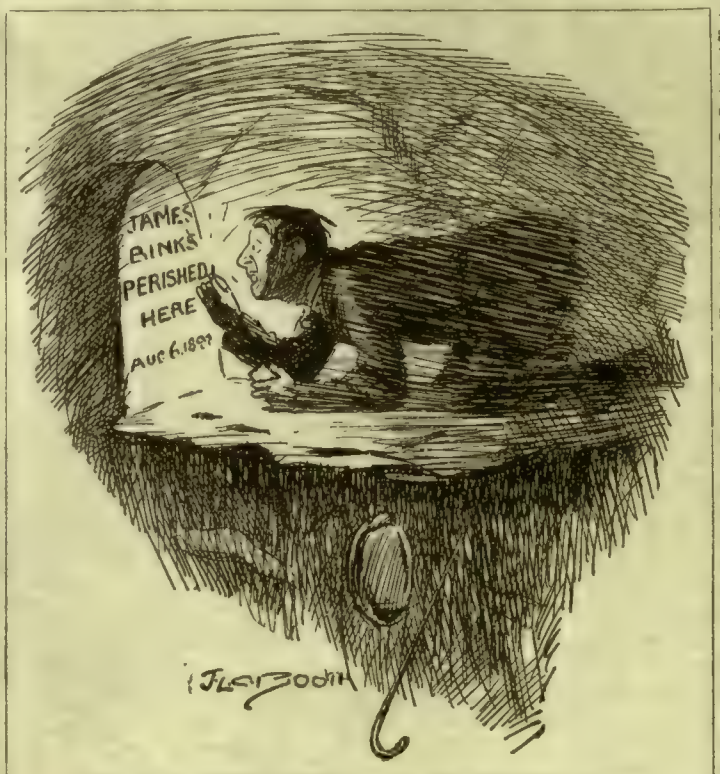
"NURSING. — Constant attendant (single) wanted. Must have unexceptionable character and references; an abstainer; quiet, gentle, willing, obliging, quick, thor. experi., good tempered, intelligent, sympathetic, pleasant, companionable, clean, tidy, strong, healthy."—*The Scotsman.*

Now we know why the last attendant left.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

COMMANDER C. N. ROBINSON has laid all sailormen and those who are even remotely interested in the sea under a heavy load of obligation by writing *The British Tar in Fact and Fiction* (HARPER). The gallant Commander is a master not merely of his subject but of a capital style, breezy, as a sailor's style should be, and most admirably graphic and entertaining. He has produced a fascinating book, describing the sailor both as he actually was and as he was represented in prose and verse through the centuries. I wish I could do justice to the interest of this record in the space at my command. I venture to say that no marine library can henceforth be considered complete without it. A word of praise, too, must be given to the illustrations, which have been selected with great discrimination. Many of them bear witness to Jack's secular association with the fair sex and to his sentimental gallantry. Indeed, the matrimonial proclivities of the sailor were notable two hundred years ago:—"The *Duke* and *Duchess* privateer ships," writes Commander ROBINSON, "set out from Bristol on 2nd August, 1708, with other vessels bound for the Cove of Cork. Arrived at that place to victual and ship additional mariners, Woodes Rogers [master-mariner and author of a journal of the voyage] notes the strange behaviour of his men in the fact 'that they were continually marrying while we stayed there, though expected to sail immediately.' They were not all Englishmen. A Dane who was on board was united by an Irish priest to an Irish woman, though neither understood a word of the other's language, and they had to use an interpreter."



THE LOST MOUNTAINEER; AN ENCOURAGING FIND.

Who were the Oriel "Noetics?" It is a question which would puzzle many informed minds. The Oriel Noetics were EVELEIGH, COPLESTON, WHATELY, Dr. ARNOLD, HAMPDEN, HAWKINS, BADEN-POWELL, and BLANCO WHITE—eight good men whose characters are set forth by Mr. TUCKWELL, the "Radical Parson," in *Pre-Tractarian Oxford* (SMITH, ELDER). The book has not the raciness of the same admirable writer's *Reminiscences of Oxford;* but then it is made of sterner stuff, and what it lacks in fun it makes up for in seriousness. The papers on WHATELY and ARNOLD are models not only of lucidity and brevity but of sane criticism and sympathetic understanding. Better biographical essays I have not read for many years. One of WHATELY'S trenchant *obiter dicta* (shall I say?) is timely to-day: "People who think it easy to govern Ireland because it is poor, half-civilised, full of ignorance, are like the young medical student who imagined that he had learned enough of medicine to doctor very little children." The old joke about the undergraduate and the funeral—"I wish it had been a nearer relation"—is fixed by Mr. TUCKWELL as the work of HAWKINS when Provost of Oriel. Other claimants will please recede into the background.

I have not for some time penetrated into the subterranean kingdom of the Central London Railway, and so cannot say whether Mr. DESMOND COKE'S new novel, *The Golden Key* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), has had as good a show there as its predecessor *The Pedestal*, which at one time seriously threatened Miss LENA ASHWELL'S reputation as the best advertised man, woman or thing below the surface of the earth. But I have no doubt which is the better book of the two. *The Golden Key*, like another panacea which does not disdain the uses of advertisement, touches the spot—the sore and aching spot hidden beneath too many of the fancy waistcoats and blouses of our island race. It is the story of an ordinary rather lovable young Londoner who is emotionally dumb. Even to his mother, and to his loved and loving wife (whom he forbids to call him "darling"), he cannot for the life of him express his real feelings, because of a foolish, reserved, ultra-British pride which believes that to be demonstrative is to be undignified. The "golden key," gift of his unborn child, stands for the idea of unselfish love, strong to cast out even the fear of seeming ridiculous. With it he unlocks the door of his prison-house and walks abroad a free man, no longer ashamed to feel and to show that he feels. Mr. COKE'S story is so true to life that I think it may be a real help to some of the unfortunates who have not yet found the way out.

George Canning and His Friends (MURRAY) is a disappointing book. I heard Mr. GLADSTONE, in the House of Commons, in that vibrant voice that marked deep emotion, declare he was "bred under the shadow of the great name of CANNING." Through two ponderous volumes Captain BAGOT leaves the shadow vague. He has no grip of the man either in his personal relations or in his public work. There are in all over 800 pages of printed matter, much of it in the form of laborious notes. Heaps of letters filling the pages suggest the process of taking them haphazard out of the waste-paper basket. As far as the interest or value of many is concerned, they had better have been left there. A solitary gleam of humour, and that borrowed from CUNNINGHAM'S *Horace Walpole*, illumines the massive tomes. In CANNING'S inscription on the monument to WILLIAM PITT it was written, "He lived without ostentation, and died poor." An alderman, his feelings outraged by the application of such a word to the deceased statesman, proposed to substitute for "poor" the phrase "in indifferent circumstances."

"AN ORDER FROM GERMANY.—The contract for the erection of a refuse destructor for the city of Rotterdam has been placed with Messrs. —— of Manchester."—*The Birmingham Daily Post.*

So the KAISER has taken Holland already!

CHARIVARIA.

SOME of us were inclined to be downhearted last week over the official statements as to our Navy. But if our supremacy is threatened in one quarter, it is, thank Heaven, safe in another. In Germany, Lord GEORGE HAMILTON tells us, there are only five golf courses!

***

Meanwhile it is good to know that England still possesses a Man. "Let the Germans build fleets by the score," said Mr. LUPTON in the course of the Navy debate, "I am not afraid of them." The effect of this statement in Germany is said to be incalculable.

***

New and attractive recruiting posters will, we hear, shortly be issued by the War Office, bearing the words, "Free Motor Rides to Seaside Resorts," in large type.

***

The French Post Office Officials who struck work last week evidently failed to realise one great inconvenience likely to result from their action. The interruption of the telegraph service rendered it impossible for us to obtain a good account of their strike.

***

A well-known German actress has published a remarkable book of confessions, in which she declares that an actress ought not to marry, as she can never be a good housewife. Many, of course, take an early opportunity of correcting their error.

***

The Ladies' Silence Room was a feature which attracted wide attention among male visitors to a certain New Emporium, and several married men ordered one.

***

A medical writer recommends the eating of young raw onions by children. It is found to be the simplest way of avoiding kisses with their attendant dangers.

***

A Hindu gentleman is recommending breathing exercises as a cure for influenza and many other ailments. It is, we believe, becoming more and more a recognised fact that so long as one can carry out these exercises one cannot die.

In view of the increasing expense of our Navy, "ECONOMIST" writes to ask whether it would not be possible for some of our cruisers to take paying guests during the summer season.

***

Believing himself to be the strongest man in the world, a Bengali, the other day, wagered that he would stand in front of a motor-car and stop it. He made the attempt in the presence of a large crowd. When he recovered consciousness he declared that the car took him by surprise. We trust that the car was of British make, and that the incident is prophetically symbolic.

***

"Considerable speculation has been caused," *The Observer* tells us, by a remark recently made by Mr. ROOSEVELT at a reception. The ex-PRESIDENT shook hands with a negro, who said, "I've carried the ROOSEVELT banner in two campaigns and I hope to have the honour of doing so again." To this, we are told, Mr. ROOSEVELT replied, "Tilme alone will tell you whether you will be afforded that opportunity." Everyone now is asking, Who is Tilme?

***

By the way, in view of Mr. ROOSEVELT'S well-known hustling methods, why not call him now "The Expressident"?

***

Meanwhile preparations are being made by the Yellow Press of America to secure full reports of Mr. ROOSEVELT'S African trip in spite of his having stated that he will do all that he possibly can to baffle unwelcome followers.

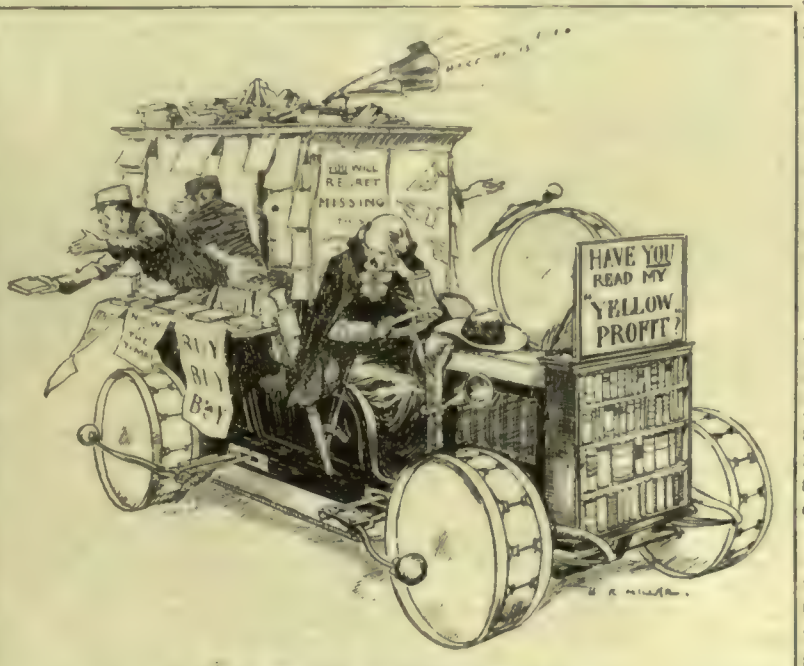
According to one account a number of enterprising journalists, to attain their object, intend to disguise themselves as lions, elephants, and okapis, with bullet-proof undervests.

***

"I went into prison a martyr to indigestion and headaches, and came out cured," a Suffragette informs us. It is satisfactory to know that prison no longer makes martyrs, but cures them.

***

A mummified duck, estimated to be 3,000,000 years old, has been found in a sandstone stratum in Wyoming. It has been secured for the American Museum of Natural History. The local poulterers were evidently caught napping.



MR. PUNCH'S SPECIAL MOTOR CARS.

II.—FOR LITERARY BOOMSTERS.

"Providing the Derby defence could hold the supposedly superior Forest forwards, the Second Leaguers were generally expected to win, if their own vanguard was good enough to score."—*The Daily News.*

This seems quite sound.

"It is rumoured that diamonds have been found in Brazil."—*Liverpool Evening Express.*

From "News in a Nutshell." These Brazil-nuts are quite as toothsome as the ordinary chestnut.

The final round of the Amateur Billiard Championship appears to have been an exciting affair. According to *The Sportsman* Major FLEMING ended the afternoon sitting with "50 (unfinished), making 30 after losing the red ball." Whether the red ball was ever found again we cannot say, but its disappearance seems to have affected the Major's play, for we read that "Major Fleming made his unfinished break into 51." That last 1, even with the red ball off the table, was unworthy of him.

Hunting Notes.

"An amusing story of how a fox half wrecked the dinner table around which were sitting its sworn enemies, members of the Rugby Beagles, came from Redhill yesterday."—*Lloyd's Weekly.*

"Nine years ago he established the Quantock Pack of Staghounds, which he maintained at his own expense (the only subscription being for a poultry fund)."—*Bristol Echo.*

The chicken and the stag appear to be sworn enemies too.

SUGGESTED TITLE FOR NEW TOPICAL DRAMA IN PARIS: *The Silence of the Grève.*

NO OFFENCE INTENDED.

[The following lines are supposed to be addressed to the German people by the PRIME MINISTER and the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY in extenuation of their candour during the debate on the Navy Estimates.]

LARGE and beloved, O amphibious Power,
If we have seemed to you a touch too candid,
If in a really rather awkward hour
We had to let your sacred name be bandied
As that of our most likely foe,
Permit us to explain why this was so.

It all began about November last.
We gathered, in the very act of nailing
Our glorious Two-Power Standard to the mast,
Firm as a Suffragette lashed to a paling,
That you (we never dreamed you would)
Were building *Dreadnoughts* faster than you could.

Of course we don't dispute your perfect right
(Why, who are we to circumscribe your freedom?)
To keep your KRUPPS a-boiling day and night
With thirty thousand extra hands; you need 'em;
Your merchant-ships—may they increase!—
Require protection—one *Dreadnought* apiece.

(Since penning this remark we learn, dear friends,
That your commercial needs are not as stated;
We hear that Admiral TIRPITZ now intends
To have his fighting navy concentrated,
For local objects, nearer home,
And not dispersed about the general foam.*)

And if you said you wouldn't push the pace,
That was no pledge, but just a "declaration,"
Not binding, though it gave us heart of grace,
And nerved us to a little relaxation;
And if thereon you fail to act,
Your *bona fides* still remains intact.

We should have liked to draw a veil about
Matters that hardly lend themselves to mincing,
Only, you see, we *had* to blurt them out
Because our own side takes so much convincing;
We *had* to talk in tragic metres
So as to flabbergast our Little-Fleeters.

Against our will we gave your schemes away,
Not all of them, of course, but all we knew, Sirs;
On painful facts we turned the light of day,
Simply to shock these Armament-Reducers,
Fearing they might, unless we stirred 'em,
Vote for the Fleet's *reductio ad absurdum*.

Pity, don't blame us; we were bound to hedge,
Bound to employ ambiguous resources,
Exposed upon the cliff's appalling ledge,
With just the choice of two repugnant courses,
The balance being fairly level—
That side the deep sea, and on this the devil.

O. S.

* Last Thursday, in the Reichstag, Admiral von Tirpitz "declared that henceforth the battle fleet will be kept commissioned exclusively for a 'home war,' i.e., operations in waters immediately adjacent to German coasts, instead of being kept in a state of preparation for fighting in any possible region."—"*Daily Mail's*" *Berlin Correspondent.*

An advertisement in *The Amateur Gardener:*

"Last spring we dug in a good dressing of Vaporite underneath our pear trees with a view to checking the chrysalides of the Pear Midge. The results are that we secured a good crop of peas."

Though checked, the Pear Midge was by no means rebuffed, and seems to have put in some particularly useful work.

CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME;

OR, LITTLE ARTHUR'S ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.

(*Little Arthur, aged* 12; *Mamma, aged* 41.)

Little Arthur. Mamma, was the Pantomime very funny last Wednesday?

Mamma. What a queer question. You were there yourself. You ought to be able to say as well as anyone else.

L. A. Yes, Mamma, I know; but what I mean is, did they mean it to be funny?

Mamma. Well, yes, I suppose they did. The audience laughed, didn't they?

L. A. Oh, yes, they laughed all right, but I didn't always laugh when they did.

Mamma. Didn't you?

L. A. No, I didn't. When the big man came in dressed as a landlady most of them laughed. Papa laughed a lot, but I didn't, and you didn't either, Mamma.

Mamma. No, I thought it vulgar.

L. A. What does "vulgar" mean, Mamma?

Mamma. Oh, "vulgar" means common and disagreeable.

L. A. Then, of course, nice people don't like disagreeable things, do they?

Mamma. No, of course not.

L. A. But if Papa laughed he must have liked it. Isn't Papa a nice man?

Mamma. You mustn't speak of your father in that way. He 's perfectly capable——

L. A. But, Mamma——

Mamma. Don't interrupt me. I say he 's perfectly capable of judging for himself in these matters, and it isn't for us to criticise him.

L. A. But, Mamma, you said it was vulgar.

Mamma. So it was.

L. A. But if you didn't want to criticise Papa you ought to have thought it funny, and you ought to have laughed at it, oughtn't you?

Mamma. I daresay—I daresay; but then people don't always do what they ought. Possibly, if I thought it over again quite calmly, I might come to think it very funny.

L. A. Oh, no, Mamma, I don't think you could. I couldn't. If I have to think funny things over quite calmly I can never laugh at them. Ought I to?

Mamma. It 's close on lunch-time, I 'm sure.

L. A. Not very close, Mamma. There 's about a quarter of an hour. Mamma, is a red nose always called a "boko"?

Mamma. A *what?*

L. A. A "boko," Mamma. The man who dressed up as a landlady had a very red nose, and when the other man hit him on it he said he had "ketched him one on the boko." They all laughed like anything at that.

Mamma. I suppose it 's one of those bits of American slang. I don't understand it. You 'd better ask your father to explain it.

L. A. Yes, Mamma, I will. But I 'm sure it must be very terrible to have a red nose like that, mustn't it?

Mamma. Yes, dear, it must.

L. A. But if it 's so terrible, we oughtn't to laugh at it, ought we? You told me we ought never to take notice of personal peculiarities. Isn't a red nose a personal peculiarity?

Mamma. Of course it is.

L. A. But they all laughed at it and talked about it all through the Pantomime. Don't you remember, Mamma, they all came up and wanted to warm their hands at it? That made me laugh a little.

(*A pause.*)

L. A. Mamma, isn't Grandmamma Papa's mother-in-law?

Mamma. Certainly she is.

L. A. And doesn't Papa like Grandmamma?



POSTE RESTANTE.

THE PARIS STRIKE.

(After the Bronze Mercury at Naples.)





Basil. "Mother, how is it that soldiers' music always makes me feel so much happier than I really am?"

Mamma. Of course he does.

L. A. But the other man, who was supposed to be the husband of the one with the boko, said some dreadful things about mothers-in-law. He sang a whole song about them, and said they were awful people, and Papa laughed at that.

Mamma. If your father laughed it must have been on account of the silliness of the song.

L. A. Perhaps that was it, Mamma. I hope it was. Shall we go to the Pantomime again next year, Mamma?

Mamma. No, not to the Pantomime. Perhaps we 'll go to a play of Shakspeare's.

L. A. Yes, Mamma; but why——

Mamma. There 's the gong. Away with you quick and wash your hands.

Socialists and the Navy.

Dear Mr. Punch,—I have been reading your "Cross-Examinations for the Home." I, too, have a young son, a very intelligent boy, who asks questions, and I try to answer them. He wanted to know if the building of a battleship means employment for anybody, and I said I thought it must be so. And then he said, "Well, why do the Labour people want us to have no battleships?" I thought a little, and then said that if all the money we spend on battleships was *given* to the unemployed, then they wouldn't *need* to be employed in ship-building or anything else. Can any of your readers tell me if that was the right answer? Mother of One.

WINE WHEN IT IS RED.

[It is said to be a scientific fact that the effect of alcohol upon the brain is increased if it be consumed amidst red surroundings.]

Just a glass of sherry with the soup;
One of Marcobrunner with the sole;
Then, when haughty Chloe would not stoop,
Four or five of Heidsieck Monopole;
Perfecting the ice, a *petit verre;*
Port in moderation at dessert;
Fine old brandy in the coffee—where
Was there anything in that to hurt?

Ah, but I remember! Every light
From its ruby shade had caught a stain;
Bowls of scarlet flowers, baleful-bright,
Cast a Bacchic spell upon the brain;
Down the walls there ran a crimson line;
Chloe's hair was gloriously red;—
If there lurked a mischief in the vine,
It was colour brought it to a "head."

A Lesson from a Pre-historic Past.

"The wild, untrained girls are worse than useless as servants, but the discipline and obedience of *a really good* club often works wonders in the way of improvement."—*The Globe.*

SPRING GARDENS.

[If you think this article has anything to do with the L. C. C. you are in error. It is an instructive contribution by Our Own Horticulturist.]

Now that Spring has officially arrived it is time that we turned our thoughts to our gardens once more. Perhaps some of you have been doing this for several weeks past, but for myself I wait reverently until the 22nd of March is here. Then I step out on to the lawn and summon my head-gardener.

"James," I say, "the winter is over at last. What have we got in that big brown-looking bed in the middle there?"

"Well, Sir," he says, "we don't seem to have anything, do we, like?"

"Perhaps there's something down below that hasn't pushed through yet?"

"Maybe there is."

"I wish you knew more about it," I say angrily; "I want to bed out the macaroni there. Have we got a spare bed, with nothing going on underneath?"

"I don't know, Sir. Shall I dig 'em up and have a look?"

"Yes, perhaps you'd better," I say.

Between ourselves, James is a man of no initiative. He has to be told everything.

However, mention of him brings me to my first rule for young gardeners—

Never sow Spring Onions and New Potatoes in the same bed.

I did this by accident last year. The fact is, when the onions were given to me I quite thought they were young daffodils; a mistake anyone might make. Of course, I don't generally keep daffodils and potatoes together; but James swore that the hard round things were tulip bulbs. It is perfectly useless to pay your head-gardener half-a-crown a week if he doesn't know the difference between potatoes and tulip bulbs. Well, anyhow, there they were, in the Herbaceous Border together, and they grew up side by side; the onions getting stronger every day, and the potatoes more sensitive. At last, just when they were ripe for picking, I found that the young onions had actually brought tears to the eyes of the potatoes—to such an extent that the latter were too damp for baking or roasting, and had to be mashed. Now, as everybody knows, mashed potatoes are beastly.

The Rhubarb Border

gives me more trouble than all the rest of the garden. I started it a year ago with the idea of keeping the sun off the young carnations. It acted excellently, and the complexion of the flowers was improved tenfold. Then one day I discovered James busily engaged in pulling up the rhubarb.

"What *are* you doing?" I cried. "Do you want the young carnations to go all brown?"

"I was going to send some in to the cook," he grumbled.

"To the *cook!* What do you mean? Rhubarb isn't a vegetable."

"No, it's a fruit."

I looked at James anxiously. He had a large hat on, and the sun couldn't have got to the back of his neck.

"My dear James," I said, "I don't pay you half-a-crown a week for being funny. Perhaps we had better make it two shillings in future."

However, he persisted in his theory that in the spring people stewed rhubarb in tarts, and ate it!

Well, I have discovered since that this is actually so. People really do grow it in their gardens, not with the idea of keeping the sun off the young carnations, but under the impression that it is a fruit. Consequently I have found it necessary to adopt a firm line with my friends' rhubarb. On arriving at any house for a visit, the first thing I say to my host is, "May I see your rhubarb bed? I have heard such a lot about it."

"By all means," he says, feeling rather flattered, and leads the way into the garden.

"What a glorious sunset," I say, pointing to the west.

"Isn't it?" he says, turning round; and then I surreptitiously drop a pint of weed-killer on the bed.

Next morning I get up early and paint the roots of the survivors with iodine.

Once my host, who for some reason had got up early too, discovered me.

"What *are* you doing?" he asked.

"Just painting the roots with iodine," I said, "to prevent the rhubarb falling out."

"To prevent *what?*"

"To keep the green fly away," I corrected myself. "It's the new French intensive system."

But he was suspicious, and I had to leave two or three stalks untreated. We had those for lunch that day. There was only one thing for a self-respecting man to do. I obtained a large plateful of the weed and emptied the cream jug over it. Then I took a mouthful of the pastry, gave a little start, and said, "Oh, is this rhubarb? I'm sorry, I didn't know." Whereupon I pushed my plate away and started on the cheese.

Asparagus.

Asparagus wants watching very carefully. It requires to be tended like a child. Frequently I wake up in the middle of the night and wonder if James has remembered to put the hot-water bottle in the asparagus bed. Whenever I get up to look I find that he has forgotten.

He tells me to-day that he is beginning to think that the things which are coming up now are not asparagus after all, but young hyacinths. This is very annoying. I am inclined to fancy that James is not the man he was. For the sake of his reputation in the past I hope he is not.

Potting out.

I have spent a busy morning potting out the nasturtiums. We have them in three qualities—mild, medium, and full. Nasturtiums are extremely peppery flowers, and take offence so quickly that the utmost tact is required to pot them successfully. In a general way all the red or reddish flowers should be potted as soon as they are old enough to stand it, but it is considered bad form among horticulturists to pot the white.

James has been sowing the roses. I wanted all the pink ones in one bed, and all the yellow ones in another, and so on; but James says you never can tell for certain what colour a flower is going to be until it comes up. Of course, any fool could tell then.

"You should go by the picture on the outside of the packet," I said.

"They're very misleading," said James.

"Anyhow, they must be all brothers in the same packet."

"You might have a brother with red hair," says James.

I hadn't thought of that.

Grafting.

Grafting is when you try short approaches over the pergola in somebody else's garden, and break the best tulip. You mend it with a ha'penny stamp and hope that nobody will notice; at any rate not until you have gone away on the Monday. Of course in your own garden you never want to graft.

I hope in a future article to be allowed—even encouraged to refer to such things as *The Most Artistic Way to Frame Cucumbers*, *How to Stop Tomatoes Blushing* (the Homœopathic method of putting them next to the French beans is now discredited), and *Spring Fashions in Fox Gloves*. But for the moment I have said enough. The great thing to remember in gardening is that flowers, fruits and vegetables alike can only be cultivated with sympathy. Special attention should be given to backward and delicate plants. They should be encouraged to make the most of themselves. Never forget that flowers, like ourselves, are particular about the company they keep. If a hyacinth droops in the celery bed, put it among the pansies.

But above all, mind, a firm hand with the rhubarb.

A. A. M.

HOW I ADAPTED.

I HAVE been a good deal worried lately over my play. To speak candidly, so have some other people, but these were chiefly managers, strong men, who could endure in silence. And usually did. The trouble appeared to be that, though my central idea was excellent and dramatic enough (*Adolphus* in love with *Angelina*, who is betrothed to *Edwin*) the treatment was not so satisfactory. Or so I gathered from the advice of the only friend whom I could persuade to read it. What he said was briefly, "Adapt! Look about you, select your management, and adapt accordingly. Don't be discouraged by one failure. Adapt again!" So I adapted—with what result the following extracts from my notebook will show.

VERSION A.

Adolphus, a rugged Colonial, uncultivated but enormously wealthy, loves silently the *Lady Angelina*, a society butterfly betrothed *de convenance* to *Lord Edwin*, bloated *roué*. Act I.—Ball-room scene, heartless epigrams interrupted by *Adolphus*, who enters in a ready-made suit and exposes the corruption of the Smart Set. Act II.—*Adolphus's* City office. *Lord Edwin* proposes to exchange *Angelina* for the straight tip on Australian mines. *Adolphus* consents to deal, and inadvertently posts the contract note to *Angelina*. Act III.—*Adolphus's* flat. Hero packing to return to Colonies, having received snub. Enter *Angelina*. Strong scene *à deux*. Finally, *Angelina:* "You are going to cross the sea alone?" *Adolphus* (*quietly*): "Alone, *Lady Angelina*." *Angelina:* "So, then, there is one process, *Adolphus*, that your business training has not taught you" (*turns aside and thumps cushions*). *Adolphus* (*a great light coming into his eyes*): "What is that?" *Angelina* (*with a wonderful smile*): "The carry over!" He catches her in his strong arms. Curtain.

Declined by Mr. Arth-r B-rch r.

VERSION B.

Angelina, a frivolous, fluffy-minded lady, is engaged to *Edwin*, but fancies she might prefer *Adolphus*. Act I.—Drawing-room at Badinage Towers. Enter *Edwin*, *Adolphus*, *Angelina*, and witty house-party. They talk. Act II.—Conservatory at Badinage Towers. Enter *Edwin*, etc., as before. They talk. Engagement broken off. Act III.—Royal Courts of Justice. Breach of Promise action. Enter everybody. *Angelina* talks. Curtain.

Declined by Miss M-ry M-re.

VERSION C.

For the purposes of this version *Edwin* and *Angelina* are already married, and are staying as guests at the country house of *Adolphus*, who loves *Angelina* silently but less strenuously than in A. Act I.—Hall of *Adolphus's* house. Host announces that his gold trouser-press has mysteriously disappeared, and that all the footmen are really detectives. Sensation among guests. Act II. (The Great Scene)—*Angelina's* bedroom. Discovery by *Edwin* of pawn-ticket for the missing property in *Angelina's* jewel-case. Enter *Adolphus*, guests, and detectives. First detective: "I arrest you, *Adolphus*, on the charge of pawning your own trouser-press, and forgetting it." *Angelina* is silent. *Adolphus* glances at her, shrugs shoulders, and smiles wanly. "It is true!" Act III.—*Adolphus*, still smiling wanly, about to be led out to prison. *Angelina:* "Stop! I stole the trouser-press!" *Edwin:* "You! Why?" *Angelina:* "Because ——" (*falters*). *Adolphus:* "Because, ah, do you not see? Because, *Edwin*, she could not bear that your trousers should be less creased than mine. Because—*she loves you!*" Joins their hands, and exit, smiling wanly. Curtain.

Declined by Mr. G-rge Al-x-nd-r.



Old Lady. "PORTER! PORTER! DID I GIVE YOU THE WRONG HALF JUST NOW?"

VERSION D.

In this version also *Angelina* is already married to *Edwin*, but is carrying on a flirtation (just not too far for the Censor) with *Adolphus*, who is now younger and more romantic than *Edwin*. Act I.—Departure of *Edwin*, vaguely suspicious, on supposed tropical tour. Arrival of extra character, inserted for this version only, "*Charles*, his friend," loquacious, elderly philosopher. Situation explained to newcomer, who grunts eloquently. Act II.—Restaurant Palais-Royal. *Adolphus* and *Angelina* dining together in private room. Unexpected

return of *Edwin*. "What does this mean?" Philosopher (*entering providentially*): "Mean—why, that we are both late for *Adolphus's* party!" *Tableau*. Act III.—Chambers of philosophical friend. Enter *Adolphus* and *Angelina*, *en route* for Paris. *Friend:* "Go by all means, but not till you have first heard my monologue on the Social Fabric." Gives it at length. Enter *Edwin*. Hurried reconciliation of everybody. Curtain.

Declined by Sir Ch-rl-s W-ndh-m.

Version E.

Suburban atmosphere. Act I.—Scene, a Villa Residence. *Angelina*, a typical English girl, has betrothed herself to *Edwin* (who teaches her roller-skating) rather than to *Adolphus*, an ex-Baden-Powell scout. The happy home; *Adolphus's* warnings unheeded. Sudden noise without. Enter the invading army of the Princess of Monaco. *Sensation*. Act II.—Same scene as Act I., only less of it. Continued noise without. *Edwin* shot. Act III.—Hardly any of Scene I. Alarums and excursions. Death of *Adolphus*. *Angelina:* "Can roller-skating save England now?" She goes mad. Curtain.

Declined by Mr. Fr-nk C-rz-n (and when I wrote again, offering to put on a happy ending, he didn't answer).

Version F.

Most of dialogue omitted in this version. Act I.—Drawing-room at Buckingham Palace. Presentation of *Angelina* and gorgeously attired supers. *Adolphus* steals the Crown jewels, and falsely accuses *Edwin*, who is forced to escape with *Angelina* in a motor, pursued by *Adolphus*. Act II.—Still escaping. The motors cross the St. Gothard in realistic snow-storm. Act III.—The earthquake. Motors blow up. Rescue of *Edwin* and *Angelina* by airship. The seismic wave; entire arena converted into a gigantic sea, and *Adolphus* submerged beneath two million gallons of actual water. Curtain.

Declined by Mr. Fr-nk P-rk-r for the Hippodrome.

What on earth to do with it now?

"FORBES ROBERTSON

in

The Pacing of the The Third Floor Back."

Advt. in "The Sunday Chronicle."

It sounds like a minor poet, busy lucubrating.

"His chin, at the psychological moment of delivery, actually *touches his chin*—a new experience to me among all the billiard players I have known."—*The New World of Billiards.*

We are glad to say that not even the italics are ours.

ST. CECILIA AT THE SALES;

OR, The New Handmaid of Commerce.

Messrs. Torrey and Dems, of the great Emporium on Campden Hill, announce a monster musical entertainment to be held under the dome of their new buildings on May Day in celebration of the 25th anniversary of their association with Kensington. The proprietors, with an enterprise which does them infinite credit, have placed Sir Edward Elgar's Symphony in the forefront of their programme. This epoch-making work, we may note, will be conducted for the first time by Mr. George Alexander, and the sermon will, of course, be preached by Dr. Torrey, who comes from America for the purpose.

The programme of the great tercentenary celebration at Messrs. Black and Crosswell's is now complete. Naturally music forms a prominent feature in the function, and the proprietors are to be congratulated on their originality in including in the programme Sir Edward Elgar's Symphony, which will be conducted for the first time by Mr. Wilkie Bard. Mr. Josef Holbrooke has composed a superb set of Symphonic Variations, entitled "Pickled Walnuts," and Mr. Granville Bantock, already famous for his Oriental compositions, will conduct a new Symphonic Poem illustrating the life, adventures and death of a Bombay Duck.

Messrs. Bark and Bark, the well-known Kensington outfitters, propose to commemorate their jubilee, which falls on the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, by a grand orchestral concert, at which Sir Edward Elgar's Symphony will be conducted for the first time by Mr. Lewis Waller. The proprietors, we are glad to see, have announced that in future the style and title of the firm will be John Sebastian Bark and Sons, and that all relatives, direct or collateral, of their great namesake will be allowed a discount of 25 per cent. on cash purchases.

Messrs. Pinker and Mute, the well-known undertakers, propose to celebrate the centenary of the establishment of their firm by a Musical Festival, at which all the compositions performed will be in harmony with the nature of their business. Mr. Algernon Ashton, who will act as conductor, has composed a new Symphonie Funèbre in honour of the occasion, and the programme will include Gounod's *Funeral March of a Marionette* and Strauss's *Tod und Verklärung*. We are also glad to note that Sir Edward Elgar's Symphony will be conducted in the Silence Room for the first time by Lord Shuttleworth.

Messrs. Bunter and Guzzard, of Berkeley Square, announce a most attractive Concert for April 1st, which happens to be the birthday of Mrs. Guzzard, as well as of the late Prince Bismarck. In honour of so auspicious an occasion, M. Ritz has most kindly undertaken to conduct Sir Edward Elgar's Symphony for the first time, and the National Anthem, which will open the programme, will be prefaced by a new Golden Roll on the drums.

Messrs. Dormy and Mendoza, the proprietors of the famous house so long consecrated to the habiliments of Morpheus, or "slumberwear," as of late we have been taught to call them, are celebrating their diamond jubilee next month, and have resolved to mark the occasion by a grand musical demonstration. Being anxious to strike out a wholly new line in the entertainment, they have decided to make Sir Edward Elgar's Symphony the *pièce de résistance*, and this monumental work will be conducted for the first time in the Pyjama Saloon by Sir John Fisher. This great sailor has also kindly promised to sing his favourite appeal to the nation, *Dormi pure*, together with several German *Wiegenlieder* of a most deliciously narcotic and tranquillising character.

Messrs. Brown, Jones and Robinson, the world-famous manufacturers of hygienic hosiery, propose to commemorate the coming of age of young Mr. Cadwaladr Jones by a magnificent musical demonstration on the roof garden which now crowns their superb premises in Oxbridge Circus. After long and careful deliberation they have decided to make Sir Edward Elgar's Symphony the *clou* of the entertainment, and have been fortunate in securing no less distinguished a celebrity than Lord Guthrie, the famous Scottish judge, to conduct this work for the first time. Lord Guthrie has always been an ardent musician, and he wields the *bâton* with a tact, an amiability and a charm which would fit him for any society, no matter how exalted.

"We give it up, unless it be that the one is the mould of fashion, like Hamlet's father, and the other isn't."—*Manchester Evening Chronicle.*

This must have been hereditary. Anyhow, we know that *Hamlet* himself was the "mould of form" because *Ophelia* said so.

"At present there are but two honorary freemen of the borough of Darlington—the Right Hon. Frederick Sleigh and Earl Roberts."

Northern Echo.

By a curious coincidence the names of these two veterans come next to each other on the rolls of freedom of several other boroughs.



COMFORT IN SHOPPING IS ALL VERY WELL, BUT THIS SORT OF THING IS A BIT EMBARRASSING WHEN ONE HAS ONLY COME TO BUY A COLLAR-STUD.

BENEDICK.

YE lessening company of single men,
Weep for the bitter tidings I impart!
For Benedick is booked, the wary Ben,
Old Benedick, esteemed in every art
Second to none:
E'en he, for all his richly-coloured past,
Has done it once too often—he has done
It once too often—now the die is cast,
And Benedick, our chief, is caught at last.

Ay, weep for Benedick! He was well wont
Himself to weep when others went astray.
Has it not ever been his counsel, Don't!
To them that would? Have we not heard him say,
How tame, how trite
Was wedlock? And, with suffering eyes grown dim,
Mourning some fallen comrade's evil plight,
Oft would he vow, with more than common vim,
To see us further ere we wept for him.

He was no scorner of the sex. Not he!
To him the merest flutter of a gown
Was draw enow; but, like the busy bee,
He loved to sip from every flower, one down
T'other come on;
Seeking, or when the owl complaining mopes
Or otherwise, t'improve each hour that shone,
Yet ever coy, and ever raising hopes
For ever vain, so well he knew the ropes.

And you, dear charmers of those earlier days,
Will you not weep what time you hear his fall?
You will recall, I trust, his airy ways,
His nods, th' alluring becks he wooed withal,
His wreathéd smiles;
Also I charge you that you should attend
The last sad rites, thronging the pews and aisles,
For, as a fact, one-half of you would lend
A gloomy *éclat* to his fearful end.

But you, O mothers, which of you will shed
One tear, one kindly tear, on this lost swain?
For this is he for whom your nets were spread
So often and so utterly in vain
(Wily old bird!).
You will not weep, go to! But we, his peers,
We, relicts of an ever-dwindling herd,
Reft of our champion and our chief of years,
May be excused some horror-stricken tears.

Ah, me! And yet what profit that we mourn
And tell our loss in due and wailful chant?
For Benedick is booked! The nuptial bourn
Yawns for his trembling footsteps—and you can't
Get out of that!
Better it were to rally 'neath the blow
And, with sad foresight, circulate the hat,
Clubbing together, that he may not go
Giftless to wed; and it comes cheaper so.

DUM-DUM.

"Sir,—In my letter published to-day, in the last line of the verse the word 'fangle' should read 'caugle.'"—*The Scotsman.*

By all means.



Belated Reveller (after vainly chasing fire-engine). "ALL RI', ALL RI'! YOU CAN *KEEP* YOUR BLOOMIN' BAKED POTATOES!"

THE NUT.

A STUDY IN PRIDE.

THERE are many forms of pride, and all are amusing to study, but I doubt if any variety is more satisfying and vivacious than that of a man standing in the pit of a music-hall who happens to know personally one of the performers on the stage. I say this because I know; because I observed such a man the other evening, and I saw his honest face light up as he passed the word round among his neighbours, who until then had been strangers but were now admirers; and their rapture at being so near the rose I saw reflected back.

He seemed to be an old *habitué*, for without a programme he had known all that was coming. And then suddenly he came to his own; for, "Watch this," he said, as a new number went up; "this is good. I know a chap in this. I'll tell you when he comes on." We watched and waited. It was a furious knockabout sketch, the scene of which was a grocer's shop, staffed by comic grocers. Humorist after humorist came upon the stage, fell over each other, and went through the usual antics; but there was no news of our friend's friend.

And then at last a young man, more than commonly foolish, representing an aristocratic customer, rushed on. "That's him," said the man, "that 's old Charley. He 's a nut, I can tell you." I had not heard the phrase before. A nut. But it had, like all London slang, its merits. A nut, I take it, is what we used to call a dog, with a touch more of irresponsibility and high-spirited idiocy. It seemed to fit old Charley, who was, by the way, quite young. He indulged in a variety of eccentricities. I can imagine nothing more nuttish.

"Isn't he a nut?" the man asked us all with a radiant sweeping glance of inquiry. How could we disappoint him? I caught myself nodding in acquiescence. A nut, surely. "Oh, he 's a boy, I promise you. I 've had some rare times with old Charley," his friend went on. "You should see him at Forest Gate! I tell you he 's a nut."

The nut continued to do his best to prove his character. He screwed an eyeglass in his eye, he dashed the girls under the chin, he fell over his walking-stick, he flung his tall hat on the ground. His friend was in ecstasies. "Good old Charley!" he cried again; "isn't he a nut? By Jingo, but he 's a nut!"

I left him exulting in the acquaintanceship, while the youths round him glowed in the glory of even the temporary acquaintance of a man who knew intimately a nut on the music-hall stage.

And, after all, that is no small thing.

THE STATION PATHWAY.

THERE 's a rock upon a headland
  Where the hoarse gulls wheel and cry,
Where the fierce waves break in thunder,
  Flinging foam across the sky;
It was there we watched the sunset,
  You and I, in days gone by.

There 's a little country orchard
  Where the rosy apples fall,
There we two, one autumn morning,
  Sought them where the grass grew tall;
And we ate them in the shadow
  Of the crumbling, moss-grown wall.

Even though these recollections
  Never fail to wake a thrill,
There 's a narrow gravel pathway
  That to me is dearer still,
Sweeter, though defaced by hoardings,
  Marred with many a garish bill.

When I journey to the station,
  Morn and evening, to and fro,
Floods of gratitude o'erwhelm me
  As along that path I go;
It was there that I said, "Will you?"
  It was there you answered, "No!"

The Age of Specialisation.

"Wanted by a gentleman, residing in Accra, a good Governess able to read and write."—*Gold Coast Advocate.*



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German Tar. "'WE DON'T WANT TO FIGHT, BUT, BY JINGO, IF WE DO,
WE'VE GOT THE SHIPS, WE'VE GOT THE MEN, WE'VE GOT THE MONEY TOO.'"

John Bull. "I SAY, THAT'S *MY* OLD SONG."

German Tar. "WELL, IT'S MINE NOW."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 15. – Truly the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb. Dinizulu being played out, tried, convicted and sentenced, it seemed that time would hang heavy on the hands of the British Branch of the Satish Chatterjee Family. It is true Long John O'Connor, whose altitude is so great that he can easily keep one eye on Ireland and another on South Africa, complains that the Chief has been "deprived of his own clothing." Members reflect that, after all, this doesn't necessarily amount to much in Natal.

Just as Dinizulu disappears from the scene, curtailing opportunity for the Chatterjees to show how treacherous, how cruel, how lost to all sense of honour and humanity are their countrymen representing England in foreign parts, enters the Mad Mullah. Seely, who has of late had some correspondence with him, took the opportunity of remarking that "anyone less mad than this potentate he could not imagine."

"Hear! hear!" assented Byles of Bradford (First Baron, cr. 19—).

Certainly, as extracts from his correspondence read to the Committee show, he is a polite letter-writer. Others in course of debate described him as a bloodthirsty, cruel despot whose iniquities were equalled only by those of the Kalifa.

Mangnall's Questions Ashley came to the conclusion that "the only thing to do is to kill him and have nothing more to do with him." This last portion of the remark characteristically partakes of the character of the superfluous supplementary question. House felt that the first proposition comprised the whole.

Rees of India, inexorably logical, objected that "you cannot kill a Mullah. As soon as he is dead, another turns up." Which, if one remembers rightly, was the case with those early Turks the Amuraths.

Satish Chatterjee Rutherford, distantly alluding to the Mullah as "this gentleman," hoped that if he were captured he would be granted a fair trial. At this veiled attempt to "get in one" in connection with the Indian branch of the family, Mr. Buchanan truculently blew his nose.

It was left to John Dillon to disclose the amiable, hospitable nature of the Mullah. Five years ago, when John happened to be more prominently on the warpath "agin the Government," he received a lengthy communication from the sympathetic Mullah, inviting him to go and spend three months with him. None of your niggardly week-end cartels. A quarter of the whole year to be spent in close companionship. Committee lingered lovingly over the prospect here opened: the Mullah and John Dillon, seated by the camp fire, perhaps having exchanged hats, smoking the pipe of Peace, the Mullah dwelling on the arbitrary conduct of successive occupants of the Colonial Office, John gently but persistently endeavouring to lead the conversation in direction of William O'Brien's connection with the Irish Parliamentary Party and some traits in the character of Tim Healy.



The Mad Mullah.

"Me bery glad 'a see Massa Dill'n. Me show you some de bery best 'cattle-drive' in Somaliland. You make a bery nice 'Mullah' you'self, Massa Dill'n! He-he!!!!"

Unfortunately J. D.'s public engagements elsewhere prevented his packing up a few things and going out to Somaliland. Whereby the world is poorer by lack of a picturesque episode.

Business done.—Colonial votes in Committee of Supply.

Tuesday.—Just as well the Strangers' Galleries fore and aft were empty to-day. Otherwise panic with possibly deplorable results might have taken place. House crowded in every part. Members on both sides wound up to rare pitch of excitement. In speech a model of lucidity, occupying only an hour in delivery, Admiral McKenna expounded Navy Estimates for coming year.

Prince Arthur came next with speech to which exceptional emphasis of delivery, unusual solemnity of manner, added weight. Unfortunately plan involved setting forth of some intricate figures. Figures not his strong point. As he proceeded to demonstrate how, year by year up to 1912 inclusive, Germany will be overtaking British Fleet in respect of number of *Dreadnoughts*, there loomed out of the fog four phantom ships, which, falling in line with the rest, hopelessly complicated matters. That a detail prosaically corrected by the Admiral and the Premier. There remained the conviction possessing Prince Arthur's mind, forcibly conveyed to listening throng that, "for the first time in comparatively modern history, the country is face to face with a naval situation so new, so dangerous, that it is difficult thoroughly to realise all its importance."

Premier followed, his mood and manner deepening impression created by preceding speakers. Whilst correcting Prince Arthur's figures, and demonstrating that in 1912 Great Britain will have afloat twenty *Dreadnoughts* against Germany's seventeen, he made significant admission. Twelve months ago, standing in the same place, speaking on same theme, he had boasted that in the matter of building these great ships Great Britain enjoyed substantial advantage. Could turn out a *Dreadnought* in twenty-



Anxious spectators on the great *Dreadnought* night.

(The Sailors' Gallery.)

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales (representing the future of England) was probably unaware of the presence of many distinguished representatives of her past.

four months, whereas the Germans could not do it under thirty. That pleasing state of things no longer exists. In the matter of rapidity of building and arming battleships, Germany has reached plane of equality with British dockyards.

Curiously little cheering broke in on delivery of these momentous statements. Members sat silent, intently listening. Expression on faces indicated how deeply stirred was emotion in presence of swiftly developed crisis.

When Premier sat down a strange silence fell on crowded Chamber. Motion was that the Speaker leave the Chair in order to go into Committee on Navy Estimates. Opposition was threatened from the Cockleshell Fleeters. Amendment stood on paper protesting against further expenditure. Now was the time to move it. Fully half a minute sped. No one stirred. Hereupon befell the incident that might have affrighted packed Strangers' Galleries, their occupants not realising its import. Suddenly, with one impulse, the spellbound throng leapt to its feet and with loud chattering rushed to the door.

What had happened? Was Prince Arthur's phantom fleet materialised? Were four *Flying Dutchmen*, shaped like *Dreadnoughts*, moored off the Terrace, their guns trained on the Speaker's Chair? No. It was only Mr. Lupton rising to continue the debate.

Business done.—Admiral McKenna explains Navy Estimates.

Wednesday.—Fractious persons, accustomed to question the necessity or desirability of continued existence of House of Lords, will, in common with Mr. Myer, of Vauxhall Walk, be inclined to reconsider their position. If there were no House of Lords, Black Rod might not be dispatched with summons to summon faithful Commons to its bar. If Black Rod so dispatched had not entered the Commons' Chamber at a critical moment, it might, as *Miss Fanny Squeers* testified in connection with the state of the paternal schoolroom after *Nicholas Nickleby* had paid off old scores against his employer, have been "steepled in the gore" of the Member for North Lambeth.

As is frequently the case, storm suddenly arose over placid sea. Cathcart Wason expressed the hope that the cortège of motor cars hastening to Hastings with troops eager for the blood of the invader would not on their journey exceed the speed limit.

Napoleon B. Haldane explained that he had nothing to do with the arrangements.

"They are," he said, "made by an Association inspired by the public-spirited endeavour of a Member of this House."

Up gat Mr. Myer.

"Is it not the fact," he asked, "that the whole business is an advertisement for the Member for Hastings?" (Mr. du Cros).

Had a bomb exploded in midst of Opposition Camp uproar would not have been greater or more sudden. Storm of cries burst forth. "Oh! Oh!" *(This in note of pained anguish.)* "Withdraw! Withdraw!" *(This angrily imperative.)*

Mr. Myer sat silent.

In face of his stubborn immobility uproar grew. Had reached stormiest height when the doorkeeper, advancing to the Bar with obeisance, cried aloud, "Black Rod!" Dead silence fell. Black Rod came in; Mr. Myer, remembering an engagement in Vauxhall Walk, went out.

Business done—Cockleshell Fleeters drop their amendment denouncing increased expenditure on the Navy. On motion that Speaker leave the Chair 83, chiefly Labour Members and Irish Nationalists, with a score of Radicals, offered harmless protest by going into "No" Lobby.



Raising the Whirlwind.

"Up gat Mr. Myer."



Huntsman. "Here! Look here, what do you mean, killin' our Fox?"
Tramp. "Garn! that's wot ye want to do, ain't it?"

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

The Little Season.

Park Lane.

Dearest Daphne,—The present is a particularly lively Little Season in town. Lots of the nicest people seem to be here. Myself, I always prefer the Little Season to the Big one after Easter. Everyone and everything have more snap in them.

The Masses-and-Classes Dance at the Grecian Galleries the other night was a howling success. Its object was to bring the two ends of the social what-d'-you-call-it together and make them understand each other's point of view; and we all think the object was *thoroughly* attained.

Long beforehand people had been simply tumbling over each other to have quadrilles given them to arrange. Mine was the Capital-and-Labour quadrille, and was voted easily best. I wore white satin with a pattern of bank-notes printed round the edge of the skirt, an Empire sash of golden tissue with bullion-fringed ends, gold coins on my neck and arms, and my hair powdered with gold dust. My partner was one of the Labour Members, Bill Batters, of Houndsditch. He had on the dress of his former calling—corduroys—with a hod on his back. He was great fun. His eyes and smile aren't at all bad, and the way he says, "Wotsay?" and "Dunno" is simply *quite*. I think of adopting *both* expressions. Wee-Wee was my *vis-à-vis*. *Her* frock meant *landed* property. It was carried out in green chiffon-velours, for parks and meadows, you know, and she had little models of their different places on her head and on each shoulder. She danced with Jack Jupp, M.P.—the one who 's always leading processions about. Before he got into Parliament and began leading people about, he was a carpenter, and he had on the dress he used to *carpent* in, and carried a plane in his hand. Other quadrilles were the Home Rule one (arranged by Mrs. O'Howler, wife of The O'Howler), a Tariff Reform quadrille, a Free Trade quadrille, and a Socialist one, in which they all took each other's partners and did whatever steps they pleased, paying no attention to the music; and ever so many more.

The day before the dance, Popsy, Lady Ramsgate, had come to me in the *prettiest, girlishest* perplexity to know if I could suggest something for *her* quadrille. I said I thought it would be suitable if she arranged an *Old English* one!

Oh, my dear! *who* d'you think I met again at the Masses-and-Classes Dance? My old friend the Socialist leader, Count Outa Telbows, of Hungary! I asked him what he 'd been doing with himself all this time, and he said he 'd been touring in India, teaching the natives to make a particularly deadly kind of bomb. I was very angry, and asked him how *dared* he do such things? He said it didn't want any daring; that the authorities had been most kind and courteous to him. He 's a wretch, of course; but he 's much improved by shaving off that horrid beard, and his *waltzing* is simply *dilly!* He asked why I 'd "deserted the Cause?" I said, Oh, I 'd had *heaps* of Causes since then, and, besides, the Socialists went too far. And he said, Would I graciously tell him how far they *ought* to go? And I said, "They oughtn't to go at all." This closed the conversation.

Oh, my sweet friend! I must tell you of a perfectly lovely trick (with a wager hanging to it) that Wee-Wee and I played on Aunt Goldie. *First*, it must be understood that the poor old dear's

sight isn't what it was, and that, having a young husband and more than her fair share of vanity, she jibs at wearing eye-glasses. And now we 're off! She sometimes drops in after dinner for bridge, and one evening I presented an interesting foreigner to her, M. le Comte de Quelquepart. I told her in confidence that he was rather taciturn, and spoke no language but his own, and as her French is of the dottiest she limited herself to gracious smiles and a few guide-book phrases, requiring, or at least *getting*, no answer. We sat down to bridge, Bosh and Aunt Goldie, your Blanche, and the interesting foreigner as dummy. Wee-Wee was hovering about, looking on. Everything was going on swimmingly, when Norty (we didn't even know he was in the house!) came suddenly into the room. "Halloa!" he called out before we could stop him. "Didn't know old *Tribune* could play bridge!" Aunt Goldie started, looked hard at M. de Quelquepart, threw a glance of angry scorn at Bosh and Wee-Wee and her loving niece, dashed down her cards, and, sweeping out of the room, sent for a taxi. (N.B.—M. le Comte de Quelquepart was no other than the "Almost Human" from the *Magnificent!*) "H'm," grunted Bosh, as Aunt G. banged the door of the room violently behind her, "she's not much of a partner at bridge, but anyhow we 've wound up with a *grand slam* to-night!"

"I've won the bet," cried Wee-Wee. "I 'll trouble you to hand over twenty quid, Blanche." "Not at all," I answered. "I laid you that she wouldn't find out—and she didn't. Norty gave the show away. It 's *you* that 's got to plank down a *tenner*, old girl." However, she wouldn't pay, and *I* wouldn't, so we shall have to submit it to arbitration. Ever thine,

Blanche.

"AIRSHIP SUCCESS.

Count Zeppelin succeeds in alighting on the Ground."

Daily Record.

Not content with threatening us on the sea, Germany is apparently ready to contest the supremacy of the air with our Aldershot champions.

THE TRUTHFUL ADVERTISER.

An Innovation.

Coals.—Why pay fancy prices when you can get from Messrs. Silksend best Slate nuggets at 20*s.* a ton, warranted to give the minimum of heat with the maximum of ash, and to jump all over the carpet. Cheaper rates for large amounts.

For Sale, Retriever Dog, with no known pedigree and very doubtful antecedents. Owner getting rid of him because he bites.

Wanted, Partner with £5,000 to take interest in new business, and join advertiser, who brings only brains to the undertaking.—Apply D. S. Windell, Gull's Nest, Chislehurst.

To Let, a small, compact Flat in favourite neighbourhood, within sound of one singing and two pianoforte instructors. Music all day and half the night.

Chauffeur, reckless driver and incompetent repairer, desires re-engagement. Last situation with doctor, whom he provided with patients. Licence thoroughly endorsed. — Address, J. Mangle, 14, Maul St., Gravesend.

For Sale, a powerful 16-20 h.p. Rankaroma car, cost £800, will take £300. No fault except that it has been overworked and most of the bearings are loose. Average weekly repairing bill for last year, £11.

Slightly used Boschner Pianofortes, A few of these formidable instruments, with not more than ten dumb notes in each case, for Sale as furniture. Walnut legs warranted for same period as in case of new instruments.—Apply Bilkenstein Hall, Seven Dials.

A Lady wishes to recommend her nursery governess to anyone in want of a thoroughly bad-tempered companion for their children. Speaks French with Genevan accent.

In the heart of London, old-world City residence without a single modern convenience. Perfect opportunity for lovers of the past. Drainage very doubtful.

Wanted, by Man and Wife, joint situation as Butler and Cook. Both drink.

Educational. Unrivalled opportunity for thrifty parents. Bantingham Grammar School, Essex. Only 30 miles from London. Strictly limited diet. No Hampers allowed. Water from own well. Playing field 20 ft. by 12 ft. Spartan régime. Special treatment for backward boys.—Apply, Messrs. Carver and Stint, Horseleech Road, N.E.

Escape the feverish excitement of the Metropolis in the relaxing and humid climate of Boreton-in-the-Barsh. "The Penguins," Hotel Pension, described by eminent novelist as "redolent of Boeotian charm." No extra charge for use of bagatelle board. Eggs and bacon at every meal. Special terms for influenza patients.

Compulsory Sale by order of Official Receiver. 300 so-called Pork Pies, with genuine farm-house aroma. Suitable for wedding presents, jubilees, etc.—Liquidators, Cats' Home, Rotherhithe.

Delicious Butter, in air-tight pots, 3½d. a lb. When you open the pot, you will be amazed. Money returned if you are not amazed.—Address, Messrs. Dago and Dodge, Greek Street, Soho.

Lady (imaginary), in reduced circumstances (ditto), is compelled by urgent need (ditto) to dispose for the 100th time of her case of Sheffield fish-knives and forks. Should she succeed she can guarantee to have a similar case ready next week supplied by the same firm.

Misfit.—Young widow, with family to support (her), anxious to dispose of superb balldress which was not made to her order. A good deal more than the value is asked, and a very little more than the value would be actually accepted.



A FIELD TRIAL.

Not under the Spaniel Society's Rules.

THE YOUNG IDEA.

Until Mr. A. C. Benson and other educationalists have decided what is to be taught in Public Schools, and doctors have settled what exercise boys may take, the appended time-table is offered as a solution of difficulties.

9 A.M. First bell. Tea served to every boy.
9.30 „ Arrival of certificated masseurs.
10.30 „ Slumber after massage.
11 „ Second bell. Arrival of doctors
11.15 „ Boys who have passed medical examination are allowed to get up.
11.45 „ Breakfast.
12.30 P.M. Slow walk, taken by whole school in couples.
1 „ Siesta.
1.45 „ Meditation.
2 „ Dinner. To be masticated at the rate of one mouthful per minute.
4 „ A quiet half-hour.
4.30 „ Athletics. No boy under sixteen to run more than 50 yards, and juniors to be limited to sprints of 25 yards.
5.30 „ Second medical examination.
6 „ Relaxation. No reading permitted.
6.30 „ Lecture by Dr. Saleeby on Health and Beauty.
7.15 „ Light meal.
7.45 „ Tops for prefects, marbles for boys over fourteen, and puss-in-the-corner for juniors.
8.45 „ Third medical examination.
9.15 „ Arrival of tuckers-up.

THE COMPLEAT SKATER.

Now that the Spring will soon be upon us, and we can therefore expect to be skating within a reasonably short time, perhaps a few phrases for the use of such of our foreign friends as may be sampling the land of fogs at the moment will not be out of place.

Part 1.—Preparation.

Where are your skates? My uncle has them at present, as I did not expect the frost to last. Why do you bring the meat-saw? That is not the meat-saw, that is my skate-blade; only it was made in Germany, and the gardener has been using it during the summer months for weeding. Yes, very trying. Do not forget the cold tea. What is whisky?

Part 2.—The Journey to the Pond.

It is cold. It is not cold. It would be warmer if it were not so cold. Quite, thank you, I have two pairs on underneath. Can you skate? I can skate. I think I can skate. I could skate when I was a boy. Oh, not so long ago as you might think. May I offer you—someone has stolen my flask already. Some people are thieves.

Part 3.—The Skating.

Do let me put your skates on. Thank you, I prefer to watch. I do indeed. It is such a long time since I skated. I wish you would sit down and be quiet. I want to watch those two. He is off. She is off. Oh, do look! They have collided. Yes, indeed, a severe bump.

Her relations are taking it very badly. Some people have no sense of humour. She is a lucky girl—about thirteen stone, I should say. Is that all? May I get you some tea, some coffee, some whisky, some beer, some buns? Thank you, I have a saveloy in a paper bag. How thoughtful of you. Not at all; it was my sister's when we started out.

Part 4.—The Journey Home.

Now, girls, time to go home. Where is your aunt? I have not seen her for the last hour. She must have fallen in. It is of no consequence, I have several more. Of course you are; it 's bound to come through if you keep on sitting down.

Be careful of that slide there. Oh! I hope you have not hurt yourself. Hush, the girls might hear you. How picturesque the village inn looks. Shall we . . . .? Quick, before the others come up.

We shall be late for dinner. How cold it is. Will you come down to-morrow for the Lincolnshire championships? There is nothing I should like bet . . . . Listen! I do believe . . . yes . . . it has begun to rain!



A PRODIGIOUS PERFORMANCE.

Another Musical Sensation—The Brothers Padboriski.

More Commercial Candour.

Motto over the doorway of a Gas Company's Exhibition:

"Light may come and light may go, but gas goes on for ever."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I find it unfortunate that the scheme of John Galsworthy's latest novel, *Fraternity* (Heinemann), should start out from certain details of an immense improbability. It is unbelievable that a journalist in criticising a picture should publish a hint of the relations existing between the artist's husband and the model who posed for it. It is equally unbelievable that a woman of *Bianca Dallison's* alleged refinement—the author perhaps insists a little too much on the hereditary culture of his rather middle-class Kensingtonians—should silently hand the critique to her husband, and conclude from his embarrassment that it was high time for a definite rupture of the marital tie. In any case, if this was the final straw which broke the camel's spine, we ought to have been told a good deal more about the previous load—always a large element in the success of the final straw.

As the title of Mr. Galsworthy's novel suggests, it is supposed to deal with the problem of the gulf between class and class; but he offers no solution, and his attitude is scarcely less amateur than that of all the characters who dabble in this social question. Indeed, the larger theme yields, in attractiveness, to the treatment of the personal relationship between individuals. Yet, though the reader's interest in the issue is admirably sustained, not one of the leading combatants takes a very close hold upon the heart, and we feel no very poignant concern about their fate. Far the most engaging figure is that of the old philosopher, *Mr. Stone*, who exhausts a strenuous second-childhood over a *magnum opus* on Universal Brotherhood, and remains pathetically aloof from the world of actuality. Mr. Galsworthy is incapable of writing without charm and distinction, but I do wish he would not look for his illustrations quite so high or quite so low. He opens with a wasteful and laborious comparison between a patch of gentian-blue sky and a costume of the same *nuance* in a shop window; and he is not very pleasant when he introduces the loves of a spaniel as a background to his human intrigue.



THE DISCOMFORTS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

The Lady Alys gives her lord a portrait of himself, in tapestry, for his birthday.

"M. E. Francis" is a writer from whom pleasant experience has taught me to expect so much that I was the more disappointed when *Noblesse Oblige* (Long) proved, for me at least, quite unworthy of her reputation. Indeed, remembering certain deserved successes at the Garrick Theatre, I was forced to the theory that Mrs. Blundell had been tempted by the prospect of more dramatic fleshpots, and had regarded *Noblesse Oblige* less as a novel than as a play in the making. And, with perhaps a trifle more fighting thrown in, it should serve excellently for an entertainment of the right Beaucaire-Pimpernel blend. The period is 1794 (wigs by Clarkson), and the scenes are set in London, with just a glimpse, for the big situation in the third Act, of Revolutionary Paris. *Yvonne de Cassagnac* (heroine) and her noble father are refugees from the Terror. To support them both, Mademoiselle becomes dancing-mistress in the house of a titled but plebeian English family (refined comic relief). She is insulted on her way through the park, and rescued in the nick of time by—why, by whom but the mysterious "*M. Lenoir*," teacher of singing. Subsequently the hero and heroine are transported (somewhat clumsily) to Paris, under a false passport describing them as *M.* and *Mme. Perrin*. The effect is that, to quiet a threatening mob, high-born *Yvonne* has to fling her arms about the nameless *M. Lenoir* and proclaim him for her beloved husband. And after all, when *M. Lenoir* turns up in the final scene to claim his bride, behold the poor tutor, powdered and sworded, has blossomed into *M. le Comte de Mévigny*, member of one of the noblest families in France. To repeat, *Noblesse Oblige* should triumph as Romantic Melodrama. I could even, if put to it, hazard a guess at the chief actor.

The great Brougham has a special interest for *Punch*, since his remarkable features were for some years the delight of our earlier caricaturists, although, according to his Lordship, they succeeded in conveying an accurate impression only of his plaid trousers; while did not Dicky Doyle fix him for all time on *Punch's* cover, where his mask is to be seen (in the procession at the base) drawn by a goat-foot on a string? *Punch* then is pledged to Brougham, and therefore the new collection of his early letters, which have been piously arranged and edited by Messrs. R. H. M. Buddle Atkinson and G. A. Jackson, and privately and sumptuously issued by them, has taken its place very naturally on his shelves. The letters were exchanged between Henry Brougham, James Brougham, James Loch (father of the first Lord Loch), Francis Horner, Andrew Clephane, and others, in their youth, and now and then they contain characteristic evidences of youthful indiscretion and candour. The editors seem to have suppressed nothing. The result is in the main entertaining, and it certainly cannot be disregarded by any future biographer of Brougham, if such should arise. Just now, however, the famous Chancellor is under a cloud; but if ever there was a mine containing a mother-lode of gold it is *Brougham and His Early Friends*.

The Happy Elopement, an excellent story
By E. Lacon Watson (Brown, Langham & Co.),
Is partly devoted to golf and its glory,
And partly to folk who a-wooing would go.

The parts are connected with links (kindly notice
The paranomasia, *anglicé* pun),
And the mixture all golfers (and wooers) will vote is
A jolly good blending of science and fun.

CHARIVARIA.

THE North Sea, or German Ocean? That is the question.

***

One can but admire the studious care which the German Government is now taking to avoid giving us offence. A new cruiser, whose tonnage exceeds that of the *Dreadnoughts*, was launched last week with an entire absence of fuss and ceremony, and the German press was even requested to refrain from publishing any details concerning her, as these might cause irritation here.

***

And Herr VON KUHLMANN, Councillor of the German Embassy, speaking at a dinner of the International Arbitration League, remarked "The naval rivalry between the two countries will not interfere with their good relations, because, when this rivalry is examined, it will be found not to exist." At the same time we do hope that this does not mean that we are regarded over there as hopelessly outclassed.

***

The suggestion of a Letter-card or Postcard Campaign, every voter to write to his Member demanding eight *Dreadnoughts*, is said to have the secret support of the POSTMASTER-GENERAL. We understand that, of the two forms of communication, he would prefer Letter-cards.

***

Preparations are now complete for announcing the birth of the Dutch royal baby. A battery of artillery, stationed at the Hague, will fire a salute of 101 guns if a prince be born, and 51 guns if the little visitor prove to be a princess. The latter will therefore have the best chance of surviving the nation's deafening welcome.

***

Mr. A. E. W. MASON has decided not to seek re-election. He is said to have made the discovery that politics and literature are incompatible. And yet, as a Tory friend suggests, would the Liberals be in power now but for the aid of fiction?

It has often been said that, if you wish to keep people on the land, you must make their lives less dull by providing them with amusement and recreation. It looks as if this were true. Last year, when Cattle Drives were allowed in Ireland, the emigration from that country was the lowest on record.

***

While we have the greatest admiration for energetic health officers, it is, we should say, a nice question whether someone at Bristol has not been overdoing things. According to *The Clifton Chronicle*:—"At present there are ten cases of small-pox in the city hospital. A number of patients have been destroyed."

***

The Baconians have met with another rebuff. A Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, who was fined on his first appearance at Marylebone for intoxication, declared himself to be JOHN MILTON on his second appearance, and finally admitted that his real name was THOMAS MOORE.

We were interested to read in *The Daily Chronicle* that the little cottage in which Mr. SELFRIDGE was born is still standing. We trust it will not divert too many Americans from the Stratford-on-Avon pilgrimage.

***

A gentleman who was sued in the City of London Court the other day for the price of *The Encyclopædia Britannica* protested that Brazil was described in that publication as the only monarchy in America. This strikes one as being a curious defence, for it is just such exclusive information as this which gives the old edition of *The Encyclopædia* its unique interest.

***

A huge ale store at Burton-on-Trent is being converted into a skating-rink. The change, after all, may not be so very striking. Customers should still have every facility for losing their equilibrium.

***

It is said that 50,000 Irish Old Age Pensioners are to be disqualified. When this is done the supply of Erin's grievances should be almost equal to the demand.

***

The latest rumour about the Naval situation is to the effect that the London County Council is about to offer its fleet to the Nation.

***

Since Mr. Justice LAWRENCE ordered the use of the "cat" there have been very few cases of robbery with violence in the County of Glamorgan. This is most satisfactory. The local criminals are evidently afraid of being "brutalised."

***

"Very cheap eggs cannot be expected for several weeks to come," says *The Grocer*. This statement should effectually dispose of the rumour that a General Election is impending.

"The handsome new gates at the Marble Arch are acetylene-welded. This opens up a big field."—*Acetylene.*

A most disrespectful way of referring to Hyde Park.



MR. PUNCH'S SPECIAL MOTOR CARS.

III.—FOR NAVAL MEN.

THE DETACHMENT OF PRENDERBY.

The Navy Question: Patriotism and Party.

"Have you been reading your Yellow Press?" I asked Prenderby last Saturday.

"My 'Yellow Press'?" he replied innocently; "tell me about that."

"It's the name," I said, "which the Radical rufflers give to the Tory rufflers."

"Ah, the buttercup calling the dandelion yellow?"

"Yes; and the buttercups are just now abusing the dandelions for making Party capital out of the Navy scare."

"Is New Zealand a dandelion?"

"New Zealand is a peach," I said.

"I, too," said Prenderby, "am a bit of a wall-fruit myself. I sit out and watch, where I can see most of the sport without taking sides. So when you talk about the Navy being made a Party question, I ask myself, without prejudice, *who began that game?* And my answer, without prejudice, is that it began inside the Cabinet. Here was Asquith, who knew exactly the needs of the Navy, but found his house divided against itself. He found Lloyd-George and Winston Churchill (not to mention one or two names of greater weight) bitterly opposed to the course which his duty, as responsible for the Nation's safety, marked out for him. A bigger man would have let his Party break up rather than yield on a point of national necessity. But he preferred at all costs to keep his Party together, and so made a compromise. Unfortunately he had still to persuade the rank and file of his followers to accept even these half-and-half measures; and in this effort he grew more portentous than he meant, and then the trouble began.

"I confess," continued Prenderby, having got his head, "that I should have been better pleased with the Unionists if, after entering the strongest possible protest, they had seen their way to wash their hands of the business and to avoid all appearance of seeking to make Party capital out of it. Two yellows do not make a white. But, after all, no honest statesman can wash his hands of a matter that concerns the very existence of the Nation; and in any case an Opposition would be more than human if it declined to treat as a Party question what had already been forced into that category, as I have shown, by the action of a Prime Minister who apparently was more concerned to keep his Party together than to assure the safety of the Empire.

"I have often heard my Radical friends indulge in pleasantries over what they called the "Khaki" Election of 1900. Well, if the next one is a Blue-jacket Election, they will have their own side to thank for it. Heavens! How they give themselves away!"

"Anyhow," I said, being anxious to divert him from a line of argument which pained me—"anyhow, both sides are agreed that Germany is at perfect liberty to follow her own devices."

"That unanimity," replied Prenderby, "is to me the most deplorable feature in the whole controversy. No nation, with even the minimum of intelligence requisite for self-preservation, permits a neighbour, however friendly, to mass troops upon their common frontier without adequate reason given. When the Boers sent us their ultimatum, and followed it up over the border a few hours later, it would have been futile for us to try to persuade them that our troops had been thrown into Natal for the sake of its climatic advantages. Well, the North Sea is one of our frontiers, isn't it?"

"Without a map at hand," said I, "I cannot verify your allegation. But I assume that you would not go so far as to ask Germany for an explanation of her accelerated programme?"

"That," said Prenderby gravely, "would mean immediate war; and I happen to be congenitally addicted to a preference for Peace. Besides, a great nation does not ask these questions aloud, but only of herself; and she answers them out of her own head; and she acts accordingly. She makes timely provision for rendering her rival's ambitions hopeless. And it is because I am convinced that a course of weakness and delay and Party time-service is the surest means of keeping those ambitions alive that I, who belong to no Party but the Party of honourable Peace, protest against a policy that is bringing us daily nearer to the unspeakable horrors of war. There are still two days before Balfour makes his final appeal, and of course Asquith may reconsider his position. But I gather that he intends to show a firm front to the Opposition; in other words, to show a flabby back to the Little-Fleeters in his own Cabinet."

"With great respect," said I, "are you not the victim of panic?"

"My dear fool," replied Prenderby, mislaying for the moment his habitual courtesy, "this is not a question of courage. No one accuses Germany of cowardice for keeping up that stupendous army of hers, nor regards Haldane as a very brave fellow because he is unctuously satisfied with next to none at all. We are not proposing to play twenty men against a German Rugby fifteen. We could afford to give them odds at that game, and if we were beaten we could always smile and look forward to the return match. But in a naval war, which is a rather more serious game than mud-larking, if an island race like ours is beaten there is no return match—not, at least, for that generation. And you only have to knock up against a few casual mines, and your narrow margin, and more, may vanish automatically. No, the bravest nation in the world cannot afford to take risks in the game of war."

"Well, what do you want?" I said, with excusable petulance. "Would you have the Tories in? I'm told they're very short of big men."

"I offer no opinion," said Prenderby, "on the subject of their size; but I would sooner be governed by pigmies who are agreed on a sound naval policy than by giants who differ about it."

"Prenderby," I said, "it has long been my custom to consult you on grave political questions because of your notorious detachment of mind. But to-day it seems to be your malevolent purpose to try to shatter my cherished belief in a Government which not only represents the flower of British intelligence, but is supported with almost mechanical devotion by the greatest majority of modern times."

"My boy," said Prenderby, on a paternal note, "as far as domestic matters are concerned, I don't care a brass button as to which side nominally governs the country. I can with calmness leave to the common sense of the public to see that its will is carried out on points that intelligibly affect its pocket and general welfare. But as regards the Army, the Navy, and Foreign Affairs, in which the public needs instruction and leadership, I would use the best men from both sides. I should like a Coalition Ministry, a Ministry of All the Patriots. It is an intolerable scandal that the country cannot enjoy the invaluable services of a man like Edward Grey, without having at the same time to suffer the attentions of—well, you know whom, simply because the latter happens for the moment to call himself by the same Party name of Liberal, though their two standards are as wide apart as the Poles."

"And in such a Government," I said, with my best irony, "you would accept the Admiralty, if it were offered you?"

"If you were their only alternative, yes," said Prenderby.

My reply was marked by considerable dignity. I said:

"You are at perfect liberty, like Germany, to do or think what you dam well please." And I wished him an extraordinarily good day.

O. S.



THE EXCLUSIVES.

North Pole (*to* South Pole). "HALLO! ARE YOU THERE? I SAY, OLD MAN, THEY NEARLY HAD YOU THAT TIME."

Voice from South Pole. "YES, I KNOW. THERE'LL SOON BE NO SUCH THING AS PRIVACY."

[With *Mr. Punch's* best compliments to Lieutenant Shackleton.]



Tourist (who during a steady tramp has enquired, once every hour, how far it is to Ballymaloney, and has now for the third time received the same answer—namely, "About four-and-a-half or five miles"). "THANK HEAVEN WE 'RE KEEPING PACE WITH IT, ANYWAY."

A BOND STREET VISION.

DOWN the street the sunshine glances on the crowds that come and go,
Fashion treads in Springtime's footsteps where the plate-glass windows glow,
But I turn where ice and marble's stern simplicity set forth
Noble fish from noble rivers of the grey and snow-bound North;
And I pause with glance uncertain, as of one who seems to know
In a dream the vanished features of some friend of long ago,—
For I see in state reposing such a salmon as I keep
As a rule for grim encounters on the chosen casts of sleep;
As a rule, yet somehow surely has that glittering bulk before
Agonised my waking vision by a real and solid shore.
Fifty pounds? so once I made him, on the evening when I held
Him—or else his double—beaten in that reach below Dunkeld.
There he lies, superb and royal, clean as when he left the tide,
With the bloom of snow and lilac mantled on his gleaming side,
While his shoulders, proudly arching, wear a lustre hard and bright,
Borrowed in Norwegian fiords from the fitful Arctic light,
Or where schools of running salmon leap beneath the summer stars
Where the North Sea breakers thunder over Highland river bars.

So for me the scene is altered, and in spirit I am whirled
Far away from crowded pavements; fairest faces in the world,
Roofs and chimneys, frocks and fashions—all are flown as shadows fly,
And I see a stately river 'neath a soft October sky.
Once again I see the Autumn banked and blazoned where the trees
Shed her wealth of reds and yellows on the moisture-laden breeze;
Oak's pale orange, beech's russet, in a splendid shower are blown
Where the ousel dips and whistles as he flits from stone to stone;
And I hear the roar and mutter as the stream comes sweeping down
Black and foam-flecked round the red-stone, clearing to a golden brown,
Slipping past the scattered birchwoods, where the deer come down at night,
Amber o'er the shelving shallows—on the shingles lisping light;
And I feel the thrilling magic of the greenheart's spring and sway,
And a favourite fly is working fully twenty yards away,
And behind the sunken boulder, where the slack swirls smooth as oil,
Lo! the deep is agitated with a mighty wave and boil,
And I see for half a moment that stupendous tail and back
Wallow wide upon the surface in a leisurely attack;
There 's a heave of sudden silver—there 's a flounce—a savage pull,
And again the reel is racing as he gets it fair and full!

Now the stormy sunset 's touching all the distant tops with light,
And he 's rolling spent and helpless from the long-contested fight,
Shattering the quiet surface into rings of rippling foam,
Where the gillie waits his moment ere the gaff is driven home. . . .
Then—ah then—the rod springs straightly and a worn and broken trace,
Free again, springs back to strike me like a whiplash in the face;
And I see the great fish rally—see the wave that marks his track
O'er the dim unfriendly shallows till the deep receives him back!

So the vision fades and passes, gone are mountain, wood and cloud,
And the voice of streams is lost in roar of traffic and of crowd.
Shall I leave him unacknowledged? or in fond remembrance—yes,
Why not have at least a portion sent along to my address?

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.

[Editor. *Let me see, the Boat Race is next Saturday. You might write an article about it.*

Author. *Certainly, if you desire it. But I don't know one end of an oar from the other.*

Editor. *One end's flatter than the other; that's how you can tell.*

Author. *Thanks. I'll point that out.*

Editor. *Don't be too technical. Hadn't you better take a shilling from the stamp drawer and run down to Putney this afternoon, and then come back and do us a nice breezy sketch?*

Author. *By all means.*]

Mortlake is a small town in the Kingston Parliamentary Division of Surrey, situate some six miles west of London as the crow flies. Its population at the last census was estimated roughly at 7,774, though many experts consider that 7,775 would have been nearer the mark. However, even this figure will be exceeded on Saturday next, when a party of nine Putney residents educated at Cambridge University will journey thither by water, followed (or possibly preceded) by a similar party of nine who claim Oxford University for their Alma Mater.

This exodus from Putney is now an annual event, which is eagerly looked forward to by the young participants. Why, I am often asked, do they always select Mortlake as the object of their visit? Are there not more interesting resorts in the neighbourhood? Before I answer this question, let us take a look at the eighteen young gentlemen who will join the excursion this year. Perhaps that will help us to an appreciation of their partiality for this fascinating village.

[Author. *Am I being breezy enough?*

Editor. *I can't think what on earth you imagine you're doing.*

Author. *It was partly the guard's fault—I went on to Mortlake by mistake. Such an interesting place.*]

First and foremost, *primus inter pares*, as Cicero used to say, we have Mr. Stuart, the *doyen* of the Light Blue party. Mr. Stuart has been to Mortlake no less than four times already, and is still as enthusiastic as ever over its historic associations. He will be able to point out to Mr. Rosher the famous tablet to Sir Philip Francis ("Junius" Francis, as he was known to his intimates), erected in the parish church to his memory in the year 1818. The church itself, as Mr. Williams (who has been here once before) may remind him, occupies the site of an edifice of the 14th century, the tower still dating from 1543. This tablet is a favourite one of Mr. Stuart's, and on three previous occasions he has reverently called the attention of his *confrères* to it, before the quiet of the place has been rudely disturbed by the arrival of the Oxford party. On the occasion of the fourth excursion, when nine young Americans took the places of the Dark Blue pilgrims, Mr. Stuart, with characteristic national courtesy, waited at the landing-stage until they had all arrived, before leading the way into the venerable edifice.

Another enthusiast over the old brasses in Mortlake church is young Mr. Kirby; so much so, indeed, that he has paid three previous visits to them. For some reason or other, however, he always gets there a little late; consequently he has not been able to devote so much study to them as he could have wished. His friends earnestly hope that next Saturday, at any rate, he will arrive in good time.

[Author. *I fancy I have put that rather tactfully.*

Editor. *Oh, get on, and get it over.*

Author. *You will like this next bit. This is really a spicy little bit of gossip.*]

One of the show places of Mortlake is the Brewery. Mention of this reminds me that the time has come to reveal the secret history of the dispute which recently raged around Mr. Stuart and his fellow-student, Mr. Arbuthnot. The boat in which the Cambridge party annually proceeds to Mortlake is so narrow that there is only room to sit one abreast; generally, therefore, there is some discussion as to the order in which the excursionists shall be seated. Now on the occasion of the University wayzgoose the Brewery, with ready hospitality, throws its doors open to the inspection of the tourists, with the necessary proviso that only the first one to enter shall be allowed to sample the different vintages. It is obvious, therefore, that the man seated in the "bows," or thin end of the boat, is the one who will arrive at Mortlake first, and, therefore, the one most likely to obtain this privilege. Mr. Stuart loudly insisted that it was his turn for this; while his friends considered that it was his duty to remain at the thick end of the boat, where he could see and, if necessary, encourage the Oxford party. Mr. Stuart felt that this encouragement would come better from a younger man, and recommended Mr. Arbuthnot for the position. Hence the trouble. Mr. Arbuthnot may now have to wait for another year before he can visit Mortlake; and when he does so it is to be hoped that he will remember to look out for the tomb of Sir Richard Burton.

[Author. *I say, shall I stop being so technical?*

Editor. *When did you think of stopping altogether?*

Author. *I see what it is; you're offended because I haven't brought in what you told me about the oars.*]

But Mortlake has other associations than those I have already mentioned. It was here that the two famous astrologers, Dee and Partridge, resided; indeed Queen Elizabeth herself is currently reported to have consulted the first-named in this very village. Dee, who, in the language of the period, was "hardebakyd enowe to knowe ye flatte ende of ye oare from ye roundde one," mistook the identity of his client, and prophesied for her a numerous family and some success in life: which so much amused the Queen that she presented him with the Elizabethan Order.

Before I close this article [*Hooray!*—Ed.]——

Before I close this article [*Hooray!*—Ed.]——

Before I——[*Hoo*——Ed.]——

In conclusion I feel it my duty to say that the second-class return fare to Mortlake is one and threepence, and that the Editor only gave me twelve old stamped addressed envelopes, so that I was actually threepence out of pocket, in addition to the taste of the gum, and when I honestly try to collect a little information about the place I was sent to—or, anyhow, arrived at, so as to write an article upon a subject about which I should otherwise have known nothing, I am made the stock, that is the laughing-butt, I mean the——

Well, anyhow, may the best boat win!

A. A. M.

THE BANDBOX.

When the Faringdens invited us to their afternoon reception Mamma said that Vera must have a new Paris hat for the occasion, as she had matrimonial hopes for her, and Guy Faringden, who is very eligible and very impressionable, doesn't care a straw for a girl unless she is ultra smart. When the day and the hat came, Mamma also decided I was not to go at all, because, she said, it would look too pointed to take one daughter in a Paris model and the other in a Bayswater one.

Vera's new hat had been bought at Spotcash's, the new Anglo-American Emporium, and came in one of their lovely satin bandboxes.

The bandbox, indeed, was quite a dream in itself, being covered with shell-pink satin, with a ruche round the top, and a satin bow and long ends. But somehow, the hat it contained was not quite so convincing as I expected, for though built on correct lines and resembling in shape a huge inverted pudding-basin, it lacked to my eye the crude contour and clumsy uncouthness that mark the *dernier cri*. Still, when Vera had got it

on, well crushed down over her face, like an extinguisher, it looked quite smart, and she was more high-spirited than sympathetic when she called back to me, as she drove away with Mamma in a taxi-cab—

"Never mind, Valerie. You shall have the bandbox."

Of course this was adding insult to injury, and I went slowly back into the bedroom and stood gazing sadly at the bandbox through my brimming tears.

Then, as I gazed, all in a moment a real genuine inspiration of genius flashed through my brain. The bandbox! Why, it was the very thing! There was the abnormal satin-covered crown, the utter absence of brim, the close satin ruche, the top-heavy extinguisher-like shape, all as required by the prevailing mode. With trembling fingers I cut a round hole in the lid and pushed it some three inches down into the box, then I turned the bandbox upside down and put it on my head, which fitted into the round hole. My pulses throbbed, there was a mist before my eyes, and when it had cleared I looked in the mirror.

The effect was marvellous; the bold simplicity of design completely fulfilled Fashion's latest fluctuation, and a quarter-of-an hour later I also was speeding to the Faringdens' in a taxi-cab.

The absolute and overwhelming success of my appearance may best be indicated by the following paragraph which appeared in all the society journals a few days later:—

"A marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place, between Mr. Guy Faringden, eldest son of Sir Godfrey Faringden, Bart, of Faringden Towers, N.B., and Miss *Valerie* Simpson, *younger* daughter of Mrs. Frederick Simpson, of Mountjoy Gardens, S.W." *(The italics are my own.)*

A contemporary informs us that—

"the Prince and the Queen dine together every day without any suite."

Nothing, however, is said about the savoury.

A Real Conversation.

("*What do they know of England*," *etc.*)

A. Wasn't the South Polar expedition wonderful? Not a man lost.

B. That shows how much healthier heat is than cold. Lots of people have died trying to find the North Pole.

At a meeting of Bury ratepayers, according to a local paper,

"The Town Clerk declared that the amendment to chalking on the flags was defeated by 177 to 88, but each person held up two hands, and these figures should be divided by two in order to arrive at the right number of persons."

Strange ways they have at Bury. Yet there seems to be one honest (or one-armed) man there.



MAD AS A HATTER.

Autocrat. "I ASSURE YOU, MADAM, THE EFFECT IS *CHARMING MOST* ABSURD AND GROTESQUE."
Victim. "OH, VERY WELL, IF YOU 'RE SURE IT 'S ALL THAT, I 'LL DECIDE ON THIS ONE."

UNREST IN INDIA.

(*Copy of an Application for Employment addressed to O. C.* —— *Irregular Force.*)

HONOURED MASTER,—Having heard of your almighty mercy and loving kindness to us worms, I tell you my circumstances.

By the Grace of God and your Lordship I have seven children, all babies and sucklings.

Besides this abominable litter I have many male and female relations.

What have I done that I should be blessed with such cursed trials?

As your Lordship is my father and my mother, I would request that you will take this worm and wife and suckles and relations both male and female and provide for us from your bounty at a remuneration of Rs. 20 a month.

I cannot read or write, but by the Grace of God and your Lordship I look forward to years of prosperity and happiness.

All the Chaoni of —— sing of your praises, your justice and mercy; therefore call us all that we may fatten on your love and gentleness.

Call quickly.

Your faithful worm and beast,
MEEMA LAL.

(Despicable brute and unwilling father of babies).

Lip-service.

From report of a Charitable Entertainment at Rugby—

"A collection was then made and Mr. —— contributed a solo."

"He had a narrow escape of being a Leap-year man. Born February 28, 1831," etc.—*Birmingham Gazette.*

Apparently he only missed it by two years.

CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME;

Or, Little Arthur's Road to Knowledge.

(*Little Arthur, aged* 12; *Papa, aged* 48.)

Little Arthur. Papa, were you very angry with Mills?

Papa. Angry? Of course I was. I cannot tolerate one of my clerks being—ah—the worse for wine, and disgracing himself at a music-hall.

L. A. Shall you dismiss him, Papa?

Papa. Probably I shall. I haven't made up my mind yet; but I think he'll have to go. No respectable firm can overlook such scandalous behaviour.

L. A. Yes, Papa, I see that. (*A pause.*) Papa, what is a bump-supper?

Papa. A bump-supper, my boy? Oh, it's a sort of dinner for the crew of a College boat at Oxford or Cambridge.

L. A. But why do they have a bump-supper?

Papa. Well, they've had their boat-races, you know; and if the boat has gone Head of the River, or made a lot of bumps by defeating other boats, well, then they dine together to celebrate their victory when the races are over.

L. A. Yes, Papa, I understand. You rowed in your College boat, didn't you, Papa?

Papa (*proudly*). Yes, my boy, I did. There's my oar on the wall. They gave us that for making seven bumps.

L. A. And did you have a bump-supper afterwards, Papa?

Papa. Bump-supper! I should just think we did. The best bump-supper that ever was.

L. A. And did they make much noise at your bump-supper, Papa?

Papa. No, not so very much. A little cheering, of course, and a few speeches; but it all went off very well as far as I remember.

L. A. (*sternly*). Papa, are you sure you remember it all?

Papa. Why, bless my soul, what an extraordinary question! Remember it? Of course I do. Why shouldn't I?

L. A. I don't know, Papa; but you gave me a letter to read this morning, didn't you?

Papa. Yes, a letter from Mr. Harding, the Vicar. I wanted you to realise the fine work that is being done in the parish. Mr. Harding writes so eloquently that I thought it would do you good to read it.

L. A. But, Papa, the letter wasn't from Mr. Harding at all.

Papa. Not from Mr. Harding! Why, what the——

L. A. No, Papa, the letter was from Mr. Bulkley.

Papa. ! ! ! !

L. A. Yes, Papa, from Mr. Bulkley. Perhaps you made a mistake, but you only said, "Here, read that letter," so I read it through.

Papa. The dickens you did.

L. A. Yes, Papa; he wanted to know if you were coming to the usual dinner just before the boat-race. Are you going to that dinner, Papa?

Papa. Yes, I shall probably go to it.

L. A. And he said he hoped you wouldn't try to stand on your head and kick the Dean in the mouth, as you did after a certain bump-supper. Papa, did you do that?

Papa. Of course not. Never did such a thing in my life. Just a bit of Bulkley's chaff. You mustn't take him seriously.

L. A. No, Papa, I suppose not. And then he said you probably wouldn't remember about it on account of all the bumpers you had drunk, and he hoped you had learnt wisdom now you were a family man, and what rot it was of the Dean to talk of scandalous behaviour, and, after all, we were only young once, and it wasn't everybody who made three bumps in one night.

Papa. Isn't that your mother calling you?

L. A. No, Papa, she's calling Mabel. What's a bumper, Papa?

Papa. Oh, a bumper's a glass of wine. You have to drink it off. It's an old custom.

L. A. But if you drank a lot of bumpers, wouldn't it be very dreadful?

Papa. I tell you you mustn't believe everything Bulkley says. It's only his fun.

L. A. Yes, Papa; but if the Dean said it was scandalous behaviour——

Papa. Oh, the Dean! Who cares what the Dean said?

L. A. No, Papa, But perhaps Mills had been having a bump-supper the other evening.

Papa. No such thing.

L. A. But perhaps you won't dismiss him, Papa. Perhaps he'll be a family man too, some day. Oh, and Papa, why did Mr. Bulkley say you broke down in trying to sing *The Hounds of the Meynell?* I never heard you sing, Papa.

Papa. No, you didn't, and nobody else ever did either.

L. A. But, Papa——

Papa. I can't listen to you any more. Go and play in the garden.

A PROTEST FROM PARNASSUS.

In apprehension of the Daylight Saving Bill.

Say, have the lees of the earth such a dreg as us
Bards if we bow to this tyrannous Bill,
Rise ere we want to, and saddle our Pegasus
Early by order?—I'm blowed if we will!
Was it for this that the Barons at Runnymede
Wrested a Charter of freedom from John,
Toasting the health of its clauses in honeymead?—
Did they? I don't know, but let us get on.

I that have sung you what windblossoms blow lowest
Down in the valley where dances the fay,
Am I to rise when the lark is a soloist,
Merely to humour a Government, eh?
Am I to make my melodious madrigals
Out on the lawn at an hour when the thrush
Shortens the glee of the worm and his glad wriggles,
Rather than roam when the nightingales gush.

No, and I deem not the multitude fortunate
Thinking to lengthen the hours of the light;
Is not the daytime exacting, importunate,
Utterly vulgar compared with the night?
See where Amyntas, and goodness! how smart a miss,
Twining their arms when the gloom has begun,
Utter at ease in the empire of Artemis
Twaddle they never could talk in the sun.

"Cricket" (the fanatics urge) and "economy,"
"Saving of gas"—do I care about that?
Think of the charm of our childhood's astronomy,
Think of the soft and marsupial bat:
Think of the authors of sonnets that ruminate
Under the stars by the silvery Thames;
Think of the thousands of ads. that illuminate
London by night with electrical gems.

No, by the might of the Muses that foster us!
Let them, advancing the hands of the clock,
Force on the masses a wholly preposterous
System—but we will be firm as a rock.
Others, surprising the sun in his chariot
Long ere their wont, may submissively delve,
We must demand of Eliza (or Harriet)
Not to be called at eleven, but twelve.

"Wanted, use of a Bath-room, with hot and cold water, once a month, for a small fee."

Our one hope is that he means lunar months.

SPEAIGHT UP TO DEAIGHT.

MR. SPEAIGHT, the famous improver of the Marble Arch, which is now no longer a foolish and antiquated gateway to the Park, but a noble isolated obstacle in the middle of Oxford Street, carrying out superbly its new duties as a complicator of the traffic—Mr. SPEAIGHT, to whose fertile brain this improvement is due, has been drawing up a further series of projects for the beautification of London, which, under his ingenious and patriotic hand, is to become as attractive as the White City.

"The fault of London," as he is reported to have said to an interviewer, in whose statements, however, we place no confidence, "is that it is so English. The capital of a country should never reflect its nationality; it should borrow from other countries. My conception of the perfect London is that it should be packed with statuary, like the gardens of the Tuileries and Luxembourg.

"There cannot be too much statuary. At present London's statues are scattered—Cobden at Camden Town, Wellington at Hyde Park Corner, Brunel on the Embankment, William III. in Kensington Gardens, and so forth. Let us have them all together near Buckingham Palace. The equestrian figures might be set side by side, as if starting for a race. Physical Energy from Kensington Gardens beside George III. in his scratch wig from Cockspur Street, and Richard Cœur-de-Lion from the House of Lords beside the Duke of Cambridge from Whitehall. That would be novel and pleasing; but bookmakers would, of course, not be allowed.

"All the other statues should be picturesquely assembled in avenues, so that on one's way through the Mall one could literally walk through the history of England. How instructive, how stimulating!

"To isolate the Arch at Hyde Park Corner so that it comes into the middle of the roadway is another of my schemes. The picturesque and interesting congestion of traffic at the foot of Hamilton Place wants company. Things should go in pairs. I therefore suggest the creation of more intricacy close by. This done, I would place the Achilles statue on the top of the arch.

"Nelson's Column is not satisfactory. I feel sure something could be done with it. A hinge in the middle, so that Nelson could be lowered for the inspection of the man in the street, who now has no chance of closely studying his great hero, might do it. Hydraulic power would be the medium, I take it. A simple matter.

"The lions, too. How wasteful to concentrate all four lions in one spot, and leave the rest of this great and important city lionless! How like England. What I say is, leave Trafalgar Square one lion and distribute the others.

"Westminster Abbey again——" But here the interviewer fled."



Mabel (to Tommy, who has just announced that he is engaged to a lady aged 12). "WHY, I THOUGHT YOU ALWAYS PROMISED TO MARRY ME!"
Tommy. "YES, YES. I KNOW I DID. I BLAME MYSELF ENTIRELY."

Our Dreadnought "Slips."

It is rumoured that the Secretary of the M. C. C. has received the following cable from the Captain of the Australian Cricket Team:—

"Please verify or deny circumstantial report England has seventeen slips and may increase. Protest against arbitrary change in rules of game."

Pen-and-Ink Notes.

Though the example of Lady CONSTANCE LYTTON, who has been writing with her blood, will not be followed literally in fashionable circles, it has given an impetus to the sale of blue inks; and a well-known ink-manufacturer is putting on the market in a few days a new brand to be known as Blue-Blood Ink.

There has been some discussion from time to time as to whether the pen is mightier than the sword. We are informed that the whole subject is to be decided at next Monday's meeting of a Herne Hill debating society. Admission will be free.



Adjutant (discovering second button of tunic unfastened). "DASH IT ALL, SERGEANT-MAJOR! HERE'S A FELLAH HALF NAKED! MAKE HIM A PRIZ'NAR!"

THE NEWEST MAGAZINE.

(Being the kind of interview that hardly any daily paper now spares us.)

IT was in an office luxuriously furnished and bearing every trace of prosperity that our representative, calling, we need hardly say, wholly on the editorial initiative and without the cognisance of the advertisement manager, found Mr. Mornleigh Foam, the proprietor and publisher of the new magazine, called after himself, *Foam's Magazine*.

"I am glad you called," said he, as he offered our representative a costly Cabana and poured out two glasses of the merriest Veuve procurable. "I had, of course, no notion that you were coming, but I am delighted to see you, because I feel that such originality and enterprise as I am showing should be put on record in an influential paper."

Our representative, who has been quite decently brought up and knows what 's what, bowed.

"Yes," continued the publisher, "I gave this subject immense thought, and at last came to the conclusion that it was idle not to strike out a new and courageous line. 'I would,' I said to myself, 'hit the country—as BURKE, you remember, hit the House of Commons—between wind and water.'"

"And you——?"

"Yes, I did. I took one of the boldest and most revolutionary steps that the publisher of a new magazine could do. I wrote to Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING for a story!"

"Ah!" Our representative buried his face in his bubbling glass. "Yes, Mr. Foam, and then?"

"And then I wrote to —— You will never guess!"

"You tantalise me, Mr. Foam."

"To Mr. ANTHONY HOPE!"

"Did you really? It was Napoleonic. And then?"

"And then to Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE. Sir ARTHUR, I may say, was very kind. Indeed, I have had some of the pleasantest experiences of my career with the aristocracy."

"And what have these authors written for you, may I ask?"

"Ah, well, there you have me. I must confess that I have not looked too closely into that. But I know what I have written for them."

"May I inquire what, Mr. Foam?"

The publisher leaned back with an expression of affected caution and mystery. "Cheques," he said at last.

Our representative laughed heartily. "Yes, indeed," he said. "I expect so. Yes, indeed. Cheques. Ha! ha!"

"Mr. KIPLING'S story," continued Mr. Foam, "cost me nearly half-a-crown a word; but you may buy it, together with many other stories much more comprehensible, for sixpence. There 's enterprise and generosity. Indeed, I venture to think that no better sixpennyworth was ever offered. The names alone are worth the money."

"Then you don't care for anonymous or unknown writers?"

Mr. Foam's expressive eyes conveyed a strong negative.

"Yes," he went on, "I'm an innovator. Bold, very likely; reckless, perchance foolish. But there it is! A man must be true to himself, and I was always one for derring-do. My policy—my secret—is names."

Our representative rose and picked up that one of his two hats which seemed nearest to him.

"Good-bye," said the publisher. "Look out for my first number. There 's a story in it by RIDER HAGGARD about Africa and treasure-hunting which should set the Thames on fire. There 's been nothing so original since *King Solomon's Mines*. Mind the step."

Absence of Mind.

"The Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry gave another dinner party last night at Londonderry House, Park Lane."—*The Standard.*

"The Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry left London yesterday for Sherborne, Dorsetshire."—*The Standard* (of same date).



THE CALL OF THE BLOOD.

Germania. "A *DREADNOUGHT* FOR BRITAIN FROM NEW ZEALAND? THESE LION-CUBS ARE SPLENDID! I WISH I HAD AN EAGLET OR TWO LIKE THAT."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 23. Storm-cloud hangs low over crowded House. The air is thunderous. Presently we shall see it riven by forked lightning. In such circumstances Prince Arthur is always supernaturally calm. Has placed on paper a Vote of Censure affirming criminal neglect by Government of safety of the country. To-day he is to ask for an opportunity of moving it.

Through the long string of questions Members impatiently await the moment of his interposition. When it comes, he, in conversational tone, studiously casual manner, invites the Premier to name the day. Tension of the House indicated by the cheer which greets his rising. A still louder one rising from the serried hosts of Ministerialists encourages the Premier when he responds to enquiry. Asquith not exactly what you would call a man of emotional nature. Does not wear his heart on his sleeve for daws or other inconsiderable birds to peck at. By rare exception is just now in state of seething indignation. It finds voice later when, in Committee, he denounces the naval scare as "the most unpatriotic, the most unscrupulous misrepresentation of the actual situation" known to him in pretty long experience.

At this moment he is content acridly to surmise that Prince Arthur, equally with himself and the Government, is anxious that the question should be discussed at earliest possible moment. That being so, he names Thursday.

This unusual tone ruffles the cultured smoothness of Prince Arthur's manner. He don't want to fight, but by Jingo if he do! Thursday is set apart for second reading of Appropriation Bill, an opportunity sacred to Members desiring to talk on any subject under the sun.

"The right hon. gentleman," he said, flinging a scornful gesture towards the Treasury Bench, whilst he looked round for the cheers of his supporters, "is giving not his own time, but our time, to the Vote of Censure."

In this objection Premier, to increasing anger of Prince Arthur, discovered fresh reason to believe that there was no hurry in the matter. "The only alternative date is Thursday week—April 1st," he innocently added.

House now thoroughly roused. Cheers and counter-cheers punctuated the conversation across the Table. Its acerbity subtly heightened by the courteous phrases of personal reference imposed by Parliamentary usage. In the white-heat of temper conventionalities might have failed but for interposition of Redmond *aîné*. The Irish Members have, it seems, marked Thursday as their own. Have a few words to say on local matters. Not disposed to stand aside in order that discussion may take place on a Vote of Censure implying situation of national peril.

The Irish leader making this clear, the interval afforded Prince Arthur opportunity of resuming command over himself. When he again interposed he had recovered the manner almost of indifference with which he opened the conversation. Storm fizzled out with commonplace suggestion that settlement of precise day shall be deferred till to-morrow.

Nevertheless excitement still simmered. Londonderry, watching it from the Peers' Gallery, was so perturbed that when he rose to leave he put on his hat, a serious breach of privilege. Walked nearly the full length of the Gallery before a breathless messenger, catching up with him, reminded him of his peril.

Business done. In Committee on Navy Estimates.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—Noble Lords are legislative half-timers. Not



Suffragette (after Raphael).
A memory of the Croydon Election.



A Serious Breach of Privilege.
Lord Londonderry walks out *in his hat!*



A Bishop (in full canonicals) escorting a foreign colleague (in rabbinical raiment of sorts) makes a startling appearance over the clock.

enough work to serve full round of week. So they make holiday on Mondays, and when on other days they sit do not prolong occasion beyond the limit of half an hour. CARRINGTON looked in on his way to dinner at National Liberal Club. In fine form, high spirits.

"You recognise, TOBY, dear boy," he said, "the extreme difficulty of giving fresh turn to prolonged discussion. We've had this naval scare kept up for exactly a week. Floods of argument and eloquence from platform and press have drenched it. Must allude to it in speech to-night; seems nothing left for one to say. But you know how bright thoughts flash on the virgin mind. Walking down here this afternoon idea came to me. Jotted it down. Don't mind if I read the passage to you?"

"On the contrary, delighted."

"Well, here it is. It's the peroration, don't you know? There's a lot before I lead up to it: 'When the PRIME MINISTER cries "Havoc!" to the Tory Party, then will the National Liberal Club let slip the dogs of war.' That'll fetch 'em, don't you think?"

"'Fetch 'em?'" I responded enthusiastically. "I can see them being carried out in couples."

"Seems to me," added his Lordship, carefully folding up the scrap of paper, and taking care that it should not be mislaid, "there is about it a—what shall I say?—a not unhappy mixture of responsibility and action. There is ASQUITH standing at top of marble staircase at the National Liberal Club, crying 'Havoc!' I can almost see and hear him. Sort of remark one would make in the circumstances. Then down the staircase, scornful of the lift, come the dogs of war, bounding out on to Embankment, to make short work of LANSDOWNE, PRINCE ARTHUR, and the rest of them."

"It would make an admirable fresco," I suggested, "like those in corridor between Houses of Lords and Commons. Would also look well in entrance-hall of Club."

"Ah!" said CARRINGTON, walking off (though I fancy he was not displeased at the idea), "that is not a matter for *me* to suggest."

Business done.—Talk of boycotting in Ireland.

House of Commons, Thursday.—Across the troubled scene of angry controversy and threats of Vote of Censure trips a figure which bestows upon it a pastoral air. Dressed in rough homespun, the skirt cut short enough to display the thick-shod but not over-sized shoes, with the glow of country air and life on her innocent countenance, the maiden paces the thoroughfares of Clapham and the Boulevards of Brixton. On her arm, open to full inspection, is a basket, in which repose delicate rolls of fresh butter, half concealed by



"'Then will the National Liberal Club let slip the dogs of war.' That'll fetch 'em, don't you think?"

(Earl Carrington, K.G.)

dainty linen wraps. Also there are eggs, each one stamped with yesterday's date in testimony of its birthday.

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going to sell my mother's butter and her fresh-laid eggs," she answers. "They are from our own farm, situated in Battersea, left us by a fond father, carried off suddenly owing to a kick in the back by a cow when he was filling a pail at the pump."

What can you do? Why, you buy all the butter and the eggs in the basket, with difficulty carrying them home, whilst the little one, gratefully smiling, runs off to the farm for a fresh supply.

Such is the picture conjured up by Celtic fancy for the delight of a sympathetic House. KILBRIDE is the artist. When with deft brush he has dashed the picture on the canvas and Members are thinking of strolling out Clapham way, he paints it out and presents another. Those objects looking like what DAVID JAMES in *Our Boys* used to call "pats of Dosset" are really margarine. The fresh eggs come from the Continent in a crate. The whole thing is, in short, a fresh injustice to Ireland, whose eggs and butter are, so to speak, whipped out of the market.



"Everybody knows the hon. member fills a considerable space in the literary world." (Laughter and "Hear, hear.")—*Mr. Speaker.*

(Mr. Hilaire Belloc.)



SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Dejected Cabman. "Hansoms are going cheap to-night, Sir."

Strachey, on behalf of Board of Agriculture, undertakes to look into the matter.

Business done.—Appropriation Bill read second time.

HOW TO DISARM OPPOSITION.

["Don't let yourself be disturbed by criticism. . . . Those who criticise in the newspapers are often one-sided persons, dominated by prejudice. If I were to leave Germany one day and go to the other end of the world, Germany would perhaps be surprised and ask my pardon for much."—*Report of conversation of the German Emperor in Reuter's Telegram from Berlin, March* 22.]

Similar reports about other Distinguished Persons, though not yet to hand, are hourly anticipated as follows:—

Mr. Winston Churchill, addressing an audience of Pacifists in the Lecture Theatre at Garrod's Emporium on Saturday last, said that for fifteen years he had been impervious to calumny. Still he could not help feeling that if he were to quit England and go to the South Pole his enemies might in time come to have a kindly feeling towards him—if he remained there.

Mr. Victor Grayson, interviewed in his favourite Restaurant, said that in the long run the fatuous and malignant criticism of which he was the object would recoil on the heads of his blatant and overfed calumniators. It was the privilege of martyrs to be misunderstood. Even in the Colne Valley detraction had reared its poisonous crest. If he were to quit the sordid political arena at Westminster and emigrate to Tibet, England would undoubtedly regard him with widely different feelings.

Mr. George Alexander, speaking at a political meeting at the Paddington Baths on Friday, observed that he said ditto to the German Emperor on the subject of criticism. Dramatic critics were often purblind creatures, and had no sense of perspective or eye for sartorial elegance. He had suffered much at their hands, but he bore them no malice. Sometimes, in moments of depression, he had thought of starting afresh in Alaska or Manchuria or the Grand Sahara. In the last-named district, however, he understood that the natives did not wear or appreciate the beauty of trousers. Still it would be a noble task to extricate and elevate them from this benighted condition. He felt certain that if he were to leave England one day and bury himself in the purlieus of Timbuctoo, M. Pélissier would be surprised and Mr. Beerbohm Tree might shed a tear. On the other hand it was possible that he mightn't.

Speaking at an open-air meeting near the Great Wheel at Laxey, in the Isle of Man, Mr. Hall Caine said he sympathised deeply with the German Emperor, whose sentiments expressed his own feelings with extraordinary precision. Genius inevitably exasperated the common herd, and was often driven into exile in self-defence. As Gibbon said, "Conversation may enrich the intellect, but solitude is the true school for genius," and he had serious thoughts of putting this dictum to a practical test (*Sensation.*) For twenty years certain critics had systematically and consistently belittled his achievements. He

had endured this ordeal with patience and in contemptuous silence. But there was a limit in all things, and he often wondered what England would think if he were permanently to take up his residence in the Antipodes. (*Great emotion, during which several prominent Manxmen were removed in a fainting condition.*) At any rate, he felt sure that Mr. HEINEMANN would be surprised and Mr. A. B. WALKLEY would be smitten with remorse. But after all, Australasia deserved some return for her generous offer of *Dreadnoughts*. (*Continued emotion, during which the Great Wheel was profoundly moved.*)

KENTISH FIRE-LIGHTS.

(*By Tiberius Mudd.*)

THE statement that the MS. of the first volume of Mr. DE MORGAN'S new novel runs to 180,000 words has excited some singularly irrelevant comment in certain quarters. Perfect condensation no doubt is a good thing, but it is not within the power of everybody to compass it. For however short we may be, there will always be one Shorter.

A strange but unconfirmed rumour is going the round of Fleet Street that Mr. THOMAS WRIGHT is engaged on a Biography of Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL. On hearing this a witty member of the Omar Khayyám Club observed that he supposed the illustrations would be Nicoll-plated.

A correspondent writes to point out the remarkable coincidence that both parts of Mr. MORLEY ROBERTS'S name are now borne by peers. In this context I may point out that *Jimbo*, Mr. ALGERNON BLACKWOOD'S new book, has not an elephant for its hero.

Mr. WILLIAM HEINEMANN has just returned from a journey in India. Mr. JOHN LONG, on the other hand, always travels in Wales.

BRONTË, as my readers are doubtless well aware, is the Greek for "thunder." It is pleasant to know that in view of his employing a tonitruophone in the score of his new symphony, M. PADEREWSKI has been elected an honorary member of the Wuthering Asinæum.

More Commercial Candour.

From an advertisement circulated in Ceylon:—

"Once your kind inspection solicited for a trial, and then our execution will be agreeable."

AT THE PLAY.

"THE NOBLE SPANIARD."

TAKE away from the women their Victorian costumes (if I may say so without offence) and withdraw from Mr. HAWTREY the privilege of dropping his h's, and there would be little left in Mr. MAUGHAM'S pot-boiler at the Royalty to explain his popularity as a playwright. Save for one novel feature, *The Noble Spaniard* belongs to the hallowed category of Palais-Royal farces, duly bowdlerised for British consumption. The novelty is provided by Mr. HAWTREY in the title *rôle*. For once he plays something approaching to a character part; he has almost to be somebody else than himself; he has even to borrow a voice. Towards this loan I fancied at times that Mr. TREE had contributed a trifle.



Lady Proudfoot (Miss Fanny Brough) cherishes the illusory hope that the *Duke of Hermanos* (Mr. Hawtrey) has designs on her virtue.

Grandees of Spain are so rarely accessible to alien observation and so seldom may be studied in the pursuit of British widows at watering-places in the Pas-de-Calais, that I must credit Mr. HAWTREY with evolving his *Duke of Hermanos* out of his own head. It was a delightful creation, and he kept it up with admirable consistency and restraint. So long as he was on the stage all went pretty well; but he couldn't be there permanently. He had to be busy elsewhere, hunting for imaginary husbands or unlegalised rivals; purchasing weapons for their destruction; collecting post-horses for the purpose of an elopement; waiting outside on the sea front to catch the bouquet whose discharge from the window was to be the signal for flight. During these regrettable distractions we mainly relied for our fun on Miss FANNY BROUGH; and, indeed, her characteristic humour of voice and face, the familiar eloquence of her hands, the unfamiliar motions she imparted to crinoline and flounce, were a pure joy.

For the rest, it was rather dull and obvious work. The dialogue, especially of the women, was often thin to the point of emaciation, and when there was good stuff in it, it was generally confined to one side, while the other had to be content with trivial interjections. That intelligent actress, Miss KATE CUTLER, was not very happily suited in the part of a merry widow who appeared to appreciate very heartily—even perhaps above its actual merit—the humour of the situations in which she found herself, but was allowed to contribute very little of her own. Mr. LYALL SWETE, who was got up after the similitude of THACKERAY, has also had more likely parts to play. For all his profound knowledge of stage technique, I seemed to trace a touch of the amateur in his acting. Of the others, Mr. LEON LION seized what little chance he had in the last Act.

Altogether, a rather negligible play, and not very worthy of Mr. MAUGHAM'S reputation. But this should not prevent its being a popular success. O. S.

The Daily Telegraph announces that at the banquet of welcome to be offered to the Colonial journalists on the 5th of June, "the Earl of Rosebery will propose the one speech of the evening." Yes, but who will make it?

"The writer is not quite right in sympathising with the small butcher, because he can, and does, rule the roast whenever he chooses to exercise his power."

In these words a correspondent in the *Glasgow Herald* gets the butcher's champion neatly in the best end of the neck.

Maxims for the Forces.

"The ex-sergeant-major of the Scots Greys evidently believes in the maxim 'Mens sana in corpora sana.'"—*Dundee Evening Telegraph.*

Which he should translate as "A healthy mind in a healthy corporal."

"The programme opened with selections by the school orchestra, Mr. E. A. E. Lambert wielding the bacon."—*Retford Times.*

This must be the prize flitch from Dunmow.

ONCE BITTEN.

An Ode to Nature in Spring, by a Former Victim.

NATURE, you deceitful charmer,
Bidding long-haired poets roam
(This annoys the local farmer)
O'er the incense-breathing loam;
Let me tell you how your footling
Conduct has deterred from tootling
One who sits in motley armour,
Writing doggerel at home.

Long ago, when early spring-tide
Came to glad the woods and hills,
Tighter was my tuneful string tied,
Throbbing with melodious thrills;
I would take excursion tickets
Just to watch your blooming thickets,
Hoping (if they weren't extinct) I'd
See some Naiads near the rills.

What occurred? I wore a trim bow
(Meant to match the boughs) of green;
Lightly clad, with arms akimbo,
Felt a oneness with the scene;—
Then there came a sleety blizzard,
Froze the stanzas in my gizzard,
And I cast them to the limbo
Of the odes that might have been.

Even now, when dusk embraces,
Like a pall of fragrant soot,
Hollow glens and open spaces,
I should like to go and put
Mine amongst the lips that flatter
Faun and nymph and hoofèd satyr,
Were it not that grassy places
Get so dampish underfoot.

Dryads might behold me gaping
Through the boughs—my bowler off;
Pan himself, a herdsman aping,
Whistle from some water-trough:
Who can say? But, if the night dew
Caught me coming home (and quite due),
Nothing could prevent my shaping
For a nasty spell of cough.

Therefore if my pipe be scrannel,
If my music fails to fill
Forest grove and river channel,
Nature, do not take it ill:
Think with how sublime (if vague) an
Ardour to be dubbed a pagan,
Long ago, in lightish flannel,
I sustained a heavy chill.

Boat Race Notes.

It is understood that this year, in order to avoid any possible misconstruction of his action, the KAISER will wire his congratulations to the winning crew through the medium of Sir EDWARD GREY.

The Old Lady who was told last year that she could see the race "from the bank" is not likely to repeat the experiment. She took up a strong position in Threadneedle Street, but saw practically nothing of the race.



Nurse. "NOW THEN, MASTER GEORGE! JUST YOU GIVE OVER, PLEASE. YOU SEE IF YOU DON'T GET SOMETHING DREADFUL FOR BEING SUCH A NAUGHTY BOY."



(Old gentleman at other end of seat turns round).
Nurse. "THERE! WHAT DID I TELL YOU? SERVES YOU RIGHT!"

A FLIRTATION IN TRIOLETS.

I.

HER eyes grow so kind
As we sit out the dance
That I've more than a mind—
Her eyes grow *so* kind!—
Just to risk it, and find
If for my sake, perchance,
Her eyes grow so kind
As we sit out the dance.

II.

She tells me to go,
But her eyes bid me stay.
Shall I linger, although
She tells me to go?
Her face is aglow,
And, half-turning away,
She tells me to go,
But her eyes bid me stay.

III.

As I knew, more or less,
She was only a flirt.
She enjoyed my distress,
As I knew, more or less.
But I'm bound to confess
That I cannot feel hurt,
As I knew, more or less,
She was only a flirt.

"Lost, Tuesday 23rd inst., dark brown ears, dropped."

An advertisement in *The Evening News*, which the sub-editor with contemptible pusillanimity puts under the heading, "Too late for classification." He might at least have had a shot.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

In presenting *Glimpses of the Twenties* (Constable), Mr. Toynbee does not attempt to elucidate them by comment. That is wise, since the bare record of historic facts suffices to enable the modern reader to realise something of the actuality of these good old times. The period dealt with follows the course of the reign of the last and worst of the Georges. It is illumined with some great names, as Canning, Wellington, Brougham, Eldon, Robert Peel, Palmerston and Pitt. But for the most part—public and social life being tainted at the fountain head—the *dramatis personæ* are a sorry lot. The man behind the throne—really a decent person as times went—was the King's doctor, Sir William Knighton. When George IV. was detected in the habit of holding secret intercourse with foreign envoys, Canning, at the time Foreign Secretary, put his foot down. The thwarted King sent his medical man to talk him over, a fruitless endeavour that occupied three hours. One familiar with the habits and position of statesmen of to-day reads with amazement of the abject bearing usually assumed by Canning towards such a man as George IV. Even the Duke of Wellington bowed his stately figure, which usually suggested a ramrod in the neighbourhood of the spine, in the closet of a sovereign whose familiar instruments were the ex-accoucheur Knighton, Macmahon, a former kitchen boy, and one Bloomfield, who literally fiddled his way into royal favour. The book casts a lurid light on a period of British history when the Empire was in the making.



The Knight's Horse (after a busy day spent in liberating distressed damsels, and various other exploits). "I wonder what the —— fool's going to do now!"

I have a bone (or, if he prefers it, a reed) to pick with the author of *Syrinx* (Heinemann). On page 4, Mr. Laurence North's heroine, whose name is *Aspasia*, starts quoting Sappho aloud in the summer dusk, and this mental exercise she repeats at intervals during the book. On page 5, a gentleman leaning over a gate embowered with roses compliments her on using the original Greek, and she responds: "There are no possible translations." After this contemptuous pedantry on the part of *Miss Herrick* (that was *Aspasia's* other significant name), I think it rather noticeable that all the Sapphics printed in this volume are in English. As for the plot, it may be called daring. *Aspasia* is apparently undecided throughout the earlier part of the story as to whether she should marry *Robert Akenside*, a pedantic Oxford don (she was at Lady Margaret's Hall herself), or throw all convention to the winds and attempt to live up to her pagan name. She "sits" for *Syrinx* to a sculptor of no morals but great genius, and finally, after an affair with *Maurice Laleham*, a young painter, marries an Italian professor of sixty, who, it is to be presumed, will allow her the eponymous liberty she desires. Whether, after this, young ladies should still be permitted to pursue the Bacchanal course of Honour Moderations at Oxford, must be left to the heads of their colleges to decide.

The Alternative (Hutchinson) deals with a problem nearly as old as the dilemma which troubled the prince of doubters. To be wed or not to be wed, whether 'tis wiser in a girl to suffer the slings and arrows of an outrageous mother's tongue, or, in the arms of a man with a past whom she only tolerates, to set sail on the perilous seas of matrimony—that, for poor *Kate Heriot*, was the question. She ought to have been the happy wife of her cousin and boy-lover, *Kit Lyel*. But he went away to seek his fortune, and never told his love, except in a letter which *Kate's* mother took good care should not reach her. So she married the other man, and lived unhappily ever after, the victim of a long tragedy of lies. To help her to be loyal to her marriage-vow, *Kit*, on his return, lied—magnificently—about the purloined letter. To free herself from her husband, when his passing fancy had turned to abiding hatred, she falsely pleaded guilty to infidelity with her cousin, who had died in her arms. To gain his private ends her husband pretended not to believe her self-accusation, and then for the rest of her life acted towards her a daily and hourly lie of jealous revenge. And as for the mother, she was a liar from the beginning to the end, with no particular motive but vulgar spite. Lastly, I myself was sorely tempted to—well, to a *suppressio veri*, for fear of deterring possible readers of Mrs. A. F. Slade's powerful and moving story by seeming to paint it in too gloomy colours, but I have refrained. Yet, sad as the book is, it is humanly and artistically delightful. Its people and the things they do and the lies they tell are so very true to life.

One does not usually search for mystery in a suburban back-garden. The only kind I have ever seen, when snatching a hinder view of other people's houses from a passing train, have been the ghostly mysteries of human garments or household linen distorted into unfamiliar shapes upon a clothes-line. But Mr. Edgar Jepson flies higher than the prosaic pillow-case or pyjamas; nothing less than a sanguinary altar and full sacrificial rites, with real human blood and rogues rampant, will satisfy him in *The Mystery of the Myrtles* (Hutchinson). Nor, I admit, when once engrossed in the story, would anything less have satisfied me. I forgot its wild improbability, and forgave even the weak love-scenes, in the comfortable conviction that, after all, Tooting *might* possess its Thugs and Brixton its head-hunting Borneans. On the whole, the best sensational novel I have happened on for a long while.

CHARIVARIA.

"We Germans," says Chancellor Bülow, "desire to create our naval armaments solely for the protection of our coasts and our trade." Well perhaps, if Tariff Reform comes, there will be less trade for them to protect, and then the matter will right itself.

***

Dr. Macnamara wishes us, please, to remember "that the defence of his country is just as dear to the Radical as to the Tory." Quite so, but perhaps the Tory is not quite so frightened of its dearness.

***

The General Council of the Bar is asking for additional High Court Judges. The Government, however, cannot spare the money, and an appeal may have to be made to the Colonies.

***

"Authors earn good money—if they are good authors," remarked Judge Edge last week. Our sad experience is that it is the bad authors whose books sell best.

***

A forthcoming publication, entitled *The Cat in History, Legend, and Art*, is announced. Will it, asks a vulgar anti-Suffragette, contain a chapter on "The Cat in Politics"?

***

It looks as if Musical Comedy can make as many widows as brides. Miss Emmy Wehlen, who made her bow last week, is the sixth "Merry Widow" who has appeared at Daly's Theatre.

***

Yet another new dancer! The latest arrival threatens to improve on those who came before. She dances, we are told, on a darkened stage, "in a little patch of lime-light." Only this, and nothing more?

***

"The lower limb below the knee is beautiful," says *The Tailor and Cutter*, "and why men should be ashamed of it is past our comprehension." This sweeping innuendo against our sex will not bear looking into. Have Bishops, for instance, any more false shame than Ballet Girls?

***

"London water has improved immensely since the companies handed it over to the Metropolitan Water Board," reports Dr. Beaton. And yet we have heard complaints that it now lacks body, and is therefore not so sustaining as it used to be before its quality was changed.

***

Now that an aunt has been sent to prison for cruelty to her niece, the N.S.P.C.C. is being urged by a large number of nephews to take proceedings against a large number of uncles for callous neglect of their duty in regard to tips.

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While proceeding to a fire last week, a couple of fire-brigade horses dashed into the window of a chemist's shop in the City. It is thought that the intelligent beasts realised that they would get remedies there for the cuts caused by the broken glass.

***

The gentleman who wrote to *The Observer* the other day to point out that Tariff Reform would benefit British artists, should really not have referred to us as being at present "the artless prey" of others.

***

Lady Pender, speaking at the annual meeting of the Battersea Home, suggested the imposition of a small tax on puppies "as soon as their eyes are open." As this, however, would necessitate an Inland Revenue official watching over the cradle of every puppy in the kingdom, we fear that the Government will say that the proposal is impracticable on the ground of expense.

"For the women of all countries the theatre sets the fashion," says *The Express*. The Bee-hive Hat, we guess, originated at the Opéra Comique.

***

The individual who was charged with shop-lifting at Selfridge's the other day is of the opinion that the Ideal Stores have not yet made their appearance in spite of statements to the contrary.



MR. PUNCH'S SPECIAL MOTOR-CARS.

IV.—For Recruiting Officers.

QUESTIONS OF HEALTH.

The Lancet, we observe, has discovered that honeysuckle (like the bee) is sometimes poisonous. A correspondent, who assumes the original name of "Paterfamilias," has noticed it too, and has sent us an indignant letter on the subject of *The Lancet's* discoveries. "This journal," he says, "keeps on dribbling out its alarming facts; has not the time come for the nation to rise and demand a full and immediate statement of the whole truth?"

Our correspondent proceeds to put a number of "plain, blunt questions" to *The Lancet*. Unfortunately we are rather crowded this week, and have not seen our way to give the seven-and-a-half columns that they would occupy. But we select a few questions in which we also are interested, and we wait for a reply:—

Does cocoa cause cancer?

Is tobacco all that it has not yet been declared to be?

Is wool the worst thing to wear next the skin?

Does ozone cause pulmonary disease?

Is bread-and-milk explosive?

Is the daily newspaper a source of contagious and infectious disease? and ought we only to read it in gloves and a respirator?

Is it really as beneficial to burn coal as to swallow it?

Does a vegetarian diet, after all, foster the military spirit?

A case for the Scottish Temperance League:—

"At a conference of delegates of the Scottish Miners' Federation in Glasgow yesterday, it was decided to hold a national demonstration at Stirling on July 2 to celebrate the inauguration of the tight-hours' day."—*Glasgow Herald.*

FORTUNE AND FOLLY.

[The author of the following Great Thoughts on Gambling, written in imitation of Lord AVEBURY's latest work, *Peace and Happiness*, admits that he has done this kind of thing before; but then so has Lord AVEBURY. The exigences of space demand that his name should be written thus, *tout court*, without the modest list of fifty degrees and distinctions which appear on the title-page of his book.]

THE love of money has been described by a Christian writer as "the root of all evil," and the Pagan poet, OVID, gave it as his opinion that riches were "*irritamenta malorum*" [1] In more recent times the following apostrophe was addressed to wealth:—

"Money, thou bane of bliss, and source of woe;" [2]

and another poet recognised a truth which is now almost universally accepted when he said that

"Riches cannot rescue from the grave,
Which claims alike the monarch and the slave." [3]

On the other hand, many authorities have regarded wealth as a blessing, even though in disguise. OLIVER GOLDSMITH made the observation that

"Wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance and arts."

And the author of *Don Quixote* [4] wrote:—

"El mejor cimiento en el mundo es el dinero." [5]

"Money is the man," was the saying of PINDAR (the original being in Greek); and an English writer went so far as to assert that "Money makes the mare to trot," [6] thus contending that the benefits of wealth are not confined to the human race.

Much depends upon how you come by your wealth. HORACE gave this advice: "Make money; honestly, if you can; but make it somehow." This was, of course, satirical.

One of the best ways of making money is by the honest sweat of the hand or brow. Thus obtained, it is less liable to be thrown away carelessly. Many rich men who began as labourers will agree with *Romeo* when he said that "parting is such sweet sorrow." [7]

One of the worst ways of making money is by gambling. The Dutch have a proverb, "*Ligt gekomen, ligt gegaan*," [8] of which the converse does not seem to be equally true.

There is a very beautiful spot, called Monte Carlo, situated on the Mediterranean Sea, where

"Every prospect pleases
And only man is vile." [9]

People have been known to visit this watering-place for the purpose of gambling against the "bank." "Bank" is perhaps a misleading term. "I know a bank" [10] called ROBARTS, LUBBOCK & Co., and I am the head of it, but we are in no way associated with the management of the "bank" at Monte Carlo.

HORACE speaks, in one of his Latin Odes, of country-folk reclining on a "shady bank (*umbrosa ripa*)." I should hesitate to apply this invidious epithet to the bank at Monte Carlo. I am told that here, as in other haunts of vice, honesty is found to be "the best policy." [11]

At the same time, if there were no folly in the world to take advantage of, the "occupation" of the bank, like *Othello's*, would be "gone." [12] "A fool and his money be soon at debate." [13] And GAY remarked:

"Could fools to keep their own contrive,
On what, on whom, could gamesters thrive?"

Strangely enough, perfect propriety reigns in the gambling-room of the Casino, as it is called. It is in a work entitled *Tom Jones*, which I cannot recommend to the young of either sex, that we read: "Nor will Virtue herself look beautiful unless she be bedecked with the outward ornaments of decency and decorum." [14] And this would appear to be also true of certain forms of vice.

Chance is perhaps the chief element in gambling, and many consider that the leading characteristic of chance is its uncertainty. The author of *Paradise Lost* grasped this fact when he spoke of chance as being "fickle." [15] Yet there are some who rely upon its promises. The philosopher EMPEDOCLES, only a few minutes before he lost everything, except one slipper, in the crater of Etna, is said to have observed:

"We lean upon the thought
That chance will bring us through." [16]

The futility of this belief has been well enunciated by Sir HIRAM MAXIM, and I hardly doubt but what his views are shared by his friend, Mr. VICKERS, though the latter has not actually given them expression in print—not to my knowledge.

Admittedly there is no fixed principle about the movements of chance. "*Fortuna meliores sequitur*" [17] was the theory of SALLUST, and there is a common belief that "fortune favours the brave." [18] But there is also a proverb to the effect that "*Fortuna favet fatuis.*" [19] Anyhow, one need never run short of quotations to suit all cases.

Sir THOMAS OVERBURY, who flourished in the 16th century, spoke of "the giddy wheel of fortune." The phrase is peculiarly adapted to the game known as roulette, where a rotatory motion is given to the instrument of chance. No one can with any exactitude foretell what number will fall. *Rory O'More* recommended *impair*, meaning the odd numbers.

"There 's luck in odd numbers, says Rory O'More." [20]

But according to the expert, Mr. VICTOR BETHEL, the even numbers occur quite as often.

Many prefer to put their money on zero, which is neither odd nor even, but equivalent to naught (0). Here they have the support of the brothers JAMES and HORACE SMITH, who wrote:

"Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
And naught is everything, and everything is naught." [21]

On the other hand the Latins had a proverb: "*Ex nihilo nihil fit.*" [22]

There is one consoling thought to which ISAAK WALTON gave utterance when he said: "No man can lose what he never had." This is nearly always true, and especially applies to gambling where the bank refuses to accept your I.O.U. or promissory note. Yet to lose all the cash that you have about you is sometimes more than enough.

Over the door of Hell the Italian poet, DANTE, saw written the words: "*Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' entrate.*" [23] Over the door of the Salle du Jeu [24] we might well affix the striking phrase of MONTAIGNE: "*Le jeu ne vault pas la chandelle.*" [25]

O. S.

[1] Incentives to evil. [2] George Herbert. [3] Dryden. [4] Cervantes. [5] The best foundation in the world is wealth. [6] Wolcott. [7] Shakspeare. [8] Lightly come, lightly gone. [9] Bishop Heber. [10] Shakspeare, *Midsummer Night's Dream*. [11] British proverb. [12] Shakspeare. [13] Thomas Tusser. [14] Henry Fielding. [15] Milton. [16] Matthew Arnold. [17] Fortune backs up the better class of man. [18] British proverb. [19] Fortune sides with fools. [20] Samuel Lover. [21] *Rejected Addresses*. [22] You can't make anything out of zero. [23] Abandon all hope, oh ye who enter. [24] Gaming-room. [25] The game is not worth the candle.

Military Tactics.

"The Lieut.-General Commanding the Division considers that the destruction of the Borer beetle is so very important that he asks everyone to assist in exterminating them. They can be easily found on the trunks of trees at night time and can be killed by knocking them on the head with a stick."

Another way is to shave their heads and let them stay out in the chill night air till they catch their deaths of cold.



ON THE SAFE SIDE.

Asquith (*watchman.*) "ALL'S WELL."

John Bull. "*SO YOU SAY.* ALL THE SAME, I THINK I SHALL SIT UP FOR A BIT."



THE ELECTRIFIED UNDERGROUND.

"Which do you prefer, Auntie—facing or back?"

"Well, you see, there's no engine on this train, so it doesn't very much matter."

TIPS FOR OUR TOTS:

Or, How to Cure Harmful Habits.

The imperfect physique of the present generation has long excited the anxious attention of educational experts. As prevention is notoriously better than cure, it is well that parents should always be on the watch for those carelessly acquired habits which, if not checked in childhood, are only too apt to mar the mellowness of maturity.

A great writer in one of our most strident contemporaries has recently laid stress on the deadly results of over-indulgence in the hammock and the easy-chair. Nelson, Rodney, and Blake never slept in hammocks except under compulsion, and Hannibal, Alexander the Great, and Julius Cæsar never included armchairs in their camp equipage.

But there are other habits equally deleterious in their effect on the stamina of our tots, titled and otherwise. Long-distance running, for example, in the case of children under ten, is distinctly to be deprecated. Lord Desborough never ran a three-mile race before he went up to Oxford, and to this fact must be attributed his splendid mastery of the question of bimetallism.

A similar warning needs to be extended to those injudicious parents who encourage their children to indulge in motor-bicycling as an alternative to exercise in perambulators. Lord Wemyss, with a restraint that cannot be too highly commended, never mounted a motor-bicycle until his eightieth birthday.

Another question of vital and insistent urgency is this: Ought children under ten to be taken to supper at expensive restaurants after the theatre and the pantomime? On this point the best authorities are divided. Mr. E. H. Cooper, for example, favours the plan, if the company is carefully selected and the *menu* judiciously chosen. On the other hand Dr. C. Salubry condemns the practice as leading to peevishness on the morrow. As he expresses it in a felicitous epigram: "Nothing is more chastening at the breakfast-table than a chippy child."

At a recent Congress of Infantologists held at Chicago one of the most interesting discussions was that on the subject of the best game for children. Dr. Abner Stoot advocated tip-cat, Professor Stanleyette Folsom championed the claims of tiddledywinks, but Mr. Volney Brasher carried the Congress with him by his irresistible plea on behalf of auction-bridge. As he pointed out, the words "gambol" and "gamble" are etymologically connected, and therefore ethically identical.

Again, there is the question of reading. Speaking broadly, though it is of course possible for a child to read too much, the choice of books is infinitely less important than the adoption of a proper position. Thus a child that reads Walter Scott in a cramped or twisted attitude must inevitably become a worse citizen than one that studies Casanova in a correct posture.

Finally, how are we to combat the tendency of most modern children to run to abnormal weediness, instead of developing a compact well-knit figure?

Can it be that they are not given enough gin in infancy?

From a Parish Magazine:—

"Mrs. —— has enlisted the following people in polishing the brasses of the church, and I have to thank them all for the very different appearance which they now present."

It seems to be messy work.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S NEW HOME.

"Moving into another house? Oh, that's nothing," they say. "And once you're there!"

But let me tell you a little about it; for we are not yet within hailing distance of moving, and my life is already a burden.

To begin with, there was the advertisement. That was sent off lightheartedly enough: Wanted a house with such and such accommodation; *must be in Dorset or Devon.* Note the words I have thrown into italics. It sounds simple and lucid: a house with so many bedrooms and other rooms, so much land, and *must be in Dorset or Devon*—the italics are again my very own.

Then the replies began; agent after agent—or rather firms of agents, for no agent seems to have enough in him to stand alone—wrote sending desirable residences, unique residences, and old-world residences, and gentlemen's residences, not only in Devon and Dorset, but all over the face of this England, this precious stone set in a silver sea. They came by every post, some accompanied by precious photographs, which we were implored to return at once. By every post they came. Had there been a Sunday post they would have come by that. One came even from Hampstead—an eligible home in the Vale of Health!

Having found the house (in Dorset)—and, strange to relate, one was found very quickly—I stopped the advertisement and wrote politely to the principal agents, telling them that all need for excitement was over: I was suited. But do you think that deterred them? Not a bit. They still went on sending more and more particulars, more and more residences unique, and residences for gentlemen, and residences desirable, and residences old-world (what is an old-world residence?); and then I wrote again and said I really meant it, and gradually the stream dwindled, although there are still little flickers of activity in it, and sometimes two residences will come in in a day, and sometimes only one.

So far so good. The house was mine.

But then the successful agent—the winner of this Marathon—began to get to work. I had never thought of it before, but of course no one can live on house-agency, and he must therefore look around for auxiliary aids. What he does, I gather, is this: he goes to his commercial friends in the town and says, "I have let 'The Fig-trees' at last. A man has been found ass enough to take it. He is coming in soon. His London address is 48, Pickwick Gate." A nod being as good as a wink to a provincial tradesman, they all hurry to their desks and pen painful prose. This prose began to find its way into my postbox very soon after. Mr. Bunch the butcher had heard a rumour (the literary artist!) that I had taken "The Fig-trees," and might he have the honour of serving me? Nothing could equal the excellence of his beef and the succulence of his mutton. Mr. Wishleigh, another butcher (butchers are much the worst) had also heard a rumour, and might he have the privilege of purveying whatever meat it pleased me and mine to devour? Mr. Starcher, however, the third butcher in the town, either doubting his penmanship or believing solely in the personal appeal, took train to London and actually called at Pickwick Gate twice in one day.

Meanwhile were the grocers and greengrocers and bakers of this little Dorset town idle? They were not. They also were laying burdens on our postman's back, and still are. Their letters arrive daily. The result is that when we do move and are settled and visit the little Dorset town we shall be conscious of having broken the hearts of two butchers and several other tradesmen, simply by not going to them. No light matter for sensitive folk.

And that is not all, for on the premises is a gardener with a large family who counted upon being retained and wore himself out in zeal when we went to view the house; but unhappily he cannot stay, because we have a gardener already, and there is another broken heart!

Meanwhile the moving (which is "nothing") and bills for new carpets and such-like trifles are all before me!

Diogenes, lend me thy tub!



"What's that, Bill?"
"Why, you juggins, it's a Bishop."
"Wot's he wear a apron for?"
"'Spose 'e's one o' them Suffragette Bishops."

SOLO E TUTTI.

The end of the Influenza Season being now at hand we are enabled to publish for the first time a remarkable sermon preached by our vicar during the early portion of Lent. That we have not done so before is due to the fact that the state of high tension in the parish in question, occasioned by the weather, has only recently, since the rise in temperature, given place to the usual harmonious relations between vicar and flock.

The vicar, after alluding feelingly to the trying weather we had recently experienced, remarked that it was at such times as these that we learnt to bear with greater kindness and tolerance those infirmities and shortcomings in others which (*cough*)—which often caused us discomfort and annoyance and which (*cough*)—which called for a gentle forbearance on our part (*general coughing*). He would say that perhaps (*burst of coughing*)—he would say again (*lengthy coughing recitative from back of church*)—he would say again—for the third time (*strong bronchial disturbance from old gentleman in front pew*) that at times like these it behoved those who profess Christian principles to carry them into daily practice (*cough, cough, cough*). It required an heroic mind to bear consistently (*coughing duet ending in general chorus*)—he would repeat, to bear (*atishoo!*)—really this was intolerable! (*General coughing.*) He was bound to say there were some things (*burst of sneezing*) which it was indeed hard to put up with. (*Great coughing.*) He would go further and say they ought not to be put up with. (*Spasmodic outbreak amongst choir.*) Indeed he was not going too far (*sneezing contest between two old ladies with coughing accompaniment*) when he said that there were some people (*cough*) who came to church (*atishoo*) with the sole (*cough*)—that was to say they came simply and



SHOW SUNDAY: A TIME-HONOURED CUSTOM.

An eminent R.A. throws open his studio for the annual inspection of Spring Modes.

solely (*cough, atishoo, atishoo, cough*) to annoy the clergyman with an unseemly display of noises (*Mrs. Robinson: tch-tch*)—of noises (*tch-tch*)—really he must request that—er—person (*tch-tch-tch*) with a cold in the head either to sneeze or—— (*Mrs. Robinson, forte, crescendo: At ishoo oo!*). Here he was, trying to inculcate—(*loud and obviously long restrained chorus of barks carrying all before it*). The Collection would be for the (*general bronchial outburst*)—for the Curates' Augmentation Fund.

Dread Nought!

["Lord Crewe at Leicester deprecated panic on the subject of the navy."—*Daily Paper.*

"Buff and blue and Mrs. Crewe."—*Old Whig Toast.*]

"No fleet!" he cried, with scornful lip;
"By all that 's buff and blue,
Why, Winston's there for statesmanship,
And I'm the nucleus Crewe."

"At a wedding at Audlem, near Nantwich, the bridegroom discovered that he had no certificate, and the wedding party waited for two hours while a man galloped a distance of four miles on horseback to procure the necessary document."—*Staffordshire Sentinel.*

Where 's your Pheidippides now?

SPRING DAY BY DAY,

(With sincere compliments in the right quarter.)

April is now with us, the fickle month of smiles and tears. It is exceedingly improbable that anything can now prevent the cuckoo being heard, except by the very deaf. "That 's the wise cuckoo," as the poet said; "he sings his song a hundred times over, until you think he never can recover his self-respect again!"—a fine trope. Shakspeare called the cuckoo the "bird of fear," but Poe preferred the raven to that post: "Bird, if bird thou art, or demon." The bird of freedom is, of course, the sawin, as every reader of *Biglow* knows; but we have no sawins in England. Like the bobolink, they are American.

In April there is a distinct tendency on the part of human beings to change their plumage, and the streets of this dear grey city—"the city of dreadful night," as poor Thomson called it—become more gay. The straw hat tarries till June, and the white waistcoat is not yet conspicuous; but the *genus* man will no doubt go through his wardrobe with some care in a day or two, lured thither by the genial sun ("the orb of day") to see if last year's tweeds are fit for wear this year, or if he must visit the tailor.

Spring of course is not in town what it is in the country. There are, for example, no clods in London, and clods, I can tell you, are devilish useful things when you have to make a quarter of a column of small print about this hackneyed season every day. It adds I do not know what interest to the life of the farm to pull up a clover root and mark in nodules on the roots the massed colonies of such organisms, robbing the air of its gases and giving them to the roots to feed on. But this, of course, you can't do in London. There is, however, no reason why you should not, like M. Zola when in exile here, hunt for hairpins (which I might by a poetical figure call the plovers' eggs of the city; at any rate they are to be found only on the ground). These fall in great profusion at all times of the year, but never with more abandon than in the merry merry spring-time.

Pebbly Tom.

The Best Story of the Week.

"It is much rarer for a woman to marry outside her own class than it is for a man."—*Black and White.*

TO AN OLD BAT.

When Vesper trails her gown of grey
Across the lawns at six or seven,
The diligent observer may
(Or may not) see, athwart the Heaven,
A small marsupial on the wing. Well, that
Is (probably) a Bat . . . .
In any case I shall not sing of that.

O Willow, in our hours of ease
(That is to say, throughout the Winter),
I take you sometimes on my knees,
And, careless of the frequent splinter,
Caress you tenderly, and sigh, and say,
"Ye gods, how long till May?"

So, Willow, now that April 's here
I do not sob for Spring to show its
Pale daffodils and all the dear
Old flowers that keep the minor poets;
I hail it just because a month (about)
Will find You fairly out.

Revered, beloved, O you whose job
Is but to serve throughout the season—
To make, if so it be, the Blob,
And not (thank Heaven!) to ask the reason—
To stand, like Mrs. Hemans' little friend,
Undoubting to the end:

Old Willow, what a tale to tell—
Our steady rise, from small beginnings,
Ab ovo usque—usque—well,
To 84, our highest innings;
(Ah me, that crowded hour of glorious lives—
Ten of them, all from drives!)

Once only have you let me in,
Through all the tonks we 've had together;
That time when, wanting four to win,
I fairly tried to loot the leather—
And lo! a full-faced welt, without the least
Warning, went S.S.E.

A painful scene. In point of fact
I 'm doubtful if I ought to hymn it;
Enough to say you went and cracked,
And left me saying things like "Dimmit"
(And not like "Dimmit"), as I heard Slip call
"Mine!" and he pouched the ball.

Do you remember, too, the game
Last August somewhere down in Dorset,
When, being told to force the same,
We straightway started in to force it . . . .
For half-an-hour or so we saw it through,
And scratched a priceless 2;

Or how the prayer to play for keeps
And hang the runs, we didn't need 'em,
So stirred us we collected heaps
With rather more than usual freedom:
Fifty in fourteen minutes—till a catch
Abruptly closed the match?

* * * * *

What memories! Yet 1909
May find us going even stronger;
So, pouring out the oil and wine,
Let 's sit, and drink, a little longer;
Here 's to a decent average of 10!
(Yours is the oil. Say when . . .)
When Morning on the heels of Night
Picks up her shroud at five and after,
The diffident observer might
(Or might not) see, beneath a rafter,
A small marsupial upside down. Well, that
Is (possibly) a Bat . . .
In any case I have not sung of that. A. A. M.

CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME;

Or, Little Arthur's Road to Knowledge.

(*Little Arthur, aged* 12; *Papa, aged* 48.)

Little Arthur. Papa, did you make a speech at the meeting last night?

Papa. Yes, my boy, I proposed a vote of confidence in Lord Taplow, our new Candidate.

L. A. Do you know Lord Taplow well, Papa?

Papa. No, never saw him before. Fine upstanding young fellow, but nothing of a speaker. No choice of language. However, he 'll learn as he goes along.

L. A. I wish I could have heard you speak, Papa.

Papa. So you shall some day, when you 're a bit older. However, there 's quite a decent report of the meeting in the *Sentinel*. You can read my speech in that. There, that 's the place where I begin, where my thumb is. (*Hands a paper to Little Arthur.*)

L. A. Thank you, Papa. (*He reads.*)

Papa. How do you like it?

L. A. Oh, Papa, I think it splendid. Did you really say all that?

Papa. Yes, and a good deal more too. It 's not a verbatim report.

L. A. No, Papa. May I read out some bits, Papa?

Papa (*flattered*). Certainly, my boy, certainly; read away.

L. A. Here 's a bit, Papa (*reads aloud*):—"In Lord Taplow they had a man whose brilliant career was well known to them. Indeed they might say that they were all on terms of warm personal friendship with Lord Taplow. (*Cheers.*) He himself (*the speaker*) had known Lord Taplow from his boyhood up, and he was proud——" But, Papa!

Papa. Yes, my boy, what is it?

L. A. I thought you told me you never saw Lord Taplow before last night?

Papa. Did I say that?

L. A. Yes, Papa, you did. But in your speech you say you have known him from his boyhood up.

Papa. Oh, of course that 's a—how shall I describe it?—a *façon de parler*.

L. A. What does that mean, Papa? Something that 's not quite true?

Papa. Of course not; of course not. It 's a way of putting things. It 's expected at public meetings. They all knew what I meant—and, besides, I have known quite a lot about Lord Taplow. Don't you remember your mother reading out the account of his wedding a month or two ago?

L. A. Yes, Papa, I remember. Then I suppose if I ever speak at a public meeting I can say that I 've known him from his marriage up. (*He reads again.*) "If there could ever have been any possible doubt as to Lord Taplow's fitness to represent them in the Council-chamber of the nation, his lordship's brilliant and eloquent speech of this evening would have utterly dispelled it. Never in his (*the speaker's*) long experience had he heard political issues dealt with in so admirable a fashion. Nay, he would go further. He could say without fear of contradiction that Lord Taplow's speech was the most statesmanlike anybody in that room had ever listened to. (*Loud applause, Lord Taplow smiling and shaking his head.*)" I say, Papa, isn't that——



Cruel embarrassment of Brown and Jones, who have cut one another dead for some time, and now suddenly find themselves face to face in a crowded tube lift, unable to move hand or foot.

Papa. What's the matter now?

L. A. Well, you told me just now Lord Taplow was nothing of a speaker, and he hadn't got any choice of language.

Papa (*testily*). Well?

L. A. But if his speech was brilliant and eloquent, and the most statesmanlike anybody ever——

Papa. You 'd better hand me back that paper.

L. A. Yes, Papa, in a minute. I suppose it was another *façon de parler*.

Papa (*desperately*). Lord Taplow isn't an orator, of course, but he 's very effective, and that 's a very good test of eloquence and statesmanship.

L. A. Yes, Papa, I suppose so. I say, Papa, do you really hate Mr. Cutts?

Papa. What a ridiculous question! Of course I don't.

L. A. But, Papa, Mr. Cutts is a supporter of the present Government, and you said in your speech yesterday (*reads*):—"Of all the despicable Governments that had disgraced this country the present Government were the most despicable. By their conduct in pandering to extreme Socialism and in weakening the naval forces of the Kingdom they had incurred the contempt of every honest man. They and their supporters ought to be branded as traitors to their King and country." That sounds splendid, Papa; but if Mr. Cutts is a traitor, oughtn't he to have his head chopped off? Oughtn't we to tell the police about him?

Papa. You mustn't be so literal, my boy.

L. A. No, Papa; but if he 's a traitor——

Papa. That 'll do. You can go now.

The Journalistic Touch.

"The Liverpool 'Echo' has now a position which is quite unique, having a larger number of advertisements than any other evening paper in Great Britain."—*Liverpool Echo.*

But you can fill "a position which is quite unique" much more easily by having a smaller number of advertisements than any other evening paper in Great Britain.

A New Thing in Loopholes.

"The Government's view, I understand, is that there is still a loophole for negotiations with Germany in regard to a modification of the respective naval programmes of the two countries, and that to announce definitely that they were going to lay down the eight Dreadnoughts within the coming twelve months would be to close that loophole with a bang."—*Irish Times.*

"From the middle of November to February 3 the party had only two meals, including that on Christmas Day."—*Glasgow Herald.*

And then, according to another paper, they "found a *crèche*." We cannot bear to dwell on the picture.

Under the heading "The Weary Titian's Sons," *The Toronto Globe* prints a stirring article on the duties of Empire. From the reference to Titian it seems that Canada at any rate does not intend to cut the painter.

"In the semi-final round for the 'Arthur Dunn' Memorial Cup, Old Malvernians, for the first time, defeated Old Malvernians (the holders of the trophy)."—*Westminster Gazette.*

We hope the vanquished will hand over the cup with a good grace.



The Professor (deliberately). "——— !!!! *And—I—don't—apologise!*"

CELEBRITIES OF THE RAILWAY WORLD.

I.

Ben Kirby lives in a little house with one window and sells cardboard. He deals in three colours, never varies the size of the piece, and has 4,532 variations of price. A personal friend of his, also in the business, has composed a little poem on a collateral subject, indifferent perhaps in point of rhyme, but striking in metre:—

Save Money,
Avoid Delay,
Buy
Strip Tickets.

Unfortunately the composer of those lines practises on a tube railway, and those tube fellows will, as Ben Kirby rightly remarks, say anything.

"Good morning, Ben," said I. "Have you any cardboard?"

"Where do you want to go to?" he asked irrelevantly.

"I don't want to seem rude," I answered, "but surely that is my business. What have you got?"

"Red, white and green," he answered more sensibly.

"I will have eighteen-pennyworth of the green," I said.

II.

Harold Perks makes his living by opening and shutting gates. He too is not uninterested in cardboard.

"Good morning, Harold," I said.

"May I have a look at it?" he asked.

"Certainly," I replied. "The date is 5 Ap 09, and none of the companies on whose steamboats, trains, coaches, carriages, wheelbarrows or carts I travel cares what becomes of me *en route*. So says my little piece of cardboard, issued subject to all those conditions, regulations and bye-laws of which you wot. It is one-and-sixpence parly. I don't know what 'parly' may mean, but have a bit."

Harold produced his cigar-cutter and helped himself to the bit with the one-and-sixpence on it.

III.

Percy Tibbits does not live anywhere. He merely travels, and that not commercially but for the fun of the thing. He called on me at Blimy Junction, ostensibly out of politeness, but really to satisfy his lust for cardboard.

"Good morning, Percy," I said. "Have some ticket? Harold has snipped the best bit, but help yourself."

"Green, my dear fellow?" he cried. "But you are sitting in an armchair."

"Yes, a first-class armchair."

"That is the sad part. You ought to have a white piece of cardboard," he said.

"Snob," I replied.

I gave him one-and-fourpence.

He gave me a piece of paper with his autograph on it.

IV.

Teddy Shaw has a little place all to himself in the country, which (being, I suppose, a Colonial) he calls Five Ashes Station. He blows whistles, lights lamps, and waves his arms about. His favourite occupation is boxing. Sometimes he portmanteaus, is not above a milk-can now and then, but in no circumstances will be have anything to do with packages containing gunpowder, nitro-glycerine, or any explosive of what kind, nature or sort soever. Incidentally he collects cardboard, paper, money and anything he can get hold of.

"Thank you," he said, meaning that he wanted the rest of my bit of cardboard.

"Thank you," I answered, meaning that he was welcome to it and to my bit of paper as well.

"Thank you," he added, meaning, I take it, nothing in particular.

V.

Herbert Watson lives in a box and pulls signals. He does not sell, inspect or collect cardboard. As a result of the foregoing, I have never met him, and I don't much mind if I never do.



MIGHT IS RIGHT.

A STUDY IN INTERNATIONAL CHIVALRY.

Germany (*to* Russia). "I AM SURE YOU WILL FIND MY ARGUMENTS IRRESISTIBLE—IN YOUR PRESENT CONDITION."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.



H.M.S. *Inoffensive* (sister ships—H.M.S. *Innocuous*, *Abject*, and *Unobtrusive*—*not* to be built).

A Design for a *Dreadnought* to be presented to the nation by the Labour Party and a few other equally ardent patriots.

House of Commons, Monday, March 29.—Save for bare rows of benches in Strangers' Galleries, every seat occupied when that Marine of politics, Arthur Lee, formerly of the Army, of late the Navy, his motto *Per mare per terras*, rose to move Vote of Censure upon Government inasmuch as their provision of battleships of the newest type does not sufficiently secure safety of the Empire. Peers flocked down early to secure places. From Diplomatic Gallery the world looked on in persons of Foreign Ministers. One notable absentee. America was there; Austria-Hungary, Japan, Portugal, Greece, Norway, and eke Sweden were represented. Germany modestly held aloof.

Except when Grey was speaking, and later when Premier and Prince Arthur had wrestling bout, proceedings were, considering their importance, curiously dull. Fact is, they partook of character of anti-climax. The real sensation was created a fortnight ago when Navy Estimates were introduced, when Prince Arthur made grave protest against insufficiency of shipbuilding programme, when Premier, in speech obviously directed to recalcitrant friends below Gangway, admitted and enforced gravity of situation. House of Commons can never be twice wound up to pitch of excitement when same key is used. What it wanted to hear to-night was what might be said by Foreign Secretary, Premier, and Prince Arthur, above all the Foreign Secretary. For the rest, hon. Members, voicing personally their views and opinions, might as well have stayed at home delighting and instructing the family circle.

At one moment desolate appearance of benches suggested a count. This was tried; but it would never do for momentous debate involving life of Ministry and safety of Empire to conclude in that ignominious fashion. Accordingly Members at dinner or wiling away the time elsewhere rushed in and saved the situation.

This happened after Edward Grey had delivered a fine speech, stately in diction, statesmanlike in substance. As twice a day the Severn fills, so, just before ten o'clock, when news went round that Asquith was up, the stream poured in again. Once more was presented the impressive scene of benches thronged with men intently listening. Premier, above all things a practical business man, recognised absence of necessity for making long, elaborate speech. Had his turn a fortnight ago. Dexterously took second innings last Monday when, unexpectedly nipping in on Naval Estimates, he re-stated case of the Government with surpassing clarity and force. Now, with reiterated complimentary reference to Edward Grey's speech, he, like a statesman of earlier birth, was content to "say ditto to Mr. Burke."

Only once roused himself above level of conversational tone. This in concluding passage, when he warmly protested against the obvious implication underlying Vote of Censure, that, though Ministers had given definite pledges of intention with respect to naval programme, the Opposition "distrust either our intelligence or our good faith."

Prince Arthur, as usual when dealing with a case bristling with facts and figures, was at his worst. Said nothing more about the four phantom ships discovered in his speech a fortnight ago, which brought up Germany's force of battleships in 1912 to 21. Have doubtless foundered on Dogger Bank, that mystic mirage-haunted speck of Northern Sea. Made his way painfully through intricacies of figures, growing increasingly irritable when corrected.

On stroke of eleven he sat down. House cleared for a division. Members, having saved (or failed to save) the State, hurriedly passed through Division Lobby into Palace Yard, hoping to be in first flight for cabs. Comparatively few stayed to hear particulars of foregone conclusion in Division Lobbies.



"Soldier and sailor too."—*Kipling.*
(Mr. Arthur Lee.)

Business done—Vote of Censure negatived by 353 votes against 135.

Tuesday.—Another Irish Land Bill. What is its number in the ascending scale? No one quite certain. Seems that since, forty years ago, the game started we have had one, if not every year, certainly with each successive Ministry. The latest is designed to amend Act passed by last Government when George Wyndham was Secretary. Time was when introduction and progress of an Irish Land Bill used to fill House with stormy crowd. To-day Chief Secretary talks to benches along which are many gaps.

Otherwise matters much as usual. The more Irish Land Bills change, the more they are the same thing. Faithful Ministerialists support Government of the day, whatever its denomination be. Gentlemen from Ulster cry aloud against fresh spoliation. Nationalists give grudging consent to Second Reading, with avowed determination of seeing how much more money they will be able to wring out of the Exchequer in Committee. And after all Ireland remains the same dear distressful country it ever was.

Business done.—Second Reading of latest Irish Land Bill moved.

Wednesday.—Ordered business of day just got into stride when there were strange doings at the door. Messenger hurriedly entered; whispered something in ear of Sergeant-at-Arms seated on Cross Bench. With air of quiet determination flushing a countenance habitually resolute, the one man armed in House of Commons quitted his seat and strode to the door opening on to the Lobby. Peering forth, he, unlike *Sister Anne*, at once saw somebody coming; with great presence of mind closed and locked the heavy portal. Then was heard a timid knocking. Peeping through a latticed opening in the door the Sergeant-at-Arms seemed satisfied with his survey. He unlocked and opened the door.

Entered a figure strangely garbed. The door-keeper, advancing to the Bar, broke in upon the speech of the Minister on his legs with the cry, "Black Rod!" St. Augustine (it happened to be he), stopping midway in a sentence, suddenly dropped into his seat as if he were an Irish Landlord in proximity of a hedge with the gleam of a gun-barrel behind it. The figure in black coat, breeches and stockings, carrying an ebony stick tipped with golden crown, made solemn advance up the floor, halting midway to make obeisance to the Chair. With these preliminaries he delivered his message, bidding the Commons repair to the House of Lords to hear the assent to certain Bills given by Royal Commission.

The Speaker stepped down in wig and gown, and, escorted by the now unruffled Sergeant-at-Arms with Mace on his shoulder, obeyed the summons. When he returned, passing to the Chair through upstanding ranks of Members, he communicated to the House the nature of the business transacted in his absence.



"Stately in diction, statesmanlike in substance."
(A sketch of Sir Edward Grey. Monday, March 29.)

This was St. Augustine's cue. Returning to the Table, he picked up the sentence broken by entry of Black Rod, completed it, and went on as if there had not happened what is equivalent to the seventeenth century momentarily popping in on the twentieth and dislocating its prosaic business.

Business done.—Irish Land Bill read second time.

Thursday.—General Napoleon B. Haldane unusually reserved of late. Answers Mangnall's Questions with refreshing taciturnity; has volunteered no further explanation of recent growth of Territorial army. Fact is even his indomitably massive mind, Atlas that lightly bears aloft what to others would be crushing weight of thought, is temporarily depressed by problem submitted by that veteran George Gibbs, Major of North Somerset Imperial Yeomanry.

Suddenly, *à propos de bottes*, G. G. posed Secretary of State with enquiry "whether he will consider the advisability of substituting a flannel shirt for the shaving appliances carried in the knapsack."

At first sight suggestion seems absurd.



"I want Eight,
And I won't wait."

It is rumoured that some people just a leettle bit lost their heads at Croydon.
(Sir R. Hermon-Hodge.)



("At Ampthill, in Bedfordshire, may be seen the unusual sight of a small flock of llamas, which have been trained to the saddle by Mr. W. . . . . Mr. W. also keeps a flock of ostriches, some being ridden by his men without saddle or bridle."—*Daily Paper.*)

THE IDEA SEEMS TO *MR. PUNCH* TO BE CAPABLE OF CONSIDERABLE DEVELOPMENT, WHICH SHOULD BE OF GREAT INTEREST TO SPORTSMEN. HEREIN ALSO MAY BE THE SOLUTION OF THE PROBLEM OF THE SCARCITY OF HORSES. WAR OFFICE, PLEASE NOTE.

No man could shave himself with a flannel shirt. Then why suggest the substitution? N. B. HALDANE happily a statesman of broad ideas. Not disposed lightly to set aside a suggestion concerning comfort of battalions on the march because it looks impracticable. Is thinking the matter over. Regrets that when, the other day, he placed in the tea-room two foot-soldiers diversely dressed so that Members might satisfy themselves of the desirability of proposed sartorial alteration, he did not, so to speak, kill two birds with one stone. At stated intervals the men might, under direction of Major GIBBS, have experimented in direction of demonstrating to what extent (if any) a flannel shirt may be substituted for a razor.

Too late now. The matter will come up again after Easter.

Business done.—Indian Councils Bill read a second time.

From the notices of the Minister of a Congregational Church near Manchester:—

"March 21st. *Subject:* 'Looking forward.' March 28th. *Subject:* 'Never again.'"

A saddening example of the triumph of experience over hope.

A CHESS-MATCH.

SHE had moved into Lauredtine Villa, I was informed, on New Year's Day. Not knowing what the lady was like, I moved into the attached villa at Lady-day.

On that same day she followed with a move down the garden path into the road, a music-case in her hand and a Merry Widow hat upon her head.

I moved a kitchen chair and the dining-room clock to let her pass.

The game was renewed the next day. I was sitting on the bare floor of the drawing-room, when I heard the third movement of a Beethoven sonata very plainly from her side of the wall. I knew then that it was my turn once more; and as she appeared to be a very strong player, reckless in attack, I felt that my only chance of winning lay in a bold effort. I therefore promptly moved in a packing-case and proceeded to hammer it open.

The game continued briskly, and eventually I consulted my landlord.

"No, I can't thicken the wall," he said. "An Englishman's semi-detached house is his semi-detached castle, you know, Mr. Smith. I'm afraid we can't interfere," he added brightly.

I could not take her castle, and I didn't see my way to move my rook.

A few days later she brought in her young man to sing "*I fear no Foe*" and "*Because.*" This was a master-stroke with her knight that I had not reckoned upon; I replied with my other neighbour's dog, borrowed for the occasion. However, I could not so much as check her; and obviously my prospects of mating her were very poor. Yet I knew of a little house on the other side of London that would have suited them splendidly.

These prolonged games are exhausting, and I resolved last week to make a final attempt to compel her to retire. She had been playing very strongly, and I was sick of it. So I went up to Brinsbroad's and asked to see their stoutest pianos.

"Overstrung?" asked the manager. "Yes," I replied; "but how did you know?" He said I had misunderstood, and proceeded to show me an instrument with what he called a front escapement check-action.

"Check-action? Good!" I said. "If you have one with a check-mate action, so much the better."

The piano came yesterday.

Ha, ha! It is now *my* move. Lover of music though I am, I do not play well. I have put it quite near the wall.

I feel that I am in a very strong position.

WANT PLACES.

DUKE, out of place, open to engagement on staff of sound Unionist organ. Speciality—caustic criticism of cousins in office.—Address, CRUSHED STRAWBERRY, Poste Restante, Woodstock.

EMINENT STATESMAN, young, hardworking, versatile, flexible fiscalist, anxious to secure engagement as PREMIER or FOREIGN SECRETARY. Testimonials from all Parties.—Apply Box 2468, Board of Trade.

CABINET MINISTER, genial, general favourite, finding Home climate rather trying, would exchange present post for first-rate Ambassadorship or Viceroyalty.—Address, Box 2D, Littlestone Mansions, E.C.

FAMOUS NOVELIST AND PLAYWRIGHT, anxious for new worlds to conquer, would accept first-class Colonial Governorship. Has had experience of entertaining Royalties. No objection to the Order of Merit or G.C.M.G.—Address, H. C., Isle of Heinemann.

ACTOR-MANAGER, weary of flying *matinées* and the squalor of Bohemianism, wishes to negotiate for safe seat in Parliament, with good prospect of baronetcy. Views moderate, elocution sound, wardrobe unimpeachable.—Address, PELLÆUS JUVENIS, c/o Clothes-Press Agency, S.W.

MILLIONAIRE, with three handsome daughters, seeks place as Father-in-law to Dukes, Earls, or prospective Premiers. Widower; no poor relations; aspirates above reproach.—Apply STONEY & Co., Brokers, Mincing Lane, E.C.

BARRISTER, painstaking, ambitious, obsequious, accepted candidate for safe seat; will abandon promising political career if it is made worth his while by the Party in power. Would make excellent Judge.—Address, K.C., c/o WYRE, PULLAR & Co., 551, Old Bailey.

POLITICIAN, of undecided views, with no prejudices, prepared to contribute £50,000 to Party funds. What offers?—Address, PATRIOT, c/o SWITHERS AND BALLANCE, Fencing Lane, E.C.

FRENCH ARTIST requires very badly sittings from Sir EDWARD GREY, to correct his recent "impression" of that statesman.—Apply, N. D., *Daily Chronicle*.

"I Don't Think."

Yet one more quotation (this time a popular slang phrase) has been discovered in *Hamlet*:—

Laertes. My lord, I'll hit him now.
King. I do not think 't.

ACT V., SCENE 2.

AT THE PLAY.

"BEVIS."

Bevis is, after all, not a new Ox Extract, but a young Marquis who is going to marry Beer. His personal motives are not purely mercenary; he really likes the girl; but his field of selection, which otherwise would have had no bounds, has been conditioned by the pecuniary needs of his house. His mother, on the other hand, is cynically frank on the subject of marriage settlements; and there is also a stray uncle who sees his way to some pickings; and a middlewoman who has brought the young couple together and wants what she calls "recognition." The girl gets wind of these schemes and shows spirit enough to break off the engagement. This rouses the boy from his complacent lethargy, and puts him on what he thinks is his mettle. He will



NOT LOST BUT GONE BEFORE.

Rachel Hopkins (Miss Madge Titheradge) weeps over the cap of *Bevis, Marquis of Bewdley* (Mr. A. E. Matthews), whom she imagines to be drowned.

start courting the girl over again, but this time on her merits. He induces the middlewoman to get up a week-end party and throw the girl and her father in contact with his own strained relations. Follows a scene of mutual embarrassment, quite awful in its tension; but the girl is eventually persuaded to give in by her father, who has no idea of losing a good thing, and only bucks at being asked to pension the uncle, who, unlike the middlewoman, has done no "work" for him. It is now the boy's turn to decline an arrangement that offends his *amour propre*. Nothing heroic, however, ensues. He does not migrate to another continent (though the names of several occur to him), where he might prove himself to be a man as well as a marquis. A conventional episode, on the borderland between farce and melodrama, brings the two together, and all ends happily and tamely on an undertone of sentiment.

A quiet vein of very fresh and attractive wit runs through the passages which illustrate the main theme; while a subordinate affair of hearts between the uncle and the middlewoman, pushed perhaps a little too much into the foreground, supplies the kind of humour which is known as "rich."

Mr. MATTHEWS, as the pleasant half-fledged youth, was of course admirably in his element, and at times he pulled himself together and assumed an air of martial resolution; but he failed to put much heart into his serious wooing. Miss MADGE TITHERADGE, in the trying part of the heiress, showed a nice maidenly dignity, but lacked the wings of impulse. Miss LOTTIE VENNE, as *Mrs. Pym*, matchmaker, was superb. It was nothing to her that this was supposed to be a comedy; she was out for farce, and meant to enjoy herself. On the other hand, Miss WATSON, who played the mother of the Marquis, kept well in the picture; and my only complaint is that she was a little apodeictic (if Mr. WALKLEY will permit me) with her hands. Finally Mr. LOWNE, as the uncle, and Mr. FRANCE, as the brewing magnate, did excellently what was asked of them. Indeed the whole cast was beyond praise, and so was the management, except perhaps in the second scene. Here the embarrassment on the stage almost communicated itself to the house, so stickily was it presented.

My best compliments to Mr. HUBERT DAVIES, and I hope he may never again have in the audience the large man who sat two rows behind me on the first night and barked with so boisterous an hilarity that nobody else in the neighbourhood could hear himself laugh.

O. S.

A CONFESSION.

[To build an unlimited number of *Dreadnoughts* requires money; that money must be provided by the Government from its exchequer; that exchequer must be replenished by taxes. The Poet feels confident that, at this moment of universal patriotism, he is unique in the atrocious attitude to which he hereby confesses.]

I MUST admit that I am not
By any means a patriot.

I sometimes used to think I was,
But now I know I 'm not because

Though I 'm prepared to shout and rave,
"Let Britons really rule the wave!"

Though I have sat and scratched my head
And written to *The Times* and said:—
"What is the use of all this fussin'?
When they build one, let's build a dozen"

(When I am writing to *The Times*
I 'm rather reckless with my rhymes);

"Expense be blowed; let 's cut a dash.
Why stint the fleet to save the cash?"



Mother. "Well, darling, what have you learnt, and how do you like school?"
Tommy. "Oh, Mater, the boys call each other fools and idiots and asses—it 's just rippin' !"

I somehow find I'm most unwilling
To give the Treasury a shilling.

In fact, I'm on at D. L.-George
To try and get him to disgorge

(Nay, make him, if he can be made)
What little income-tax I 've paid.

I'm bound to own that that is not
The way to be a patriot.

A GOLF DEGREE.

A University of Bull-fighting (says *The Express* of March 30) has been established at Bilbao, and will open its doors on July 1. The new University will grant two degrees—licentiate and doctor of tauromachy, and lectures will be given on the history of bull-fighting, the classic and romantic schools, the anatomy of the bull and of the horse, the study of arms and the biographies of great *toreros*.

We understand that the University of St. Andrews will shortly follow suit, and devote itself entirely to the æsthetic and practical aspects of golphomachy. The Professors are to be elevated to Professionals, taking seniority according to their handicap. The course for students at this Royal and Ancient Academy of Learning will be a daily round of eighteen holes, with the usual penalties for the Swilcan Burn, the Eden, and the Station-master's Garden. Medals will be granted for proficiency, and the "honours" awarded from time to time to the side that gains a hole. The examinee with fewest marks shall head the list, and those who are duly qualified in the championship will be awarded the degree of B.A., that is to say, Bunkers Avoided; while candidates who fail will be "gulphed."

By this patriotic action of the Scottish Alma Mater it is confidently expected that the Art and Science of Golf will take its proper place among the humanities.

The Truth about the Sexes.

In its half-column of "Notable Sayings of To day," *The Westminster Gazette* quotes Mr. Austen Chamberlain as remarking, "Men are men, and women are women." Which, as the song says, nobody can deny. The marvel is that the circumstance (apparently) was never before noticed, and might now have been overlooked had not the eagle glance of *The Westminster*, in search of striking sayings, fallen upon this exposure of it.

"For sale, a quiet pony, sound, good feet and legs, 12 hands."

The extremities, however, are not everything.

WOMAN'S FRANCHISE.

["The latest mode demands that the waist must measure its natural circumference, and must be twenty-four inches, at least."—*Fashion Column, Daily Paper.*]

At Fashion's edict, stern and brief—
"The waist must be compressed no more"—
A suspiration of relief
Goes up from shore to shore.

Behold the triumph of the plump!
Her ample symmetry she hastes
To blazon boldly, while a slump
Occurs in willow waists.

For "twenty-four" is *chic*, no less;
And maids too slender by an inch
To save themselves from dowdiness
Will have to pad, not pinch.

While multitudes of cords and bands
And tapes, uncomfortably tense,
Spring looser now the mode demands
A wide circumference.

Man gives the fashion his support
With approbation deep and strong,
For tempers will not be so short
Nor doctors' bills so long.

In fact, the female form divine
Once more will transiently reign,
Now Paris follows nature's line
And ladies breathe again.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I have long had a suspicion that Selwyn was one of the frauds of the eighteenth century. After reading Mr. Parnell Kerr's *George Selwyn and the Wits* (Methuen) the impression is confirmed. Horace Walpole did much to create a phantom reputation for him. His Letters are full of references to his friend and citation of his good things, which, such as they are, probably owe much to the polish of the recorder. Thackeray, steeped in the lore and gossip of the time, drags Selwyn into the company of *Henry Esmond Warrington*, who meets him at White's Club. Mr. Kerr destroys his hero's last hope of justification as a wit by compiling a chapter presumably recording his choicest productions. Here is a sample, not better or worse than the bulk, but selected by reason of its attractive brevity: "One night at White's, observing the Postmaster-General, Sir Everard Fawkner, losing a large sum of money at picquet, Selwyn, pointing to the successful player, remarked, 'See how he is robbing the mail.'" And this, reverently circulated at the time, is remembered and handed on over a century and a half!

Selwyn was sent down from Oxford for a blasphemous escapade unredeemed by flash of humour. He lived partly upon his father, partly upon the State, which bestowed small pensions for sinecure offices. There is no record that he earned an honest penny in his life. Two illusions are connected with his individuality. By one he is labelled a wit; by the second he is described as an habitual attendant at public executions. Mr. Kerr disposes of both, more completely of the first. Incidentally he gives some vivid peeps at social life in London when White's was the hub of the aristocratic universe.



The Youth. "Oh, the cloak of invisibility! Just the thing I want for my adventure. May I try it on?"

The Dealer in Magic. "Young man, for goods of *this* description we always require payment *in advance*."

Colonel Marwood's trouble was that there was another man in England who looked exactly like him. If this happened to you or me we should be inclined to say that it was the other man's trouble, and if ever we met him to offer our sympathies. But the Colonel was a Tory Member of Parliament, and so it really was annoying for him when his double went down to his constituency and advocated Disestablishment, Free Trade, and the Taxation of Land Values. Naturally the Confederates began to strop their daggers. In the circumstances the only thing for the hon. and gallant Member to do was to trot down to Great Baggerton the next afternoon, and repudiate the speech; whereupon late that night the double turned up in the House and repudiated the repudiation. But the double had even better jokes in hand. He gave the whole of the Colonel's *employés* (The Co-operative Household Stores, Ltd.) a holiday to celebrate the birth of a son to him. *Marwood* and his wife heard nothing of this till later, when at a mass meeting of the men the middle-aged couple were solemnly presented with a christening-bowl. Imagine the lady's horror. You will find these truthful narrations and others in *The Troubles of Colonel Marwood* (F. V. White). Unfortunately Mr. A. C. Fox-Davies has hardly done justice throughout to his happy idea. Melodrama, rather than comedy, is his medium, and he does not seem quite at his ease in a book of this kind.

When I saw Mr. Arthur Morrison's name on the cover of *Green Ginger* (Hutchinson) I expected the book to contain some powerful, gloomy stories of Shoreditch slums and Essex villages; but I was wrong. Essex and the slums are there, it is true, but they form the background of farce, instead of tragedy. The change is welcome, since writers of good farce, and Mr. Morrison is one of them, are far to seek. Special gratitude is due to him not only for creating laughable situations, but for allowing the curtain to fall upon them at precisely the right moment. "Mr. Bostock's Backsliding" and "A Lucifo Match" left me chuckling both at what is told and also at the ludicrous events which must inevitably follow. Mr. Morrison has invented some most amusing and plausible rascals, and has watched over them so carefully that their little games are not interrupted by the attentions of inquisitive policemen. *Bill Wragg*, indeed, who "began business in the parrot line with a capital of nothing and no parrots," had more good luck in a few hours than comes to most people in a lifetime. As a digestive, to be taken in small quantities after dinner, I cordially recommend *Green Ginger*.

Eyre Hussey's *Polly Winford* (from Longmans, Green & Co.)
Is not exactly galloping and not exactly slow;
It 's neither poor nor excellent, discursive nor compact;
It 's not exactly anything, and that 's about the fact.

It deals, of course, with hunting folk—Eyre Hussey's novels do—
Delightfully conceived, at just a passing glance or two,
But subsequent acquaintance shows that almost every one
Is just a little raw or else a little overdone.

There are, besides the folk who hunt, a number who do not,
And those who do and those who don't are mixed to make the plot,
With garnishings of sense and fun artistically placed,
But just too much coincidence to suit a seasoned taste.

But still the tale is readable, and doubtless not a few
Who fancied Hussey's former books will also like the new;
And I am only sorry that the fourth should still be curst
With the failings of the third one, and the second, and the first.

The following Book Review has appeared in the Agony Column of *The Times*:—

"In absence and silence, we keep the watch on Rhine;
Woe worth the latest book, one fired down the line! M. A. D."

The critic does well to be reticent about the names both of the book and its author, for the tone of his review is very bitter.

CHARIVARIA.

THE ex-Crown Prince GEORGE has declared that he "belongs to Servia." We had no idea that there was any competition for him.

***

Placards have been posted throughout the Krupp works at Essen denying the report that there had been dissensions between the owner of the works and her husband. We understand that the employees are to be kept fully informed in this respect, as by notifications of the following kind:—

In order to prevent exaggerated reports, I wish it to be known that my wife and myself had a few words to-day on the Latchkey Question, but the matter has now been arranged

(Signed) KRUPP VON BOHLEN UND HALBACH.

***

There seems no limit to the spread of the strike movement in Paris. With reference to the new post-office which has been erected on the site of the Maison Dorée, we are told that even the decorations are striking.

***

"The Admiralty," we read, "have acquired the new steam trawler *Nunthorpe Hall* from Smith's Dock Company, North Shields, and two trawlers which are now under construction in other districts. The purpose of the acquisition is not known." Is it, we wonder, an attempt at a compromise on the *Dreadnought* question?

***

The Army Bill which provides for the billeting of soldiers on private householders, if it has not been well received by all sections of HIS MAJESTY'S subjects, has at least enjoyed the marked approval of cooks, housemaids, and nurses.

***

The Thames steamboat *Gibbon* is to be sold by the L.C.C. for £1,000. She should now be re-named *Gibbon's Decline and Fall*.

***

An aeroplane with which the designer was experimenting at Wivenhoe sank in the river Colne, but was recovered, and may shortly be placed on the market as a submarine.

***

The Railway Companies are beginning to realise that they must leave no stone unturned in order to attract the attention of the Public to the advantages of their method of locomotion. For example, a model of the first-class carriage in a compartment of which Mr. BRIGGS, an elderly bank clerk, was murdered on July 9, 1864, is to be exhibited at Euston Station.

***

A case of great hardship arising out of the hide-bound administration of our prisons has been brought to our notice. Among a recent batch of prisoners was one who was wearing a valuable wig. *The wig was cropped close by the prison barber*, and naturalists say it will never grow again. A question, we understand, is to be asked on the subject in Parliament.



MR. PUNCH'S SPECIAL MOTOR-CARS.

V.—FOR DETECTIVES.

"The Banana's New Footing" was the title of a paragraph in *The Pall Mall Gazette*. This looks as if a want is going to be supplied, for hitherto anyone stepping on a banana has found the existing footing most unsatisfactory.

***

Mrs. CATT, of New York, the President of the International Suffrage Alliance, has been touring Europe, and was, we are told, "lionised in Berlin." Should not the word be "tigerised"?

***

A visitor to the Esperanto Concert which was given last week informs us that, though he was ignorant of Esperanto, he found the *artistes* no less intelligible than the average singer of English.

***

Says "Observator" in *The Observer*:—"A boy of twelve has had a picture accepted for the exhibition of the Society of French Artists. Why do we hear so much of musical prodigies, and so little of artistic prodigies?" The reason, Observator, is that the musical prodigies make more noise.

***

"Mr. ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE celebrated his seventy-second birthday on the 5th inst.," we are informed. It seems rather hard that in this year of public "anniversaries" he should have had to do it himself.

***

The past week was a notable one in the Parrot World. At Ardleigh, Essex, some burglars who had entered a house were frightened away by a talking parrot, and at Norwich a new vicar was appointed by means of a poll.

An Anti-Female Suffrage writer points out that, while women have many periodicals for their exclusive use, men have none. To remedy this a companion production to *Mother and Home* is about to be issued. It will be entitled *Father and the Public House*.

"Required to purchase, a white elephant, within reasonable radius of London, with about 20 acres. Must be cheap, as required for institu ion."

As a rule white elephants "are cheap to-day." In the language of the Ring they are more frequently offered than taken. The stipulation that the one here sought must, so to speak, belong to the landed gentry class may, however, put up the price.

"The trappings and howdah of their Excellencies' elephant, which came at the end of the procession, also included squadrons of the 25th Cavalry and trumpeters, the Inspector-General of Police, the vice-president of the Municipal Committee, a mounted battery of the Royal Field Artillery, and a detachment of Punjab Light Horse."—*Daily Mail*.

A clear case of overcrowding and cruelty to elephant.

The Gods and some Mortals.

Extract from a letter addressed by the President of the Manchester United F. C. (*Hats off, please*) to the Secretary of the Sheffield United F. C.

"I cannot help but feel that great pains had been taken in seeing to the comfort of everyone, from myself and directors, down to the humble spectator."

SHOUTING FOR A TAX ON NOISE.

[Mr. Runciman has been stumping the country and breathing revenge against those who urge the Government to guarantee our naval security. At Wolverhampton he threatened them with Budget reprisals, suggesting, in a passage itself not too subdued in tone, the "new principle," that "He who shouts the loudest pays most." Later, at Newcastle, he is reported by *The Chronicle* to have said: "We know where wealth lies . . . and when the time comes round for the Budget I hope the patriots won't squeal."]

How ever will you do it, David Lloyd?
How tell our natures each from each and say,
"This is a patriot: he shall fill my void;
And this is not: and so he needn't pay"?
How will you know just where to gorge?
I can't imagine, Mr. George.

The simple test of Party scarcely serves,
For there are Liberals who want a Fleet;
Nor can you judge by noise that jars the nerves,
For there are patriots who restrain their heat,
Who do not shout till they are sore,
But, like the parrot, think the more.

And if you go by noise do you propose
To plant a taximeter on our tongues?
Or, with a wind-gauge lashed beneath our nose,
Check off the volume issuing from the lungs,
And charge upon a sliding scale
From zephyrs up to half-a-gale?

The principle is fairly sound, I own,
If not confined to those who shout for ships;
I'd love to see a Treasury metrophone
Instantly clapped on any noisy lips;
I loathe your kind that talk too loud—
Even a Little-Navy crowd.

So, Sir, if you would really have on toast
The ranter and the roarer; if your game
Is "He who shouts the loudest pays the most,"—
For a beginning I would wish to name
(Mention a likelier, if you can)
The rather raucous Runciman.

O. S.

CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME;

Or, Little Arthur's Road to Knowledge.

(*Little Arthur, aged* 12; *his sister Mabel, aged* 18.)

Mabel (*reading a letter*). Well, I'm——

Little Arthur. What's the matter, Mabs?

Mabel. Oh, nothing. Only a letter from Helen Vincent to say she's engaged; and she's going to be married in a month; and it's to Ronald Knight; and he's the noblest and best in the world; and will I be a bridesmaid? and don't I think she's a lucky girl?

L. A. Oh, Mabs, isn't that jolly?

Mabel. Jolly? I don't see anything particularly jolly about it.

L. A. Why not, Mabs?

Mabel. Well, to begin with, there's our Hockey Team. She doesn't say a word about that; and how I'm to fill her place I don't know.

L. A. I see, Mabs. What a pity she didn't think of that.

Mabel. Yes, that's always the way with these sentimental girls. You can never get them to think seriously of important things.

L. A. But, Mabs.

Mabel. Yes, Arthur; what is it?

L. A. Is Hockey so frightfully important?

Mabel. Of course it is. We want to show that we're just as capable of taking part in sports as men. It's part of our Cause, you know.

L. A. Mamma never played Hockey, did she?

Mabel (*shortly*). No.

L. A. Ah, I thought not, because I heard her say the other day that she didn't know what girls were coming to nowadays; they thought of nothing but games, and games made them rude and mannish, and she was sure nice men didn't like that kind of thing. She said a lot more, but I can't remember it all.

Mabel. I've often told you, Arthur, that Mamma's a little old-fashioned in these things—and, besides, who cares what men think?

L. A. But, Mabs, don't girls want nice men to like them?

Mabel. We don't see why we should go out of our way to cringe for their liking. Girls have got their own lives to live, and they mean to do it.

L. A. I remember Helen Vincent said exactly those words not so very long ago.

Mabel. Yes, I know; she was very determined about it. We often talked it over together.

L. A. And now she's gone and promised to marry Mr. Knight. I say, Mabs.

Mabel. Yes, dear.

L. A. Won't she have to live Mr. Knight's life a good deal when she's married? Won't she have to live where he wants her to, and do things he asks? Isn't that it?

Mabel. Yes; and that makes it all the more annoying. She's one of the worst backsliders I ever heard of.

L. A. Don't you like men, Mabs?

Mabel. Don't ask silly questions.

L. A. But you'll never marry one, will you, Mabs? You'll be an old maid all your life, beginning from now, won't you?

Mabel. Isn't it your tea-time?

L. A. I've had my tea, Mabs. I wish you'd tell me if you mean to be an old maid.

Mabel. Why, you silly little boy, of course I don't.

L. A. But then you'll have to marry some one, Mabs; and if you marry some one you can't live your own life, you know; and, oh, Mabs——

Mabel. What's up now?

L. A. Mabs, you'll be a backslider, and I don't want you to be that. Please, please don't be a backslider.

Mabel (*with dignity*). You may be quite sure that I shall know how to go straight on. I shall never marry anyone who won't agree——

L. A. But that's what Helen Vincent said. Do you think Mr. Knight agreed to things?

Mabel. No, I don't. Men never do; and it's the fault of the women.

L. A. Well, perhaps your man won't agree either. Are you going to write to Helen to tell her what you think of her?

Mabel. No, of course not.

L. A. Well then, are you going to be one of her bridesmaids?

Mabel. Yes, I think so. She says (*referring to letter*): "The bridesmaids' dresses are going to be dreams, and Ronald has made all sorts of gorgeous proposals for the bridesmaids' presents. He's really the most——" The rest doesn't matter.

L. A. Then you don't mind so much, after all, Mabs, do you?

Mabel. There's Mamma calling. I must go to her.

Political Candour.

One of the main objects of the "All for Ireland League" is, according to *The Statesman*, "the cultivation of language, traditions, and ideals of the Gaol."



THE NEW "TERROR."

Spirit of the French Revolution. "WELL, COMRADE, IS IT THE OLD CRY AGAIN—'*À BAS LA NOBLESSE*'?"

Member of the Paris General Strike Committee. "NO, WE'VE GOT BEYOND THAT NOW; IT'S '*À BAS LA PATRIE*'!"



THE INCREASING DEPRAVITY OF WOMAN.

ANOTHER IMPUDENT CASE OF KLEPTOMANIA IN BROAD DAYLIGHT!

MORE PANIC.

COINCIDENT with the Navy "scare" (as Germany and the British Radical Press call it—each, no doubt, for good reasons of its own) several collateral cases of unworthy panic have come under our notice. We intend to expose some of them, in the hope of shaming those who have thus fallen from the high standard of bull-dog courage which has made our nation what it is.

A Mr. Jones, who recently bought the Villa Maggiore, Nether Tooting, has, in a moment of abject pusillanimity, taken out a fire insurance policy. Coward!

A Mr. Robinson, of Esperanto, Balham Grove, has, in view of the uncertainty of our Spring climate, acquired the unmanly habit of wearing flannel next to his contemptible skin. Coward!

A Mr. Brown, near whose residence, which shall be nameless, a number of burglars have lately been plying their trade with impunity, has taken the un-English precaution of fitting his doors and windows with electric alarms. Coward!

A Mr. Smith, of The Sanctuary, Turnham Green, who moves in social circles which have been decimated by influenza, has adopted the despicable practice of using tobacco as a disinfectant. Coward!

A Mr. Trotter, who has just returned from the Malay Peninsula, admits that under the enervating influence of a tropical climate he allowed himself to assume a pith helmet by day and mosquito curtains by night. Coward!

Owing to a paltry fear of collision during a fog off Ushant, a Captain Tomkyns (the name of whose ship we suppress for the sake of the other officers, whose courage is not in question) so far forgot himself as to run his engines at half-speed and sound his siren at frequent intervals. Coward!

Both the Manchester United and Bristol City Clubs, ignoring those splendid traditions of British gallantry by which the adversary was always invited to attack you unawares, and take every other conceivable advantage of you, have put their teams into strict training for the Final of the Cup, and propose to employ the maximum permissible number of players. Cowards!

Things that might have been put differently.

In its review of *Sixty Years in the Wilderness*, *The Scotsman* says:—

"So lively an author as the writer of 'The Diary of Toby M.P.' in *Punch* cannot be dull even when talking about himself."

"Even" is a happy touch.

Fashionable Intelligence.

"Mr. J. Heaven, of Jerusalem, is continuing to make good progress towards recovery."
Adelaide Advertiser.

More Commercial Candour.

From an advt. for artificial teeth:

"Mr. —— has fitted many patients who have hitherto failed to obtain satisfaction." *Dundee Evening Telegraph.*

It looks as if the juries contained too many dental artists.

"In the two-furlong race Waterhouse was first, Jones second, and Graham third, but when they met in the quarter-mile Jones secured the premier marks."—*Manchester Guardian.*

We should have been interested to hear what happened in the 440 yards.

THE SEASON'S PROSPECTS.

Dear Mr. Punch,—I have just been studying those articles on "The Coming Cricket Season," which appear regularly at this time of the year in the daily papers. Shades of Gaukrodger! was there ever such dull reading? You know (only too well, I expect) the sort of thing that is offered to us.

Blankshire.

"Blankshire will have the same arduous programme as last year, with the addition that the Australians will be met at Blankton in the early part of June. Mr. Robinson will once again assume the command, and he expects to have the services of all the amateurs and paid players who were available last year. No new talent has been unearthed, though a young professional from Blobleigh is spoken of as likely to be useful in the near future. Mr. Robinson speaks highly of the prospects of his team, and there can be no doubt that Blankshire will take a creditable place in the final order, if, indeed, they do not actually win the championship. The Blankton Week begins on the 1st of August."

That, I fancy you will admit, is a perfectly fair example of the sort of thing which is expected to enliven our Easter holiday. Now what can be done to alter this distressing state of affairs? Well, I have two suggestions to make. The first is that, in order to make the forecasts really sensational, truth should be disregarded altogether. There is at least one paper which could do this without any loss of reputation; which indeed might acquire thus an added reputation for consistency, in that it brought its cricket prophecies into line with its others.

I give two or three examples of the sort of thing I mean.

Yorkshire.

"The personnel of the Yorkshire team is likely to be entirely changed this year. In the early matches, at any rate, the side will consist of ten Leeds amateurs, all well-known billiard players, and Hardisty, who will captain the eleven. Only one county will be met, and Hardisty confidently expects that his side will come out bottom of the list. A match for the benefit of Lord Hawke will be played against the Australians in July."

Kent.

"At the last moment Mr. E. W. Dillon has had to resign the captaincy, and Sir Gilbert Parker has been appointed in his place. All the counties will be met twice, and, if necessary, three times, while the Australians will be played on second Thursdays throughout the season. An interesting experiment will be made by the committee, Blythe keeping wicket for the first few matches, Huish having been badly bitten in the thumb by a rabbit. There will be no Canterbury week this year, owing to the high-handed action of the Mayor, and all the matches will be played at Gravesend."

Surrey.

"For some time it was doubtful if Surrey would play any matches at all this season, owing to a difficulty about finding a ground, but a few acres have now been secured in the neighbourhood of Kennington, and here all the first-class counties, the Australians, Northamptonshire, and the Provincial Actors will be met. Mr. Raphael, Sir R. Hermon-Hodge and Mr. Frank Smith will turn out among the amateurs; while Joe Ward, Alf Deakin and the Mayor of Cambridge are qualifying as professionals. The whole of the Lancashire eleven have also offered their services if required. There will be no entrance fee at any of the matches."

Leicestershire.

"The team and fixtures will be the same as last year except that Sir Arthur Hazlerigg will in future play as a professional. The challenge from Australia to five Test Matches, to be played to a finish, has been accepted, and these will be played on the first five days in June."

Now, *Mr. Punch*, you see from this how interesting cricket forecasts can be made, given the necessary imagination. But if you still maintain that Truth is of the essence of the matter, then I offer instead my second suggestion.

Why bother about the actual cricketers who are going to play for the counties? For one man who watches them a hundred will read about them. The interest of the public, so far as our summer game is concerned, lies elsewhere. *This*, then, *Mr. Punch*, is how the ideal article should be written:

Prospects of the Season.

The Westminster Gazette.

Mr. P. F. Warner will once more turn out signed articles in the first person plural upon the doings of Mr. Noble, Mr. Trumper, Mr. Wass, Mr. Carkeek, Mr. Fry, Mr. Kermode, Mr. Benskin, Mr. Hobbs and Mr. Craig.

The Daily Telegraph.

So far as we are informed there will be no changes this year, and Major Trevor will again throw light upon the dark corners of the game at the rate of five lines per ball.

The Daily Mirror.

All the old words are again available, and several promising young ones have been unearthed. Moreover an entirely new anecdote of Vic Trumper at Cambridge will be played off on the public.

The Sportsman.

Side will again be assumed by "Wanderer," who will keep himself *au fait* with the inner council of the Selection Committee. In the early part of the season he is expected to refer to somebody's innings as being "like the curate's egg, good in parts." In this case he may not be available for the rest of the summer.

A novel feature of the season's programme will be the inclusion every three days of a list of the names and states of the Colonials from whom the Australian eleven will be selected. This should be studied each time it appears, so that, if Mr. Noble should decide suddenly to give a trial to one of the many Colonial residents in London, the fact may not escape the attention of the reader.

The Evening News.

An immense amount of new blood will be infused into the side, the most promising of them being "Old Blue," "Brixton C.C.," "Fair Play," "Z.," and "Englishman," all of whom will point out that if only somebody else had been selected the result of the Test Matches might have been different.

There, *Mr. Punch!* How much more interesting that would be! Yet there is one forecast which I have omitted. It comes under a heading not unknown to you, and mentions that once more a friendly attempt would be made to get a little fun out of a body of good sportsmen who perform a difficult task quite efficiently.

A. A. M.

ROSES FOR SPRING PLANTING.

The Maud Allan.—Pale flesh colour tending to rosy blush; scanty bloomer, but perfect form. Fine for exhibition.

The Winston.—Uncertain. Liable to revert to stock.

The Balfour.—Very graceful contour; requires protection.

The Arthur Benson.—Very prolific; flowers freely produced throughout the season; good in the bud, but flat when open.

The De Morgan.—Late blooming; elongated form; sport of Charles Dickens.

The Chesterton.—Exceptionally large and of great substance; shape globular.

The Transformation.—Coppery tint, with buff at base; growth vigorous; edges waved.

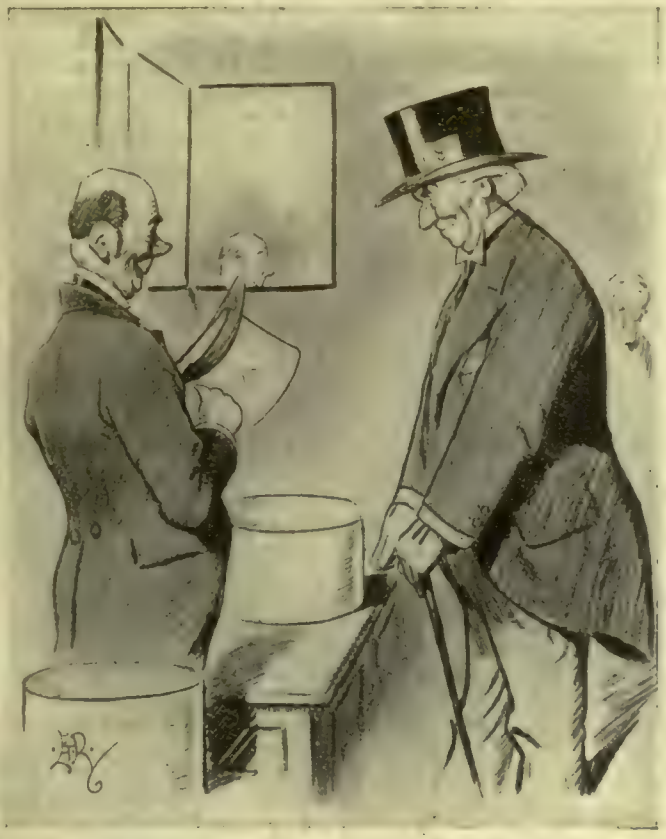
The Suffragette.—Purple, white and green; rampant climber, thorny; grows freely on railings, requires severe cutting.

"Finishing Governess, 30, or otherwise."—*Brighton Herald.*

It is generous of her to waive a year or two, if desired.

MR. ASQUITH AND THAT CONFOUNDED No. 8.

(Even the Continent, if he had gone there for his holidays, would have afforded him no relief.)



"Most becoming, Sir! It 's a number H'EIGHT, Sir."



"Wot 's that a-strikin', Sir? That 's EIGHT bells, that is, Sir."



"Aha! Monsieur Ask-huit! (*Prime Minister winces.*) One vairy nice room, Sare. Nomber EIGHT - ozzervise nossing!!"



"That beastly number again! Oh, no it isn't, but I believe that wretched waiter knows something!!"

ENGLAND'S BEST GIRLS.

A Study in the Fulsome.

(With profuse acknowledgments to the Radical Press.)

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who can be clever," was all very well for the dowdy damsels of the mid-Victorian era. But in our enlightened age girls are very properly encouraged to be original. If they are dowered with some special gift, such as caricaturing or whistling, or "Saloming," as it is charmingly called, they need not feel ashamed of it as of an attribute disgraceful in their sex. Indeed, as that stalwart organ of democracy, *The Daily Chronicle*, truly puts it, "without a certain cleverness and sparkle, even beauty cannot make its owner a success in society." Wealth is of course indispensable, though there have been instances in recent years of young girls with practically no fortunes making brilliant matches. But it is dangerous to build upon the unsubstantial foundation of the exceptional. The young girl is in fashion, to quote again from our stalwart Radical contemporary, but it is significant that of the beauties specially singled out for appreciative notice in its pages there is hardly one who is not directly connected with "our old nobility."

Wise mothers—and modern mothers are seldom wanting in astuteness—do not keep their young "flapper" daughters buried in the schoolroom until the day of presentation. They prepare them for their complete emancipation by a series of preliminary canters. Thus they take them to dine at the Fitz or the Tarlton while the hair that is hanging down their back is still their own. Once a month at least in the best houses the "flapper" is taken behind the scenes at the Tav., or on the top of a motor bus, or, when they are running, on a penny steamer, so as to gain that wider view of life so indispensable to the up-to-date *châtelaine*. The modern girl who counts is invariably a mistress of a rich and copious vocabulary, and to their command of slang no less than to their looks must be attributed the immense popularity of Lady Sheila Swilly, Lady Usquebaugh's high-spirited daughter, and of Miss Marigo Smirnoff, one of the most gifted Levantine *débutantes* of the season. The upbringing of Lady Sarah Boodle has been wholly unconventional, and as her parents spend most of their time in balloons, she is looking forward to her first season with all the *fougue de dix-huit ans*. Until she was sixteen Lady Sarah was allowed to read nothing but *The Sporting Times* and *The Statist*. This led, not unnaturally, to a violent reaction, and Lady Sarah is now a devoted student of Maeterlinck, Mr. W. B. Yeats, and Fiona Macleod. Happily this development has not impaired her healthy enjoyment of bridge. Last year she won £300 at this winsome pastime, and one of the finest players at the Portland is rumoured to have said that if she gave her whole time to it she might win three times that amount. So far, however, Lady Sarah, with a restraint that does her infinite credit, has never played for more than ten hours at a stretch.

One may fitly conclude this group of winsome English girls by the mention of two beautiful cousins, Lady Phœbe Bunting and Miss Miriam Belshazzar. By an extraordinary coincidence they are both third cousins once removed of Daphne, Lady Saxthorpe, whose coster impersonations were so marked a feature of her late husband's tenure of office as Governor of Hong Kong. Lady Phœbe, strange to say, never learned her alphabet until she was nearly fifteen, while her cousin had mastered the intricacies of compound interest almost before she could walk. Lady Phœbe is a winsome blonde, while Miss Belshazzar is a *svelte* brunette whose superb Semitic profile recalls the delicious proboscis of her illustrious grandfather, Sir Joshua Schnabelheimer.

(Not to be continued.)

APRIL IN "THE STREET."

April of the shining tresses,
Tearful mouth, and laughing eyes!
Where the budding wildernesses
Wait the swallow's glad surprise,
Where the slender
Larch's tender
Green is new and neat,
Most folk set you;
Yet I 've met you
In Throgmorton Street!

When the City pigeon's cooing
Takes a soft domestic note,
When the daffodil is doing
Duty in the broker's coat,
When through highway,
Court and byway,
Gusts and sunshine range,
And the racing
Clouds are chasing
Over the Exchange;

What if rates be flat or firmer,
What if prices fill or back,
If I hear your sunny murmur
Of a four days' Easter slack,
Of absconding,
Vagabonding
From the Street's grim aisle,
While its chill stones,
Mammon's millstones,
Cease to grind awhile!

BLACKMAIL.

The eminent West End physician felt my pulse with his right hand, pushed a thermometer as far down the basement of my tongue as he decently could with his left, and went out of the room. He returned in two minutes, took out the thermometer and examined it.

"Ha! Influenza!" he said. "Three days in bed—this prescription" (he took one, ready written, from a pile on his table)—"that will be two guineas."

"No!" I said. "Not influenza, but a cold—a common cold in the head, *and you know it.*"

"Hush!" he implored; and his face paled. He went swiftly and silently across the room and locked the door.

"So you know all," he said.

"I do; you may therefore tell me everything," I replied. Briefly, the story he told me was as follows:

Twenty years ago this great doctor was a young and struggling practitioner in Tooting. One day there came to consult him a man of unusually prosperous appearance suffering from a heavy cold. The young doctor, in the moment's excitement, made a mistake and diagnosed the case as influenza; and the patient was so charmed that he shook the young man warmly by the hand and went home to bed, where the doctor visited him each day for a week, running up a very useful little bill.

Not to be outdone, the patient's friends, when they in their turn fell victims to catarrh, called in the same young doctor to ascertain whether they too were not distinguished by influenza. Having put his hand by accident to the plough, our friend refused to look back, and pursued the downward path of worldly success.

Thereafter he never diagnosed a cold in the head as anything but influenza. He quickly made a reputation as a young man who knew a bad thing when he saw it; and his progress to Harley Street was accomplished as easily as the descent of Avernus.

"I have told you all this," he concluded, "because you had guessed it already. It remains merely to add that I place implicit confidence in your secrecy, and to repeat that my fee is two guineas."

"Your confidence," I said, "is not misplaced. It remains merely to add that my fee for discretion is five guineas, and I will therefore trouble you for the difference."

I have had a very good winter season.

From the window of a restaurant off the Strand:—

"Chickens cooked or uncooked."

How do you uncook a chicken?

THE INSURANCE QUESTION.

"It is the duty of every man to insure his life," pronounced Patty.

"I had an uncle once," said Dibchick.

She smiled.

"Don't you believe me?" he asked.

"Oh yes, I daresay you had a dozen."

"No, only two. They were twins," he added with a sigh.

"But what's that got to do with insuring your life?"

"You see," he explained, "one of them was an African bishop. I forget what the other took up. I fancy he eventually became a gentleman jockey. But the point is that my uncle Arthur was a bishop. In fact, they said that with any luck he might have been an archbishop; but unfortunately——"

"Still, I don't quite see——"

He waved his hand. "Wait a moment. I'm just coming to it. What I was going to say, when you interrupted me——"

"I like that," said Patty.

"Well, when I interrupted you, then. What I was about to observe when I interrupted you was that my uncle Arthur felt very strongly on the subject of insurance agents. He used to maintain that there was only one effectual way of dealing with them. When they called and suggested your insuring in their office, you should always begin by producing the whisky."

"But I couldn't very well do that, could I?"

"No, I suppose not. He was speaking more from a bishop's point of view, as it were. Well, after that, the next thing to do, said my uncle Arthur, was to mix them a liberal dose, and then, holding the glass in your hand, say, 'Would you mind letting me have a prospectus?' Then they gave you the prospectus, and you gave them the whisky, and—well, then they went away and tried to forget you."

"I should have thought giving them whisky would have been the very way to make them call again."

"Oh, no, not at all. Directly you had given it to them, you murmured, 'Excuse me,' and rang the bell. Then they would think you were in a great hurry, and would drink it off quickly, before they realised what they were doing. That was the essential part of the treatment. My uncle Arthur said that you should never give them time to sip a little, and then leave the rest, or pour it into a flower-pot when they thought you weren't looking. You see, it wasn't the ordinary whisky; you got it at the grocer's."

"I don't think your uncle can have been a very nice man," said Patty.

"There you are wrong," answered Dibchick; "he was one of the best of bishops. But I admit he wanted knowing."

"Then you don't agree with me about insuring?"

"Certainly, I agree with you. But personally, so far as I am concerned—well, I shall probably never leave a widow now. Once——" He paused.

"Yes?"

"I remember I was quite young at the time. She was older, about thirty, I think, a rather massive blonde. It hurt frightfully."

"Ah!"

"I could never eat anything when she dropped in to tea." He stopped and gazed absently into the distance.

"Was that all?" asked Patty.

"All!"

"Didn't you do anything?"

"No; you see, I was only twelve at the time. As my father told me, it was a hopeless case. She wouldn't have understood, probably, even if I had said anything, and in those days I was singularly sensitive to ridicule. But I have always felt that she was the only widow I should ever have really cared to leave."

"We seem to have rather wandered from our original conversation," said Patty.

"Have we? Well, to continue, my uncle Arthur——"



A LONG FAREWELL.

She (effusively). "HOW NICE IT IS TO HAVE MET YOU AGAIN AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, MY DEAR CAPTAIN BURLINGTON."

He. "*MAJOR* NOW! THAT WAS TEN YEARS AGO, YOU KNOW."

She (still more effusively). "HOW TIME FLIES! WELL, CONGRATULATIONS AND GOOD-BYE. *I HOPE YOU'LL BE A GENERAL* WHEN NEXT WE MEET."



Pedestrian. "'How far is it to Aldershot'? Let me see. Well, as the crow flies——"
Footsore Tommy. "Never mind 'ow the beggar *flies*; 'ow far is it as the beggar *'ops*?"

THE SPRINGS OF YESTER-CENTURY.

Spring, when the first buds of the crocus waken,[1]
  Dusting with gold the carpet of the glade,
Say, may I hope that these remarks be taken
  In the same friendly spirit they are made?
Gentle I wrote you, once beloved thesis
  Of adolescence and its callow pen;
My dear, I sometimes think you 've gone to pieces
  Confoundedly since then!

Those were the days when you were always good for
  A sonnet's impulse; yours the usual shrine
At which I wooed the guinea which has stood for
  The laurel wreath in any rhymes of mine.
You tuned my heart to your brown lark's elation
  'Mid white clouds piping, lost in breezy blue;
Now I might starve for all the inspiration
  I seem to get from you!

Mutely I wander where my early hymn rose
  When tender catkins do a tail unfold,
All unaffected by the budding primrose
  Raising her head above the chilly mould;
Loud whoops the blizzard,[2] biting, song-benumbing,
  Blasting pale blossoms ere they know the sun;
Not thus you heralded the cuckoo's coming
  When I was twenty-one!

Madam, I charge you, ere these antic actions
  Tarnish the memory of your former gold,
That you produce at least a few attractions
  For which I loved you in those days of old;
Keep your afflatus (it was ne'er a deep kind),
  Your woodland walks—keep these for younger legs,
But give me your asparagus—the cheap kind,
  Give me your plovers' eggs!

[1] Delayed in publication.

[2] *Mr. Punch* cannot hold himself responsible for the weather forecasts of his contributors.

"Advertiser wishes to hear of a bright, cheerful family with Suffragette interests, residing in a fairly quiet district, where a lady, recovering from a nervous breakdown, could be received, and where one of the members, a bright strong character, would be willing to devote her interest and influence in helping the lady to recovery."—*Votes for Women.*

The name of one bright, strong character leaps to the mind, but we should hardly have thought she was the best companion for a lady recovering from a nervous breakdown.



THE PLEASURES OF ANTICIPATION.

John Bull *(to the Budget Dog).* "GOOD DOG! (WONDER WHEREABOUTS HE'S GOING TO BITE ME.)"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 5.—John Burns moved second reading of Housing and Town Planning Bill. In course of speech strongly denounced the insalubrity and general undesirability of what he called Back-to-back houses. Reference fluttered hon. Members below Gangway. Earlier in day, question arising about noble lords lending Mr. Du Cros spare motor cars for Party purposes in Parliamentary elections, Attorney-General suggested that suitable time for legislation on subject would be when whole matter of relations of two Houses comes up for consideration.

"And when may that be?" blandly asked Winterton, ever on alert in search of useful information.

"It does not rest with me to fix the day," said Robson, with a sigh in his soft voice. "If it did I should certainly make the date an early one."

Thoughts thus attuned to the subject, Brunner at first imagined that when President of Local Government Board talked of Back-to-back houses he had in mind the two Houses of Parliament, separated as they are by a corridor. Lupton, who, with intention of keeping a closer eye on his late friend John (now Right Honourable), shifted his position from usual seat below Gangway on Ministerial side to Front Bench below Gangway opposite, knew better. Long connection with Leeds made him familiar with this homely form of structure and its conveniences. In Back-to-back houses it is the custom of an afternoon for the lady on the third storey—usually with her cap awry—to lean out of window and enter into conversation with lady in window opposite, whose proximity is happily so close that one almost could, sometimes nearly does, emphasise remarks by tugging at the other's towzled hair.

Mr. Lupton proceeded to adapt the pleasing custom to habits of House of Commons. Leaning out of what represented his window on the second floor back opposite Treasury Bench, he offered a few observations personal to President of Local Government Board and his views on House Bill. J. B., always ready for a fight, sharply responded. Mr. Lupton, with true Back-to-back-house readiness, "let him have it" in reply.

Situation growing exciting when Speaker interposed with remark: "The hon. Member must not carry on a conversation with the right hon. gentleman. This is a debate, not a *conversazione*."

Whereupon Mr. Lupton withdrew and shut down his window with a bang.

Business done.—Housing and Town Planning Bill read a second time and referred to Committee of whole House.

Tuesday.—In a series of thirteen consecutive questions addressed to President of Board of Trade, Captain Craig told touching, though intricate, story of an Irish lifebuoy. As far as can be made out from the medley of interrogations, there is moored off Ballyquintin Point, County Down, a lifebuoy, officially named Strangford Lough buoy, because it is far out of sight of Strangford. It was the original intention of Irish Lights Commissioners to moor it about a mile and a half from the bar mouth. Someone, probably connected with the Land League, having placed it at the distance named, it still bears the name of Strangford.

A peculiarity about this buoy is that at approach of night it regularly goes out. It appears that the Irish Lights Commissioners, "accompanied by some members of the Elder Brethren," spend most of their spare time in putting forth from Ballyquintin Point, making for the buoy, and taking it away to be repaired. The arduousness of this labour, long endured, has so worked upon the mind and body of Viscount Monck, one of the Commissioners, that he has retired from the Board. Captain Craig sees opportunity of "appointing some representative of the Board of Trade to fill the vacancy who will be responsible to Parliament in regard to questions affecting the administration of the Board."

Meanwhile he sternly demands that



Billy. "What's that funny thing?"
Mamma. "That's a stork."
Billy. "Yes, I can see it's a stalk, but what's that thing on the top of it?"

President of Board of Trade shall "state the number of communications received recommending the Irish Lights Commissioners to remove the so-called Strangford Lough Buoy, County Down, so far out as six-and-a-half miles from the bar mouth and give the names of those tendering the recommendation, and also their reason."

Hope I have made the matter clear.

Winston as a rule always ready to face the music. Notable that he shrank from this encounter. Put forward the hapless Parliamentary Secretary. House has not for long time witnessed more pathetic scene than Tennant trying to tackle Lifebuoy Craig. Air of depression more eloquent than speech; which was fortunate, as he once or twice threatened to break down.

Business done.—In Committee on Army Annual Bill.

Wednesday.—House adjourns for Easter recess.

ONE OF THE OVER-EMPLOYED.

We were sitting together in a large room hung with Titians and Botticellis, each worth a King's ransom.

A man-servant came in noiselessly, took from a scuttle, that had once been the Black Prince's tilting-helmet, some perfumed cedar-logs that had formed part of an Emperor's bedstead, put them on the fire, and withdrew. As he did so I was amazed to see my host dash across the carpet—it had been the praying-rug of a Shah—and deliver a flying kick at the door.

"Never mind," he said, nursing his toe, "I'll get him next time. I hate him and his perfectly-trained manner. He's one of 'em—he's in the conspiracy against me—showing in all sorts of impossible people, at all hours, day and night.

My host, I now noted, had a face almost coarse in its expression of strength and virility. This, together with the magnetic, compelling quality of his glance, which suggested latent power and ruthless will, made me feel at home with him at once; for I knew him for an old acquaintance.

"I wanted to talk to you," he went on, biting off his words like ginger-nuts; "but first of all have something to drink. Have a bottle of Wettierwissle 1804, that formerly reposed in the cellars of Prince Metternich. Do! Help me out with it. I'm sick of these priceless vintages. You smoke?"

"But of course," I replied; and he pushed over to me a silver box, an exquisite example of Ben Trovato Cellini's repoussé work, which had formerly held the scented gloves of Le Grand Monarque. It now contained a huge torpedo-shaped black cigar.

"You know," he continued dejectedly, lighting himself a cigarette set with seed pearls, and flinging it into the fire after a single pull at it, "I'm about done up, I am. It's quite time I had a rest. I can't stand the strain of it much longer. The excitement of it all is killing me. Look here, you envy me my old masters, my porphyry staircase and all that; but what do you think of a fellow going into his drawing-room and finding an Under-Secretary of State lying on the hearth-rug, strangled with a diamond necklace that formerly clasped the neck of a Begum? That's what happened to me yesterday. And if I go into my library what do I find? A Russian Grand Duke, as likely as not, stabbed to the heart with a ruby-hilted yataghan that once glittered in the belt of the Great Mogul *toujours le grand luxe*. Why, I'm afraid to go to my dressing-room to-night. There's sure to be something behind the wardrobe, or hanging from a peg. Oh, the things that go on in this house!" He shuddered.

"But you have your cheerful morning-room," I reminded him, "with its bistre hangings and copper-coloured dado, and——"

"Morning-room?" he almost screamed. "It's in the morning-room that *she* always gets at me. And I'd rather have the Inspector for company any day than Mary Montpensier. Do you like widows?" he broke off thoughtfully, almost wistfully. "She's quite young, and her face has the warm ivory flesh tints that Da Vinci loved to paint. If you *would* take her off my hands—— But of course you wouldn't. You know how she goes on."

"No," I said. "Tell me."

"Calls about eleven in the morning—her veins full of the wine of life—dressed in one of Paquorth's latest creations, dove-grey, trimmed with ermine, and old lace that Mary Queen of Scots wore on her wedding-day. Walks up and down like a cat on hot bricks, and finally bursts into tears and asks me to lend her a million or two on rotten security to save Cortelyon Carstairs—chap with a face like one of Tintoretto's angels, you know—from ruin. Refuses to enter into details, and—— No, I can't stand it!"

"But the Princess," I said, "surely her visits compensate for a good deal?"

"The Princess?" he shouted. "Do you mean the green-eyed one whose set of sables ran well into four figures? That minx? What do you think of her latest? Comes and threatens to make disclosures that will plunge Europe in war, and play old Harry with my Bulgarian loan, unless I recover the crown jewels she pawned in Paris last spring."

"You certainly seem to be mixed up in a good many big affairs," I mused.

"Mixed up! I'm mixed up all right!" he retorted savagely. "There's the telephone bell now." He took up the receiver wearily. "Yes. All right. All right. Yes. Yes, I'm the Feuilleton Millionaire. Who are you? What? Mary what? Oh! ring off, ring off——"

But I wish the alarum clock had given me time to finish Prince Metternich's hock.



Countryman (to Doctor). "Think I bain't well, Doctor. The more I eats the less I wants, loike."

Doctor (impressively). "Ah, yes, of course. You see, everything you eat flies to your stomach."

THE TWO FRIENDS.

After Mr. Hilaire Belloc.

Two men walked along the road together. They walked because they were poor, and they kept company because they were friends. It was an ordinary English road, bordered by hedges, and Cæsar's legionaries had not passed that way for many years. Some people say that Cæsar's legionaries have never marched on that road at all, which is a very strange thing.

One of these men was named Deux Bocks; he was a Gaul of cheerful temperament and active tongue. Also his nose was of the colour of carmine—not lake or red ochre, but carmine. One cannot mistake a nose of that kind. His companion was a Teuton, and he was called Wiedersehen—Alf Wiedersehen.

Now Deux Bocks the Cheerful was strange in his manner of walking. He went from side to side and often brushed the hedges with his coat-sleeve. (There were hedges on both sides of this road.) When he had thus brushed a hedge he would turn to his companion and smile, and say nothing. Then he would walk obliquely to the other side of the road, and do the same thing again. Cæsar's legionaries never walked in this way. Alf Wiedersehen was not like Deux Bocks, and he was dressed in a more fashionable style. He wore a black morning coat, for one thing; a silk cummerbund clasped his ample waist, and on his head was a deerstalker hat, the flaps of which were tied up with ribbon as the weather was sultry. Because of his habit of dressing in the height of fashion he had often been mistaken for an insurance agent, but he was nothing of the kind. He was a quantity surveyor.

Neither of the men was in a hurry, though the road was very long and the daylight was failing. As it grew darker Deux Bocks scraped the hedge more frequently. Once by mistake he missed it and struck a gate which led into a field. It was a turnip field, and in it were growing many turnips—hundreds of thousands of them, perhaps. The gate was newly dressed with Stockholm tar, and Deux Bocks leant against the topmost bar—there were five in all—and hummed an old Basque villanelle. When he had done this he looked straight before him, but saw nothing except the turnips.

Wiedersehen had been busy all this time. He held a notebook in one hand—the left—and with the other drew a pen from his pocket. Then he said "Potztausend" three times, and frowned, for it was a fountain pen. Then he recollected the pencil which was behind his ear and made shift with that. In the darkness he drew a plan of the countryside; it was not a complete plan because he could not see very far; but it satisfied Wiedersehen, and he said "Hoch!" three times.

A cyclist came along the road, steering carefully between the hedges. When he reached the two friends he dismounted. This cyclist was an athlete and wore a dark grey kersey. On the handle of his bicycle hung a paper lantern, and a bunch of ferns was tied to the mudguard.

He approached Wiedersehen and addressed him. "Seen any of the 'Poly' boys?" he asked abruptly.

The man of fashion returned no answer to this athlete, for he knew no more English than did Cæsar's legionaries (this affair, you must know, took place in England). Instead, he noted in his plan the sleeping accommodation afforded by a disused pound that stood close at hand.

"Funfzig!" he said, as he folded the paper; then he added, "Vorwärts!"

The athlete mounted his velocipede and rode off. As he turned the corner he shouted one word to Wiedersehen; one English word—"Rats!"

Deux Bocks was the next to speak.

"Je suis sec comme un poisson!" he said. Then he added "Hélas!" and shook his head; for the turnips disheartened him.

After a while the two friends continued on their way to the next town, and spent the night in an alehouse.

In the parlour-bar stood two men, dressed in uniform. They were Territorials, and were dressed quite unlike Cæsar's legionaries. Nevertheless they were sociable fellows—one was taller than the other—and they drank bottled beer until the clock struck eleven. Then they left.



HEAPING COALS OF FIRE.

Motorist (to P.C. who has been working a motor-trap). "Can I be of any assistance?"

HOW TO BE A RAY OF SUNSHINE.

No. I.—Why I am Popular at the Post-Office.

Do you sell stamps, please?

What sort do you keep?

Please be civil to me. Don't you stock a line of elevenpenny-halfpenny ones?

Very well, then I suppose I must put up with inferior goods, as usual. Show me the fivepennies.

Won't do; perfect eyesores. Anything at three-pence?

How dare you show me a soiled sheet? Now, now, now, don't thumb it about like that. No, decidedly not. . . . Let me see those red ones over there . . . really? That's very reasonable.

Yes, I like them. In fact, I'll have *that* one.

Oh, dear no. Kindly give me the one I wish for. Take this back. I asked for that one—the centre one.

Now wrap it up.

No, I have no smaller change.

No. II.—Why my Bank looks forward to seeing me.

Good morning.

Why am I kept waiting?

Are you aware I have a good deal of money at this bank, and that unless you are prompt and obsequious I can cause you trouble and official displeasure?

All right, then I will do my very utmost to get you dismissed. Now to pass to the business of the day. What is my balance?

Add it up again.

Oh, you never make mistakes? Well then, I want fifteen pounds ten and the Manager; the fifteen pounds ten is for me, and the Manager is for you. All silver, please; and I can wait indefinitely. Offer me a seat.

No. III.—Why they Appreciate Me at the Office.

What do you mean by "late"?

Very well, then, I apologise. I know my time is not my own, but I think it unreasonable that I should be criticised for keeping an appointment with my doctor.

I gather it would be superfluous to refer you to the doctor, because if you don't believe me you 'll think me capable of going to a doctor who tells lies. However, I don't suppose the question is as important as all that. Punish me in the extreme penalty, only don't nag; my head aches.

I don't remember the papers you mean.

Oh, *those?* Well, I don't know where they are. I didn't have them.

No, I did *not*.

Well, perhaps I believe I do remember. . . . You mean the day I upset the ink over the letter book? I must have mislaid them on my way back from Somerset House—in the train perhaps. The Lost Property Office might know.

I 'm really exceedingly sorry. . . . Is there any need to take on so? . . . I think you 're exceedingly unkind and unjust. . . . Boo-hoo!

No. IV.—Why I am Persona Grata at the Great Southern Hotel.

Take my bag.

No, not a room. I only want afternoon tea in the drawing-room.

You are thoughtful, but I prefer to run the risk of ordinary hotel thefts rather than leave my things in the cloak-room.

Surely this is not the passenger-lift! Isn't it for the coal or the boots or the hotel staff?

Then I will go in it on sufferance.

Tea for one, please—Indo-China blend, cream, bread-and-butter, sandwiches and every species of cake and pastry one is allowed. I take it the shilling is inclusive.

Don't loiter round me, I never give gratuities.

Pens, ink, paper, envelopes and telegram forms, please . . . Thank you.

Bradshaw and *A. B. C.*, please . . . Thank you . . .

Ash-tray and matches, please . . . Hurry up . . . Thank you . . .

Do you mind closing that window? There 's a draught . . . Would you be so kind as to get me a fire-screen? . . . Do you happen to have a theatre list? . . . I'm much obliged.

Your horrible tea has made me feel bilious; bring me a glass of water . . . Where are the periodicals kept? . . . Then bring me them . . .

I *shall* play the piano; go right away. . . . How dare you? You are not the Manager, you are much too badly dressed—be off . . . You bore me. Shoo! . . .

You need not use coercion, I shall go with much greater pleasure than I came.

No. V.—Why I get so many Bridge Invitations.

Oh, yes, by all means let us play for nominal stakes; but I think it unsteadies the game a little, don't you?

Go original spades? All my calls are original, Madam. I abhor plagiarism. . . . No, I am delightfully unconventional.

Do you? Personally I discard from clubs, they are so inartistic.

No, not the eleven rule, but I find the rule of three invaluable. . . . Oh! by all means we will play according to common sense.

Did I misdeal? I am sorry. Not very clean cards though, are they? I expect they stick every now and then.

Why mayn't I sort out the suits face downwards on the table? Does it hurt anyone?

A penny for your thoughts, partner. Oh, *my* declaration, is it? Well, I'm sure I don't know what to go, my hand is a perfect rummage-sale. What infernal luck I do get. Hullo! I seem to have five suits. Oh! half a tick. That 's all right. Now then, my declaration, is it? . . . I don't know. . . . I'm ashamed to make anything trumps. . . . *No* trumps!

Don't look like that, partner. Merry and bright, please.

Five tricks against us, and doubled? A hundred and twenty? Tut-tut. Never mind, better luck next time. Bruce and the spider, eh, partner?

I can't think why some people lose their tempers over a paltry game of cards.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

Editor. And so you want to be a sub-editor?

Aspirant. Yes.

E. What qualifications do you think you have?

A. Well, for one thing, I rather fancy myself at headings—titles for articles, you know.

E. Yes, I know. Let me have a specimen of your skill. Suppose, for example, that a factory was burned down at Balham, what would you say?

A. I should call that "Big Balham Conflagration," I think.

E. Not in my paper.

A. Not——?

E. No, there are no conflagrations at Balham in my paper. Conflagrations are all at Canonbury or Cricklewood, Clapham or Camden Town. Balham has Big Blazes, a peculiarity it shares with Battersea, Bermondsey and Bow.

A. I see, I see.

E. Well, if you see, what would you say of a fire at Kennington?

A. I should say "Conflagration," but I should spell it with a K.

E. No, that wouldn't do. It would be all right if the fire were not fatal, but with any loss of life the title would look flippant, in bad taste. It's too risky. Try again.

A. Well—well—I should say—I really don't know.

E. I will tell you. "Serious Fire at Kennington."

A. But that 's—that 's——

E. Not clever? No, it isn't apparently. But cleverness consists not only in being clever, but in knowing when not to be clever. As there is no good adjective to accompany a fire in Kennington, Kensington, or Kilburn, we merely state the fact simply and truthfully.



SUFFRAGETTES AT HOME.

He. "I say, that lady over there looks rather out of it."
She. "Yes, you see, most of us here have been in prison two or three times, and she, poor dear, has only been bound over!"

A. I see; but it's rather perplexing.

E. Tooting now—a fire at Tooting—how would you announce that?

A. "Tooting in Flames."

E. Not bad; but "Terrible Fire at Tooting" is better. Similarly, "Dreadful Fire at Dartford" (or the Docks); "Horrible Fire at Hampstead" (or Hornsey), unless, of course, a number of persons were killed, in which case "Holocaust at Hampstead" (or Hornsey) comes very pat.

A. I see.

E. But let us turn to other subjects less fiery. How would you describe an unexpected eclipse of the sun?

A. "Solar Solecism?"

E. No, that would be too learned. Out of every ten men in the street, three know nothing of the meaning of solecism. They only know Solly Joel. Try again.

A. "When it was Dark?"

E. Better.

A. "Strike of the Sun?"

E. Much better. Now supposing that the famous Isle of Man novelist met with an accident?

A. "Hall Caine half disabled."

E. Excellent. We will find you a post.

AMERICA AND THE MASTERS.

Caught by our representative at the Savoy Hotel, Mr. Cyrus K. Garner, the famous millionaire collector of Chicago, willingly consented to discuss the removal of the 60 per cent. tariff on all works of art imported into the United States.

"It will," he said, "make a great difference to me. In fact, that is why I am visiting Europe. Now that one can freely take back whatever one buys I mean to buy in earnest. I mean to make this effete island and that old back number of a Continent contribute the best there is to my walls.

"I'm a bit of a poet in my way," he went on. "I've made my money out of pork, and artists paint their pictures with hogs' bristles, I'm told. Do you see? My idea is that a man who has made his money out of pig's flesh can't spend that money more poetically than on the products of pig's hair. That's why I'm out for old masters.

"Now they tell me there's a house here in London called Artford House, or something like that, that's full of Old Masters. Well, I'm here to buy it. I'm here, too, to do a deal over your National Gallery, if you've got enough business enterprise to consider it. Then I shall go over to Paris, where I'm told there's a unique called the 'Venus of Milo.' That's my programme, young man. But I wouldn't have thought twice about it as long as the 60 per cent. tariff was on."

Our American correspondent telegraphs that the consternation which was expected to reign at Coromaker's great fine art store in Pittsburg is quite absent. "Yes," said Mr. Coromaker, when asked his opinion, "the lifting of the impost will no doubt tend to cause many of our connoisseurs and collectors to go to Europe direct for their pictures; but that will not injure our business. We were prepared for it, and have now a number of agents in London and on the Continent whom we shall keep supplied with excellent works of the Barbizon school. The only difference will be that these pictures will now cross the Atlantic twice, instead of never having travelled at all; but a corresponding rise in price will recoup us for the outward journey, and of course the journey back is the connoisseur's affair."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The first thing to notice about *Uncle Gregory* (Heinemann) is that *Uncle Gregory* himself, the central character who gives his name to the story, has been dead six months before it opens. This, however, does not prevent his being the strongest and, in a sense, most vital figure in the book. Bodily *Uncle Gregory* sleeps with his fathers; spiritually his monstrous personality lives on, dominating and crushing all who are brought within its influence, even as his Benefactions dominate the neighbourhood in which he moved. It is the history of the last and greatest of these Benefactions, the colossal Trust left by *Gregory Rowley* to be administered by his unhappy heirs, that has given George Sandeman the theme for a very unusual and entertaining story. Of plot in the ordinary sense there is none—nothing but the overpowering memory of *Uncle Gregory*, and its effect upon the group of very human survivors who have to struggle with it. And all the time the Mighty Dead himself was in reality only—but to tell that would be to rob a fascinating book of half its charm. George Sandeman is the master (or should it be mistress?—one suspects these literary Georges) of a pleasant and distinguished style; his studies are touched-in with a dry humour that has rewarded me for not skipping a single page. Even the somewhat drawn out exordium, the long Gregorian chant (if you will forgive me!) which introduces us to the deceased philanthropist, is worth reading; and, once this is past, my attention was held delightedly to every word in an exceedingly clever piece of work, the final surprise of which is reserved for exactly the last line but one.



A LITTLE SUPPER PARTY AT THE BORGIAS'.

[With apologies to Mr. John Collier.]

With the possible exception of the mystery of the robbery of the Crown Jewels, Dublin Castle hides no secrets from Mr. Barry O'Brien. He knows it from its roof-tree to its spacious cellars, which once held a fine assortment of claret. In *Dublin Castle and the Irish People* (Kegan Paul) he tells its story in detail. Very instructive it is, on the whole painful, in no wise creditable to the predominant partner of the Union. The only Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant whom Irishmen hold in reverence is Thomas Drummond, author of the immortal, illuminating aphorism, "Property has its duties as well as its rights." Drummond has long been buried, and there is no harm in praising a dead Englishman, albeit for a time he dominated Irish affairs from Dublin Castle. The real truth underlying Irish discontent is that, whether the hand of the British Government strokes or strikes, it is an alien hand. It follows that the enormous sacrifices of party interests and national resources, made since Mr. Gladstone forty years ago attempted to grasp the nettle of the relations of the two countries, have had no effect in mitigating Irish animosity to British rule. Mr. O'Brien's book is a compendious contribution to knowledge of the machinery by which that rule has for more than a century been administered.

The Measure of our Youth (Lane) is not a discussion of the standard to be required of Territorials, but a rather pessimistic view of the romantic temperament. For some reason or other Alice Herbert has handicapped her hero with an Eurasian origin and an alcoholic father, but as no attempt is made during the rest of the book to insist on the doctrine of heredity, I can only regard these particulars as incidental. *Francis Bewley* falls in love with a beautiful but terribly matter-of-fact girl at home, and after being repulsed as insufficiently wealthy, experiences a course of amorous adventures, some rather sordid and discreditable, and then, having formed the acquaintance of two "fathers" who conduct an East-End mission, becomes violently—not to say hysterically—religious. Finally he is bequeathed two hundred pounds a year, which he promises to devote to the service of the Church, but thoughtlessly (after a good dinner) proposes to his first love, and ends as a hen-pecked husband. To tell the truth, I found *Francis Bewley* too much of a wobbler to be very interesting, and the only really exciting thing about him was that he was in the "Treasure" Office. I have asked a number of Civil Service clerks, and they have never even heard of this Department; but I suspect it to be the place where they bring the buried ingots and Roman coins that are unearthed from time to time. If so, it was far too heady a vocation for *Mr. Bewley*. He ought to have been in something more tranquillising, like the Board of Agriculture or the War Office.

The title of *The Canon's Dilemma* (Fisher Unwin) is taken from the first of a collection of short stories for which, apparently, Mr. Victor L. Whitechurch wishes a longer life than is accorded to the contents of popular magazines. Personally I am not assured that they are worth it. When I read of the canon, on the first page, that, "discarding his clerical frock coat and collar, he would put on a rough blue guernsey and sea boots instead," I felt that his dilemma might present interesting possibilities. But I was disappointed, for the real dilemma was not that one at all, but another far less exciting than any which might be expected to arise from a canon wearing waders round his neck. The stories are nearly all about parsons of some grade or another, and I am inclined to judge from the inherent improbability of most of the situations that parsons are the least likely of all readers to be attracted to them. Perhaps in remote country parishes, where the improbable is regarded as liable to happen, there may be a chance for the book. I wish it luck.

CHARIVARIA.

The King of the Belgians became seventy-four last week. He is really old enough now to know better.

***

The carelessness with which Acts of Parliament are drawn is notorious. The new Children's Act contains no provision to prevent children being left by their mothers in a horse-trough lined with mats and hay outside a public-house, and advantage is now being taken of this lack of foresight at Waltham Cross.

***

French Naval Crisis.
Poor Gunnery.
Bad Material.
No Ammunition.

"Ah," sighed the Little Englander as he read the above headlines, "if only *we* had a navy like that! . . . Never mind, we must persevere."

***

Mr. Lewis Harcourt having apologised to the House of Commons for a "stupid blunder," it is being asked why other Ministers do not act likewise. Of course the time of the House is limited.

***

It is rumoured that one of the Candidates for the Stratford-on-Avon division is of the opinion that Shakspeare's plays were written by Bacon, and he is terrified lest a heckler shall ask a question on the subject.

***

Mr. Gerald Lawrence and Miss Fay Davis are trying the experiment of giving Shakspeare without scenery. If it should be a success we would suggest that at their next conference the Independent Labour Party might try the effect of performing without scenes.

***

"Amused Actor" writes to draw attention to one more instance of the impracticability of Socialist proposals. Mr. Philip Snowden's suggestion for the Budget, seriously put forward in *The Clarion*, is "A super-tax of 3*d*. in the pound on incomes of £5,000 a year." Our Correspondent points out that no super is in receipt of an income approaching anywhere near that figure.

A small man has written to *The Daily Mail* to suggest the formation of a regiment of Territorials composed of citizens from five feet to five feet four inches in height. If only Little Tich would consent to act as honorary colonel of such a body, success would be assured.

***

The heading in *The Express*, "Compulsory Frocks For Typists," has, we hear, caused considerable indignation among the young ladies concerned, who declare angrily that they are not Classical Dancers.



MR. PUNCH'S SPECIAL MOTOR-CARS.
VI. For Big Game Hunters.

If they like to steal my sermons," said the Rev. B. M. Kitson in his manifesto to burglars, "they can." The Public may laugh, but we can assure them that a great many sermons are stolen.

***

Methuselah, the oldest tortoise at the Zoo, has now reached his 250th year. Considerable interest attaches to the only living contemporary of Charles II.

***

Sunderland is getting quite a reputation for tragedies. The other day it was a murder, and now it is reported that last week burglars broke into the offices of Messrs. John Rule, secured a safe weighing 3 cwt., removed it to the opposite side of the river, burst it open, and found it empty.

"Do you wear Shock Absorbers?" asks a pertinent advertisement in a certain half-penny newspaper which is sometimes called yellow.

***

In spite of a desperate attempt to revive the waning popularity of hot cross buns this year by a statement to the effect that they contain a large quantity of alcohol the sales on Good Friday were, we hear, no larger than usual, and the bakers are at a loss to know what to do to stem the growing irreligion of the masses.

***

Earthenware jars and glass bottles of curious design have been discovered in the course of excavations at Hampton Court. This looks as if the trippers of the past had a sense of tidiness, unknown to our age, in the matter of picnic débris.

***

Rooks, a contemporary informs us, have deserted their ancient nesting place in Gray's Inn Gardens. It is ungenerously suggested that they could not stand the competition of the local lawyers.

***

The National Sea Fisheries Protection Association is to start a campaign with a view to popularise fish. The situation is rather a *piquant* one in view of the fact that the fish themselves are, we are informed, strongly opposed to popularity.

***

It is possible that Salisbury Plain will be thrown open to aerial navigators for experiments. At present the authorities are said to be boggling at the expense of covering such a vast area with mattresses.

***

A lady writes to ask us whether we think the Bath Pageant will be fit for her daughter to see.

The Editor of *Punch* extremely regrets the paragraph relating to Mr. Swinburne which appeared on this page in the issue of last week. Owing to the Easter holidays the number went to press much earlier than usual, and long before the sad news of Mr. Swinburne's death was made known.

IN MEMORIAM.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

Born 1837. Died April 10th, 1909.

What of the night? For now his day is done,
And he, the herald of the red sunrise,
Leaves us in shadow even as when the sun
Sinks from the sombre skies.

High peer of Shelley, with the chosen few
He shared the secrets of Apollo's lyre,
Nor less from Dionysian altars drew
The god's authentic fire.

Last of our land's great singers, dowered at birth
With music's passion, swift and sweet and strong,
Who taught in heavenly numbers, new to earth,
The wizardry of song—

His spirit, fashioned after Freedom's mould,
Impatient of the bonds that mortals bear,
Achieves a franchise large and uncontrolled,
Rapt through the void of air.

"What of the night?" For him no night can be;
The night is ours, left songless and forlorn;
Yet o'er the darkness, where he wanders free,
Behold, a star is born! O. S.

HOME FISHERY FOR CITY CLERKS.

[This article seems to us in close accord with a certain class of fishing chronicle favoured by a contemporary, an eminent Sporting Weekly.]

That the British sportsman of humble means can possess a first-class fishery within the bosom of his family and ten miles of Charing Cross is a fact not generally known. That such nevertheless is the case we will proceed to demonstrate.

The fishery in question is situated at the house bearing the title "stone," which is the latter half of the name "Elphinstone" shared by two houses in Mount Sion Avenue, West Dulwich, the word being inscribed across the joint. The garden, which extends for a distance of forty-seven yards behind the house, contains the fishery referred to. This consists of a cemented basin four feet two inches in diameter and twenty-seven inches deep in the middle. The basin formerly had two cracks in it, A and B, which were stopped with red lead putty applied with the tin-opener. The pool is fed by a pipe the origin of whose supply is unknown, and in time of drought is replenished from the scullery tap by means of a rubber hose. This water has a bracing effect on the fishery and acts like a tonic.

In May of last year two trout (*Salmo ferox*), weighing respectively 1 lb. 2 ozs., and 10½ ozs., were purchased at a restaurant in Old Coventry Street. They were named Charles and Jane for convenience of reference and were conveyed to "Elphinstone" in a bait-can *per* electric tram. Both fish arrived faint, but appeared to revive when introduced to their new quarters. Next morning, however, the fish Jane was discovered to be in a defunct condition, and was accordingly buried with regret near the roots of an indiarubber plant which had been bedded out after wintering in a pot on the dining-room table. It may be observed however that fresh fish is not a form of nourishment readily assimilated by indiarubber plants that have passed their prime.

What follows is the Diary of the "Elphinstone" fishery, and though the season came to a premature conclusion it will be seen that excellent sport was enjoyed. It should be added that the natural food resources of the fishery were supplemented by judicious allowances of Tidd's Fario Feed, a savoury compound, price £14 10*s.* 0*d.* a ton, very nutritious, and much relished by Charles.

Diary.

June 3.—Began fishing at 3.15 with a 0 0 Sneck Limerick Hook dressed as a Greenwell's Glory. At the first cast Charles came brightly to the hook. He fought strongly, and it was nearly two minutes before the net could be got under him. During the following half-hour caught Charles five times, when the fish unaccountably went off feed. (*Note.*—This has proved to be a record bag for the fishery.)

June 5.—Got Charles twice before tea on a Greenwell's Glory. The water fishes excellently. (*Note.*—Greenwell's Glory is greatly under-rated, in fact, when tied with gold ribbing, it proved to be Charles's favourite fly.)

June 6.—Did not fish this day.

June 7.—The fish puzzles me. Began fishing at 3.40. Charles saw me, but after tea he was caught twice. The second time he made no fight, but came to the net like a log, and then suddenly turned and bit me savagely on the thumb. (*Note.*—Too much care cannot be exercised in handling large trout.)

June 8 *and* 9.—These days I did not fish.

June 10 *and* 11.—Caught Charles once on each of these days. He appears to be getting listless, but continues to fish fairly well.

June 12.—Charles saw me.

June 17.—Have fished carefully these last three days, but Charles will not rise. Cannot make out what is wrong. Have sent for patterns of patent Varox flies.

June 19.—A disappointing day. Fished with the patent flies; no result. Then changed my clothes, whereupon Charles rose at the Varox, but I missed him. He splashed about all over the pool like a mad thing. Cannot understand the fish. The Varox patent flies are beautifully tied and very expensive.

June 30.—Have been fishing every day, but had no rise; greatly perplexed.

July 2.—Have solved mystery. *Charles feeds at night.* Happened to go into garden after supper and found Charles rising. He saw me and stopped. Felt embarrassed. Will try to-morrow.

July 3.—A memorable night. Approached pool at 10.30 P.M. with White Moth fished dry. Got into Charles instantly, who made a great fight. Caught him twice again before leaving him at 3.15 A.M. It is certain that I have a magnificent bit of fishing all to myself. (*Note.*—The White Moth is a fly that is too infrequently used. There is no more deadly lure when fished dry after nightfall.)

July 4.—This day has been disastrous. Tried Charles again after supper. He rose cautiously to my sixth cast, and was hooked. He fought a little, and then let me reel him in; but just as I was stooping to put the net under him he made a rush and came right out of the water at me. I fell back, and in saving myself unfortunately broke my rod and the hook got embedded in the lobe of my left ear. Charles, after throwing about in a threatening manner, got back into the pool unassisted. (*Note.*—It is impossible to pull a fish-hook out of the lobe of the ear by force. It must be cut out, and even if the sufferer can refer to the files of *The Family Doctor*, the operation, when attempted within the home circle, is apt to lead to marital estrangement.)

July 18.—As I observed Charles to be feeding again, telephoned Pilquart of the Flyfishers' Club to come for an afternoon's sport to-morrow.

July 19.—Strange matters. Pilquart came and lunched. He likes my "Weedy Whiffs." As he had brought waders under a misapprehension and seemed a little depressed, I promised him a Weedy Whiff for every time he landed



A SELF-DENYING ORDINANCE.

MR. KEIR HARDIE DECLINES TO "DEPART FROM THE LINES OF SANITY AND FOLLOW SOME VAGUE CHIMÆRA CALLED SOCIALISM."

[In making the above remark before the Conference of the Independent Labour Party, it is possible that Mr. Keir Hardie did not perfectly visualize the Chimæra of classical legend.]



Mother. "Why, Baby, what are you doing?"
Baby (with her ear to crack in floor above the dining-room). "Don't know, but Nursie does it."

Charles. I put him right and left him. When I returned an hour later I found him lying on the grass smoking. He astonished me by telling me that I owed him a shilling box of Weedy Whiffs, and invited me to try to win them back. I went on casting steadily until tea-time without getting a rise, although Pilquart encouraged me and gave me much advice. After tea Pilquart took his rod, but, to my astonishment, instead of fishing, began to put up his tackle and gave me to understand that he was going home to fish his bath, as he had reason to know he should find as good fish there as at the "Elphinstone fishery." It then transpired that Charles was gone and that Pilquart had discovered the fact early in the afternoon.

(*Note.*—In order to have uninterrupted enjoyment of a fishery it is advisable to fix barbed wire along the top of the fence when there is a boy living next-door.)

TO A CUCKOO, HEARD ON THE LINKS.

Bohemian spirit! unencumbered by Penates,
And sole performer of the woodland band
Whose contributions I can recognise with great ease,
Let others count you shifting as the sand,
But surely underneath that bosom black-barred
There lurks a sentiment that I (the hack-bard)
Can fully comprehend. So, cuckoo, here's my hand.

Not for the sake of ease you flit about the copses
And bid your partner to an alien care
Entrust the incubation of her popsy-wopsies,
Planting the eggy mites at unaware;
But art, the voice of art, is ever calling.
How could Caruso sing with infants squalling?
To fetter genius is to drive it to despair.

Should I not also turn my heartstrings to macadam?
I too deposit, whereso'er I could,
A host of unmelodious babies (if I had 'em)
Or in the kindly shelter of some wood
(With robins), or whatever *crèche* was going,
Soon as I felt the inspiration flowing,
The bubbling in my brain-pan? Yes, by Jove, I should.

'Tis therefore that I sometimes wonder when I hear you
Fulfil the valley with that vagrant noise,
Now by the holm-oak yonder, now beside this near yew
(Unhampered as you are by household ploys),
Why you have never hit on something neater,
Some outburst less monotonous of metre,
Less easy to be aped by unregenerate boys.

Is it perhaps that, like that other star, the throstle,
Simply to prove your throat can stand the strain
You too keep on, the Spring's repetitive apostle,
Piping your pæan till it haunts the brain?
I cannot say. But what I find so sad is
One never knows if you or if the caddies
Are making all that rumpus. There it goes again!

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

SOME SPRING SUBJECTS.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—Do you *puz*? If you don't, by all means keep on don'ting, for puzzles have a fatal fascination, and lots of people wish they'd never begun to love them. You've heard, of course, of the De Lacy-Vandeleur-wedding fiasco? Poor dear Veronica in her bridal gown, with her maids and her pages and her parents and her best enemies and everything that is hers, waiting at St. Agatha's for half-an-hour, and Piggy proving a non-starter! Some of the dailies have built up wonderful, fearful stories on it, but not one of them touches the spot. The true inwardness of the affair, my dear, is *puzzles*, no less! For a week Piggy had been putting together one of the big, diffy ones, and when the wedding morning came they couldn't get him away from it. His best man argued with him, and even tried force, but it was no good. "I won't be married," screamed Piggy, "till I've polished off this blank puzzle!"

And by the time he *has* polished off the blank puzzle, and comes out among his kind again, he'll find himself treated to the cut direct and the cut with circumstance wherever he goes, and perhaps thrashed by one of the Vandeleurs. Moral—Don't *puz!*

Josiah's back again from San Bangador safe and sound and horribly glad to be at home. He has an idea that he's very much altered by what he went through there; but it's only a pleasant delusion on his part. As a matter of fact, he's more like himself than ever! He has some fearful friends in tow that he knew out there—a planter-man and his wife; *simple* and *utterly* impossible people, my dear! The wife wears silk and satin frocks first thing in the morning, and chirps out, "Beg y' pardon?" whenever one speaks to her. The man does such weird things with his knife and fork at feeding time that Norty said to me one evening, "Is that your *own* idea, Blanche, to have a conjurer to amuse us at dinner?" Also, the wretch makes *puns*, if you please! When he let one off the other day and seemed to think I would laugh at it, I said, "Oh, that's a *pun*, is it? What deliciously moss-grown old things they are! The *chignons* and *long whiskers* of conversation, don't you think?" He hasn't made any since.

I've done my level to be civil to them, said how interesting it must be to be a planter, and watch the things growing and pick them when they're *done* enough, and what a wonderful arrangement it is of what-d'you-call-it that the leaves of the plant should make tea, and the berries coffee, and another part sugar—and all that sort of thing, you know. And as if that weren't enough, I find Josiah expects me—*me*, you know—*myself*—your own Blanche, to take this tea-and-coffee woman about and show her London!! Meaning the Tower, the Monument, the British Museum, and all those other chambers of horrors! As if they had anything to do with London.

Oh, my dearest! such a funny little something happened just after Josiah's return. I'd got a bit careless, I suppose, in leaving things about while I was on my own, and one day I found him looking at a certain little miniature of an *eye* that someone gave me as an *Easter offering*—a *dark* eye, never mind *whose*, with a look of mischief in it and a setting of brilliants. "Whatever's this?" said the Head of the Firm in a queer voice. I felt it was a case for "*de l'audace, de l'audace, et encore de l'audace.*" "Why, you silly man," I said, "don't you know your own eye when you see it?" "*Mine!*" he said. "*My* eyes are *light*." "That's all *you* know! When you're animated and excited your eyes *look quite dark*. I snap-shotted you once when they looked dark, and this was done from it."

And (oh, *ces hommes! ces hommes!*) he actually took it all in, and was quite flattered, and has given me a new long chain of brilliants to hang the miniature on! There are *some* people, you see, who in an emergency can not only take the bull by the horns, but ride off in triumph on the animal's back.

Did I tell you of Norty's new departure?—"Straight Talks on the Enormities of Society—By one who knows It from the Inside." He says there's money in scolding us and abusing us, and why shouldn't we make it ourselves?—especially as we know the most *about* ourselves and therefore are best able to *do* the scolding. He gives his Talks every Wednesday afternoon at the Fitz, tickets a guinea each, and the room is always *packed*. He gives it us right and left, and we enjoy it *immensely*. The last "Straight Talk" was about our custom of organising *dances* in aid of charities. Oh, he *was* down on us, and we *did* laugh! He said, among other things, that getting up dances for charity was not only letting your left hand know what your right hand does, but letting *both your feet* know as well! He was very hard on us women another time about our way of criticising each other and suspecting the genuineness of each other's complexions and hair, and he said we ought not only to live and let live, but *dye* and *let dye*.

The next "Straight Talk" is to be on "Money Marriages." He's not a bit afraid of people saying, "You're another!" He says those who've *made* them are most qualified to speak about them. The *coolness* of the boy, you know!

Everyone who's been round the studios is raving about Major's portrait of Sibyl St. James. Profile, of course. Bosh says she's "profile et pretty well nihil," meaning, you know, that she's *only* a profile. And certainly she's sacrificed everything to that profile of hers. She doesn't give dinners or suppers or go to them. *Et pourquoi?* Because the profile mustn't be seen eating! She hasn't any friends. It isn't that people *won't* know her; they *can't*. How can one be pally with a *profile*, or make a confidant of it, or talk scandal with it, or do *anything* but just look at it? We were talking about Sibyl at Wee-Wee's the other night, and Bosh said people told a story of her husband meeting her suddenly round a corner one day and not recognising her, because he'd never seen her front face before. Ever thine, BLANCHE.

THE PORTERESQUE.

["During the hearing of a motor-car case at Bournemouth a witness, described as a porter, said: 'I saw a motor-car coming towards me with marvellous rapidity, and if I had not possessed great agility and youthfulness I should have been killed. I afterwards looked round at the driver's face, which was scintillating with vicious grins. The driver also made some insipid remarks, and the car was travelling with the silence and swiftness of a shrapnel shell.'"—*Morning Leader.*]

IN the interests of the colour of life it is to be hoped that the Bournemouth porter will set a fashion—more than that, inaugurate a tradition. How much more entertaining would the daily routine become if all public servants talked like this! Not only porters, but commissionaires and boy-messengers, and policemen and postmen too. Perhaps Mr. RUNCIMAN will smile upon the scheme and arrange for lecturers in the Porteresque to visit the schoo's. Then some such results as these might follow:—

In directing an old lady from the country who had asked the way to the Bank, a constable stationed yesterday at Trafalgar Square replied thus: "Dear Madam, the journey is not only simple but of engrossing interest. The first step is to leave the august spot on which we now stand, overshadowed as it is by the lithic semblance, poised 'twixt heaven and earth (like MAHOMET'S coffin), of Lord NELSON AND BRONTË, the hero of a hundred fights and the terror of the sea, and mount one of those *Mauretanias* of the London streets known as a motor-bus bound in an easterly direction. Passing through the crowded and animated Strand, you will enter the City

at the Temple, the abode of Law, and then traversing Fleet Street and climbing the Hill of Ludgate, be under the façade of Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN'S mighty fane, now the lunching resort of the wholesale drapery trade . . ."

Or again, at Charing Cross Station, a porter wheeling a truck may thus chatter: "Your consideration I crave to allow this not inconsiderable vehicle to pass. This way, lady, for the train which in course of time will take its departure from this platform on its perilous and protracted journey with the nominal intent of reaching the ancient seaport of Dover (one of the Cinque Ports) at 5.3. At what hour, however, its happy arrival will actually occur one hesitates to hazard. Conjecture's fires pale before such a problem. This way, lady, this way."

A hotel porter, having been inadvertently mistaken for the boots by a short-sighted guest, would reply to a request about calling him in the morning in the following terms: "Incurious stranger, why this sad confusion of functions? Dost thou truly believe this uniform to be attuned to the ignoble duty of foot-wear-cleaning? Or is thy mistake due to myopia, astigmatism, or incipient cataract? Discuss, infatuated stranger, for, as thou art aware, the ball of repartee cannot be kept up without constant repercussion."

Once more, if the Porteresque diction becomes general, we can easily imagine a caddie, on being asked by a beginner what is the best club to use for a long approach shot, lapsing into poetry as follows:—

"Fair Sir, although the lie be grassy
I cannot recommend the brassy.
Again, undoubted risks environ
Your handling of the cleek or iron,
For on each side, I grieve to state,
Pot-bunkers simply pullulate.
To use a baffy or a spoon
Were unpropitious and jejune.
In fine, my deft elimination
Has clarified the situation;
And, to conclude this talky-talky,
Just take your mashie and play pawky."

A Marathon Record in Church Services.

"After a service of about five years the Rev. Thos. Egerton Wilton Rudd has intimated his intention to resign the curacy of Northenden Parish Church."—*Manchester Evening News.*

"The Vacancy at Stratford-on-Avon."

As this headline has given rise to a good deal of misapprehension and not a few false hopes, it is as well to state that the most illustrious living resident has no intention of removing elsewhere.



Dentist. "NOW, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?"

Patient (whose heart has failed her at the last moment). "OH! ER—MY TEETH ARE *PERFECTLY* ALL RIGHT, THANKS. ER—WHAT I REALLY CAME FOR WAS TO ASK IF YOU WOULD—ER—CARE TO PLAY GOLF WITH ME—ER—SOME TIME THIS SUMMER."

"Tell me not in mournful numbers."

A correspondent writes:—"The daily papers in their obituary notices of the famous actress, Madame MODJESKA, state that on one occasion in London she recited the multiplication table in Polish, her native tongue, with such harrowing effect as to reduce her audience to tears. I see nothing remarkable in this. *My own little girl*, aged five and a half, to whom I teach mathematics, daily causes me to weep copiously in geometrical progression with some such effort as the following:—'Twice one is three, twice two is seven, twice three is fourteen'; and so on."

His Second Time on Earth.

By-Elector (pointing out to his daughter the chief figures in the fight). And look, there 's Hunnable.

High School Daughter. Oh, yes; the man who tried to cross the Alps some years ago.

"The summons had been issued to the wrong man. . . There had evidently been a mix-up of names, the driver and the owner of the engine being nephews and bearing the same name."—*The Irvine Herald.*

We have always noticed that confusion is apt to be caused by a man's being his own great-uncle.

SOME NEW HEAD-LINES.

[*With acknowledgments to all rival Arbiters of Fashion.*]

So Spring, the sweet Spring, is here, and most of us are naturally giving anxious thought to the subject of our "top-dressing"—as a witty young Marquis of agricultural tastes once called his hat in my presence. Having just returned from naughty, enticing, delightful Paris, where I made my annual tour of the *magasins des modes*, I am now in a position to indicate precisely what surprises Dame Fashion has in store for you. The "cartwheel" has gone—trundled into the limbo of forgotten things; the busby we can suitably relinquish to those dear Territorials, now that they are preparing in grim earnest to frighten the wicked invader from our poor, peaceful shores; and the beehive, symbol of industry and perseverance, is, appropriately enough, to be the wear *par excellence* of those who are making another attempt this year to take advantage of the season's influence upon "a young man's fancy." *Entre nous*, a balmy smile goes best with this really "dossy" *chapeau*, and the coiffure, being completely hidden, may be worn *négligée*, or be left at home altogether.

But a greater surprise awaits you in the "barn thatch." This sensational design is in the form of any other thatched covering of an empty top-loft, and can be worn "fore-and-aft," as our gallant tars phrase it, when beating up against those boisterous winds that come "before the swallows dare;" or "broadside on" in the wet, when the eaves carry the rain clear of the shoulders. The yokel laugh, which is something between a Swiss yodel and a contralto chuckle, can be practised for use with this.

And now, looking ahead into those days "with roses red incarnadine," when the daily papers tell us that "yesterday was the hottest 10th of June for ninety-one years," what do you say, my lady fair, to the "water-butt" hat? Isn't the idea arresting? But, to let you into a secret, this is an adaptation of the "wine-cask" straw with which the hatters made an abortive attempt last season to oust the "boater" for men—a hat, by the way, which has nothing but cheapness and comfort to recommend it. So great, however, is the obstinate prejudice of the "lords of creation" against anything really striking and conspicuous that not even in Paris, that city of *flâneurs*, would any male creature muster up sufficient courage to don it.

À propos, I must tell you a story, which goes to show that some of these strange creatures positively admire dowdiness in *us*. I was at a smart afternoon reception the other day, in a Faubourg not a thousand miles from the Pont Neuf, when an English "mees" came in with her papa, a brown-faced Colonel from India's coral strand. Pretty she was undeniably, but, if you believe me, she was wearing one of those hats we all thought so becoming in the spring of 1907!!! You never saw anything more countrified or ridiculous, more—in a word—hopelessly middle-class.

Two nice-looking, well-groomed English boys were standing near me. "Hulloa!" said one, "what a pretty girl!" "Awfully fetching hat—what?" growled the other. And one gaby went off, no doubt to manœuvre for an introduction, while the other sighed a big sigh. And I daresay I did too, to think that these great, irrational creatures have votes, while we pioneers of taste and fashion, who put our heads fearlessly into beehives at the word given, have none.

But *revenons à nos moutons*, as a humorous Frenchman said to me once when the telephone bell had called him momentarily from the dinner-table. The "water-butt" should be built of chip, in one of the latest art-shades—a "garden-seat" green or "boiled gooseberry" grey. Trimmed with duck-weed or water-cress, and conveying a pleasantly cooling suggestion of water on the brain, nothing certainly could look better in the languid heat of the dog days.

KILTS.

"Speaking of clothes," began Dibchick, "I remember, years and years ago, when I was an undergraduate at Oxford——"

"It 's no good your attempting the patriarchal with us," interrupted Patty, "because you can't be so very old, now. What do you think, Bob?"

"I don't think," said Bob calmly, "I know."

Dibchick regarded him with an air of approval. "You will end as a legislator, Bob."

"Rot," said Bob; "I know you 're thirty-five. It isn't a thing that wants thinking about."

"There you are wrong. Of all the seventy ages of man, thirty-five is the one that affords food for the most serious reflection. At thirty-five a man has lost the first blush of youth, while——"

Patty turned again to Bob. "Do you believe he has ever blushed?"

"No," said Bob. "If he had, he wouldn't mention it."

"To return to our original topic," said Dibchick. "Speaking of clothes, I remember, when I was at the Varsity, a friend of mine introduced me, as a great favour, to his tailor, a very pleasant fellow. Not that there is anything remarkable in that, because, of course, tailors are, as a general rule, a particularly ingratiating body of men. Well, all I wanted at the time was a tweed suit. Six months afterwards we found that I owed him seventy-eight pounds. He was quite as much surprised about it as I was."

"You must have been a juggins," said Bob.

"No, I think not. You see, when he had once got my measurements, he contracted a habit of sending things round on trial, as it were; and of course, when a man has actually gone to the trouble of making a thing for you, it seems rather—er—rather a reflection on him to send it back again. I've got lots of his garments by me still. I remember his speciality was overcoats and kilts."

"Have you lived much in Scotland?" asked Patty.

"No, that 's just the point. I explained to him that I didn't really need kilts, because the only place I went to in the vacation was the Channel Islands. But he said you never knew when they might come in useful. When I took my degree, I gave them to my scout. He was a man with several small daughters, who had once played inside right for Oxford City. So naturally he was very glad of them."

"Did all his daughters play inside right together?" asked Bob.

"No, he was alone there. They never joined him. I should have made that clearer. It was before he had acquired any daughters to speak of."

"Were they all daughters?" inquired Patty.

"I believe there was a boy here and there; but it was the girls he was really wrapt up in."

"I thought it was the kilts," said Bob.

Dibchick leant back in his chair and blew rings of cigarette smoke. Patty watched him respectfully.

"You 're rather good at those things," she said.

"Oh, I don't know," he answered modestly; "the plain, straightforward article is easy enough, but I seem to have lost the knack of breaking them from leg."

Bob got up. "I vote we leave him, Patty. Let 's go and play croquet."

"But I should like to have understood about the kilts," said Patty. "Why should his scout have been so glad of them?"

"To tell the truth," said Dibchick, "he wasn't—at first; at least, not so much. His original idea—a poor one—was that his wife might work them into a tea-cosy or a bed-quilt or something of that kind. But being a woman of social ambitions, she thought it would



Maid. "Please, Miss Jessie, what am I to do? There's nothing for breakfast, and the missis is so very particular."

be *chic* if he wore them on Saturday afternoons, when he played golf. As it turned out, she was quite right; they gave the family quite a social lift, besides enabling him to develop a much freer swing."

"Come along, Patty," said Bob scornfully. "If you listen much longer he'll give you a sunstroke."

"I certainly have rather a giddy sensation," she said.

Solitude by the Sea.

"12,000 People go to Blackpool Alone."
Headline from "Sunday Chronicle."

The Friend, a Bloemfontein paper not given to frivolity, has found a new name for the Member for King's Lynn. It is Mr. Helloc Bellairs. It might have been worse. They might have called him Mr. Hellairs Belloc.

From the "Corrispondenze" column (agony) in *La Tribuna*:—

"Wednesday. Received yesterday evening. What a night! How I wept! What words you writed me! If you saw me, how you should have taked pity upon me! . . . Be quiet, my love. I write. Be quiet."

"PREPARE TO SHED THEM NOW."

The saddest thing I ever saw? he said. Well, I don't know that I can remember quite the saddest, at this moment, but one of the saddest was a row of railway trucks on the line somewhere near Redruth, on the way to Penzance. We had left London full of anticipation of our holiday—in thorough holiday mood—the sky seemed for the moment to have no clouds in it—and then suddenly we came upon this pathetic sight, a row of dispirited trucks in a siding, on each of which was painted the bitter words: "This truck not to go east of Truro." Now think of that! Think of what it must mean to an adventurous ambitious truck to have its wings thus clipped by some unimaginative jackanapes of a traffic superintendant! Our hearts bled for them. I am fairly phlegmatic myself, but I could not bear to look at them; and when my wife saw how small they were, she completely broke down. You know women, sir, you know their tender ways.

The fact that the trucks were so small certainly made it worse. One pictured the new ones full of freshness, unaware of the cruel legend on their sides, running up to Truro so gaily and confidently, all expectant of their long and delightful journey to the east, and then being pulled up sharp and sent back again without a word of explanation. No east of Truro for them! For them the dull west. Dull indeed. For what has life to offer west of Truro when you may not go east?

One thought of the young ones forced to listen to the talk of large trucks who had been to Plymouth and Exeter and London even. Could there be a harder fate than that—to have to hear of the promised land knowing you may never enter it? We wondered if one of them had ever managed to break away and run the blockade of Truro station. But I fear not; man, and especially official man, is too sharp, too tyrannical.

The incident entirely spoiled our holiday. My wife moped all the time, and though she was as brave as she could be she did not deceive me—I knew where her thoughts were. How could I fail to, when mine were there too?

Poor little trucks.



THE ROBINSONS' EASTER TRIP TO PARIS.

"Hold on, M'ria! Before you go right off, tell me the French for Sal Volatile."

TO SPRING.

[The weather in Los Angeles, where these lines come from, seems to have caused dissatisfaction.]

Belauded month, whose advent is connected
With poets, onions, eggs, and early peas,
With fragile blossoms blooming undetected,
And fleecy lambs a-scamper on the leas;
When April smiles, and all the world seems young,
And girls are ironing their linen bonnets,
And Smith, my neighbour, who composes sonnets,
Caulks his dismantled lung,
And plays the living deuce with Shakspeare's native tongue,

I too rejoice, although belated blizzards
Retard the genial glow of actual Spring;
Although the feathered choirs, with *frappés* gizzards
Still feel an inability to sing.
For either deep inside or down below
In leaf and blade the vital sap is humming,
And blustering Boreas bellows: "Spring is coming!"
Although it doesn't show,
And should have properly occurred a month ago.

O blessed Spring! whose penetrating breezes,
From amorous Arctic regions lightly rolled,
Inspire the shy and shivering swain to wheeze his
Absurd request that Chloe won't be cold;
I too upon the bosom of some fair
Would lay the tribute of a brief devotion,
If I could find some satisfactory lotion
For carpeting the bare
Spots on a toil-worn crust with ornamental hair.

Well, thou hast other and less meretricious
Pleasures, O Spring, that Time has not effaced;
Those lambkins I referred to—how delicious
Mint sauce and young green peas will make them taste!
The vernal wind that sweeps my very soul
Hints at the salmon-steak, the shy *champignon;*
And think of those fat squabs that gurgle in yon
Dovecote—*en casserole!*
Or served as pigeon pie, or simply roasted whole!

Then welcome, primrose-girdled Primavera,
Goddess (atchoo!) of sunshine and desire;
I know thou 'rt come, although I have to wear a
Thick waistcoat still, and sit beside the fire;
For I beheld upon to-day's menu
"Spring chicken," "Brussels sprouts" and "new potatoes;"
And "Ah!" I cried, "a man who loves his plate owes
A deal, O Spring, to you,
Whether it 's nice and fine, or sleet obscures the view"!

Algol.



BACK TO THE LAND.

Boy. "PLEASE, SIR, MAY I BE TRAINED FOR THE MERCHANT SERVICE?"

President of the Board of Trade. "PARENTS IN THE WORKHOUSE?"

Boy (*cheerfully*). "NO, SIR."

P. B. T. "WELL, RUN ALONG AND COMMIT A CRIME, OR ELSE WE CAN'T DO ANYTHING FOR YOU."

[Apart from those training-ships which are either industrial or reformatory schools and a single ship for workhouse boys the Government does nothing by way of education for our Merchant Service. All other training ships, such as the *Mercury*, of which Mr. C. B. Fry has recently taken over the control, are dependent for support on voluntary contributions. Yet more than half a century has passed since a Royal Commission recommended the encouragement of training-ships, and more than a year since a Committee appointed by the Board of Trade suggested capitation grants by the State for the instruction of boys wishing to join the Merchant Navy, but nothing seems to have been done. Meanwhile this Service, from which we are supposed to draw our Naval Reserve, is largely manned by aliens!]



"JUDGING CHARACTER BY CORRESPONDENCE": OR, THE WINSTON TOUCH.

OUR ARTIST HAS CURIOUSLY FEW OPPORTUNITIES OF ATTENDING CABINET COUNCILS, BUT, AFTER A CAREFUL STUDY OF MR WINSTON CHURCHILL'S LETTER TO HIS CONSTITUENTS ABOUT THE "8" (DREADNOUGHTS) QUESTION, IN WHICH HE LIGHT-HEARTEDLY CASTIGATES EVERY AXIOM AND ARGUMENT OF HIS DEAR COLLEAGUES, HE FEELS SURE THAT THE ABOVE CAN BE NO INACCURATE REPRESENTATION OF WHAT USUALLY OCCURS WHEN THE CABINET MEETS IN COUNCIL.

THE POETRY OF "BRADSHAW" ANNOTATED.

[*In the manner of the Higher Criticism of Poetry.*]

"PASSENGERS commencing a long distance journey on a Saturday or Sunday, when the destination will not be reached till the following day, are recommended to consult the detailed tables covering the whole of the Route, as the Train service on Sundays often differs from that on Week Days."

The above selection opens with a most complex mixture of metres and with a very large proportion of unaccented syllables. These devices are employed to give a vivid impression of the speed and confusion incidental to the beginning of a long railway journey.

The paragraph starts with a dactyl; this is followed by an amphibrach, and this by an iambus; three trochees are next used, and then another dactyl. On a cursory reading these opening phrases might be considered a mere jumble; but what to the uninitiated seems to be a jumble is to the truly poetic mind a fine example of forceful heterogeneity of rhythm. Contrast, for example, the quick movement expressed in the word *Saturday* (the busy day) with the slower movement denoted by the word *Sunday* (the day of quiet). But even *Sunday* does not suggest such peacefulness as *Sabbath* would have done. The secular word Sunday is very appropriately used here as the employment of labour is entailed.

In the phrase *long distance journey* we have an excellent example of the wonderful effect of onomatopœia. The idea of a *long distance journey* is indicated very forcibly by the sound, for "the words move slow" on account of the accumulation of consonants—eleven consonants to eight vowels. Note also the careful choice of the long word *destination* used in connection with a long distance journey, and, in contrast with this, note the sharp sound in *reached* and the shortness of the word, suggesting the sudden stopping of the train.

Throughout the paragraph one cannot fail to hear the short sharp sounds of the engine expressed by the sounds *ch* and *j* (reached, journey), as well as the large number of sibilants, as in passengers, commencing, distance, Saturday, Sunday, destination, etc., etc.

Following day. By the second day the rhythmical motion has produced a somnolent effect; this is finely expressed by the use of the liquid *l* and the lullaby sound of the word *day*.

Recommended to consult. The time now quickens at the hopeful outlook expressed in this phrase; but when one comes to "the detailed tables" one is compelled by the accumulation of similar consonants (two *d*'s, two *t*'s, and two *l*'s) to read the words slowly and so feel the labour of consulting time-tables in detail.

To prevent monotony the rhythm has been varied; but now the poet returns exactly to the metre used in the opening sentence. This is very skilfully worked in, and without careful perusal one would be at a loss to understand why the words *covering the whole of the route* produce upon the reader such a remarkable effect. The repetition is of the very essence of the poetry of motion. Employing the usual *dum* and *di* to express a long and a short syllable respectively, we find that *covering the whole of the route* and *Passengers commencing a long*

. . . are both of the form *dum di di di dum di di dum.*

It is quite impossible to point out all the beauties of this exquisite poem, but we cannot leave the subject without a reference to two or three other points of interest.

It will be noticed that rhyme, the most humble of the expedients employed for the creation of musical beauty, is almost discarded by the author, as it is by many other great poets, but that of the more refined and subtle aid of assonance he gives us a fine example in the words *journey* and *service*, and of alliteration in the words *detailed, tables, train, days*, etc. And what glorious music in the succession of *a*'s in these same four words!

In some portions of this selection the author must certainly rank with the greatest masters of our noble language. Compare, for example, the phrase, "To be reached till the following day," with TENNYSON'S "That he shouts with his sister at play."

And, again, compare "Often differs from that on week days" with the line of SHAKSPEARE, "Caoler, look to him—tell not me of (mercy)," or the late Laureate's "Guinevere and in her his one de(light)."

A Delicate Way of Putting It.

For general fatuousness the holiday panegyrist is hard to beat, especially when he breaks loose—often, too, in verse—in the albums where the proprietors of provincial hostelries and lodging-houses are wont to fish for the eulogies of their guests. We would forbear to indicate exactly where in the West Country a particular Golden Treasury of Cockney wit and sentiment was to be found this Eastertide, for fear of giving a bad advertisement to a not very high-class *cuisine* and somewhat indifferent sleeping accommodation; but after wading through pages in which the virtues of "mine hostess" were painted *couleur de rose* it was not a little refreshing to come across the following terse comment, which we think deserves a wider publicity:—

"Quoth the Raven —"

And the landlady, who apparently is not very well versed in American literature, is still in the dark as to its meaning and application.

From answers to a Literature paper:—

"Congreve, of the school of immoral drama, so won the respect of Dante that the latter came across to England to visit him."

AT THE PLAY.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

THE public is greatly indebted to Mr. TREE, and he, in turn, to Mr. PERCY MACQUOID, for a revival most exquisite in every detail of scenery and costume. The company, too, was a veritable galaxy of stars, though the magnitude of some of them seemed to be unfavourably affected by an atmosphere to which they could not perfectly accommodate themselves. Mr. LORAINE, in particular, while he did sufficient justice to the breeziness and generous *bonhomie* of *Charles Surface*, had really stepped into the picture straight out of the twentieth century, and might have been mistaken for Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS *au naturel*, with a touch of Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM thrown in. Miss MARIE LÖHR, again, whose fresh young beauty does not in the least lend itself to the paint and powder and patches of the period, was never quite at her charming best, even in *Lady Teazle's* earlier and more playful scenes, and for the Third Act she wanted experience. I venture to plead with those who have the care of Miss LÖHR'S career that they will not try to force her flower-like gifts, and put burdens upon her which her youth, with all its cleverness and adaptability, is unable to bear.

Of the women, Miss ELLIS JEFFREYS, as *Lady Sneerwell*, was far the best equipped in the manners of the time; but Miss SUZANNE SHELDON'S *Mrs. Candour* was a delightfully robust performance, and her own spontaneous humour was a very attractive enlargement upon SHERIDAN'S wit.

Mr. TREE as *Sir Peter* was admirable, more especially in his confidential soliloquies; and Mr. BASIL GILL, if he bore no facial resemblance to the ideal *Joseph*, acted with greater subtlety than one might have expected. Mr. LIONEL BROUGH was a masterly *Moses*, and Mr. HENRY NEVILLE gave the right measure of rotundity to his interpretation of *Sir Oliver*. Mr. EDWARD TERRY, as *Crabtree*, provided what I suppose was a proper relief to the general atmosphere of refined artificiality; and Mr. HENRY ESMOND, who made an amusing dandy, was, I am glad to say, less restive than usual. Finally, Miss DAGMAR WIEHE looked extremely pretty in the rather thankless part of *Maria*.

Never was a more charming picture than the minuet in the First Act, and, indeed, the whole performance was delightful. Possibly the stickler for pure comedy might cavil just a little at the way in which the Screen Scene was allowed to drift perilously near to farce.

I half hope that this revival will do something to restore the vogue of soliloquy; not, of course, of the kind employed for the chronicling of facts or as a device for the evasion of other and superable difficulties, but the permissible sort, in which the actors take the audience into their confidence. I like to think that they recognise that I am there and worth talking to.

O. S.



CONCERNING "THE LITTLE FRENCH MILLINER."

Sir Peter Teazle . . . MR. TREE.
Charles Surface . . . MR. LORAINE.

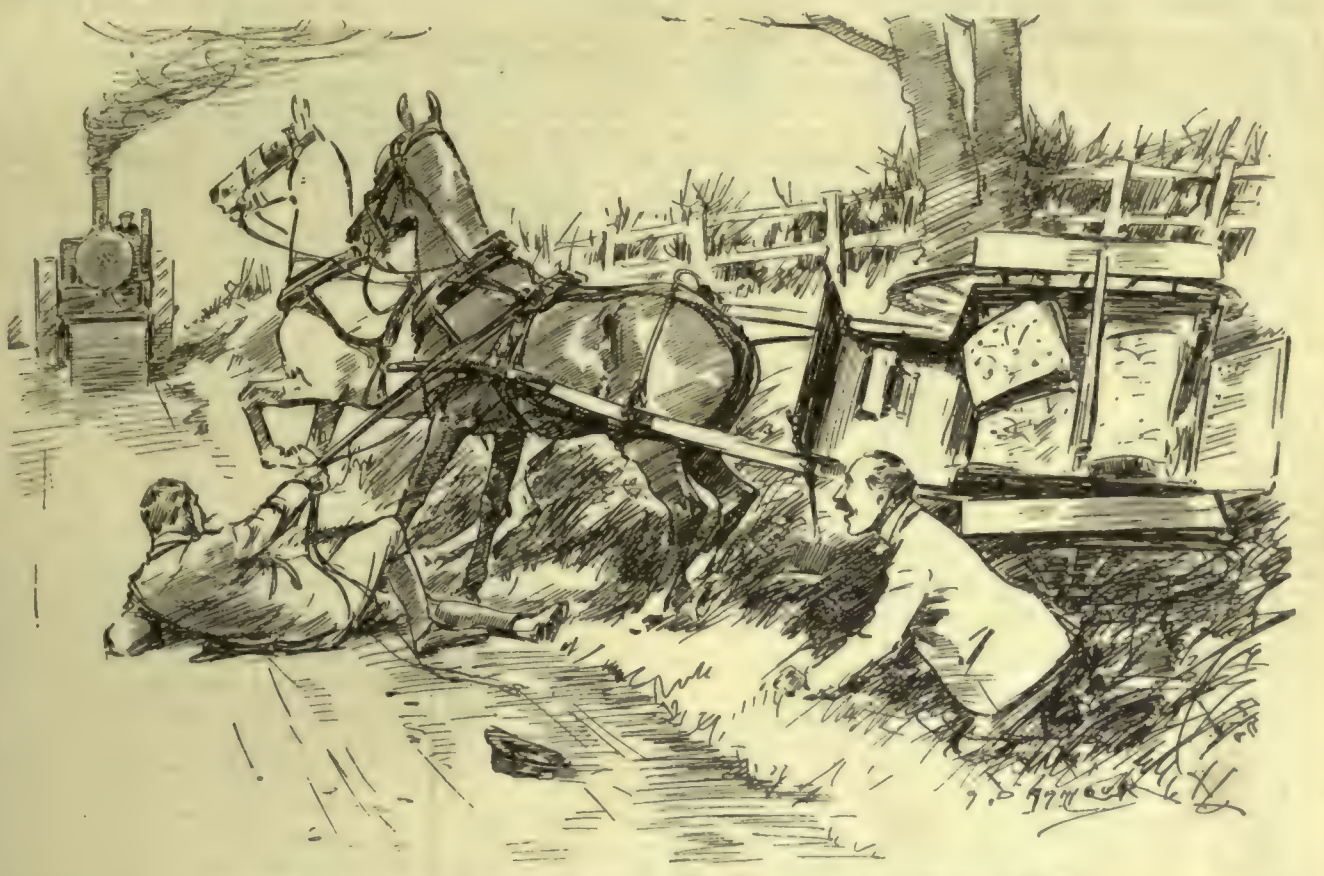
A New Record.

[No more costly arrayed bride has ever entered the church (St. Paul's, Knightsbridge)."—*Daily Chronicle.*]

How curiously impatient of delays
Are our young couples in these hustling days!
At least, to judge from journalistic headings,
They start their married life with "diamond" weddings.

"There will be no Shakespeare festival at His Majesty's Theatre owing to the marked success of his revival of 'The School for Scandal,' the run of which he does not care to temporarily break."

This paragraph appears all by itself in *The Standard*, and leaves us uncertain whether "he" refers to SHAKESPEARE or HIS MAJESTY.



Guest. "I SAY, OLD CHAP, DO YOU THINK IT'S THE PACE OF THE THING THAT WORRIES 'EM?"

TO A BISON.

[*After reading a recent article in "The Times" on his preservation.*]

CREATURE, regards! What though river and prairie
Know not to-day the stampede of your horde,
See not the maelstrom of heads huge and hairy,
Hear not the thunder of hoof upon sward?
What though the plough breaks the trails where your following
Millions once surged like the flow of the tide,
And o'er your picturesque places of wallowing
Golden as sunrise the wheat stretches wide?

For there 's romance in your veriest mention;
Camp-fires at nightfall and mountings at morn,
Wigwam and war-path again claim attention,
Hair-breadth escapes from your perilous horn!
Yes, when we read of you, boyhood comes back again,
(Shade of MAYNE REID and of BALLANTYNE too!)
And we 're repelling a Red-skin attack again,
Strewing the lawn with belligerent Sioux!

Or, on our mustangs (the fire-breathing devils)
Madly we gallop with never a pull,
Close with your mob on the alkali levels
(Sometimes the garden), and drop the big bull!
Back to the waggons (the tool-shed or rockery),
Loose in the saddle to breakfast we ride,
Naught of contemptible cruet and crockery
Needs the proved plainsman when pemmican 's fried!

Will you once more in Saskatchewan's regions
Thrive, as we hope, just as hardy and tough
As when the red man of old saw your legions
Blacken the plains from some prominent bluff?
Will the bronzed cow-puncher hear, when the twittering
Quail greet the morning, your truculent moo
Boom down the cañon where snow-peaks are glittering,
Soaring aloft to the fathomless blue?

Only your Totem can tell; so at present
Just let us wish you the peace of the hills,
Salt-lick and wallow, and pasturage pleasant,
Safe from the bullets of "Buffalo Bills";
Few, half domestic—the blood 's not degenerate—
Long may you rule your park-ranges at ease,
And here 's regards to you, creature, at any rate,
Since your mere mention brings dreams such as these!

From the Supplement to *The Schoolmistress* we extract the following questions set by the Board of Education in an English Language Paper in the Preliminary Examination for the certificate:

"A traveller in Africa saw two animals which he took to be young lions running towards him. His negro servants ran away in fright, while he shot both the animals—a feat with which he was pleased. Immediately afterwards, however, a white man came out of the neighbouring wood and remonstrated with him, explaining that the animals were not lions but dogs brought at great expense from England. The traveller was much abashed and apologised for his mistake.

Tell the above story again in your own words so as to make it as vivid and interesting as you can. Make the two men talk to each other."

We sincerely trust that no young girl among the candidates was capable of so much as imagining the probable language of the owner of the dogs.

THE STANDING GRIEVANCE.

I HAVE heard the question discussed from every side—including the inside and outside. Perhaps this is why I have never been able to make up my mind. My wife is a Suffragette. My wife's mother is a Suffragist. My mother is an Anti-Suffragette. My sister—who considers that the proper moment has not yet arrived—might best be described as an Anti-Suffrage-As-Yet. The views of my daughter are totally incapable of description, though she is perhaps the most earnest of them all.

"Why don't you consider women as they *are*, and not as you think they *might* be if they became different to what they are," said my wife.

"Because," I replied, "you want to become different to what you are, and if you did become different it would be foolish to consider you as you were before you did."

"What I mean," she said, "is *this*. Take the general conduct of women through any series of every-day events, and, if that conduct is satisfactory, apply it to events on a larger scale in the government of nations."

This struck me as being reasonable, and I ruled two columns in my note-book and headed them "Pros" and "Cons." respectively. As I raced down the hill to catch my "Circle" train to the City it struck me that I would put the idea into practice on my journey.

I reached the booking-office in a dancing hurry. There were exactly twenty seconds before my train was due in. The lady *in situ* waited till she had received her ticket, and then commenced the necessary sequence of events that leads to the production of a purse.

A statesman should always be prepared—even for an emergency. The expected appearance of a railway-ticket on the slab could not truthfully be called an emergency, so I entered a mark in the "Cons." column.

My heart smote me as I watched her take her purse out of her reticule and open the inmost compartment. She was really rather pretty. I entered a mark on the "Pro." side, because carefulness about money is an excellent quality in people who prepare the Budget.

Having looked inside the purse she inquired the price of the ticket. The answer to this question necessitated the return of the purse to the reticule and a search for a pocket in an underskirt. After a short but determined struggle she produced a second purse, which proved equal to the financial strain. While the clerk was counting out her change I entered a second mark in the "Cons." column. I don't know in what category this mark should be placed, but I heard my train in the distance and moistened the tip of my pencil before I wrote with it.

Having obtained my ticket I made a dash for the barrier, and was again held up while she made careful inquiries as to her destination. While the ticket collector was informing her for the third time that any train going to the left would take her to the Mansion House, I made a second entry on the Credit side. This was rather noble of me, but I felt she deserved one for such a display of caution. Excellent quality in a young Minister of State.

The five additional points which I then entered on the Debit side I afterwards crossed out. I felt that my personal feelings should not enter into the matter, and, after all, trains are very frequent on that line. I spent the time in drawing a more elaborate scheme of marks and remarks. This is how it runs :—

	Pros.	Cons.
Brought forward	2	2
On her asking me if the next train was right for the Mansion House.		
This showed a healthy mistrust for officialdom and a pleasing repetition of her caution.	3	
On her asking a porter the same question directly afterwards.		
(I haven't invented this—there really was a porter.)		
Over-caution—bad.		1
On her asking the conductor of the train the same question.		
Persistency.	1	
On her entering a smoking compartment in frantic haste.		
Lack of perception.		1
Lack of presence of mind.		1
On her attempting to leave it after the train had started.		
Willingness to acknowledge errors.	1	
On the conductor calling, "All change!" asking him twice if she changed there for the Mansion House.		
Useful heckling gift for member of Opposition.	3	
(This occurred at South Kensington on one of the surviving semi-circle trains.)		
On her asking me if the next train was right for the Mansion House.		
Power of reposing confidence in the right person. Useful gift for First Lord of the Admiralty.	3	
On her asking the conductor the same question.		
Tactlessness.		3
On her entering crowded smoking compartment in frantic haste.		
Lack of perception.		2
Lack of presence of mind.		2
Brought forward	13	12
On her attempting to leave it after the train had started.		
Lack of ability to profit by experience.		3
On her thanking me very much for my seat.		
Politeness. Excellent quality for Leader of Opposition.	2	
On her retaining the seat at Sloane Square instead of seeking a non-smoking compartment.		1
do. do. Victoria.		2
do. do. St. James's Park.		4
do. do. Westminster.		8
do. do. Charing Cross.		16
do. do. Temple.		32
do. do. Blackfriars.		100
	15	178

It was my last entry—about a Member retaining a seat while another person was standing for it—that made my wife think I hadn't treated the matter seriously. She said that only a woman could apply the test with absolute impartiality. I am inclined, as they never give up their seats to other women, to agree with her.

NARROW ESCAPES.

IT appears from his recently published biography that Mr. BRANSBY WILLIAMS, the well-known music-hall artist, was originally intended by his parents to become a missionary.

It would be a great mistake, however, to suppose that this is an isolated case of the abandonment of one career for another of a diametrically opposed character. As a matter of fact the annals of contemporary life teem with analogous cases of conversion.

Mr. RUFUS ISAACS not only wished to become a sailor, but actually went to sea before the jury mast. He was eventually called to the harbour bar, with results that are familiar to all our readers.

The late Sir HENRY IRVING as a boy cherished the ambition of being an engine-driver. He ultimately adopted the career of an actor, but found consolation for the change in a close friendship with his faithful STOKER.

The parents of Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN were bent on his entering the political arena, and confidently looked forward to his one day becoming Prime Minister. "After all," as the Bard wittily puts it, "I only missed it by one letter. Instead of being P.M., I am P.L."

Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL justified his Christian name in early youth by his first-rate fighting qualities, and had already challenged FITZSIMMONS when the success of "Pompadour Jim" on the

boards induced him to abandon pugilism for histrionics. But to this day he prefers a strong, repellent, aggressive part to one of a pacifist character.

Mr. Hayden Coffin was within an ace of becoming an archbishop—if he had adhered to his original intention of entering the Church. But on its being pointed out to him that his name would be worth a fortune in musical comedy, to say nothing of his golden voice and priceless deportment, he reconsidered his verdict. Yet to this day his ascetic features and rapt gaze often cause him to be mistaken for an archdeacon.

FRANCHISE FETTLEMENTS.

The "Woman's Freedom League Fancy Fair" has offered a prize for the best Suffragette blouse for practical wear, and *Mr. Punch's* modiste has entered the competition with the following design for a complete costume:—

Beehive hat in purple green and white straw, with long plume standing erect in front to tickle the constable's cheeks and reduce him to a state of hysterical collapse. Sterner measures indicated by 14-inch hat-pins, which are also specially designed to keep the headgear straight in the subsequent rough-and-tumble, and ensure a more dignified snapshot of the "Cause in Action" for the various Press cameras.

Blouse made of specially prepared oiled silk guaranteed to slip through the arms of the law. Cuffs and revers daintily edged with barbed wire in the latest shades, waistband and shoulder-straps to match. All fastenings made doubly secure by pins, the points uncovered to taste. The blouse should be made without a yoke, which must not be worn under *any* circumstances.

Skirt of stout grey gaberdine, warranted not to tear or catch on the tops of iron palings round public men's front gardens and statues. This garment, which is close and clinging, is provided with a patch pocket large enough to hold megaphone and dog-whip.

Chiffon boa two yards long, concealing along its length a slender steel chain with padlock attached.

Footwear, stout nature-form shoes with broad welts and spiked soles.

Hose, blue.

The Birmingham Daily Post reports the refloating, at Port Said, of a damaged steamer belonging to the "Societa Vene Ziana (*sic*) di Navigazione a Vapore."

"What news on the Ri Alto?"

Our Pampered Poultry.

"Convertible Carriage, for one to lay and one to sit."

Advt. in "Sheffield Daily Independent."



"Look here, Mabel, if you say another word about Macgregor's feet I shan't play with you any more."

"All right, darling. I'll only make the servant say, 'Do you want your boots cleaned, Sir?'"

According to *The Manchester Evening Chronicle* the Bishop of Manchester has made the suggestion that "all purveyors of injurious and immoral literature should be shut up in a library of wholesome literature till they were repentant." Surely the Right Rev. Prelate exaggerates the painfulness of this form of purgatory.

From *The Sportsman's* notice of the Harrow Sports:—

"Quarter-mile (big), G. F. Royle, 4 min. 57⅕ secs."

It seems to have been quite a "big" quarter-mile.

Hunting Notes.

Runs with the Rabbit Hounds.

From a catalogue:—

"Bay mare, 15-1, sound. Only reason for selling, close of rabbit season."

Military Tactics.

From a speech at a meeting of Postal Clerks:—

"Having once raised the siege they were not going to give up until it had fallen."

"Italian is the easiest language in which to sing, because it contains the fewest vowels and consonants."—*Scribner's Magazine.*

Diphthongs are its only other weak point.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE is something rather melodramatic about the conditions of the agreement between the two rivals which gives its name to Mr. RIDGWELL CULLUM'S novel, *The Compact* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), but it is difficult to conceive anything too melodramatic for the country and the time in which the story is placed. As Mr. CULLUM suggests in a useful "Introduction," recent events in South Africa have largely obscured our recollection of those which preceded them, and it is scarcely realised that during the years following Majuba the land was a paradise for freebooters. He reproduces this atmosphere of lawlessness, with cross wind-currents of political scheming—BISMARCK and CECIL RHODES, GLADSTONE, Lord DERBY, and W. E. FORSTER all contributing; and this makes his book so exceptionally readable that I am quite willing to accept the stagy situations which are introduced to round up the facts for popular consumption.

A purty tale for sartin sure
Have EDEN PHILLPOTTS took and writ
Along o' they on Dartymoor,
And HUTCHINSON be zellin' it.
Called *The Three Brothers*, zo it be,
For such it 's most of it about,
But crowds o' volk besides them three
Keeps poppin' in and peerin' out.

He 've done en all zo large as day;
Not mommets made o' bits an' scraps
After the hookem-snivey way
Of some o' these here writin' chaps,
But human bein's, gay and glum,
Ploddin' and flighty, false and true—
Some as I 'd kick at sight, and some
I 'd stand a pint o' liquor to.

Tommy Kingsmead, Earl of that ilk, has been compelled by poverty to sell Kingsmead, the home of his fathers, to old *Bath-Tub Lansing*, manufacturer. *Mr. Lansing* is rich, for there is something about his bath-tubs which makes them indispensable to every properly regulated household. He is a kind, unassuming, uneducated old gentleman with a kind old wife to match him, and he has an Oxford son, handsome as Apollo and a friend of *Tommy Kingsmead*. Also he has a daughter *Inez*, less agreeable, because she is more of a snob than her parents or her Greek god of a brother. *Tommy*, being a good little chap, comes to stay with this family in his own ancestral mansion in order to give them a lift with the stiff idiots who compose society round about Kingsmead. This is the basis of the story which the Baroness VON HUTTEN tells in *Kingsmead* (HUTCHINSON). In an amusing preface she apologises for various chronological inconsistencies which may trouble those who have read her earlier work and who now read this book. Some of her characters will be found to have grown up too soon in *Kingsmead*, particularly *Pam*, whom we all remember. Well, I own I don't mind much, for I thoroughly enjoyed the reading of her new book, and I heartily recommend it. The Baroness has a friendly way with her, the sort of way that THACKERAY had, and TROLLOPE and our own beloved DU MAURIER. If she wants to make you love her characters she manages to do it. They are all real people, and they talk and act as such. Still, *Tommy Kingsmead* having in Chapter I. started to walk from the station and not having met with or been overtaken by any vehicle on his way, ought not to have been allowed to arrive at the courtyard in a cart in Chapter II.

If you have seen that play of newspaper life, *The Earth*, at the Kingsway, then you had better read Mr. OLIVER ONIONS' story of newspaper life, *Little Devil Doubt* (MURRAY); the novel, at any rate, carries conviction in every detail. Mr. ONIONS does not introduce us to the daily with the circulation of two millions, but to the companion magazines which thrive on its powers of advertisement; to *Sunny Sundays*, *The Boys' Billion*, *Chiyikes*, *Match Tricks*, and the rest of them. *Sunny Sundays* did not really begin to pay until the editor hit upon the brilliant idea of including each week a scandalous article from some other paper and commenting sorrowfully upon its more lurid improprieties—under the heading "Groans from Gomorrah." Readers of *The Boys' Billion* were invited to become members of the United Band of Billionaires, which involved practising the Band's grip, wearing the Band's badge, using the Band's dumb-bell, and devoting one evening a week to making *The Billion* better known. Though many joined, it was believed that the editor was the only man who invariably saluted his friends with the *Billion* grip. "*Chiyikes* and *Match Tricks* were edited by an Imperialist called Israels." For further information about these and other allied papers, I must refer you to *Little Devil Doubt*. Mr. ONIONS has written his best book so far; a delightful story, told with a reticent humour and feeling for character which make it excellent reading.



AN UNFORTUNATE COINCIDENCE.

When a gentleman sues for a lady's hand, it is not usual, I believe, for him to inform his beloved that, though he adores her, he rather prefers the society of a male friend. Nor is it usual, I fancy, for the lady to accept him on such terms; or to answer, like the heroine in Mr. JOHN BARNETT'S new novel, *Geoffrey Cheriton* (SMITH, ELDER), "I used to fancy that the second place was impossible to me. But it isn't—it isn't! I'm really very proud to take it." However that may be, if the heroine does not mind playing second fiddle, I see no particular cause for the reader to cavil at the improbability of an uncommonly well-written novel. The best of the book is the everyday life in a City office, with all its petty meannesses, its jealousies, rivalries, and hopeless outlook: that at least rings true in every note. For the rest, the gentleman whose friendship ranked higher than the love of the lady does not move me. He is a kind of inferior *Steerforth*, and of such persons one may easily have more than enough, in real life and in fiction.

CHARIVARIA.

THE recent undoubted improvement in the quality of the British Army is now explained. There are, it is said, twenty-two German privates in our Land Forces. It is wonderful what a little stiffening like that will do.

***

Mr. ASQUITH, in his Glasgow speech, referred to "those who framed the Navy Estimates." We are astonished to hear that anyone thought them worth framing.

***

Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT, in a letter read at a Liberal meeting, condemned "the monstrous war scare." *Little Novels of Italy* may yet be followed by *Novels of Little England.*

***

Now that the beatification of JOAN OF ARC is complete it has been suggested that she shall be known in future as *L'Arc en ciel.*

***

Mr. JIM PATTEN, the Chicago wheat gambler, has been obliged to engage a bodyguard, as so many persons have threatened to step on his corns.

***

We have long suspected it; now we are sure of it. *The Daily Chronicle* has a humourist on its staff. The result of the East Edinburgh Election, when the Liberal vote was reduced by 3,716, was announced in a headline as:—

TRIUMPH OF FREE TRADE CANDIDATE.

***

Bathing dresses, we are told, are now being made from blotting-paper. The advantage of such costumes consists, we understand, in the fact that, as soon as you get out of your depth, the blotting-paper sucks up the water.

***

It is rumoured that a startling development of the idea of presenting SHAKSPEARE'S plays without scenery may be expected shortly. A number of our leading Classical Dancers are said to be considering the production of *As You Like It* without costumes.

***

"Great actors and, for the matter of that, great actresses," said Mr. DAVID BELASCO, the other day, "may be plain in looks." We understand that this permission of the great playwright has given much satisfaction to those concerned and full advantage is being taken of it.

***

In connection with the movement in favour of holding special Sunday Services for Sportsmen there will, we hear, shortly be issued a list of revised expressions to be used by golfers on the Sabbath, such as "There now!" "Bother!" "Tut!" and "Dear me!"—the last-mentioned words to be used only in bad crises, and great care to be taken over their enunciation.



"MEET ME AT 4.15 UNDER THE CLOCK."

MR. SMYTHE-DAUBENY HOPES TO SECURE THE COVETED HONOUR OF EXHIBITING "THE PICTURE OF THE YEAR." TO THIS END HE HAS INTRODUCED A REAL WORKING CLOCK INTO HIS LARGE PAINTING, "BY THE ASHES OF OUR FATHERS."

Kensington Gardens are to have a rain-shelter, the use of which will be restricted to children. Adults who frequent the Gardens will do well to carry a small pinafore and a sun-bonnet, which can be hastily donned in the event of a shower.

***

At a vestry meeting at Brushford, Somerset, the churchwardens were authorised to remonstrate with a parishioner who had made it a practice to walk out of church just before the rector began his sermon. We trust that such acts of cowardice among worshippers are rare.

The Express gives us particulars of a "strange monster" which has been seen haunting the shores of lonely lochs in the Isle of Harris. It is described as having short and thick legs, a square and somewhat long head, and pendulous ears. This looks rather as if a British Dachshund has been evolved at last.

***

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL has introduced a Bill to prohibit gambling on loss by maritime perils. The pity is that he should not be in favour of minimising our maritime perils by the development of a strong Navy.

***

"Artist with airbrush desires commissions," says an advertisement. Here, surely is the man to paint Mr. WILBUR WRIGHT'S portrait?

***

It is not, we believe, generally known that the Poet Laureate is an expert skater. Such, however, is the fact, and we understand that his next volume will contain the following words by way of preface:—"This is my new book of poems, but I skate very nicely."

***

The recent imposing procession of Suffragettes through the heart of London is bearing fruit. For example, *Feathered Life* is not an organ which in the past has distinguished itself by its championship of the fair sex, but in its current number it acknowledges handsomely that "women possess many characteristics that fit them remarkably well for looking after poultry."

From an account of a cricket match in *The Leicester Daily Mercury*:

"Victor 2nd: E. Carter b Moseley 7, F. Wildman b supporting the Government and the Opposition."

If you try that double game you're bound to be bowled out before long.

"However, duties must be attended to, and with a School Board election before us it behoves every well-intended Alythonian to have his lambs trimmed and his loins girded."—*The Alyth Guardian.*

"Lambs" would appear to be Alythonian for "mutton chop whiskers."

More Commercial Candour.

"WANTED: Customers for our deadly cheap Gramaphone."—*Madras Mail.*

THE DETACHMENT OF PRENDERBY.

THE NAVY QUESTION AGAIN.

"WELL," I said—for I had made my peace with Prenderby—"you 're to have your eight *Dreadnoughts* after all."

"Who told you so?" he asked.

"A little bird put it into a paper the other Sunday," I said.

"I like to hear these things direct from headquarters," said Prenderby, "and I hear nothing. ASQUITH may be wanting to save his own face; but in the meantime what about the speaking countenance of your little bird? From the PREMIER'S last Scotch speech I gathered that he thought it wilful waste to build more *Dreadnoughts* when you never could tell but what at any moment somebody might invent a *Dread-nothing-not-even-a-Dreadnought*, and leave us choked up with a lot of hulks only fit for scrapping."

"But," I protested, "wasn't something of the same kind said at Cardiff by Lord ROSEBERY? and you wouldn't call him a Little-fleeter. He told us that before he joined the popular clamour for more ships he would want to know what was going on in the brooding brain of our Naval Constructor."

"I was there myself," said Prenderby; "and I make allowances for his lordship. He had to talk from a landing half-way up a staircase, and this was uncomfortable. Besides, he was speaking in praise of a great past-master of the art of Naval Construction, and one of his successors, Sir PHILIP WATTS, was present to do honour to the memory of his old teacher. I have never yet, in a long acquaintance, dissected Sir PHILIP'S brooding brain, but I am certain of one thing that is always going on inside it. I know that he knows that in every ship he turns out there is the seed of obsolescence. Being an honest man, he doesn't plant it there on purpose; but all the same his occupation would be gone without it. Even if, in a moment of pardonable pride, he so far forgot himself as to address the latest of his monstrous inventions as follows:—'O *Insuperable*, live for ever!' it would be his business to start brooding again at once with the idea of making it obsolete as soon as might be."

"But supposing," I suggested, "that he already sees his way, by brooding for another paltry eighteen months or so, to invent a type that will reduce all previous types to the relative fighting capacity of a trim-built wherry, would you have the Government go on building four extra *Dreadnoughts*, well knowing that they would be obsolete by 1914?"

"Oblige me," said Prenderby, "by confining your attention to the year 1912. We are strong enough to-day (as the Radicals assure us), and we might, if certain things happened and other things didn't, be strong enough in 1914; but kindly fix your brooding eye on the danger zone of 1912. If in that year we are beaten by Germany——"

"Would it not," I interrupted, "be more discreet to speak of the forces of 'The Empress of the North,' as in *An Englishman's Home*?"

"Never allude to that play again in my presence, if you please," said Prenderby. "The lack of decency and patriotism shown by those responsible for the exposure of our soiled linen on a Berlin stage fills me with unspeakable shame and disgust. But to resume. If in 1912 we are beaten by Germany (and please don't call me a coward because I happen to have a little imagination) will you derive any solace from the reflection that both sides were fighting with obsolete ships, and that we failed because, in our wisdom and foresight, we refused to build enough of them?"

"But the Government," I urged, "are building one quartet; it is only the other quartet that they are doubtful about."

"But why build any at all, if their probable obsolescence is the objection? And how should the second four be more tainted in this respect than the first?"

"Can't you understand," I said rather petulantly, "that it is waste of good money to build superfluous *Dreadnoughts* when the Government have got wind of something better that will revolutionise naval warfare in 1914?"

"That," said Prenderby bitterly, "should make a noble spectacle for our invaders in 1912. *Fifty pfennigs entrance to see the British Super-Dreadnought* (1914 *pattern*) *on the stocks.* By the way, I rather wonder that some of those Radical papers which have been sniffing at the nation's 'cowardice' in the present Navy 'scare' should tolerate this idea of designing a *Super-Dreadnought*. Does it not argue panic? Is it quite consonant with the spirit of Nelson's day that they should cravenly desire to best the enemy's ships in the matter of quality, if not of quantity?"

"I take it," I said, "that you persist in your unreason; that you go one better than Wordsworth's stubborn little maid in '*We are Seven*'?"

"I am for the whole eight unconditionally, if that is what your humour means. I should think very little of the captain of a Varsity boat if, on the day of the race, he were to say, 'We shall start with four men, anyhow; and pick up the other four at Hammersmith, *if we find that we want 'em*.'"

"You remind me," I said, "of the *Westminster* cartoon—the 'Unionist parrot' that keeps on screaming '*Dread-noughts!*'"

"I am no Unionist," said Prenderby, always irritated by any suggestion that his views have a party bias; "and, besides, the Unionists haven't got a parrot of their own, unless they have taken over the only established parrot, the one belonging to the other side—I mean the bird that persisted in saying 'Your food will cost you more.' By the way, the bird was right. Our food *is* costing us more. Possibly that was why the Free Fooders got rid of their parrot, lest he should go on adding to the many truths that are uttered by inadvertence."

"Talking of food," I said, "did you read Lord MILNER'S speech at Nottingham and his defence of a Preferential policy?"

"I never read party speeches on such economic questions, as I desire to preserve an open mind. My studies in Preference and Tariff Reform have only extended over four or five years, and my judgment is therefore still unformed. But that part of his speech which dealt with purely patriotic themes seemed to me to rank among the great utterances of the hour.

"Lord MILNER grows in mental breadth. There was a time when I thought him narrowed by personal prejudice, and too bitter about the Boers. But his outlook has widened. I should have little fear for the construction of the next Government if it might include another MILNER or two."

"Well, my *Westminster Gazette* doesn't seem to think much of him," I said.

"I am aware of that," said Prenderby. "I observed its comments on the patriotic portion of his speech, and I found them petty and partisan—unworthy of a great paper. It looks as if the Government, of which the *Westminster* is the evening mouthpiece, cannot pardon Lord MILNER for having been publicly censured by them. We forgive those who have wronged us, not those whom we have wronged."

"But you forgave me the other week," I said.

"Because it was I who was wronged," said he.

And on this conciliatory note we parted. O. S.

Oriental Operations.

Oil has been discovered in Egypt, and we understand that, in view of the greater profits likely to be derived from this venture, several of our Semitic speculators are selling out their stock of Balm in Gilead.



RICH FARE.

The Giant Lloyd-Gorgibuster: "FEE, FI, FO, FAT,
I SMELL THE BLOOD OF A PLUTOCRAT;
BE HE ALIVE OR BE HE DEAD,
I'LL GRIND HIS BONES TO MAKE MY BREAD."



Joan. "I'm awful frightened at the lightnin'. I wish there was a man here."
Mistress. "What good would that do?"
Joan. "He'd tell me not to be such a fool."

THE BUILDERS.

I.

Mrs. Thrush. What do you think of that hawthorn?

Mr. Thrush. Oh, no, my dear, no; much too isolated, it would attract attention at once. I can see the boys on a Sunday afternoon. "Hallo, there 's a tree that 's bound to have a nest in it." And then where are you? You know what boys are on a Sunday afternoon? You remember that from last year, when we lost the finest clutch of eggs in the county.

Mrs. Thrush. Stop, stop, dear, I can't bear it. Why do you remind me of it? And as for Sunday afternoons they never ought to have been invented.

Mr Thrush. There, there, compose yourself, my pretty. What other suggestions have you?

Mrs. Thrush. One of the laurels, then, in the shrubbery at the Great House.

Mr. Thrush. Much better. But the trouble there is the cat.

Mrs. Thrush. Oh dear, I wish you 'd find a place for me; I assure you (*blushing*) it 's time.

Mr. Thrush. Well, my notion, as I have said all along, is that there 's nothing to beat the very middle of a big bramble. I don't mind whether it 's in the hedge or whether it 's on the common. But it must be the very middle. It doesn't matter very much then whether it 's seen or not, because no one can reach it.

Mrs. Thrush. Very well then, be it so; but do hurry with the building, there 's a dear.

II.

Mr. Tree-Creeper. I 've had the most extraordinary luck. Listen. You know that farmhouse by the pond. Well, there 's a cow-shed with a door that won't shut, and, even if it would it 's got a hole in it, and in the roof, at the very top, there 's a hollow. It 's the most perfect place you ever saw, because, even if the farmer twigged us, he couldn't get at the nest without pulling off a lot of tiles. Do you see?

Mrs. Tree-Creeper. It sounds perfect.

Mr. Tree-Creeper. Yes, but it 's no use waiting here. We must collar it at once. There were a lot of prying birds all about when I was there, and I noticed a particularly nosy flycatcher watching me all the time. Come along quick; and you 'd better bring a piece of hay with you to look like business.

III.

Mr. Wren. Well, darling, what shall it be this year—one of those boxes at "The Firs," or the letter-box at "Meadow View," where the open-air journalist lives, or shall we build for ourselves like honest wrens?

Mrs. Wren. I leave it to you, dearest. Just as you wish.

Mr. Wren. No, I want your help. I'll just give you the pros and cons.

Mrs. Wren. Yes, dear, do; you 're so clear-headed.

Mr. Wren. Listen then. If we use the nest-box there 's nothing to do, no fag of building, but we have to put up with visitors peeping in every day and pawing the eggs or the kids about. If we use the letter-box we shall have to line it, and there will be some of the same human fussiness to endure; but, on the other hand, we shall become famous—we shall get into the papers. Don't you see the heading, "Remarkable Nest in Surrey"? And then it will go on, "A pair of wrens have chosen a strange abode in which to rear their little fluffy brood—" and so forth.

Mrs. Wren. That 's rather delightful, all the same.

Mr. Wren. Finally, there is the nest which we build ourselves, running just the ordinary risks of boys and ornithologists, but feeling at any rate that we are independent. What do you say?

Mrs. Wren. Well, dearest, I think I say the last.

Mr. Wren. Good. Spoken like a brave hen. Then let 's look about for a site at once.

IV.

Mr. Swallow. I've looked at every house with decent eaves in the whole place until I 'm ready to drop.

Mrs. Swallow. What do you think about it?

Mr. Swallow. Well, it 's a puzzle. There 's the Manor House: I began with that. There is good holding there, but the pond is a long way off, and carrying mud so far would be a fearful grind. None the less it 's a well-built house, and I feel sure we shouldn't be disturbed.

Mrs. Swallow. What about the people?

Mr. Swallow. How funny you are about the people always! Never mind. All I can find out is that there 's the squire and his wife and a companion.

Mrs. Swallow. No children?

Mr. Swallow. None.

Mrs. Swallow. Then I don't care for the Manor House. Tell me of another.

Mr. Swallow. This is the merest sentiment; but no matter. The Vicarage next.

Mrs. Swallow. Any children there?

Mr. Swallow. No, but it 's much nearer the pond.

Mrs. Swallow. And the next?

Mr. Swallow. The farmhouse. A beautiful place with a pond at your very door. Everything you require, and lots of company. Good sheltered eaves, too.

Mrs. Swallow. Any children?

Mr. Swallow. Yes, one little girl.

Mrs. Swallow. Isn't there any house with babies?

Mr. Swallow. Only one that could possibly be any use to us; but it 's a miserably poor place. No style.

Mrs. Swallow. How many babies?

Mr. Swallow. Twins, just born, and others of one and two and three.

Mrs. Swallow. We 'll build there.

Mr. Swallow. They 'll make a horrible row all night.

Mrs. Swallow. We 'll build there.

A Chinese Plot.

"J. L., Successor to A. Katayama, has opened pleasant

Dental Parlours.
Special Prices to Missionaries."
The Chinese Illustrated News.

We think the bland innocuous air of this is a little overdone.

A TRIFLE OFF.

"Hallo," said Miss Middleton, as we met suddenly in the Park, "how are you?" She held out her hand.

"Very pale," I answered, as I grasped her wrist; "very pale and thin." I took out my watch. "Will you say 'Go!' when you 're ready?"

"I don't know what the game is, but I 'm always ready. Go!"

". . . Ten, eleven, twelve," I finished up. "Now, in the same time mine does thirteen and a touch." I put my watch back and let go of her wrist. "That shows you."

Miss Middleton looked anxiously at me. "Aren't you very well?" she asked.

"Of course I 'm not," I said peevishly. "That 's what I've been trying to explain all this time. I 'm very ill. My pulse is—well, you saw just now. I've no business to be in London at all. I ought really to be at Brighton, lapping up ozone."

"Oh, what 's the matter?"

"Influenza," I muttered gloomily.

"Oh, I 'm *so* sorry. Have you taken anything for it?"

I turned excitedly to her.

"Have I tak—— I say, you aren't trying to be brisk, are you? You know nobody appreciates brisk humour or intellectual badinage more than I do—when I 'm feeling well. But there are times, and this is one of them—there are emphatically times——"

"What *have* I done?" cried Miss Middleton in dismay. "I simply said——"

"You simply said, had I taken anything for it? Have you ever had influenza?"

"I expect so."

"If you can't remember it better than that, you haven't. Well, anyhow, there are two ways of taking it; one is lying down, and the other is sitting up. I took mine sitting up."

"What does that mean?"

"Why, that I went home and fought it, Madam. Wrestled with it. Drowned it. Great Barlow, the things I drowned it with!"

"Tell me," said Miss Middleton.

"I can only remember some of them. One's memory goes with influenza, and they mixed the things up so. Let us sit down here for a little while."

We took two green chairs, and I leaned back and closed my eyes.

"There was somebody's Lung lotion," I began dreamily, "very thick and black and beastly, and somebody's Tonic Port, very thin and red and beastly, and they came together every three hours. And there was somebody's Eucalyptus on a lump of sugar, and somebody's lozenges, and somebody's jujubes. And a cough mixture. And a gargle. And there was something to bathe the eyes with. And there was a wash for giving the coats of spaniels a glossy appearance, and a spray for removing greenfly from rose-trees . . . And I drank them all."

There was an impressive stillness after this. Then said Miss Middleton:

"You don't look very—er—glossy. Can't you get the money back?"

"I don't feel very glo-sy," I said.

There was another impressive silence. I began to fumble in my waistcoat pocket.

"This is really my gargling time," I began, "but I have here a tablet which is said to be equally efficacious. You will forgive me for not offering one to you," I went on as I held it between my finger and thumb, "but this is the last."

"What a curious thing," said Miss Middleton. "It looks just like the tip of a billiard cue."

"Hang it, it *is* the top of a billiard cue," I said, as I looked at it more closely. "Thank you." I threw it away in disgust. "But it would probably have done me a lot of good," I added. "The great thing with influenza is to keep on. On and on until you gradually wear it away. Have you a teaspoon with you?"

"There!" cried Miss Middleton. "All the time I was putting on my hat I kept saying to myself, Now don't forget a teaspoon *this* time. And I knew I should."

"Very brisk," I said appreciatively. "Very brisk and airy. But I really want a tablespoon too."

I took a bottle out of my coat pocket.

"We 're right out of tablespoons," said Miss Middleton. "To tell you the truth, Sir, there 's really no demand for them nowadays."

"There *is* a demand," I said crossly. "I've got to take a teaspoonful of this in a tablespoonful of water. Here 's the water," I added, as I took out a flask from another pocket.

"You 'd better drink from the bottle, and I 'll say 'Woa!' when I think you 've had a teaspoon's worth. And you can have as much water as you like afterwards . . . Woa! Better?"

"Much. That 's done me a lot of good. By Horsley!" I cried, "I feel a new man. I 'm ready for anything."

"You wouldn't like to take me back this afternoon and play a little cricket with me, and stay to dinner, I suppose?"

"Like it?" I shouted. "I should love it." I jumped up and began to make drives with my umbrella. "There you are—four all the way. And there 's my cover shot. And there——"

I suddenly felt very hot and unhappy. I sat down again and shut my eyes. "It 's no good," I said.

"I'm so sorry. But you'll be quite well soon, won't you? Promise."

"I'm all right," I said grumpily. "As a matter of fact I was playing cricket only last night."

"A dream?" said Miss Middleton. "Do tell me. I love dreams."

"I went on to bowl. It's a funny thing—I've dreamed about cricket every night for the last week, but last night was the first time I've been on to bowl."

"They say dreams go by contraries," said Miss Middleton, "but it isn't true."

"I went on first change," I said, ignoring her. "Jove, I remember every detail of it—it was a soaking wet wicket, no sawdust, and I hadn't any spikes. My first ball was a wide. Off my second he was caught at cover."

"Hooray!"

"*You* were looking on—in fact you were the only one. I'd been fielding next to you in the deep, and, when I took that wicket I thought, 'Now she'll admit that I *can* bowl.' Then I sent down another wide, and then the man gave an easy chance to cover, which was missed. I don't know if you know that ball of mine which swerves across and simply makes you send up a skier——"

"Yes, yes," said Miss Middleton eagerly. "Was I still there?"

"Well, then I bowled another wide, and our captain said, 'My dear old fool. Really!' And I said, 'Hang it, who *could*, in this mud?'—and I bowled another wide. And then I yorked him clean. And I looked round and you weren't there, and you hadn't seen me take either wicket!"

"Oh, I *was* a beast!" said Miss Midddleton remorsefully. "I'm so sorry. I expect I simply *had* to go. Mother wanted me, or something."

"Well, there it was; I nearly cried. And I woke up, feeling ever so much worse. But now I've told you all about it I feel better. Two wickets in my first over, and a chance. Don't forget."

"It was splendid. Oh, are you going?"

"I must go," I said. "It's time for my Tonic Port. It's too big a bottle to carry about. Good-bye."

"Good-bye! Remember you've promised to get quite well soon."

"Right O."

I moved off; and then a sudden thought occurred to me, and I went back.

"I say," I began excitedly. "You know you said I didn't look very glossy?"

"Yes."

"Well, I know why it is. That spaniel stuff was meant to be taken *externally!* Good Sir Frederick, it may have made all the difference!"

And I hurried off again to try.

A. A. M.



Maiden Lady (after declaring, as dummy, a sporting no-trumper). "You don't mind me being a little *risky*, do you?"

"BROADENING THE BASIS."

["A man should be taxed according to his character."]

We suggest a tariff to the Chancellor of the Exchequer:—

Billiards—Tax of 1*d.* on every completed game of 100 up.

Amateur Reciter's Licence or Dispensation (liable to endorsement)—£5.

Invitations to bridge parties—To bear 6*d.* contract stamp.

Letters of Marque for Church bazaars (to be open to Government inspection)—5 per cent. on gross takings.

Tickets for glove fights and music-halls—2 per cent. (to be raised to 10 per cent. in the case of music-halls when classic dances are performed).

Land Tax on football grounds—10*s.* per acre; and one halfpenny entrance-tax for League matches.

Import duties on Polish wrestlers, American boxers, Chinese conjurers and Scotch variety artistes—3 per cent. on first year's salary.

Answers in anagram, triolet and jaggle competitions—1*d.* embossed stamp (incapable of being removed by office boy). Competition judges to carry 5*s.* game licence and register their finger-prints at Scotland Yard.

Speeches (Parliamentary, complimentary, etc.)—4*s.* an hour within the London radius (taximeter compulsory).

Duties on food:—

Tinned meat—See Dog-licences.

Turtle soup, caviare, plovers' eggs, early peas and all delicacies—*Ad valorem* 5 per cent.

Railway buns, potted lobster and ice-cream to be chargeable under the death duties.

City Dinners—Girth tax for corporations and liverymen (sliding scale).

"The Transvaal team for the match against the Western Province to-day will not, it is stated, be chosen until to-morrow morning."
Rand Daily Mail.

After this it was not surprising that Western Province won.

CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME;

OR, LITTLE ARTHUR'S ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.

(*Little Arthur, aged* 12; *Mamma, aged* 41.)

Little Arthur. Mamma, why are you giving a dinner-party to-morrow?

Mamma. Oh, one must show a certain amount of hospitality, you know, Arthur. People show us hospitality, and we mustn't be backward in making a return. Besides, we like to have our friends round us occasionally, just for the pleasure of meeting them.

L. A. Yes, Mamma, I see. But are they all friends?

Mamma. Of course they are. Why do you ask?

L. A. Oh, I don't know, Mamma; but when you told Papa that Mr. and Mrs. Tadworthy were coming he said—— I don't like to say what he said, but you know, Mamma.

Mamma. No, I don't think he said that, Arthur.

L. A. Said what, Mamma?

Mamma. What you said he said.

L. A. But I didn't say it, Mamma.

Mamma. Well, never mind. Your father may have been hasty, or probably you misunderstood him.

L. A. No, Mamma, I heard him quite plainly, and I'm sure Papa wasn't at all pleased. I know quite well when Papa isn't pleased.

Mamma. Well, we won't discuss that any more.

L. A. No, Mamma. But when you and Papa give a dinner-party, don't both of you send the invitations? I've seen the cards, and they say, "*Mr. and Mrs.* Elton request." That means both of you, doesn't it?

Mamma. Yes. What then?

L. A. But if Papa invited Mr. and Mrs. Tadworthy, why was he so angry when you told him they were coming?

Mamma. I've told you not to discuss that any more.

L. A. No, Mamma, I won't discuss it because I know he *was* angry. I only want to know *why* he was angry. Aren't Mr. and Mrs. Tadworthy friends of Papa?

Mamma. Well, perhaps not friends exactly—"business acquaintances" would be the better term.

L. A. I see, Mamma; but they can't be business acquaintances of yours, Mamma, can they, because you've no business, have you? Are they friends of *yours*, Mamma?

Mamma. Yes, of course, in a way they are.

L. A. But is that quite right, Mamma?

Mamma. Is what quite right?

L. A. Is it quite right for you to have friends who are not friends of Papa? I thought——

Mamma. Weren't you to go out with Mabel this morning?

L. A. Yes, Mamma, but not for another quarter of an hour. She's to call out when she's ready. Mamma!

Mamma. Yes, dear.

L. A. Ought you to have friends who are not Papa's friends?

Mamma. Well, they're not really friends in that way. We know one another, and they're very honourable people who have made their way by their own exertions, and I'm sure we ought to respect them for it.

L. A. Yes, Mamma, I think so too. But Papa didn't seem to think so, did he?

Mamma. I've told you before you mustn't take everything your father says quite literally. He likes his joke sometimes.

L. A. Yes, Mamma, and I like Papa's jokes too when I understand them; but when you told him about the Tadworthys he only said one word, you know, and it wasn't a joky word at all, so you see I had to take it literally, hadn't I, Mamma? But I say, Mamma.

Mamma. Well, what is it now?

L. A. You said just now that all the people who were coming to the dinner were your friends.

Mamma. Did I say that?

L. A. Yes, Mamma, you said that, and I think you meant it.

Mamma. Why shouldn't I? I mean, of course I did.

L. A. And then, Mamma, you told me the Tadworthys were not friends of Papa's, and you went on to say they were not really friends of yours, but they were very honourable people. But if they're not friends why did you invite them?

Mamma. You're too young to understand these things, as I've often told you.

L. A. Yes, Mamma, I'm afraid I am; but you and Papa always tell me to speak up freely and not to mind asking questions.

Mamma. Yes, yes, I know; but sometimes you ask a great many.

L. A. Yes, Mamma; but if they're not friends, you know, the dinner-party won't be as pleasant as it ought to be, will it? You won't like it as much as you would if the Tadworthys were not there, will you? And, perhaps, the Tadworthys won't like it either, and then——

Mamma. There's Mabel calling you. Run quick and get your hat on.

BEAUTY IN BUSINESS.

[From the records of the "Social Circle," a club founded in Hampstead over three years ago for the purpose of bringing lonely, eligible Londoners together, it appears that, while millionaires and Government officials with the certainty of pensions stand high on the list of men whom women want to marry, poets are the least popular.]

O BARD, do you sigh for a face that is fair,
And are you so sombre and doleful
Because you are filled with desire for a pair
Of eyes that are azure and soulful?
If Beauty's your quarry away with your verse!
By poetry hope not to win her,
The lady will think of the state of your purse
And what you can give her for dinner.

Then seek not to soar on poetical wings—
Your genuine Beauty refuses
Chill teetotal draughts from Castalian springs
And grass from the mount of the Muses.
She wants to be lodged in an elegant way,
She means to be suitably boarded—
In short, you will find her, I'm sorry to say,
Commercially minded and sordid.

No doubt she will smile at your figures and tropes,
At your flowers all a-blowing and growing,
But do not on that base extravagant hopes—
She knows that her teeth are worth showing.
The questions that really concern her will be:
Pray, how, when, and whence will the tin come?
She won't miss her motors and sables, not she!
For a paltry poeti al income.

Then dip not your pen in Pierian ink;
Keep all your available vigour
For companies, corners—whatever you think
Will swell up your pile a bit bigger.
Or, if this be too much for the brains you possess,
Poor poet, pray turn your attention
To Government billets. The girl may say "Yes"
If you offer a passable pension.

The Journalistic Touch.

"The presents numbered about 100, and were numerous and costly."
—*Lewisham Borough News.*

WORLD SNIPLETS.

[Scissored and pasted in imitation of "The World's Press" column in "The Daily Mail."]

N.B.—Ordinary papers have to take their turn in a world-wide cycle, but a certain few, which represent the flower of journalism and are distinguished by an asterisk (such as *The Times* and *The Weekly Dispatch*), have the right to a quotation from every issue.

Semper eadem.

"Fashions change, but every attempt to provide a substitute convinces us that trousers have come to stay."
The Louisiana Tailor and Misfitter.

A Question of Sex.

"The next twenty-four hours should solve the riddle of Prince or Princess, if all goes well" (Our Own Correspondent at the Hague, April 17).
*The Observer.**

Lay on, Macduff.

"It is now a recognised axiom that the more laying hens you keep the more eggs you get."
The Kamschatka Poultry Gazette.

The Unknown Future.

"What is going to happen? What new form of taxation does Mr. Lloyd-George propose to levy? . . . . The answer to these questions is that everything depends on the Chancellor's anxiously awaited statement next week."
*The Weekly Dispatch.**

Experientia docet.

"One of the secrets of success in bee-keeping, as in other things, lies in experience."—*The St. Ives Amateur Apiarist.*

Epigrammatic.

"When people sit them down to write
Elaborate and lengthy letters
Intended to shed useful light
Upon the theories of their betters,
'Twould be advisable that they
The details of the theme should master,
And know the future, not to-day
It is that warns us of disaster.
E'en those who in Lloyd George's footsteps tread
Might with distinct advantage look ahead."—*The World.**

Back to the Land.

"It only needs a permanent rise in the price of cereals to place the position of the British farmer upon a more secure footing."—*Wheat and Wisdom.*

Abdul to be Damned?

"There are rumours afloat that there is to be a change of Sultans. That is a grave step, which it is for the Turks themselves to decide."—*The Times.**



Loafer. "LUMMY! AS IF THERE WAS A CHOICE! 'FREE FOOD' FER ME, EVERY TIME! 'OO WANTS TER WORK FOR 'MEANS TO BUY IT'?"

"True to its principles," says the Viennese *Fremdenblatt*, "Austria-Hungary will abstain from any interference in the present Turkish crisis." We trust that every care will be taken in the nursing of these principles, which are still in long-clothes, having only been born since the last Turkish crisis, of which the fullest advantage was taken.

"A pig weighing 80 stones, or 640lb., has been sold in Bishop's Stortford Market for £10 5s."—*Hull Daily News.*

If an option is permitted, we prefer "80 stones," as being more sensational.

M.A.P. on Count ZEPPELIN:

"He fought in the Franco-German War, in which he greatly distinguished himself by several conspicuous acts of bravery. . . . Seven years later found him in America offering himself as a volunteer for the Civil War."

Another eight years or so and there he was in the Crimea with RAGLAN. What a man!

"Two lairs of ground for sale, with tombstone; also gas cooker."—*Edinburgh Evening News.*

This is not the place for us to discuss the merits of cremation.



REVENGE.

Vegetarian. "If I get out of this I'll eat beef for the rest of my days."

MUSICAL NOTES.

The announcement that Signor Caruso's sovereignty is to be challenged by a new tenor of the name of Carasa, and the fact that Signor Tamini aspires to the laurels of the late Signor Tamagno, are by no means the most remarkable instances of romantic coincidence in the annals of musical nomenclature.

Thus intense interest is excited by the impending arrival of Madame Blara Cutt, a vocalist of such Patagonian proportions that, in the words of Keats,

> "By her in stature the tall Amazon
> Had stood a pygmy's growth."

Madame Cutt, who is married to that extraordinarily handsome and gifted tenor, Mr. Cummerley Bundford, is the happy mother of a delightful little daughter, who is humorously known in the profession as the "Cuttlet."

Great and ebullient interest has been excited by the imminent advent of the far-famed Italian *prima donna*, Madame Tetrarchini. This wonderful young artist has never visited England before, but her name has long been a household word in the Argentine and at the Antipodes. Her voice, which has been aptly compared to a blend of gold and velvet, has never been subjected to the strain of Wagnerian lyric drama and, having been devoted exclusively to the interpretation of the standard Italian operas, retains a girlish freshness more suggestive of eighteen than Madame's real age, which is officially stated to be twenty-eight.

Amongst the most richly endowed *débutantes* of the season is Miss Southern Crossley, an Antipodean contralto whose organ has the luscious richness of a Carlsbad plum combined with the translucent purity of rock crystal.

The multiplication of new orchestras goes on with unabated vigour. Only the other day Mr. Beecham, after severing his connection with the new Symphony orchestra, founded a fresh band of his own. Within the last few weeks, however, further organizations have sprung into vigorous life. Foremost in power and influence amongst these is the Vickers and Maximphony Orchestra, which has been founded at Barrow, and has already attained a high level of efficiency. Next we have to notice the G. R. Simsphony Orchestra, a body of players who in volume of chevelure and general capillary attraction leave little to be desired.

Considerable anxiety has been aroused amongst chamber music players by the announcement that an ingenious gentleman named Mills has invented an instrument, operated by electricity, which combines the tones of the finest string quartet. As the leader of the Bohemian Quartet, in an interview at Prague, puts it, windmills, though obsolete, are an ornament to the landscape, but string Mills are an intolerable innovation which cannot be permitted.

"There is a time in the early part of each year when the thought comes that warm coats should be donned and petrol tanks filled to take the highroad and byroad, whither bound matters little, so we may be braced by running briskly up the lifts of the way, and blown through and through with fresh air as the easing levels seemingly roll back beneath the tireless wheels of the car."—*The Morning Post.*

Very pretty and all that, but we still think that "tireless" wheels are a mistake.



PROTECTIVE MIMICRY.

Abdul the Chameleon (*on Young Turkey Carpet*).—"I THOUGHT I COULD MANAGE SOMEHOW TO TAKE THE COLOUR OF MY SURROUNDINGS, BUT I'M NOT AT ALL SURE THAT THESE LIBERTY DESIGNS WON'T BE TOO MUCH FOR ME."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 19.—Admiral Smith-Dorrien never so surprised in his life. You might, as he said, have knocked him down with a marlingspike. The other day, being at home with friends and neighbours at Berkhampstead, he merely remarked that it would be a good thing if the late Premier were dug out of his grave and hanged on the gallows tree. Has an idea that something of the kind *was* once done. Charles I.—or was it Cromwell?—was treated in that way. When he comes to think of it, couldn't have been Charles I., as he earlier lost his head. In such circumstances there were difficulties in way of subsequent proceedings; so it must have been Cromwell. Anyhow, it was a person moving in a certain respectable walk of life.

Now here's the House of Commons reassembling after Easter recess, and instead of straightway going for the Government in the matter of those four extra *Dreadnoughts*, or on any other of the dozen grounds upon which they might be attacked, it turns upon him (the Admiral), and wants to know what the First Lord of the Admiralty proposes to do in the matter?

Only six questions on the paper; thirty-three and a third per cent. are devoted to this affair. Worst of it is, it is not only the Radicals who affect to be shocked. That the Admiral could stand. But Arthur Lee, rising from Front Opposition Bench, wants to know whether conduct of this kind is becoming in an individual who enjoys a pension.

Here's a pretty go! Admiral, called upon for explanations by First Lord, had explained it was all a joke. Or, as he precisely put it, it was "in the nature of a metaphorical expression." Had he suspected for one moment that it would have attracted this embarrassing amount of public attention he would never have cast his ideas of current events into that particular form of expression. Undertakes to refrain from further flashes of humour, and the House reluctantly lets him go with his pension.



The Gallant Admiral who lost his head.
(This being "in the nature of a metaphorical expr. ssion.")
Mr. McKenna does his best for that nautical orator Admiral Smith-Dorrien.

Business done.—Lulu brings in Bill for electoral reform of City of London.

In absence of Prince Arthur, Banbury intimates that City of London doesn't want to be reformed. Very well satisfied with its present representation and the methods of securing it. As for the Bill he, as becomes a neighbour, dropping into the French of Stratford-atte-Bow, scornfully dismisses it as "a *reeshofay* of one brought in last year."

Tuesday.—Little been heard of late of Alpheus Cleophas. Time was when his figure, standing well out on floor of House so that it might be seen of men, was a familiar adornment of the nightly scene. Somehow, for one of those subtle reasons which make study of life here ever fresh in interest, Alpheus has not caught on with the present House. Failure not due to lack of effort to resume and maintain former position. From the outset he was coldly received; seriously thought of changing his first Christian name to Omega, by way of intimating conviction that all was up.

To every honest citizen there comes a time when duty calls for the sacrifice of private modesty on the altar of public interest. The hour struck to-night, and lo! Alpheus Cleophas responded to the summons. Bill before the House proposes to repeal the parsimonious enactment that limits the salary of President of Board of Trade to a pittance of £2,000 a year. In criticising the measure Dilke suggested that, instead of raising the salary of Ministers, they should reduce the number seated in the House. Whilst payment of Members was refused, so numerous were Ministerial offices that the cost to the country was not much less than the total reached elsewhere where Members were paid. As things are, accommodation could not be found on the Treasury Bench for all the men who had a right to be seated there.

Murmur of applause below the Gangway here broke in. Dilke had evidently touched a chord of personal conviction strongly held and widely extended.

Perhaps it was this little wave of enthusiasm that moved Alpheus Cleophas. Anyhow, there he was as of yore, his legs astride, his face turned upon the Treasury Bench, so that with eagle eye he might search the countenances and the consciences of Ministers.

"Curious," he remarked, "that, at a moment when everybody else's income has decreased, the House is asked to increase the salaries of Members of the



Fancy Picture of Mr. M-nz-s' Lady Friends!

"Is the right hon. gentleman aware that the lady friends of Mr. Menzies are very meek and mild—(laughter) and of a very well-behaved disposition?" (loud laughter.)—*Mr. Watt.*



"We is myself."

"I say, old man, are you Joynson or Hicks?"
"Hanged if I know, dear boy! Which are you?"

Both (aside). "'Pon my word, for the moment I thought it was Churchill!!"

Cabinet. Before the matter is considered the question of the payment of Members should be dealt with. Otherwise there will be nothing left for us."

So depressed was Alpheus at this prospect that he did not observe the hand of the clock approaching eleven, and was still lamenting the situation when the debate automatically stood adjourned.

Business done.—Rather negative in its conclusions. Bill designed for discipline of unruly strangers so riddled in debate that Premier withdrew it for further consideration. Another dealing with official salaries talked out by Alpheus Cleophas.

Wednesday.—Curious dilemma presents itself. Wonder is that it has not earlier overtaken the House. In course of few remarks Joynson-Hicks introduces the first person plural.

"Who's 'we'?" asked a Member, equally punctilious, though on other lines, with *Sam Weller's* father when question arose in court as to the method of spelling the family name.

"We is myself," said the Member for North Manchester, loftily regardless of grammar.

Of course he is—I mean they are—quite right. Joynson is "I," and Hicks is "I." Joynson and Hicks are "we."

Atherley-Jones has long had matter at heart. Glad to find it at last taken up. Randolph Churchill, probably attracted by the circumstance that he was himself inheritor of double-barrelled surname, thirty years ago led the way in direction of belittling those who shared this distinction.

"Remarkable," he said in one of his earliest speeches, "how often we find mediocrity with a double-barrelled name."

As he spoke he gazed pensively on the broad back of Sclater-Booth, then President of the Local Government Board, seated on Treasury Bench below him.

Atherley-Jones, a man of business, proposes to summon meeting of Members concerned. Lloyd-George will be asked to take the Chair. In the event of an organisation being formed to preserve the privileges of the Guild, Stuart-Wortley will act as Secretary. Should the alternate plan of forming a Parliamentary Party be preferred, Acland-Hood will be Whip. In addition to these gentlemen, and of course Joynson-Hicks—"*Wee, wee, certainement,*" says Atherley-Jones, an accomplished French conversationalist—invitations will be issued to Hicks-Beach, Burdett-Coutts, Freeman-Thomas, Meysey-Thompson and Mitchell-Thomson. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has asked that the opening meeting may be deferred till after the Budget, a suggestion cordially agreed to.



"Wee, wee, certainement."
(Mr. Ath-rl-y-Jones, K.C.)

Business done.—Premier introduces Welsh Disestablishment Bill.

Thursday.—"Isn't there," asked the Member for Sark *à propos de souliers*, "a paper that undertakes every morning to give a fresh definition of 'What Tariff Reform Means,' varying its fundamental assumption that a duty on corn and other necessaries of life will cheapen the expenditure in British homes, from the Mansion House down to the single room of the working man? A hard game to keep up; glad to help the poor chap who essays the task. Nearly 300 years ago Andrew Marvell all unconsciously contributed to the daily headline. You will find the passage in the song the poet heard rising from a small boat that sauntered

'Where the remote Bermudas ride
In the ocean's bosom unespied.'

The boatmen are exiles from England, and their song extols the exceeding richness of the island upon which their lot has been cast. Here comes the adaptation to politics of the hour:

"Tariff Reform means"—

'It makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet.'

That will be hard to beat in prose."

Business done.—Civil Service Estimates.

National News.

Collected by one of Mr. Punch's Flunkeys.

[With the idea that too much insistence cannot be laid upon facts that closely concern the welfare of all thinking people, *Mr. Punch* is instructing his second footman to furnish him from time to time with items such as the following, culled directly from the Press. Credit in every case will be given to the paper from which any world-news is quoted.]

"The Misses Bellasis are in town with their aunt."—*The Morning Post.*

"Mrs. Stainton's small dance takes place on May 6."—*The Daily Mail.*

"Venice.—Recent arrivals at Danieli's include Mr. Ferdinand Schlesinger."—*The World.*

"Nice.—Mr. Sebastian B. Schlesinger gave a dinner recently."—*The Tatler.*

From "Doubts and Difficulties" in *Amateur Gardening*:—

"Can you advise me what can be done to rid my house of earwigs? Last year we were alive with them. We used to find them on our bed, and used to run down the wall, and across the table at meal times."

Anyone might be frightened of an earwig, but this is sheer panic.

AMBASSADORIAL ADVENTURES.

Mr. Bryce, the British Ambassador in the United States (so it is stated in a daily paper), while on a visit at the house of the President of Wisconsin University, discovered that his boots, which in a moment of insular aberration, he had placed outside his door, had been cleaned by the daughters of the house. On learning what had happened, the great diplomatist at once took them off, declaring that he would preserve them as a souvenir of the charming way in which he had been extricated from the embarrassment caused by his disregard of American customs.

A later report, not yet published, states that His Excellency proposes to have the boots set up on his drawing-room mantelpiece at home and to grow maidenhair ferns in them.

Mr. Bryce's next visit was to the Governor of Oklahoma, where the Bayard of diplomacy enjoyed a further opportunity for adding to his collection of chivalrous keepsakes. In a moment of inadvertence he asked for a boiled egg for breakfast, but on learning, just as he was in the act of cracking the shell, that it had been prepared by his hostess, he at once forbore to impair its symmetry, and, wrapping it up carefully in tissue-paper, placed it in his despatch box as a touching souvenir of American hospitality.

Shortly afterwards Mr. Bryce was the guest of the Governor of Newtimberville, where he arrived after a long bicycle ride, completely saturated by a storm of rain. Retiring to his room, Mr. Bryce thoughtlessly placed his wet clothes on a chair outside the door, and went through his usual course of Sandow exercises until the humid garments had been restored to their normal dryness. Subsequently, at afternoon tea, it transpired that the process of desiccation had been exclusively carried out by the Governor's talented daughter, Stanleyette. "Never again," at once exclaimed the historian of the Holy Roman Empire, "can I wear garments glorified by so generous an act;" and retiring to his apartment he at once removed his clothes, and remained in bed until the Poole of Newtimberville had provided him with a new outfit. We understand that Mr. Bryce, while retaining his dried vestments for the present, has decided to bequeath them to the British Museum as a concrete example of the splendid courtesy of our lady-cousins across the Atlantic.

No incident marked Mr. Bryce's recent sojourn at the palatial residence of the Governor of Pittsburg until the morning of his departure. Just before he was starting, in a moment of obliviousness he turned to the seneschal and asked him to help him on with his overcoat. The Governor's wife with exquisite tact saved the situation, and deftly performed a function which would have destroyed the seneschal's self-respect for ever. Suddenly realising his mistake, Mr. Bryce hastily removed his overcoat, folded it up reverently, and declared that it should henceforth be the choicest of his family heirlooms. Although a blizzard was raging, Mr. Bryce was as good as his word, and travelled back to Washington without resuming his overcoat, thus contracting a severe cold, from which, however, we rejoice to hear he has now recovered.



The Press has given forecasts of "What Mr. Roosevelt may see in Eastern Africa." *Mr. Punch* feels that a few illustrations of what Mr. R. may *not* see would be of interest to his juvenile admirers.

Kubelik—a new phase.

From a programme advertisement:

"Mr. E. J., whose brilliant zither-banjo solos showed that he was as much at home on that merry twanging instrument as Kubelik."
Gloucestershire Echo.

"Since the arrest of Mrs. Pethick Lawrence and her colleagues another deputation has proved the power of women to withstand the measures of coercion which the Government use against them. This deputation sought an interview with the Prime Minister and persisted in the attempt to see him until overcome by force."—*Votes for Women.*

This is known as "withstanding measures of coercion."

AT THE PLAY.

"THE EARTH."

I DON'T know how many days Mr. FAGAN took over his creation of "The Earth," but, once the idea came into his head, the rest must have been easy enough. There are practically only three characters, and one issue. The other persons contribute to the atmosphere in which the Paper-King has his being, but they present no minor interests or complications of their own. Perhaps the very simplicity of the scheme gives it its arresting force, for the play certainly holds the attention. It is a curious blend of realism and improbability. No one imagines that *Sir Felix Janion* could have made so snug a corner in journals without a certain slimness and facility of conscience; but the kind of unscrupulousness which he shows in his treatment of the Cabinet Minister, *Trevena*, has no sort of relation to the credible. Newspapers that depend upon all classes of society for their circulation do not, today, use a woman's honour as a weapon for political intrigues. Strangely enough, though he had to bear this preposterous stigma, *Sir Felix* was, perhaps, the most attractive figure on the stage. This was due in some measure to Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL'S interpretation. Though no actor can be more admirably brutal when he chooses, he brought to the part a smiling imperturbability which almost disarmed the scandalised critic. His quiet and laconic cynicism, matched against the fluent rhetoric of *Trevena*, nearly made the worse argument appear the better. *Trevena*, of course, wins in the end because his lover threatens, at the cost of her own public disgrace, to expose *Janion's* designs; but nobody imagines that the other evening papers would have had the temerity to print her confession.



AN EARTHY PARADISE.

Lady Killone . . . . MISS LENA ASHWELL.
Rt. Hon. Denzil Trevena MR ALLAN AYNESWORTH
Sir Felix Janion (in background) MR. NORMAN MCKINNEL.

The two characters were well balanced. The villain had his touches of generosity; the hero's fibre was weakened by a secret shame, and even the sincerity of his attitude as a public philanthropist was called in question by his apathy towards private claims upon his charity.

The play was followed with a close attention that was a better compliment than applause. Even the gods of the gallery, who, being greedy devourers of the kind of journalism exposed to righteous contempt on the stage, might have been expected, after the detached manner of audiences, to join heartily in the denunciation of a system which they supported, were noticeably undemonstrative. This may to some extent be explained by Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH'S rendering of the part of *Trevena*; for it was difficult to mistake his bearing for that of an ideal "idealist," and he rather rushed his declamations as if he were afraid of boring us. In the lighter parts he was excellent, but became a little stagey under pressure.

I wish I could speak with more enthusiasm of the performance of that delightful actress Miss LENA ASHWELL. Up to the last scene, when she was forced to rise to the occasion, she played with indifference, and spoke often in a harsh recitative. But she had rare moments, illuminated by an irresistible grace and tenderness of voice and expression.

The minor characters, most of whom regrettably disappeared after the First Act, were admirable, and the humour of Mr. POULTON, as *Janion's* impossible business-manager, was a most refreshing relief.

The moral of the play, apart from the false picture of journalistic intrigue in the matter of a woman's honour, is pretty useless, because it ignores the fact that a Newspaper Trust in the hands of a single man is very little more dangerous than a number of rival papers, if all are actuated by purely commercial motives; and because (what is more important) it omits to trace the evil to its root, and to remark that every nation has the Press which it deserves; that the choice of its journals, as of its Governments, lies with a public which can choose well if it wishes; since the same people who gave *The Earth* its circulation of two millions, also gave *Trevena* his chance of making laws for the regeneration of the race. O. S.

"MR. PREEDY AND THE COUNTESS."

MR. CARTON has labelled his play a farce. If he had called it a comedy he would have spoilt my whole evening; as it was, I laughed uproariously through the three Acts of it. That should please Mr. CARTON, for he has deliberately set out to make people laugh, and he has disdained no artifice to accomplish that purpose. No joke is too old for him. But how cleverly he has used his material. For instance, a whimsical fancy about the age and appearance of a London egg—he does not play this off upon us in the First Act. No, he waits until we have watched Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH (Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH at his best) through an Act and a half; he knows that by the end of that time we are in such a hilarious state that we are ready to laugh at anything; then with a wave of the hand he produces his egg, and behold, we are rolling off our seats in a paroxysm of mirth. All the best knockabout business, too, is kept back until we are ready for it; and it takes a master of stage-craft to recognise just that moment when one is prepared to laugh at an involuntary collision between two of the performers. But I had one disappointment. When the curtain fell on the Second Act I giggled to myself, "What an artist! He's keeping the soda-water syphon business for the *last* Act! There's restraint!" And all through the Third Act I was bubbling over with laughter . . . ever on the verge of that one final roar with which I would greet the soda . . . tee-hee-hee-hee-hee . . . the s-soda . . . tee-hee . . . *And then he went and forgot it!*



AN EXOTIC "PLANT."

Countess of Rushmere . . . MISS COMPTON.
Hamilton Preedy . MR. WEEDON GROSSMITH.



Lady (to applicant for post of caretaker). "And your name?"
Applicant. "Mrs. 'Edge, please, Ma'am. Spelt with a haitch, same as the 'edges outside!"

If I am feeling a little bitter against Mr. Carton, it is not because of the egg or the knockabout business, but because he gave us the terrible old joke about "principle" and "interest." One must draw the line somewhere, and Mr. Carton should have drawn it there. But at the same time he really has written an immensely amusing farce, to which full justice is done by the players. Indeed it could hardly help being funny. *Mr. Bounsall*, running away with the *Countess of Rushmere*, plants her in the flat of his junior partner, *Mr. Preedy*, while he attends the bedside of a dying relative. He is unexpectedly detained, and in consequence *Lady Rushmere* is left on *Mr. Preedy's* hands for twenty-four hours. The latter is a nervous little man who has just become engaged to a solicitor's daughter. Mr. Weedon Grossmith is *Mr. Preedy*, and Miss Compton the *Countess;* the rest, I think, may be imagined. But perhaps I should add that Mr. A. Vane-Tempest is, as usual, perfectly delightful in an unfortunately small part. M.

THE HIGHER HEDONISM.

[A daily paper sighs for the days when the rarity of the bath lifted it to the rank of a ceremony, in which one was conducted to the bath-room by musicians, and served with water perfumed with flowers.]

I love the dear, dead days of old,
  Of which historians declare
The knights were usually bold,
  And baths so generally rare
That their occurrence roused in some
A joyful tendency to strum.

For then, when rumour ran around
  That bathing pleased the baron's views,
Forthwith the solemn sackbut's sound
  Acclaimed the interesting news,
And pipes (which never knew the
    "main")
Assisted with a glad refrain.

For him the festive cymbals beat,
  For him with frequent rub-a-dub
Appropriate kettle-drums would greet
  The boiling water for his tub;
And, if a troubadour appeared,
His services were commandeered.

But now, when, mindful of my bath,
  Reluctantly from bed I slip,
No minstrels flock around my path,
  Nor does my customary dip
Provoke a solitary toot
From anybody's jocund flute.

But all is still. To me belongs
  No kind of minstrelsy at all,
Save when I warble comic songs
  Imported from the music-hall,
And even these are marred by rude
Complainings from the neighbourhood.

Yet, after all, complaint is vain,
  For, though our melodies be less,
The world has now contrived to gain
  A compensating cleanliness,
And baths and bath-rooms are for us
Enjoyably ubiquitous.

Though it is true the cheap supplies
  Vouchsafed us by a Water Board
Do not incite our friends to rise
  And hammer on a harpsichord,
Regret seems really rather wrong,
For soap has superseded song.

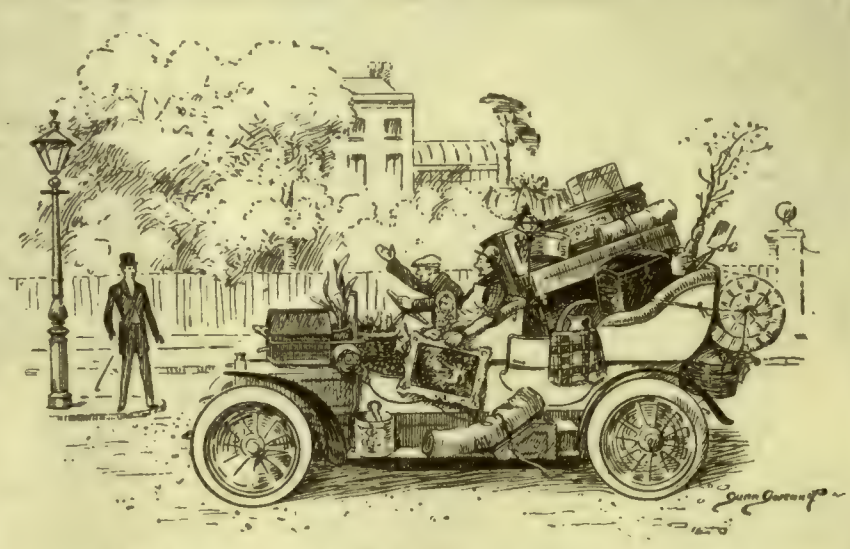
OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. ORME AGNUS did a bold thing in staking out his literary claim in the very heart of the country that owes allegiance to the old lion of Dorchester; but he has long since proved himself worthy even of the associations of Wessex. In *Sarah Tuldon's Lovers* (WARD, LOCK) he has continued the story of his best-known heroine so pleasantly that she will now have more lovers than ever. The book is a comedy of courtships, interspersed with happy little sketches of Dorset life; and, though inanimate Nature does not play quite the same part in Mr. AGNUS's writings as in those of his greater neighbour, still, for one who loves Purbeck as well as I do, the suggestion of that wonderful landscape in the background, its great skies and brown heaths, gives to a delightful novel by no means its least charm. To Holiday-Makers Commencing (as the advertisements say) my advice next Whitsuntide would certainly be to purchase at Waterloo Station a return ticket to Wareham and a copy of *Sarah Tuldon's Lovers*. The journey will just carry you nicely through the book. At Winchester the parson and the old squire will have had their dismissal; before Bournemouth you will know the true character of *Ostramore* and what *Sarah* did when she discovered it; and, if the ending leaves you a little sad, by that time the tower of Corfe and the great hills will be on the horizon to console you, and you will be in that glorious country to which Mr. ORME AGNUS has given yet another literary snark.

I am afraid that I am not a hall-marked Englishman. I hunt just as often as I take a bath without the chill off, which is never. But, if I know a hunter from a cab-horse and Leicestershire from Leicester Square, *The Straw* (HUTCHINSON), by R. RAMSAY, can give the ordinary hunting-novel several fields and a beating. It is Leicestershire to the life, and it has in it as pretty a love-story and as thrilling a point-to-point and as mysterious a murder as the heart of man or *Jack Mytton* or *Sherlock Holmes* could desire. And these are only some of its good points. If ever I am overtaken by my past and overwhelmed by my debts I shall be a lucky man if I find a "straw" as charming as *Judy Stewart* to catch at. Poor *Judy!* For her own sweet sake as well as from a sentimental affection (on *Mr. Punch's* account) for the honoured name which she bears I rejoice to think that in the end she reached the sun-kissed haven of peaceful love. And, as straws show which way the wind blows, I don't think I am far wrong in guessing, from many feminine touches in R. RAMSAY'S book, that the hand which held the tiller is a woman's. Besides, I happen to know.

A clever book of an unusual kind is *The Valley of Shadows* (CONSTABLE), in which Mr. FRANCIS GRIERSON has told with wonderful charm his early memories of Illinois in the days immediately preceding the Civil War, when ABRAHAM LINCOLN was a candidate for the Presidency and the whole land was troubled with the expectation of coming change. In a series of vivid personal impressions Mr. GRIERSON gives us a history of that time that is as enthralling as any romance. His pictures of life on the prairie, or, a little later, in St. Louis itself, are things of real beauty and power, touched with just that element of mysticism that might be expected from the writer's other work and adds enormously to his value as the critic of an extraordinary epoch. There are chapters in the book—"The Camp Meeting" is an example of one kind, "The Log House" of another—that haunt one afterwards like remembered music, or like passages in the prose of WALTER PATER, to which indeed there is much in Mr. GRIERSON'S style that is akin. Yet for all this the book produces no effect of artifice; it is astir with lively and vigorous movement. To sum up, truth, though often stranger than fiction, is almost always duller; Mr. GRIERSON has accomplished the rare feat of making it more interesting.



NEVER LEND YOUR CAR WITHOUT YOUR CHAUFFEUR.

Borrower (meeting owner of car). "ONLY ONE MORE LOAD, OLD BOY! DO IT IN SIX EASY—WHAT?"

In a brief business-like preface to *The Press Album*, published by Mr. MURRAY in aid of the Journalists' Orphan Fund, Mr. HARRY LAWSON explains that every penny contributed is devoted to the keep and education of the orphans. No money is wasted on bricks and mortar: the principle laid down is that of saving the child to its home and its home to the child. To this end *The Press Album* has been compiled under the unwearying and able editorship of Mr. THOMAS CATLING. Congratulations are due to him, to the Fund, and to the public who have the opportunity, by the expenditure of half-a-crown, of possessing a handsome volume containing rich variety of contributions from masters of the sister crafts of Literature and Art. To select for special notice particular contributions would be as difficult as it would be invidious; nor can I gratify the impulse to quote in full a catalogue of names and subjects extending over seven pages. Space forbids. As alternative the reader is invited to plank down his half-crown and call the book his own. The coin, like the poet's bedstead, will serve a double debt to pay. The buyer will get five shillings'-worth for his money, and an excellent charity will be richer by half-a-crown.

"'Mothers are the only animals who do not bring up their young by instinct; they have always to be taught,' said one of the candidates for appointment as lady house visitor at last night's meeting of Battersea Borough Council."—*Daily Mail.*

Yet one has known cows and cats, to take two simple instances, who, without any apparent tuition, have made admirable mothers.

CHARIVARIA.

KING MANOEL of Portugal has been appointed a Knight of the Order of the Elephant. This Order, we understand, gives young sovereigns the right to free rides on elephants in all the Continental Zoos.

***

Ex-President CASTRO is apparently tiring of unpopularity, and is determined to make himself beloved and admired. He made his entry into Paris in a smart brown suit, an embroidered smoking-cap, and crimson velvet slippers.

***

Mr. ROOSEVELT, on reaching British East Africa, rode ninety miles on a cow-catcher, but caught nothing. *Absit omen!*

***

The First Lord of the Admiralty has informed an anxious inquirer that there is not a single dry dock on our East coast which a damaged *Dreadnought* could enter if, from any cause, she were drawing more water than usual. There were, he added, five docks in Germany with the requisite capacity. In time of war our *Dreadnoughts*, we understand, would find a hearty welcome in these quarters.

***

Twenty-four postal orders for £1 have, it is announced, been received by the Accountant-General, marked "For the Admiralty." It seems almost incredible that, after this, the Government should still be hesitating about those additional *Dreadnoughts*.

***

"The Treasury," says *The Daily Chronicle*, "is to be congratulated on rescuing the very much neglected but appropriate word 'outgo' or the heading of a White Paper just issued on the subject 'of 'National Income and Outgo.'" We are a little surprised that a Liberal organ should dwell on the merits of this word in connection with the present Government.

***

At the annual meeting of the Bar held last week the creation of additional judges was declared to be "an imperative necessity." Moreover, there is, we understand, no great financial difficulty in the way, for there are any number of members of the Junior Bar who would be willing to accept the posts at half the salaries which are at present paid to judges.

***

The punishment inflicted on the Suffragettes who chained themselves to statues in St. Stephen's Hall last week savours somewhat of inhumanity. The police took no proceedings against them.

***

It is proposed to build a new home for the Royal Geographical Society. It has been suggested that an appropriate structure would be one on the lines of the huge "rabbit warrens" which are springing up in the City, and where only practised explorers can find their way about.

***

The Massachusetts State Legislature has passed a Bill making it compulsory for proprietors of liquor saloons to post up photographs of all the men in their neighbourhood who are known to be excessive drinkers. A false report to the effect that the portraits were to be coloured caused a sharp rise in the price of carmine paint.

***

The latest rumour about ABDUL HAMID is to the effect that he wrote to Queen WILHELMINA of Holland, asking whether, in the event of her hopes not being fulfilled, she would care to adopt him.

***

We understand that since the Budget announcement Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE has been the recipient of innumerable motor-cars, presented by his dearest motoring enemies.

***

Judge WILLIS, of Southwark County Court, celebrated his seventy-fourth birthday last week. This statement will surprise many persons who imagined, from his remarks as published from time to time in the press, that His Honour was much younger.

***

Protests continue to be made against ships of the Royal Navy being manned by skelcton crews. Defenders of the system declare, however, that this does not mean impaired efficiency, and point to the example of the fastest vessel afloat, namely *The Flying Dutchman*, which has always been worked by skeleton sailors, except in opera.



Occ. Gardener. "I'M AFRAID THE GRASS PLOT HAS GOT A BIT OUT OF 'AND, SIR. THIS MOWER WON'T BE MUCH GOOD FOR IT."

Mr. Townley. "UM - THAT'S A PITY. WE'VE GOT SOME PEOPLE COMING TO-MORROW. OH WELL, TO SMARTEN IT UP A BIT, JUST PART IT DOWN THE MIDDLE."

Answer to Suppositions.

"Mr. ISAACS: Supposing the person who wrote the article and published it said he had never heard of Rufus Isaacs, and said that he did not know there was any such person in existence——

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE: Nobody would believe it."

The above legal opinion is also the right answer to the following:—

Supposing it were stated that Mr. HARRY LAUDER's most popular songs were the joint work of the Duke of ARGYLL and Mr. ANDREW LANG?

Supposing it were announced that Lord WINTERTON is seeking a purchaser for his trouser-press?

Supposing it were reported that Mr. ROOSEVELT, during an okapi-hunt, had dropped his gun and made a bolt for it, calling loudly on KERMIT for aid?

Supposing Mr. CHESTERTON presented himself at the door of the National Sporting Club and claimed to be admitted on the ground that he was the amateur light-weight champion of New South Wales?

"The plaintiff and the defendant were out with a pheasant shooting party, in September last, and the latter's gun went off and shot the plaintiff." *The Globe.*

Which shows the danger of going pheasant shooting in the close season.

BEAUTY IN THE MAKING.

[An esteemed contemporary has made the authoritative statement that "no woman has completely reached the zenith of her charms until she has suffered, nor a man until he has had disappointment."]

THE papers said the usual things,
Mentioned the bride's unearthly grace,
Her angel figure (less the wings),
Her trousseau trimmed with costly lace;
Told how the bridesmaids' heads were tired,
And what the midget page was wearing,
And found the gallant much admired
For manly build and martial bearing.

Well, I was also there and felt
That, if I had to tell the tale,
A plainer couple never knelt
At the marital altar-rail;
She might be good and he be brave,
But nothing surely *could* be sorrier
Than the design which Nature gave
To both their faces—bride and warrior.

So they were wed, this "happy pair;"
But scarce the honied moon had waned
When discord, darkening all the air,
Got their relations rudely strained;
Another month—and (oh, how sad!)
They parted, miserable creatures,
Each sore because the other had
A simply rotten set of features.

On rolled the earth, till both were fain
To fix the breach and have recourse
To where they turn one flesh to twain
By Separation (or Divorce);
And I, the loyal fellow who
Assisted at the earlier function,
Turned up to see the business through,
And watch their secular disjunction.

A feather might have knocked me flat!
What mystic power had wrought the spell?
A fairer couple never sat
Among the wigs within the well!
Then I recalled how beauty's glow
Will thus occur as though by magic
When men have had a horrid blow
And women sampled something tragic.

A most affecting scene ensued.
The sight of such amazing charms
Moved them to drop their bitter feud
And fall inside each other's arms.
Tough Counsel melted who had seen
Whole stacks of married pairs unmated,
And through the lids of BARGRAVE DEANE
The stealthy tear-drop percolated.

O. S.

Budget Note.

The rebate of £10 per child on small earned incomes works out at 7*s.* 6*d.* per annum—the price of a dog-licence. Consequently the little boy who, on being asked whether he would like a baby sister, said he would rather have a fox-terrier, will now be able to have both.

The description under a photograph, in *The Daily Mirror*, of the First Sea Lord runs:—"Admiral Sir John Fisher (near the cart)." Not, as Mr. MAXSE would like, "Admiral Sir John Fisher (in the cart)."

CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME;

OR, LITTLE ARTHUR'S ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.

(*Little Arthur, aged* 12; *Papa, aged* 48.)

Little Arthur. Papa, may I talk to you about Sunday?

Papa. Sunday? Of course you may. But I 'm afraid we can't alter our arrangements.

L. A. What arrangements, Papa?

Papa. Well, you know, Mr. Blinkenstein and I are to play a round of golf in the morning at Wexley Heath, and you 're to carry my clubs for me; and then we 're coming home to lunch—your mother 's asked some friends to it—and if it 's a fine day we 're to go out in the motor in the afternoon; and then there 'll be tea, and then dinner; and then most of them will be getting back to London by train. It 's all pretty well settled. I don't see how we can alter the arrangements.

L. A. No, Papa, I don't mean that. I don't want to talk about this next Sunday particularly. I want to know if you 're sure it 's quite right for us to go on in the way we 're going on Sundays.

Papa. O-ho! Somebody 's been putting Sabbatarian notions into your head. You 'll be telling me next I mustn't whistle on Sunday.

L. A. Oh no, Papa, I shouldn't think of that. I 'm sure if you would really like to whistle on Sunday I should like to listen to you. But, Papa!

Papa. Yes, what is it? Cut it short now.

L. A. Yes, Papa, I 'll try. What does "Sabbatarian" mean?

Papa. Well, ah—um—it 's not very easy to explain.

L. A. But, Papa, you used the word just now, you know. You said somebody had been putting Sabbatarian notions into my head, didn't you?

Papa. Oh, well, when people have exaggerated notions about Sunday and think one oughtn't to do anything at all on a Sunday, why, we call them Sabbatarians.

L. A. Then Mr. Harding the vicar and John the butler are Sabbatarians. I 've heard Mr. Harding preach about it. He said the modern fashionable crazes for playing golf and rushing about the country in motor-cars on Sundays were destroying the good old observance of the day of rest; and John said last Monday he was so run off his legs with one thing and another every Sunday he didn't have half a minute to himself, and he knew it was killing him.

Papa. You mustn't listen to what John says. Besides, he had no business to talk to you like that.

L. A. No, Papa, perhaps not. And he said a lot more about being a negro slave, and getting ordered about like cattle, and oughtn't he to have a bit of his Sunday to himself, like other people? I 'm afraid he 's a Sabbatarian, Papa.

Papa. Well, well, we won't talk about John.

L. A. No, Papa. And if you don't like Sabbatarians, Papa, I 'm sure I don't want to be one.

Papa. That 's right, my boy.

L. A. But then, I suppose you think we ought all to work on Sundays, and do anything we like and make other people work.

Papa. I never said that.

L. A. But, Papa, Sabbatarians are the people who say we mustn't do these things, and so if you dislike Sabbatarians you must want to do the things the Sabbatarians *don't* want.

Papa. Now don't you catch me up like that, my boy. It 's not respectful. Besides, I never thought anything of the sort.

L. A. Didn't you, Papa? But you *said* it, you know. Oughtn't we to work on Sundays, then, Papa?

Papa. No, you know we 're told not to. But I don't call golf work. It 's mere play.



THE BREAKING OF THE CHARM.

The Sleeping Beauty . . . . . OXFORD UNIVERSITY.
The Fairy Prince . . . . . LORD CURZON.

THE CHANCELLOR (*after reading aloud his "Memorandum"*). "AWAKE! 'ADORABLE DREAMER'!"



Mrs. Bullyon-Boundermere (delighted to find herself chatting with a Countess). "HATS AREN'T PRETTY JUST NOW, ARE THEY? AND REALLY I THINK AMOURETTE'S ARE THE UGLIEST OF ALL. I WAS THERE TO-DAY AND POSITIVELY COULDN'T GIVE AN ORDER. EACH HAT THEY SHOWED ME WAS MORE FRIGHTFUL THAN THE LAST."

The Countess. "SO SORRY WE COULDN'T PLEASE YOU. AMOURETTE'S IS A LITTLE VENTURE OF MINE, YOU KNOW."

L. A. But carrying clubs isn't play for me, Papa. Ought I to carry clubs?

Papa. Well, you're going to, anyhow.

L. A. Yes, Papa, I suppose I am; but I'm afraid it'll be very wrong of me. And then there's John, and the cook and the other servants. And, oh, Papa, there's the railway and the *chauffeur*, and all the rest of them. And you know you're not going to church, Papa.

Papa. What do you mean, you young——

L. A. I'm sorry, Papa, if I've hurt your feelings. I didn't mean to. But Mr. Harding said that if people only had the grace to attend divine service it might be different——

Papa. Well, your mother's going, and Mabel.

L. A. Yes, Papa, that's just what Mr. Harding said. He said men thought their duty was done when they had allowed the women of the family to go to church; but he said they were quite wrong about that. They ought to go themselves.

Papa. Now, look here. I want to tell you once for all, it's no use your trying to fling quotations from Mr. Harding at my head just to bully me—yes, bully me. I'm quite competent to decide these matters for myself.

L. A. Yes, Papa, I'm sure you are. And if you don't like what Mr. Harding says in his sermons——

Papa. Don't put words into my mouth.

L. A. No, Papa; but you said I was flinging quotations from Mr. Harding at your head just to bully you, and nobody likes things that bully, so you can't like what Mr. Harding says in his sermons. And if you don't like the sermons I quite understand why you don't want me to go to church.

Papa. Who said I didn't want you to go to church?

L. A. Well, Papa, you're going to take me to carry your clubs on Sunday morning, so I shan't get to church. And there's John—he can't get to church; and the women servants. But anyhow, it's jolly to think we're not Sabbatarians, Papa. That would be awful, wouldn't it?

Papa. You'd better toddle off and attend to your postage-stamp album.

L. A. Oh, there's plenty of time for that.

Papa. No time like the present. Off you go.

L. A. I could do it on Sunday, Papa.

Papa. No, you'll do it now. I've told you fifty times I won't have you sticking in stamps on Sundays.

A Pleasant Emendation.

"Mr. Jack Pease, the Chief Ministerial Whip, recommended the Bill in one of his rare appearances as an orator, for his voice is as seldom heard in the land as that of the tortoise."—*Manchester Courier.*

Only those who have heard the tortoise singing to its mate in the gloaming, or barking angrily at the sight of a side-comb, will appreciate the pathos of this.

"The outside of her garments were of lawn,
The lining purple silk . . . her wide sleeves green."
Marlowe's "Hero and Leander."

HERO must have been one of the earliest members of the Woman's Social and Political Union.

Diffidence.

"Piano, make nice sideboard."—*The Feathered World.*

AT THE PLAY.

"COLONEL SMITH."

IN the intervals of those cricket matches at which Mr. MASON and myself have from time to time assisted (in the French sense) I cannot remember that the subject of Dramatic Irony was ever under discussion. Our captain, Mr. J. M. BARRIE, would, I am sure, have discouraged the topic as tending to divert our intelligence from the main purpose. But Mr. MASON should know, without need of reminder, that the sport of SOPHOCLES makes this demand in common with the more difficult game of cricket—that, if you play it at all, you must keep the rules. Now when *Celia Faraday* takes the audience and one of her sisters into her confidence and gives them to understand that *Colonel Smith* is, to the best of her knowledge, a mere figment of the imagination, the author should have remembered that the other actors, not being in the secret, were bound to receive the report of that gallant officer's death with a due decorum and sense of affliction. "Instead of which," they treated the announcement with a dreadful and even revolting frivolity. The result of this behaviour was to change the whole character of the play. What had promised to be a phantastic comedy was reduced to the level of farce. Criticism modified its focus, and we felt that we had been cheated all this while of the irresponsible and knockabout merriment to which we had a just claim. Spasmodic humour, however attractive, could not content us; if it was to be farce, we must have the kind of fun that rollicks breathlessly; and Mr. MASON did not give us nearly enough to go round.

The scheme of the play was sufficiently fresh. This idea of a neglected girl trying to give herself value by pretending to be engaged to an imaginary soldier in Somaliland (who happened to exist in the flesh) might have made excellent stuff for a much shorter play. But Mr. MASON has beaten out his bar of gold too thin. Those excellent young actors, Mr. ERNEST THESIGER and Mr. REGINALD OWEN, who were introduced in order to mark the enhanced value of *Celia Faraday* stock, were themselves a very poor drug in the market; Mr. WILLIAM FARREN had very little chance, except with the obituary notice; and there was also a superfluous sister in the shape of Miss LYDIA BILBROOKE, though I should have been sorry to miss her pretty face and hair.

Still, our best gratitude is due to Mr. MASON for having broken up the Thief series of plays which threatened to become a permanent feature of the St. James's. And it was delightful at last to see Miss IRENE VANBRUGH in a character which she could play with a light heart and no fear of being lectured portentously for her deceit. In the letter scene she was fascinating; and always her facial play and gestures were extraordinarily clever and illuminating.

Mr. ALEXANDER will probably differ from me when I venture to think that he was more in his true element than he has been in any new play for several years. Towards the end he had too much talking to do, but his military moustache (a great accession to his charms) carried everything off, and went extremely well with the crease of his trousers.

The look of the stalls on the fourth night made me fear for the success of the play; and it may be that the announcement of *Colonel Smith's* decease will be in the papers before the summer comes. I sincerely hope that the report will once again be false, for the play has many engaging qualities.

One hears, by the way, a rumour that Mr. ALEXANDER proposes to stand for Parliament. If this is a true libel, what about the seat that Mr. MASON is to vacate? Would it not be a sporting proposition if the retiring Member revived a "Coventry-play" for the retiring actor?

O. S.



MISS FARADAY'S FOLLOWERS.

Celia Faraday . . . . MISS IRENE VANBRUGH.
Colonel Smith . . . . . MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
(In the background, left to right.)
Robert Tarver. . MR. EVELYN BEERBOHM.
James Raleigh . . . . MR. ERNEST THESIGER.
Admiral Grice . . . . MR. WILLIAM FARREN.

DIARY OF THE NEAR EAST.

[Being a brief *résumé* of impressions received from the various Own and Special Correspondents of a well-informed Press.]

April 12.—Balkan question practically settled as far as Turkey is concerned. The admirable dignity and restraint exhibited by the Committee of Union and Progress, who were established by the revolution of last July, is the theme of general admiration. In the course of Turkey's regeneration practically no blood has been shed, nor will be.

April 13.—Mutiny of reactionary troops, softas, hodjas, codjas, etc., with considerable bloodshed. Committee of Union and Progress discredited. Cabinet dismissed.

April 14.—ABDUL HAMID gives his blessing to the mutineers and forms new Cabinet. His position firmer than ever. Where is your Young Turkey Party now?

April 15.—Your Young Turkey Party in Salonika mutinies against mutineers.

April 16.—Young Turkey Party marches on Constantinople. It will take three weeks to get there. ABDUL confident.

April 17.—Advance guard of Young Turkey Party at the gates of Constantinople. Perfect order prevails inside the city.

April 18.—Main body of Young Turkey Party, using a German map, arrives at Sweet Waters of Europe. Relieves thirst.

April 19.—Young Turkey Party draws a cordon round Constantinople.

April 20.—Reactionaries prepared to submit. ABDUL prepared for anything.

April 21.—Complete understanding between besieged and besiegers. War Minister sends out rations, including Turkish Delight, to the army outside. Fleet, whose loyalty to Constitution is doubted, to sail under Sir DOUGLAS GAMBLE for exercise in the Ægean.

April 22.—Fleet sails without Sir DOUGLAS GAMBLE in no particular direction. National Assembly decrees deposition of "ABDUL THE DAMNED" by large majority. ABDUL'S yacht takes in ammunition. There will be no bloodshed. Only the leaders of the reactionary party will receive condign punishment.

Later.—Fleet, whose loyalty to Con-



"OH! LADY JANE, YOU *MUST* TAKE SOME TICKETS FOR A CHARITY DANCE I'M HELPING TO GET UP—"

"AND WHAT'S IT FOR?"

"OH! ER—THE—ER—INDIGENT SOMETHING OR OTHER—AND THE DUCHESS IS BRINGING A PARTY, AND WE 'VE GOT THE PINK ALSATIAN BAND!"

"DELIGHTED, I'M SURE. ONE'S *ALWAYS* READY TO HELP A *REALLY* GOOD CAUSE."

stitution is now admitted, remains where it was.

April 23.—ABDUL THE BLESSED to be retained on the throne with impaired powers. There will be no bloodshed. Moslem Turks have never been known to shoot at one another.

Five minutes later.—Bloody bombardment of reactionary barracks. ABDUL escapes to German guardship.

April 24.—Barracks surrender. ABDUL a prisoner in Yildiz Kiosk. Remained very cool and collected under fire, but will be executed at sunrise.

April 25.—Yildiz empty, except for ABDUL and a few firemen, who will put him out if necessary. ABDUL very nervous, and keeps on wearing the Green Mantle of the Prophet.

Later.—Six thousand of ABDUL'S bodyguard discovered in hiding in Yildiz Kiosk. They escape and are at once captured and roped together. They will be flung into the Bosphorus at sunrise.

April 26.—Apart from the execution of 10,000 reactionaries there will be no further bloodshed.

April 27.—An end of the Caliphate. A military Dictator to be appointed. ABDUL to be executed at sunrise.

Later.—ABDUL to be deposed, but will be suffered to retain his head. RESHAD EFFENDI enthroned as Sultan with salute of 101 guns. Perfect order continues to reign in Constantinople and environs. Everybody thoroughly pleased with everybody else.

Later.—New SULTAN tells an English correspondent how particularly fond he is of England. New SULTAN tells a German correspondent how particularly fond he is of Germany.

Still later.—ABDUL to be deported to neighbouring continent of Asia.

Later still.—ABDUL will not change continents, but retire to adjacent palace. His harem has preceded him thither.

Later than ever.—ABDUL will leave at 1 a.m. this morning by motor and special train for Salonika, accompanied by eleven ladies of the harem. Mr. WILLIAM WATSON addresses an encouraging letter to the new Grand Vizier.

April 28.—Only eight ladies of the harem accompanied ABDUL. The other three were unavoidably delayed. ABDUL'S last words were as follows:—

"I want 8,
And I won't wait."

April 29.—EX-SULTAN will be allowed to live out his days in peace at Salonika.

April 30.—EX-SULTAN to be tried for his life at sunrise.

"To-morrow will be the birthday anniversary of Cartwright, inventor, born April 24, 1743.

"To-day is the birthday anniversary of Edmund Cartwright, inventor, born Rpril 24, 1743."

Two consecutive paragraphs in *The Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, showing with what celerity the northern papers correct even their smallest misprints.

"The health of 'The King' was submitted by the Speaker, who occupied the chair, and was cordially drunk."—*Warrington Guardian.*

You are implored not to overlook the comma after "chair."

TOBACCO AND OTHER DUTIES.

[The Chancellor of the Exchequer having introduced his Budget in a brilliant speech, the usual discussion followed.]

"Well," said Henry, "what do you think of it?"

"Rotten," I said. "I mean ripping," I added hastily. "What I really mean," I went on, as I gathered courage, "is that it is the bankruptcy of Free Trade; it mortgages our resources up to the hilt; it plunders the middle class; it destroys all confidence in the future; it —er—it—— I say, why are things always mortgaged up to the *hilt?* I mean, it 's such a silly expression."

"You 've been reading *The Daily Mail.*"

"I have," I confessed. "I say, Henry, do tell me. Am I one of the middle-class?"

"The middle-class is the class below yourself and the person you happen to be talking to at the time."

"That 's you and me. Well, Henry, my lad, the class below us seems to be rather a jolly one. Let 's go down a step, shall we?"

"*The Mail* says the middle-class is being plundered. You don't want to be plundered, do you? Look here, it talks about the 'middle-class Issachar.'"

"Oh, I say, who was Issachar? Much of a chap?"

"Keep to the point," said Henry.

"Well, the point is this, that the middle-class apparently has £5,000 a year and several motors. I'm all for being one of them. You can plunder me as much as you like, if you give me the stuff first. Henry, my middle-class friend, how 's petrol?"

Henry read his paper in silence for a moment.

"Have you a pencil?" he asked at last. "If so, we might work it out."

"Work out what?"

"Why, if it 's a good Budget or a bad one, of course."

"How on earth——"

"It is the duty," said Henry solemnly, "of every high-minded Englishman to decide for himself if the Budget affects him personally. If it does, it is a bad one, and, as a true patriot, he must oppose it."

"I never thought of that. I suppose you 're right."

"Of course I'm right. Here 's the editor of *The Petroleum Review.* He— —"

"A nice chatty paper," I interrupted. "I know the man who does their acrostics."

"Well, the editor of *The Petroleum Review* says——"

"Of course, the chess page is not what it used to be."

"The editor of *The Petroleum Review,*" continued Henry, unmoved, "is all against the tax on petrol. He thinks it bad for the country. And Mr. Gluckstein is very much shocked at the increased duty on tobacco. Actually shocked. Not on his own account, mind you, but because it may hurt his country. And the brewers——"

"No, no," I begged. "Not them again. One knows their devotion. Besides, I quite see your point."

"Very well then. Where 's the pencil?"

I produced it. We sat down in front of a sheet of paper and began.

"Increased tax on motors," I read out.

"Nothing doing there," said Henry, "as we don't belong to the middle class. Go on."

"Tax on petrol."

"Pass."

"Wait a bit," I said. "Don't they clean panama hats with petrol? Or am I thinking of something else?"

"You must be thinking of something else."

"I 'm not so sure. Put down '*Petrol, doubtful.*' It might mean another penny a year to us."

"Next."

"Twopence on incomes over £3,000, and another sixpence over £5,000."

Henry turned to me expectantly.

"Well?" he said, poising the pencil.

"If they paid me properly," I began, "I might—— As it is, no. Pass £3,000."

"Next."

"Abatement of £10 per child under sixteen," I read. "Er—sixteen seems a good many."

Henry smiled and looked out of the window.

"However," I said, "we needn't—— Well, then we come to estate duties. I have an aunt who—— It 's 15 per cent. on a million, isn't it? . . . She lives at Lewisham, though. And I believe she has a son of her own. In any case she 's one of these healthy nut people. Besides, I——"

"*Aunt doubtful,*" wrote Henry.

"Thank you. Stamp duties come next. Have you any bearer securities or option notes? None at all? What 's in that old cupboard? Oh, all right. Then how about licence duties?"

"I'm drinking ginger-ale just now," said Henry.

"I 'm drinking cough mixture chiefly. I gather that there 's no alcohol in either. Pass licence duties. Next we have unearned increment of land."

"I have," said Henry thoughtfully, "a small share in a cricket ground. At least I haven't paid my subscription this year yet, but——"

"If the subscription was raised you could resign," I pointed out.

"True. In fact I think I shall anyhow. Thanks for reminding me; it 's a rotten ground. Then that settles the land-tax. Anything left?"

I choked back a sob as I put down my paper and turned to him.

'Henry, my dear old friend," I said, "there is indeed something left. We are now, in the words of the late Sultan, right up against it. What do you say to eightpence a pound on tobacco?"

Henry told me.

"Quite so," I agreed. "And nothing less. The Government has forfeited our confidence. Your Panama hat and my aunt, we might have forgiven them that. But this—this is too much. To think that *we*, you and I, should have to pay, actually to *pay* for old-age pensions and *Dreadnoughts* and things. That the country should do so is all right, but that you and I—— Henry, it is too much. Pass me a cigarette that has not paid the extra eightpence, and let us be silent for a while. . . ."

When I had finished my cigarette I got up to go.

"Well, I must be off," I said. "I 've a lot of work to do. So long."

"Good-bye," said Henry. "By the way, what do you think of the Budget?"

"The Budget?" I cried furiously. "A spiteful and vindictive Budget, Sir! A venomous Budget! The disgraceful and mischievous product of a third-class intellect! He has sold the country, Sir! Budget, indeed!" And I strode from the room.

A. A. M.

"She had an elfin grace of movement and a look of strange wonder which would be worthy of even better things than the Arcadians. She should be the Ariel in the next big performance of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream.'"—*The Morning Post.*

We shall look forward to this. With a suitable *Caliban* and *Desdemona* it might be a very big performance indeed.

M. A. P. on Mr. Robert Hichens:—

"At last, however, he determined to give up music for literature, and what has been the gain of the one has been the misfortune of the other."

A pleasant thought, but it might have been expressed more clearly.

"As soon as they realised that there was an outbreak of fire a lot of children raced off to the alarm, but when they reached it—an excited crowd—they could not reach it."—*Derry Standard.*

As has been pointed out lately, the English language badly wants some new words.

"A Great Novelty, a sport from Carter's Holborn Glory, raised by m-, the Largest Sweet William in the World."—*Amateur Gardening.*

William's modesty is remarkable.

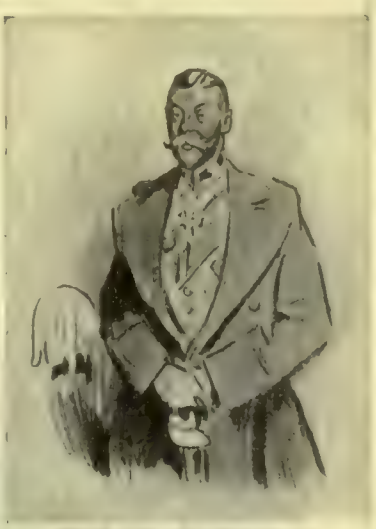
ROYAL ACADEMY. FIRST DEPRESSIONS.



179. "The Monarch of the Gl-n" by Moonlight. JOHN S. SARGENT, R.A.



206. Asquith (stroke) and the deep-sea Suffragettes. HERBERT J. DRAPER.



337. H.R.H. after Stoking the *Indomitable!* (Painted for the Marines by HUGH DE T. GLAZEBROOK.)



261. "Le'sh all go'n burn th' City R (hic)-ecords!" EDGAR BUNDY.



147. *Mr. Asquith.* "'Pon my word, I think I look better in the Comic Press!!" SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, R.A.



282. Katisha; or, Very Old Japan. VENANZIO ZOLLA.



16. "Who said 'Free Food'?" A. S. COPE, A.R.A.



1,837. Mr. Pelissier of "The Follies" takes horse exercise. (The artist calls it "Bertrand Duguesclin," but that, of course, is only his fun.) EMMANUEL FRÉMIET.



236. The Sky-Pilot and his "Punch." G. CLARK KENNEDY.



Doctor. "Now there is a very simple remedy for this—er—this—er—*recurring thirst.* Whenever you feel you want a whisky and soda, just eat an apple, eat an apple."

Patient. "But—er—fancy eating fifty or sixty apples a day!"

WILLIAM'S WAIL.

["Mr. William Wale, the retiring parish constable of Fenny Drayton, in Leicestershire, has declined the offer of re-appointment, on the ground that the persistent honesty, sobriety and good conduct of the people gave no opportunity or encouragement to a conscientious police officer."—*Daily Mirror.*]

Proud, proud was the day when they sought me
And said, "Be our constable, do!"
And proud was the day when they brought me
This beautiful tunic of blue.
"At last," cried my soul, "I've arrived at my goal,
For here is a great opportunity
Of carving my name on the tablets of Fame
And serving my native community."

From my earliest days I would dream of
Great deeds to be done on my beat;
I longed to be reckoned the cream of
My country's heroic *élite.*
I thought, "How sublime to do battle with crime!"
I longed to suppress inebriety;
I saw myself stand for the law of the land—
The pillar and prop of society.

My fancy, with nimblest of touches,
Would paint me in glorious deeds,
Now saving some beautiful duchess
By stopping her run-away steeds;
Anon I would catch some burglarious batch—
Alone I would handcuff a score of 'em,
And the medals would shine on this bosom of mine
Until there was room for no more of 'em.

Thus fired, I was all eager-hearted
To enter my gallant career,
And high was my hope when I started
Patrolling the village down here.
I hunted behind every hedge I could find,
Expectantly bent on discovering
Some thief to be caught, but I never found aught
Save harmless young couples out lovering.

With Fenny Draytonian morals
So very insipid, I saw
No chances of winning my laurels
As Cerberus, guard of the law.
If folk have a craze for such virtuous ways
And scarce even dare to ejaculate
So much as a "D," what prospect for me
Mid people so mild and immaculate?

Earning an Almost Bare Living.

"Fitter requires situation in night shift."—*The Motor.*



A FIRST DUTY.

EUROPA (*to the new Sultan*). "AS YOU 'RE A YOUNG TURK, SIR, I COUNT ON YOU TO MAKE A CLEAN SWEEP OF THE OLD METHODS."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 26.—Interesting debate on Second Reading of Bill designed to augment salary of PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF TRADE from £2,000 to £5,000 a year. The scheme, when carried to full extent, will make similar increase in emolument of PRESIDENT OF LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD. Labour Members to a man dead against it. Their remaining point of agreement with their right hon. friend JOHN BURNS is found in his declaration that no man is worth more than £500 a year. True, it was made at a time when JOHN did not think he would live to draw £2,000. But, though circumstances change, truth stands.

Only the other day the Labour Members declared their uncompromising aversion from other people drawing salaries by proposing to dock VICTOR GRAYSON'S. That a mere trifle compared with a proposition which, according to admission of PREMIER, will involve an added annual draft on the Treasury exceeding £10,500. Mr. JOWETT (no family connection with Balliol), went to the root—or, more precisely to the keel—of the matter.

"Barnacles," he said, "have been allowed to grow on the Board of Trade, and they should be looked into."

WINSTON moved uneasily on his seat. The duties of PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE have steadily grown with expansion of industry. Within his time has been added the onerous but beneficent task of acting as mediator in wage conflicts between masters and men. If to these engagements is to be added that of looking into barnacles growing on the Board of Trade, he must reconsider his position.

BYLES OF BRADFORD (First Baron, cr. —) offered a practical suggestion that instantly commanded attention.

"The real question," he said, "is how much is the Ministerial Bench worth, taking it all round? That decided, let us vote a lump sum and leave division of the pooled salaries to right hon. gentlemen themselves."

PREMIER shook his head. Sufficient for the day are the disagreements among his flock. To have this bone of contention superadded was more than he could contemplate with equanimity. Still it is a business proposition so illuminating that something may be heard of it in Committee.

WINSTON takes characteristically dignified view of situation. If the House likes to be generous with public money, it is not for him to thwart benevolent intention. Personally he will not profit by it. Increased salary of PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF TRADE must date from the term of his successor in the office. Remembering his Virgil, he murmurs:—

"Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes;
Sic vos non vobis nidificatis aves."

Opposition, not to be outdone in generosity, protest. BALCARRES, who dearly loves a Liberal Minister, gives notice that in Committee he will move an amendment making the increased salary forthwith payable. F. E. SMITH takes the same line. Incidentally drops remark that may have autobiographical interest.

"There is," he said, "many a junior at the Bar who earns more salary than the PRIME MINISTER."

Business done.—Second Reading of Board of Trade (Salary) Bill carried by 152 votes against 76.

Tuesday.—JOYNSON-HICKS, the "We" of Parliamentary debate, continues to develop. This afternoon he flung across arid waste of Committee on Post Office Estimates the garland of an idyll. Everybody knows how *David Copperfield's* acquaintance, *Mr. Dick*, found it impossible to abstain from dragging into his Memorial reference to the head of CHARLES I. JOYNSON-HICKS, going one better, dragged Mr. DICK himself on to floor of House of Commons.

It was the old, old story, told with such artless simplicity that when JOYNSON sat down amid a murmur of cheers he sympathetically mopped the eyes of HICKS. As for the audience, there was scarcely a dry eye among them.

Mr. DICK, it seems, is a Post Office official "who cast an eye on a young lady in the Telegraph Department." "It was," JOYNSON-HICKS hastened to add, "a perfectly moral and justifiable eye, which ripened into an attachment." Not the eye, you know, but circumstances generally. The lady's name was, as the Catechism hath it, M. or N. as the case may be. With permission of the CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES, JOYNSON-HICKS agreed to call her "Miss M."

All went well for a time, till Miss M.'s father got wind of what was going on in the Telegraph Department. Recognising in the POSTMASTER-GENERAL a family man, capable of sympathy with a perturbed father, he wrote to him complaining of Mr. DICK'S procedure. His confidence was amply justified. Setting aside problems arising out of wireless telegraphy, deferring establishment of penny postage with France, SYDNEY BUXTON threw himself into the affair with remarkable display of energy and concentration of purpose. He not only wrote stating that he "viewed with displeasure" Mr. DICK'S action in regard to Miss M., but straightway transferred the swain to Manchester "at his own expense." There he would have remained, with Miss M. crying her pretty eyes out at Glasgow, only for JOYNSON-HICKS. This worthy couple, remembering that they too were once young, resolved to come to the rescue. Hence this touching story interposed in dry discussion of the Vote for £12,337,930 for the salaries and expenses of the Post Office, including telegraphs and telephones.

Emotion excited in the Committee swept away everything before it. SYDNEY BUXTON, temporarily cast for part of the Wicked Uncle, fell on his knees,



THE WICKED UNCLE.

"Sydney Buxton fell on his knees and promised a full enquiry."

promised full inquiry into the matter and immediate reinstatement of Mr. Dick, if it were shown that he had suffered injustice. With this assurance, promising to wind up the romance with the familiar line, "Mr. Dick and Miss M. were married and lived happily ever afterwards," the Committee cried content, and what threatened to prove a serious Ministerial crisis passed over.

Business done. — Post Office Vote agreed to.

Thursday. — "The Hon. Member seems to be in an argumentative mood."

Thus mused the Speaker, regarding John T. Middlemore with fresh interest. It was the state of the Navy that wrought upon the mind of the Member for North Birmingham. The geographical position of his constituency forced upon him the necessity of hurrying on with the building of destroyers. He cannot sleep o' nights till he learns "how many dry docks capable of docking *Dreadnoughts* we shall have in the North Sea," say, by the year 1916.

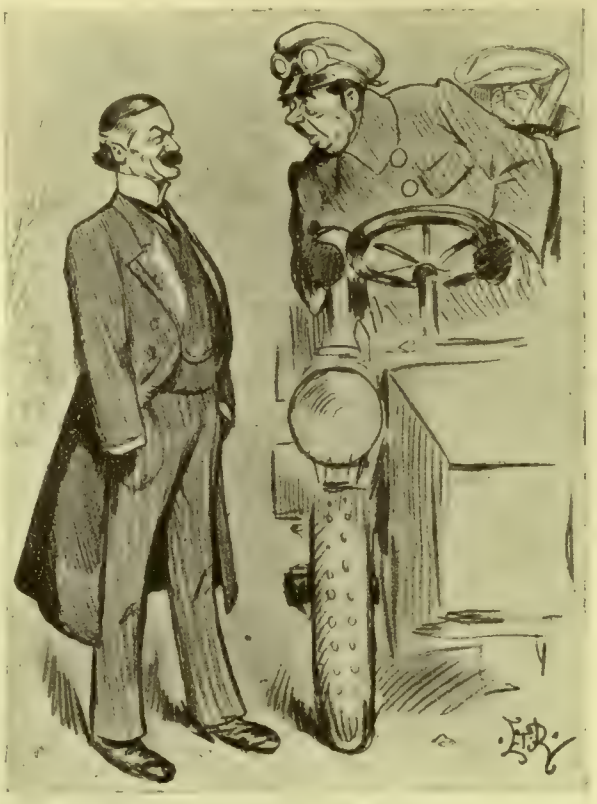
"The matter is very urgent," he said. "When the house is on fire——"

What would thereupon happen was left untold. There is a strict rule dominating Question Time which forbids the interpolation of speeches. Of this the Speaker reminded John T., and he, under compulsion, left the house burning. Up again when Admiral McKenna attempted to sheer off from question of dry docks in North Sea.

"But, Sir——" he insisted, jumping to his feet with more than sexagenarian alacrity. Had he been left alone for a quarter of an hour the Admiral would (in a Parliamentary sense, of course) have been wrapped up in his old tarpaulin jacket and swung below.

Here the Speaker interposed with imputation about an argumentative mood. It was a second warning. A third might have awful consequences. So J. T. subsided, and to the many mysteries the dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear is added one that conceals the number of dry docks we shall have in the North Sea seven years hence.

Business done. — Lloyd-George introduces and expounds Budget. A story of unrelieved melancholy. Deficit not of thirteen millions, as anticipated, but exceeding sixteen millions, with revenue dropping, expenditure increasing, and Trade depressed. Prodigious speech; four hours and a-half long with interval of half-an-hour for refreshment. Approaching close of third hour Chancellor showed signs of collapse. Still an hour and a-half to run before he reached Athens with the full tale of Marathon—victory over unparalleled deficit in time of peace. Would he hold out? Premier plainly perturbed; Prince Arthur regarded him across the table with pained anxiety. At length the Leader of Opposition interposed, and, backing up the Premier's entreaty, hitherto unavailing, persuaded the fagged and fainting Minister to take brief rest.



Chancellor of the Exchequer. "Nice car. How many horse-power?" *Owner (with pardonable pride).* "About 30." *Chancellor of the Exchequer.* "Oh, then I want Eight (guineas), and I won't wait."

ANOTHER VICTIM OF PROGRESS.

"Well," I said, "what do you think of it all?"

He was the fifth horse on the rank, and had spilt all his dinner in the roadway through over-desire to get at the bottom of his nose-bag. His driver being beyond call in a neighbouring public-house, he was not in the best of humour.

"I 'm glad you asked me," he said. "You 're the first to do so. It 's cabby, cabby, cabby, that the people are slopping over; not a word of cabby 's best friend!"

"That 's how it strikes you?" I remarked.

"How else?" he replied. "We 've been having a pretty rotten time, I can tell you, ever since those oil-carts came in. It 's got steadily worse and worse. We used to be looked after once; fed regularly, groomed regularly; not overworked. But now! Now no one cares a straw about us. The drivers have taken to drink, and the cleaners have lost hope, and the owners can't afford fodder. We stand about in the cold all day, starving, and at night there 's no one to treat us like friends."

I expressed a sympathy which I really felt.

"I don't wonder," he went on, "that people take the taxis now; but I used to wonder once. Look at the difference! There was a noisy, nasty little rattling box, with a driver who was always having tea, seldom had change, and never said "Thank you"; while here was a smart, comfortable cab, a smart horse with pretty musical bells, and a cheery driver with a joke in his mouth. How any one in his senses could prefer an oil-cart to that I can't see; but now, of course, it 's different. The horses aren't smart any more, and the cabmen aren't cheery. But it 's letting the horses get poor that 's done the mischief, because what me and my mates believe is that the people would soon have tired of the new toy and come back to us; but now they can't—we 're too wretched."

I was forced to agree.

"It 's very kind of Lord Rosebery and Mr. Rothschild to do what they have, to say nothing of *The Daily Mail*," he continued; "but what I want to know is, who 's going to look after us? Who 's going to put flesh on us again, and a glossy shine, and make it a pride once again to lift up our hoofs? Who 's going to do that? Cabby, indeed! Cabby has a chance. He can buck up if he wants to, but *we* can't. What we want is a month or two at grass and a little affection."

"We must get Lord Rosebery to think of that too," I said; "or Mr. Rothschild."

"They won't," said the horse, gloomily. "It 's always cabby. Why, look at the pheasants Mr. Rothschild gives them every Christmas. Did he ever give the horses anything? Never. Not even a lump of sugar! No, this is a bad world for horses. But what me and my mates are always hoping is that there 's a better somewhere else on the other side of the knacker's yard."

"I hope so too, I 'm sure," I said.



Taxi. "Wat 's the matter wiv you?"
Hansom. "There ain't nothing the matter wiv me."
Taxi. "Then why did you give me such a nasty look?"
Hansom. "*I* didn't give it yer; you 'ad it to start wiv."

THE LATEST MARTYR.

An Article without a Word of Truth in it.

Having heard disquieting rumours of Little Tich's health, and being anxious to see for myself how that mirth-maker of genius, the maximum of fun in the minimum of space, or, as another scholar has described him, "the *multum-in-parvo* of merriment," really was, I ventured to intrude upon his privacy and make inquiries at the fountain head.

It did not take long to reach the comedian's minute bijou residence in Lilliput Lane, Little Britain, where he has for neighbours Sir George Smallman and Mr. Shorter. On knocking at the door a feeble voice bade me come in, and I found myself in the presence of the great little droll. But, oh, how wasted! what a change! Where was now that bright and saucy eye? It was dimmed and melancholy. Those amazing legs that have so oft set the Tivoli in a roar—could these staid and woe begone limbs be they?

"Then, my dear sir," I gasped, "it 's true; you are ill."

"I am," he said, in a voice from which all the old irresponsibility and gaiety had passed away; "I am."

"And may I ask," I inquired, "what is your trouble?"

"You may," he said. "I will put it briefly. I am gradually perishing of thirst."

"Thirst," I cried—"thirst—in the heart of London, in the midst of public-houses!"

"Ah, there," he interrupted—"there you have it. Public-houses! Do you know, I have not had a drink since the passing of the new Children's Bill. They won't serve me, they 're so terrified of the fine—forty shillings the first time and five pounds the next. If I could only get inside I should have a chance, for they would know me; but I can't; they 're all on the watch. No sooner does the shadow of my head appear in the door than they order me to quit. 'Outside there!' they cry. 'Barman, put that boy out.' Their vigilance is something terrible. Why, once I got an old pal to take me in—we 'd been there scores of times in the kind old days; but it was no good. 'No children allowed here,' the landlord barked at us, and my friend had to leave me outside—with the babies. No wonder I 'm blighted."

"But, my dear sir," I said, "why not send for your beverages and consume them here?"

"No fun in it," said he, "no friendship, no conviviality. That 's what I miss. It 's not so much the liquor as the jolly company. All gone, all gone!"

I sympathised with him.

"Yes," he continued, "and it 's loss of money too. I used to pick up hints for my songs in those bars. All gone now."

"You will, at any rate, let me join you in a bottle here," I said; "I will be as jovial as I can and do my best to recall the past."

"You 're very kind," he replied; "I 'll try too. But you mustn't mind if I don't quite rise to it"; and so saying he produced a bottle and, with the tears bedewing that once most facetious of visages, poured out two glasses. Having done so he buried his head in his hands and sobbed, and I slipped noiselessly away, leaving him alone with his grief.

But think of it! What a Government we have! Here is a well of humour and innocent delight dried up by insane legislation! First the Navy is starved and then Little Tich is reduced to a cruel state of drought. How long, how long?

WORDS IN THE DOCK.

The long-expected trial of a number of suspect words began yesterday in Bolt Court, in the house once inhabited by Dr. Johnson, before Mr. Justice J. A. H. Murray. The court was crowded; among those present whom we noticed being the compilers of a number of dictionaries, editors, journalists, and advertising agents. On the back benches sat several words who greatly showed their daring by venturing into the precincts at all, among them being "Oxo," "Post-Toasties," "Obsession," and "Booklet."

"Presents" first stepped into the dock, closely guarded by two strapping worders.

A number of English theatrical managers having testified to the undesirability of this neologism, Mr. Charles Frohman entered the witness-box, and proceeded to give "Presents" a good character. He had, he said, employed the word all over the globe, but especially in America and England, and had found it willing and honest. "Mr. Charles Frohman presents" had indeed become a phrase familiar in the mouth as household words. Other managers, he believed, "offered" plays; Mr. Reginald Dance, again, "submitted" them; but for himself he "presented" them, and should continue to do.

Cross-examined, Mr. Frohman said it was true that a charge for admittance to his plays was made.

"Then, strictly speaking, you do not 'present' anything; you charge for it?"

"Certainly; I am a business man."

"Is it, then, truthful to say you 'present'?"

"Why, certainly. You have heard of people being presented at Court, I suppose. Well, you would not say that they were given to the King! (*Applause and laughter.*)

The Judge said he was not convinced that "presents" was guilty; but he hoped that nobody else would adopt the word. (Mr. Frohman: "Hear, hear!")

"Century" was then called, and entered the dock.

"The charge against this person," said the Public Prosecutor, "is that he is an impostor and fraud. In the winter he is little heard of, but directly the summer begins he bursts forth and takes the bread from the mouth of poor 'Hundred,' a very honest fellow, at every turn."

Mr. C. B. Fry, called for the defence, said that "Century" was a great friend of his. Mr. Thomas Hayward agreed.

Dr. W. G. Grace, for the prosecution, said that he hated the word. "Hundred" was the word he was accustomed to, and "Century" he looked upon as an interloper and thief.

Major Philip Trevor said that he adored "Century," and should always stand by him. Similarly, he adored "Rabbit." (*Sensation.*)

After listening to other testimony, the Judge sentenced "Century" to a year's rest, amid applause.

"Scientist" took his place.

A memorial from the Royal Society was read by the Public Prosecutor, calling attention to the baleful activities of this person, who was, it is said, an American adventurer with a bad record in his own country.

The Judge: "Can one have a bad record in America?" (*Laughter.*)

Evidence was also given to the prisoner's disadvantage by a deputation from the Athenæum Club.

In his defence a long speech was made by Dr. Saleeby, who said that without the valuable and expert assistance of "Scientist" there would be no means whatever of rapidly describing a certain type of savant who had taken all learning for his province.

The publisher of *The Harmsworth Encyclopedia* concurred.

A letter having been read from Sir Oliver Lodge, the Judge passed sentence of three years' imprisonment in Carmelite Street.

A NEGLECTED CENTENARIST.

(Daniel Lambert, died 1809; age, 40; weight, 739 lbs.)

"Others abide our question; thou art free"
Alike from flattery and party spite;
Darwin was but a dwarf compared with thee,
Gladstone a transient, embarrassed sprite;
Moore of Corunna, Tennyson, and Fitz
Evanish like the wraith of last week's *Classy Bits*.

Columns have been upreared to Lincoln's fame—
Columns that flaunt the leaded platitude;
Thine is to-day an unremembered name,
Although amazed contemporaries viewed
Thee as the greatest marvel of the Age,
Out-topping statesman, soldier, mountebank, and sage.

Others have won renown by word and deed,
Wielding a sword or the more puissant pen;
For some their fellow-mortals toil and bleed,
Founding their empire on the bones of men;
Thy fame owed naught to brain or mailéd fist;
Thou, simple in thy greatness, hadst but to exist.

Thou wert a man that, take thee all in all,
Could tip the scale at fully 50 stone;
No relative, when honoured by a call,
Omitted to remark, "Lawks, how you've grown!"
When thou hadst need to cross the busy Strand
The traffic stopped without the Law's uplifted hand.

Thine was at least an 84-inch waist;
A yard-tape burst if it were carried round
Thy calf; the cheapest tailor who encased
Thy Greatness sent a bill for twenty pound;
And for thy funeral in eighteen-nine
They had to fell five acres of primeval pine.

Hail, Lambert! though a century has sped
Since thy earth-shaking tread convulsed the town,
Such men as thou are never really dead;
Immortal is Obesity's renown;
Fame is no plant that age or canker knows,
Rooted in the incomparable Adipose.

"Shall I strike at it with my partisan!"—*Hamlet.*

We wonder whether the Duke of Rutland, when he sent £10 to "Cabby's" Fund and pleaded that the Death Duties (this was before the new Budget came out) prevented his sending more, had any suspicion that he was to be charged with importing a party spirit into a matter of common charity. Yet this is how *The Westminster Gazette* comments upon the Duke's letter: "We thought that the hard lot of the cabman was independent of politics, but to a Duke no task is too hard, and his Grace of Rutland has contrived to show how the fate of the London cabman *can be made part and parcel of a campaign against Liberalism.*" The italics are our own contribution to *The Westminster's* amazing illustration of its own partisanship. It is well that Sir William Harcourt's memory as the inventor of the Death Duties should be kept green, and *The Westminster Gazette* is, of course, of the right *nuance* for this purpose, but we had always thought that succeeding Chancellors on the Tory side had paid him the practical flattery of imitation. Would *The Westminster* accuse every one who grumbles at the Income-tax of joining in a campaign against the principles of the Tory party to which the Chancellor who invented it belonged?

UNSETTLED CONVICTIONS.

["Argument is always pure waste of time. Every man's mind is made up on every question." *Mr. B. Maguire at Liverpool.*]

If I were only certain
That two and one make three,
Once more would youthful vigour
Fulfil my ageing figure;
No half-transparent curtain
Would hide the Truth from me,
If I were only certain
That two and one make three.

If I were only clear to
Which party I belong,
If I were *con amore*
A Liberal or Tory,
Then should I never fear to
Say who is right, or wrong,
If I were only clear to
Which party I belong.

If I were quite decided
That black is never white,
And did not wonder whether
They sometimes mix together,
Why then, whate'er betided,
I'd see my course aright,
If I were quite decided
That black is never white.

If I were only twenty
Instead of forty-three,
I should not fear suggestions
Of second sides to questions;
Festina (*sans* the *lente*)
My motto then would be,
If I were only twenty
Instead of forty-three.

BEASTS AND THEIR BUYERS.

INCIDENTS OF THE BOSTOCK SALE.

THE accounts of the sale recently held at Glasgow, when the "Scottish Zoo" of Councillor BOSTOCK was put up to auction, have been unaccountably meagre, the only interesting fact divulged being the purchase by Mr. BRANSBY WILLIAMS of a talking raven with a view to lending additional realism to his representation of *Barnaby Rudge*. As a matter of fact, the progress of the sale positively teemed with incidents in which the personal note was loudly, nay sensationally, prominent.

One of the most remarkable lots put up was a magnificent camel—wittily called a Camelot by the auctioneer—which, after spirited bidding, was knocked down for 350 guineas to Mr. HUMPHRY WARD, who proposes to ride his new acquisition in the Row on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays during the season. On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays the ship of the desert will remain at its moorings in a sumptuous Hippodromedarium erected after a design supplied by Mr. R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.



Teacher. "I WONDER WHAT YOUR MOTHER WOULD SAY IF SHE KNEW HOW BACKWARD YOU ARE IN GEOGRAPHY?"

Girl. "OH, MY MOTHER SAYS SHE NEVER LEARNT JOGFLY AND SHE'S MARRIED, AND AUNT SALLY SAYS *SHE* NEVER LEARNT JOGFRY AND *SHE'S* MARRIED; AND YOU DID AND YOU AIN'T."

A massive elephant, weighing 35 tons and standing some 45 hands high, realised 400 guineas, the fortunate purchaser being Mr. ALGERNON BLACKWOOD, the author of *Jimbo*. As the elephant in question is a grandchild of the late lamented *Jumbo*, the felicity of his purchase will leap to the eye of persons of the meanest intelligence.

A brace of superb lions were knocked down at 250 guineas to Messrs. SALMON AND GLUCKSTEIN. Here again the bidding was very keen, but although the eminent Nicotinian experts were opposed by numerous competitors, including Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN, Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER and Dr. HEBER HART, they ultimately secured the lot amid roars of applause from their purchase.

Mr. HERBERT TRENCH, the eminent poet impresario, was also a large purchaser, and secured for his new repertory theatre several valuable performers, including a spacious hippopotamus (125 guineas), four gorillas, a laughing jackass which is to be trained to lead the claque, and a splendid talking cormorant, a delicate homage to his late chief at the Education Office.

From the Royal Institution's Annual Report:—

"Permission was given to Dr. H—— to carry out a research on 'Isomeric Forms of Dibenzoylacetylmethane.' Dr. H—— wrote to say he was unable to avail himself of the permission kindly granted him."

Coward!

"Chauffeur-mechanic seeks engagement (Surrey preferred). Good driver. Bench experience."—*The Times.*

The Kingston Bench for a million.

Retaliation.

From a bookseller's catalogue:—

"Morley, John. The Life of, by Richard Cobden."

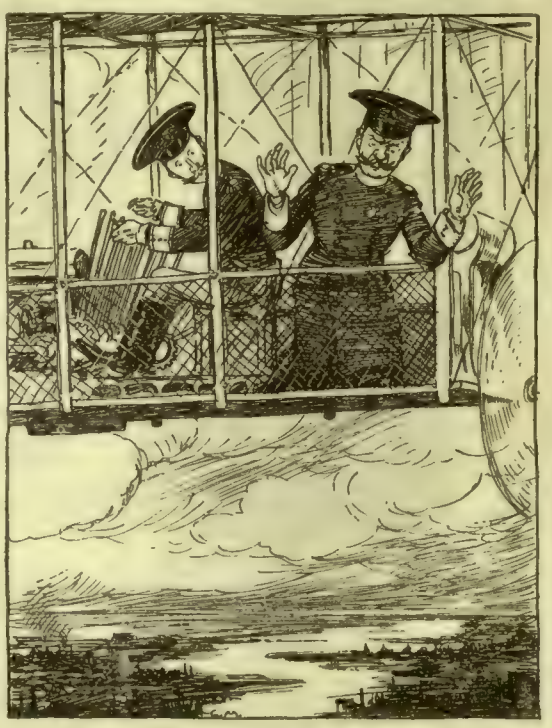
OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The great drawback for me to the pleasure of opening a book with the name of Mr. Joel Chandler Harris upon its cover is that I am always so sadly disappointed to find within no mention of *Brer Rabbit* and his immortal company of victims. Not that, this apart, *The Bishop and the Bogie Man* (Murray) is by any means destitute of charm; on the contrary, the simple story of *Adelaide* and her childhood in the house of *Uncle Jonas* is admirably told, with the same kindly, old-fashioned humour that has made its author beloved in two continents. I liked *Adelaide* at once, and *Mr. Sanders*, especially after he pretended so nicely to see *Cally-lou*, *Adelaide's* invisible playfellow. *Randall*, the black boy, likewise endeared himself by his obliging tact in falling down dead the very first time *Adelaide* shot at him with a corn-stalk and said "Bang!" You perceive that *Adelaide* had quite a good time of it at *Uncle Jonas's*; afterwards she grew up into a rather conventional heroine, and was less interesting. But of all the characters an easy favourite for me was old *Aunt Lucindy*, simply because, in recounting some adventure, she described herself as having "lit out fom dar." Which is precisely what the great protagonist of the *Remus* tales was wont to do when circumstances became too strong for him. If only Mr. Harris would "quit" writing stories that other people could do equally well, so that bimeby ole *Brer Rabbit* might again come lipperty-lopperty out of his enchanted woods, that would be an event worth any quantity of bishops!

Love and Battles (Melrose), by F. Sidgwick, is one of those nice friendly books whose characters seem to make a personal appeal to the reader. Unfortunately there are so many characters, connected by so ramiferous a family tree (and, it may be added, such a variety of family jokes), that the impatient reader might begin to despair of establishing relations with them. However, this esoteric company of youths and maidens is such a very jolly one that no difficulties of initiation should be allowed to stand in the way of a more intimate acquaintance. I particularly like *Bumble*. When he falls into a furze-bush he says, "Ber-lud, Iago, blood! Bah, sweetheart, 'tis but a scratch; fear not for—*eee-ha!* O hell!" which is exactly what one ought to say. The hero, *Tony Bargrave*, is perhaps the least realised of the many young men in the book. He is a shadowy sentimentalist who imagines himself to be in love with every girl he meets; and it is only in the last part of the work that we can visualise him properly. Mr. Sidgwick, in fact, would have written a more interesting book if he had begun and ended it a hundred pages later.

The barmaid-heroine of *Margery Pigeon* (Arnold) knew nothing about her parents, and I wish to compliment Miss Jane Wardle on allowing her to stand—if I may say so—upon her own legs, and not discovering that she was of aristocratic origin. *Margery*, who did not suffer from any excess of modesty, proposed, in the first chapter, to a peculiarly offensive bounder. He declined very frankly; and having given him up as a bad job *Margery's* next step was to answer an advertisement and then to leave "The Feathers." From a barmaid she now became "niece" to *Lady Pomphrey*, and her name of Pigeon was altered to Daw—which was, after all, more or less in the family. *Lady Pomphrey*, though her bark was worse than her bite, had succeeded in quarrelling with her son, and was clearly anxious to quarrel with the rest of her relations. To become suddenly the niece of such a high-spirited lady was no sinecure, for apart from other inconveniences the position entailed a lot of determined lying, and as a liar *Margery* never got thoroughly set. Nevertheless, as she and her successor at "The Feathers" married relations of *Lady Pomphrey*, this cleverly written story may be said to provide a small boom for barmaids.



MR. PUNCH'S INVASION STORY.

(Foreign Artillery Officer, after dropping shell from Dirigible with the idea of destroying London). "Tut! tut! I've missed it!"

I fancy Mrs. Dawson Scott
Was troubled with a sort of doubt,
In writing *Treasure Trove*, of what
She really meant to write about;
Was it to prove ill-gotten gains
Bring no good luck and fly apace?
Or was it that ancestral strains
Keep reappearing in the race?

She writes of both, and though the one
Provides the name, the finer part
Expounds the other, and it 's done
With not a little skill and art.
Which being so, it 's understood
My point implies no sort of blame;
The story (Heinemann) is good,
And, after all, what 's in a name?

Books about Wagner are already to be numbered by battalions. But a new and interesting point of view is revealed in *Personal Recollections of Wagner*, by Angelo Neumann (Constable), in which that veteran *impresario* records in a lively narrative the services rendered by himself and his companions in spreading the cult of Wagner both in and out of Germany. Neumann, who began as an opera singer, combined considerable business aptitude with a great deal of genuine enthusiasm—indeed, when it came to bargain-driving, we feel that he was distinctly inferior to Wagner. The story of their temporary estrangement and reconciliation throws a somewhat painful light on the colossal egotism of the "Bayreuth Colossus," as musical critics delight to call him. Miss Edith Livermore has done her work as translator in competent fashion, and the book is enriched with some good illustrations, notably a fine portrait of Hedwig Reicher-Kindermann, whose early death, when at the height of her fame, was due, like that of Malibran, to her own reckless and self-sacrificing spirit. The progress of Wagner reminds one not a little of that of the Car of Juggernauth. His devotees prostrated themselves before him, and were occasionally crushed by his genius.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Worshipful Company of Makers of Playing Cards is offering a prize for the best designs for the backs of playing cards, the subject being "England's Naval Supremacy." In higher quarters, too, this has been regarded as a fit subject to gamble with.

***

Mr. CHURCHILL asserts that Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE'S Budget is a popular one. It certainly cannot be denied that it has caused a rise in spirits, thus giving occasion for the revival of almost the oldest joke in the world.

***

The provision in the Budget as to the abatement of income tax in the case of every child under sixteen is, it is admitted by all thoughtful persons, a really statesmanlike act, for, since the Legislature made it illegal for little boys or girls to fetch beer from public-houses, it had in many cases become absolutely necessary to invent a new use for children, as they were beginning to go out of fashion.

***

And this provision does credit to the CHANCELLOR'S kindness of heart. In his attack on the hen-roosts he had a kind thought for the chicks.

***

At the same time we trust that an incident which has been brought to our notice will prove to be an isolated one. The day after the introduction of the Budget a tax-payer was heard addressing his newly-born infant in the following terms:—"And if ever you exceed the age of sixteen I'll give you such a thrashing as you won't forget in a hurry, my lad!"

***

It has been left to a member of a firm of tobacconists to call attention to one of the most serious results of the Budget. "The five-a-penny packet of cigarettes," he says, "is in my opinion doomed." But what we would like to know is this: Will it still be possible to get a really good penny cigar?

***

We understand that the reason why it has been decided to establish an Aerial Navigation Committee to further the science of aviation is that the Government suddenly awoke to the fact that we had no aerial vehicles to tax.

***

A feature of the Socialists' Demonstration in Hyde Park on Labour Day was the large number of children who participated. There is something about Socialism which seems to appeal particularly to the brains of little children.

***

We hear from an unexceptionable source that the Princess JULIANA is longing to learn to speak in order that she may say to the Dutch people, "Sorry to have kept you all waiting."

***

The SHAH has once more accorded a Constitution to his people. It looks as if this granting of Constitutions will soon degenerate into a habit with him.



Cuvate. "IS THIS SOLE? OR WHAT IS IT, MRS. JONES?"
Mrs. Jones. "YES, SIR, IT 'S SOLE. BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT 'S COMIN' TO THE FISH, SIR; IT 'S NOT ITSELF AT ALL LATELY."

The news that the ladies of ABDUL HAMID'S harem are now suffering great hardships prompts a kindly little gentleman to write to us from Upper Tooting with the proposal that, if we can overcome the absurd prejudices of his wife, he will be willing to take half-a-dozen of the poor creatures into his house.

***

There is certainly nothing narrow-minded about the Young Turks. They have chosen as their ruler a young fellow of sixty-five.

***

Before leaving this country Mr. WILBUR WRIGHT and Mr. ORVILLE WRIGHT informed a press representative that they took a very optimistic view of Great Britain's prospects in aviation. All that we lack is airships and aeroplanes.

"Time flies," we are told. But then he has always been wonderfully up to date.

***

Musical artists are starting a campaign against singing for charity. The public will be with them to a certain extent, we fancy. More than once we have heard the remark in a concert hall, "For mercy's sake, stop singing!"

***

In Stuttgart there has been instituted a permanent exhibition of objects which are flagrant examples of bad taste, in order that the young student may take warning. No such purpose has ever been attributed to a British Exhibition.

***

Speaking at the Dinner of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution Mr. ASQUITH asserted that, while sitting for his portrait, he had acquired a virtue which he had never before possessed—that of complete immobility. We think he is too modest. What about his promised campaign against the Lords?

Society Gleanings.

"Her Highness is a great lover of animals and drives a white Egyptian donkey (like the late Lady G——) in a little pony cart."—*Daily Chronicle.*

We do not care for these personalities.

"The Viking and Venture coaches belonging to Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt commence their daily service from the Victoria and Métropole Hotels, in London, respectively, to-morrow. A coach will start each way daily."
Observer.

Coaches with names like these might surely contrive to do the double journey between the Victoria and Métropole Hotels in one day.

Coming Fashions.

The Daily News quotes Mr. CHURCHILL as follows:—

"The leader writers who yesterday decreed this year's deficit were now lamenting next year's surplice."

We hear, on the best authority, that next year's surplice will be a much more dressy affair with the waist line more severely marked.

"SURREY *v.* NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.—This match was commenced at Derby. Last year Yorkshire won by 196 runs."—*Southern Evening News.*

For the return at Worcester keep your eye on Kent.

THE JERRY-BUILDER'S BUDGET.

[Under the provisions of Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE'S Budget, any owner of a garden of more than one acre in an urban neighbourhood is to be suspected of attempting to "create a speculative inflation of values which is socially mischievous." Beyond the one acre his garden, as "not being used to the best advantage," will, in addition to the present rates and taxes chargeable on a residential assessment, be taxed on its capital value as an eligible site for rows of shops or villas, unless the owner throws it open to the public to picnic in.]

I HAVE a little garden glade
  Sheltered and green and fair,
And elms that throw a pleasant shade
  To cool the summer air;
Hard by, the town-folk make a dust,
  But you would never guess
What peace is here—and only just
  Two acres, more or less.

Below the terrace lies the lawn
  With chestnut-shadows shot,
Where roses take the dews of dawn,
  And pale forget-me-not,
And there are winding ways that steal
  To sudden ivied bowers,
So screened and close they scarcely feel
  The touch of winter hours.

And then I have, for ease of heart,
  An *allée* where I go
To think of things and pace apart
  Leisurely to and fro;
Yew-hedges flank my grassy space,
  And at the blossoms' prime
I hardly know a nicer place
  For getting words to rhyme.

This was my kingdom, where I ranged
  Lord of my tiny lands,
But all, it seems, will soon be changed
  Under the spoiler's hands;
Mine was an Eden ere the fall,
  Unsoiled of snakes and sin;
Now comes the worm and wants to call
  The jerry-builder in.

"*One* acre you may keep," says GEORGE,
  "(Such is my generous plan),
But all the rest shall go to gorge
  The bricks-and-mortar man."
"Unless your leafy place," says LLOYD,
  "(Such are my liberal views),
Be opened to the unemployed
  To wallow where they choose.

"Otherwise on your purse the fell
  Swoop of my fist shall come,
Treating you just like those who sell
  Whiskey and gin and rum;
And you must cut your timber or
  Let run your plot to weeds,
To make, or save, the money for
  Afforestation's needs!"

Well, I must grin and pay my fine
  To suit the Georgian taste,
And somehow keep my garden mine,
  Though it were bare and waste.
No tinker here shall fake his huts
  To squeeze my quiet chalet;
No Weary Willies play, for nuts,
  Aunt Sally in my *allée*.

O. S.

CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME;

OR, LITTLE ARTHUR'S ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.

(*Little Arthur, aged* 12; *Uncle John—Captain John Lambert, late* 28*th Hussars—aged* 44.)

Little Arthur. Uncle John, may I ask you some questions?

Uncle John. Any amount, my boy. Just you fire ahead. My time 's yours, you know.

L. A. Thank you, Uncle John. You 're quite sure you don't mind?

U. J. Lord bless you, no, I don't mind. I 've got nothing to do for a minute or two.

L. A. Shall you have a great deal to do after that, Uncle?

U. J. After what?

L. A. After you 've answered my questions.

U. J. Oh, I don't know. There 's the dog; he 'll want a bit of a run. And then there 'll be lunch, and just the slightest nap after lunch—good for the health, you know, Arty; and I might put in a round of golf; and then there 's tea and so on. I daresay I shall worry through the day all right.

L. A. Yes, Uncle, I am sure you will.

U. J. And I 'll tell you what, my lad of wax, if you 're a good boy you shall help me to knock the balls about on the billiard-table after tea. Capital thing for the hand and eye.

L. A. Oh, thank you, Uncle, that 's very good of you. But I 'm afraid I must have my German lesson after tea.

U. J. Oh, German, is it? Capital thing. Tackle the KAISER when you 're grown up. You stick to it, my boy.

L. A. Yes, Uncle, I mean to. But, Uncle John!

U. J. Yes, Sonny, what is it?

L. A. I suppose you do a great deal of work *sometimes*, don't you?

U. J. Well, my boy, I don't exactly overdo it, you know, but I manage to rub along. Besides, I did my little bit when I was in the regiment, so I 'm entitled to take a rest.

L. A. Yes, Uncle. But Papa says the country is being ruined by so many idle men. He says everybody ought to be up and doing; and if we don't all show ourselves willing to work we shall be left behind in the race.

U. J. Oh, he said that, did he? And quite right, too. I 'm all for it. Nothing like work. That 's what I told 'em when they came to me about the unemployed. But it 's no good giving 'em work, I said; they won't do it. Loafing 's what they want to do, and that 's the long and short of it.

L. A. Yes, Uncle, I see. Then you think some people may loaf and others mustn't?

U. J. Well, ah, I 'm not so sure of that. No, I can't say I hold with loafing.

L. A. But you think when people have done a little bit they 're entitled to a rest.

U. J. Oh, yes, that 's right enough.

L. A. Ought they to rest a long time, Uncle?

U. J. No, I 'm not for giving 'em too much holiday. A day or two here and there, and then at it again. That 's my notion.

L. A. Yes, I see. May I ask you a question, Uncle?

U. J. I said you might. Out with it.

L. A. Isn't it a long time since you left the regiment, Uncle?

U. J. Eight years.

L. A. And when you were in the regiment, Uncle, I suppose you worked frightfully hard?

U. J. Well, I don't know about "frightfully," but we had to buck up a bit.

L. A. Then you didn't spend most of your time in hunting and shooting and steeple-chasing and having leave, did you, Uncle?

U. J. Who put that idea into your head?



HANS ACROSS THE SEA?

STRANGER (U.S.A.) "ONCE ABOARD THE LINER, AND THE GYURL IS MINE!"

[The Duke of NORFOLK has sold HANS HOLBEIN'S masterpiece, "Christina, Duchess of Milan," and there is a danger of its leaving the country.]



OUR VILLAGE CRICKET-CLUB: PRACTICE BEGINS.

THE VISIT OF THE AUSTRALIANS HAS GIVEN A FRESH IMPETUS TO LOCAL EFFORT.

L. A. It was something I heard Mamma say to Papa the other day. She said you always were a champion at that kind of thing

U. J. Did she now? I never knew I had such an ungrateful sister. But I daresay there 's a spice of truth in it. All work and no play, you know, makes Jack a dull boy.

L. A. Yes, uncle, I quite see that; and of course you didn't want to be a dull boy. But it 's eight years since you left the regiment.

U. J. Yes.

L. A. Isn't eight years a very long time, Uncle?

U. J. Deuced long. You 're right there.

L. A. But you said just now you weren't for giving people too much holiday—only a day or two here and there.

U. J. Yes, that 's the ticket.

L. A. But, Uncle, you 've had eight years, haven't you? And you said eight years was deuced long—so you 've had a deuced long holiday.

U. J. Now look here, my boy. I never said anything of the kind.

L. A. Oh, yes, Uncle, you did. You said you had done your little bit in the regiment, and you were entitled to take a rest. And then you said——

U. J. So that 's your game is it, you young ragamuffin. You 've been trying to trip up your Uncle, have you?

L. A. Oh, Uncle, I 'm sure I didn't wish to do that. Only I wanted to understand what Papa meant about idle people ruining the country, and——

U. J. Oh, I daresay, I daresay—but I 'm off now. Haven't any more time. Letters to write, you know, and all that. So long, Arty.

L. A. So long, Uncle.

EXPLANATIONS.

(Overheard in Mid-Atlantic.)

"WHAT 's the matter, ORVILLE? You're looking worried."

"I *am* worried, WILBUR; I 'm thinking of what we 've told them. I guess we 'll have to answer for it in the hereafter."

"Nonsense! All you told them was that they were hospitable. What 's wrong with that?"

"I was thinking more of what *you* told them, WILBUR," replied ORVILLE with a sigh. "You 'll remember you said that as aeroplanists they had everything before them."

"And a darn long way, too, ORVILLE. What 's wrong with that? Go on; you haven't struck a falsehood yet."

"What about 'You can go ahead with every confidence'? WILBUR, *do* you think—— "

"That 's right enough. Of course they can go ahead with every confidence; but once they begin going upwards, there are risks, and it 's not for me to encourage them to go any way but ahead."

"I see. I am less uneasy now, WILBUR. And when you said of the ground at Sheppey, 'If a man cannot fly there he never will fly,' did you mean——"

"Just what I said. I could have said the same thing of Hyde Park or the Strand building sites; there 's plenty of air over both of them, ORVILLE. Only being at Sheppey I said it of Sheppey."

"Thank you for your kind explanations, WILBUR. I feel I shall sleep to-night."

"Fifteen hundred naval railwaymen have struck work owing to their objection to peace-work." *Kelso Mail.*

We must see about arranging a little war for them.

THE LATEST DEPUTATION.

PARTICULARS have just come to hand of a very interesting interview last week between the Editor of *The Times* and a number of ladies and gentlemen. The subject under discussion was the advisability of establishing on the first page of *The Times* a section entitled *Forthcoming Birthdays*, which should announce a few days before the event the proximity of these important festivals, for, as the spokesman, a young Kensington gentleman of three, pointed out, as things now stand it is too easy, owing to a defective parental intelligence department, for every one to know of the nearness of a birthday; and it often happens that the first intimation to one's friends arrives, as in a recent tragic instance, after the event. (*Cries of "Shame!"*)

There were, of course, some persons base enough, mean enough, to prefer such a state of affairs (*Tumult*); but, on the other hand, there were nice people. (*Cheers.*) It was for the nice people that this column would be instituted.

The Editor having inquired as to the actual working of the scheme, the following propositions were offered. The title being "Forthcoming Birthdays," each entry should refer to a birthday to be celebrated on that day week. This, it was pointed out, would give time. The rate of payment, it was suggested, should be low. The accounts to be paid by fathers.

Asked to provide a specimen advertisement, the leader of the deputation produced the following:—

"On May 15, Master Herbert Willington Blantyre, of 93, Orme Square, W., will be six. Friends kindly accept and make a note of this intimation."

That is the simplest form. But amendments are possible, such as, for example, indications of the advertiser's taste. Thus:

"*N.B.*—H. W. B. has a model railway, but it still wants signals."

And again there might be a guiding word or two on the other side, with a parental inspiration, such as:

"No sweets, by request."

The Editor having stated that he would confer with the Advertisement Manager and see what could be done, the deputation withdrew and sorted itself out among its nurses.

"'T' = telegrams despatched, but not delivered."—*Post Office Guide.*

We can think of a better letter for this than T.

"Wanted, few good men (Welsh), for egg collection."—*Welsh Gazette.*

Now we know why we heard a man say, "Lloyd-George be blowed!" the other day.

THE STEPNEY CHILDREN'S PAGEANT.

THE present sporting production of Shakspearean plays without accessories seems to have the approval of the Bard himself, for he is taking part, in person, at the Whitechapel Art Gallery in a pageant for which the irreducible minimum has been expended on costumes and scenery. The average price of the dresses, we are told, was only a crown-piece, and even this figure would have been considerably lower but for the regal splendour—and thoroughly well she deserved it—of *Queen Elizabeth's* apparel.

Very bravely and intelligently, and with a delightful freedom from self-consciousness, the scholars of Stepney played their parts in the pageant of



Boadicea, in contempt of Suetonius Paulinus, takes a poison-pill, with the idea of "dying still a Queen."

London's history, from Saxon ANSGAR to FRANCIS DRAKE, from BOADICEA to the Blind Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green. We had no use for a prompter with everybody knowing everybody else's part as well as his own. There were occasional diversions not allowed for in the book, such as the lapse of the villainous *Longchamp's* moustache, shortly after *Prince John* had bade him "Begone, ere we regret our clemency;" but the spirit of humour was so strong among the child actors (notably the boy who played *Gurth*) that they could well afford a little merriment provoked without design.

I hardly suppose that the children of Whitechapel who played in this pageant were much less instructed in their parts beforehand than most of the grown-ups who get by heart the matter for other pageants; but I can imagine no better soil in which to sow the seed of citizenship and patriotism than the hearts of these keen young Londoners.

I present my most cordial compliments to Mr. LOUIS PARKER, Pageant-maker-Extraordinary to the British Nation, who can never have had material more interesting to work upon; to Mr. F. P. HARVEY DARTON, Vice-master of the Ceremonies; to Miss ROSABEL WATSON, Conductor of the Orchestra; to Mr. G. K. MENZIES and the other authors of a libretto distinguished not only by excellent taste but also by a lucidity and directness very proper to its purpose; and finally, to whoever was responsible for some very dainty dances—morris and other—which added charm and gaiety to a performance always picturesque and needing no incidental distraction to save it from dulness.

The pageant will be repeated at 7 P.M. on the 12th, 13th, 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th. Applications for tickets, which are free, should be made to the Secretary, Whitechapel Art Gallery, High Street, Whitechapel, E. O. S.

WORDS IN THE DOCK.

II.

IN opening the case against "In truth" the Public Prosecutor strongly protested against the odious innuendo involved in the use of these words by a publicist or editor, the suggestion being that his opponents dealt in falsehood or fiction. Besides it was admittedly a blunder to protest too much; and to say continually "I'm telling you the truth," excited suspicion. Mr. JAMES, the eminent novelist, never styled himself "Truthful JAMES," and he certainly didn't suffer in persuasiveness for his reticence. Counsel concluded a brilliant address by reminding the Court that a great Irishman had said that he had "far too great a regard for the truth to be dragging her out on every paltry occasion."

The Editor of *The Spectator*, called for the defence, said that the incriminated words were very good friends of his, and had frequently assisted him in trying circumstances. Occasions arose in which it was the painful duty of a writer to insist on the obvious, and to resist the temptation to indulge in paradox. He was continually, and he trusted successfully, restraining the tendency to be witty.

Cross-examined, the Editor of *The Spectator* said that when he relied on the defendants he did not invariably endorse statements which appeared in Mr. LABOUCHERE'S organ.

At this stage of the proceedings some commotion was caused by a Member of Parliament rising at the back of the Court and shouting out in impassioned accents, "*J'accuse.*" He was promptly



Ethel. "MOTHER, MISS BRUCE TOLD US SUCH A FUNNY THING ABOUT THE CUCKOO TO-DAY. (*Mysteriously*) IT DOESN'T LAY ITS OWN EGGS!'"

silenced, and, on being reminded that the phrase in question had been used by the late M. ZOLA, fell into a profound swoon. The prisoners were subsequently sentenced not to be heard in Wellington Street for the space of six months.

The next case was that of "Frankly," an insinuating advorb whose conduct in literary and dramatic circles of late had, so it was urged, become a serious nuisance and even a danger to the community.

Counsel for the prosecution in an emotional speech contended that the aggressive appearance of "frankly" in this context was an affront to good sense and the fitness of things, as it was perfectly notorious that literary and dramatic critics never were frank. They could not earn a livelihood if they were. The greatest living novelist—whose name he abstained from mentioning solely in deference to her detestation of publicity—had exposed their Machiavellian treachery again and again, but without result. It was to be hoped that the present action would finally and irrevocably annihilate this ghastly imposture.

Mr. A. B. WALKLEY, who was called by the prosecution, said (through the interpreter) that he never used the word. The nearest that he came to it was in the phrase *franchement canaille*, which he had applied to the performance of a famous French *comédienne*.

Mr. ROBERT DONALD, the Editor of *The Daily Chronicle*, summoned to give evidence as to character on behalf of the prisoner, said that he had the highest opinion of him, and found him invaluable in opening the second paragraph of an unfavourable review of a book or play; as for example, "Frankly, this sort of thing won't quite do nowadays."

Mr. MASSINGHAM, on the other hand, said he had no use for otiose adverbs. It was the duty of a critic to be frank, not to say that he was frank.

The prisoner was ordered to be deported to America.

Finally came "Minor," the principal witness against whom was Mr. WILLIAM WATSON. The word, he said, was a danger to Society, in that it aroused the worst passions of all poets whenever it was used in connection with them. To call a man a minor poet was more offensive than to call him a coward. Poetry was poetry and poets were poets. (*Ironical cheers.*) Such empty-heads as those now cheering were the employers of the rascal "Minor." He was their friend. (*Riot.*)

Other witnesses for the prosecution were Mr. JOHN LANE and Mr. FRANCIS COUTTS.

The Editor of *The Westminster Gazette* was subpœnaed for the prosecution, but his evidence tended rather to the defence. He found "Minor," he said, a useful fellow. All poets were not of equal genius; why not distinguish? For his part he would, however, agree to drop "minor," but only on condition that he might say "first class" or "second class," or some such phrase. At this point Mr. WILLIAM WATSON's language became so virulent that the proceedings terminated in an uproar.

"Oh, j'aime les Militaires."

"A large crowd cheered the ladies [Yeomanry nurses] who presented a very fine and martial appearance, and attracted a good deal of attention."—*Sunday Chronicle.*

"The draft Act was sown with the words, 'Governor-General-in-Council,' as thickly as autumn leaves in Vallambosch."—*South African News.*

An unfortunate misprint for Stellenbosch, which was what MILTON wrote.

MR. PUNCH'S BUDGET.

[*Mr. Punch* prints a few examples of the sort of letter which is now arriving daily at his office.]

The Eyrie, Tooting.

DEAR OLD PUNCH,—My income is £700 per annum, and my wife has an allowance of £100 from her father. I have two boys under sixteen and one dog over sixteen, together with an adopted niece of fourteen; we have a garden of three acres, including a small pond, into which there is reasonable access—in fact all the children fell into it yesterday in the search for ungotten minerals. I have a horse whose horse-power is 1, and I smoke three ounces of tobacco a week. What was the name of the scholar—I mean what is the amount of my new taxation?

Yours to a cinder,
GEORGE KEATS.

[When a niece falls in, the landlord pays ten per cent. on the increased value. The Editor cannot work out the rest of the problem now, but he believes the correct answer is that peacocks *don't* lay eggs.]

The Snuggery, Bedford Park.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Will you use the influence of your great paper to remedy a crying scandal? My uncle died last October and left me all his money, some six hundred a year. When alive he resided at Shepherd's Bush; and on two evenings a week for ten years I used to go down there to see him. No smoking was allowed in his house, and nothing stronger than sherbet. For three hours after dinner I had to read aloud to him—*Times* leaders and things of that kind. Sundays too I generally spent with the old man; that meant sermons in the morning and a little bath chair exercise in the afternoon.

Yet, will you believe it, instead of letting me pay 9*d.* tax on my new income (well-earned), this detestable Government insists that I should pay 1*s.* 2*d.*!

Yours disgustedly,
GUY POTTS.

P.S. You might care to print the enclosed small contribution. If so, you had better sign it "Gypots"—my pseudonym in the *Bedford Park Messenger*.

[The Editor of *Punch* begs to offer Mr. Potts his sympathy and one of his rejection forms.]

31, *Grosvenor Square, Bulham.*

MY DEAR SIR,—I have a daring suggestion for a cartoon which, if it appeared in your paper, would create an immense stir throughout the length and breadth of England, and might indeed give the death-blow to this hated Government. I regret that I am unable to draw it for you myself, but no doubt you have an artist on your staff who could execute my idea.

It is simply this. Draw LLOYD-GEORGE as a repulsive footpad holding up John Bull with the words, "It's your money I want." BALFOUR, who is standing by dressed as a policeman, says threateningly, "Ah! You wait!" Other policemen might be represented by AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, BONAR LAW, and so on, together with P. S. FOSTER, in a very *new* uniform, showing that he has only just been elected. ASQUITH and WINSTON might be a little way behind LLOYD-GEORGE. Over the whole scene the brooding spirit of NELSON looks down and says, "Alas, my country!"

This may be considered severe, but if it were well drawn it would, I think, be very effective, and might encourage the House of Lords to throw out the Budget.

Awaiting your reply, I am, etc.,
ERNEST TOOTLE.

[The Editor of *Punch* is afraid that Mr. Tootle's cartoon is a little too strong to use at present, but he will keep it in reserve and employ it at the last moment if all else fails. What lovely weather! How are Mr. Tootle's sweet peas getting on?]

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Doubtless you have read the letter of Mr. W. W. ASHLEY, M.P., to the Superintendent of some Poor Children's Home, regretting that the increased taxes absolutely prevent him from sending a subscription. The benevolences and (alas!) anticipated poverty of Mr. ASHLEY are matters of world-wide interest; so it was only right that his letter should have been made public. What I want to suggest now is that you should start a fund to take over *all* his charities, until such time as the Tories come back to power? For this purpose I have much pleasure in enclosing a cheque for a guinea.

X. Y. Z.

P.S. These are not my real initials, but I desire to remain anonymous.

[Unfortunately X.Y.Z.'s cheque has remained anonymous too.—EDITOR.]

The Crow's Nest, Surbiton.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I must tell you of a joke my little girl Gladys (aged 8) made this morning. She was helping me in the kitchen, and watching Berkeley (our maid), who was trying to unscrew the bottle of stout which I always take with my lunch. After trying a long time Berkeley said, "It's no good, mum, I can't budge it." Little Gladys immediately turned to me with a smile and said, "I expect Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE could, Mamma." She must have heard her father and me talking about the *Budget* (!) Was it not clever of her? I am sure that with a picture this would appeal to your readers, particularly to those who have children of their own. Gladys is a sweet fair-haired little thing, and was wearing a navy-blue serge frock—I enclose a photograph of us both taken last month, for the guidance of your artist. Berkeley is rather short and has not much figure. You might word it like this:

LLOYD-GEORGE TO THE RESCUE!

Berkeley (*unscrewing bottle of stout for her mistress's lunch*). It's no good, mum, I can't budge it."

Gladys (*aged* 8). I expect Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE could, Mamma!

[*Merriment of Mamma.*

If you cannot get this drawn at your office I daresay Gladys could make you a little picture of the scene. I may say that I shall put whatever you send me in her little money-box.

Yours very sincerely,
(MRS.) H. Q. PLIM.

[The Editor of *Punch* presents his compliments and begs to return the beautiful photograph of Gladys's two elder sisters, which appears to have been sent in error. Unfortunately he has already accepted a joke on the subject of the Budget, so that he is unable to use Gladys's delightfully humorous legend. Should she, however, devise some equally witty impromptu on the occasion of Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE's next Budget the Editor hopes that he will be allowed to hear of it.]

SIR,—I am a widow with an unearned income of £205. I live alone with Betsy (my pug) and Jane (my faithful old servant). Now this mercenary Government seeks to impose an additional tax of 2*d.* in the pound upon me. If it is allowed to do this I shall be compelled to dismiss my faithful companion, Jane (who will in consequence be thrown upon the rates), and eke out a miserable existence with my poor dog. A WIDOW.

[An extra 2*d.* on the £45 which pays income tax comes to 7*s.* 6*d.* a year. As an alternative, therefore, "A Widow" might dismiss Betsy, who would be thrown into a Dog's Home, and eke out a miserable existence with poor Jane. —EDITOR]. A. A. M.

"DIE STAMPING
Executed on the premises."
Alnwick Gazette.

We trust that the condemned man will not die stamping, but behave more seemly.

"Mr. Moore-Brabazon has achieved the distinction of being the first Englishman to fly on English soil."—*Daily Mail.*

A good beginning. We hope soon, though, to see some Englishman flying in English air.

The Law of Averages.

"The average annual mileage of a motor-cab is 23,000, though many do more."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"Stout lady (33 waist), elephant grey silk voile."—*Advt. in "The Gentlewoman."*

Come, come, it can't be so bad as that.

ROYAL ACADEMY. SECOND DEPRESSIONS.



60. An unintended zoological effect.
Mrs. Greiffenhagen, the Hat, and the Marmoset. M. Greiffenhagen.



400. Harry Lauder discovers Maud Allan.
G. A. Storey, A.R.A.



148. The "Marchesa" going down with all hands. P. A. Hay.



688. "Hoots! Toots! and Havers!!"
A Fearsome Foursome Reel in Mid-Ayr (Extraordinary be-Havers). Val Havers



382. "Oh, Ma! *Do* come and look at Baby's legs! They 've gone like a clown's!!"
J. H. F. Bacon, A.R.A.



231. Rolling his Lonely Log.
(Pathetic scene—in the Isle of Man, no doubt.) Catherine Ouless.



31. *Pampered Miscreant (on his mistress's lap).* "It's a dull life! She hasn't moved or spoken for three weeks! Still, I've got some fun out of that ermine cloak!—chewed all the tails off but three!!"
Sir W. Q. Orchardson, R.A.



25. Some of the beams in Mr. George Clausen's eye.



Rejected One. "'TIS WISHING I WAS A GERRL I AM, BIDDY, THE WAY I'D MARRY MESELF, AN' SHOW YE YE'RE NOT THE ONLY GERRL WID A PURTY FACE."

SEEN IN THE SHOPS.

BY MIMI MIDINETTE.

I WOULD preface this article with the statement that everything in it is candid and independent. The reader of the ordinary article of this kind is, not perhaps unnaturally, under the impression that the tradesmen who are recommended in it make it worth either the author's or the paper's while. But not in my article. If I praise a shop it is because that shop is good. To anybody who can prove that I ever received a penny piece from any West-End establishment I will gladly give a king's ransom.

Messrs. Attalow Price.

This being the season for new clothes, let me say that there is nothing better and cheaper than the stock now to be seen at Messrs. Attalow Price & Co.'s, in Bond Street. No woman who wishes to make other women turn round in the street (and is there a nobler ideal among the Smart Set?) can afford to neglect Messrs. Attalow Price's hats. Let them be sure to ask for the Salome chip straw, which would work havoc, I am sure, even among Baptists, and is really *bon marché* at 8 guineas untrimmed, and 15 with ribbon. I have two.

"Clothes and the Man."

Male costume may be thought to be a little off my beat, and indeed it is, but if I see in the shops a pair of trousers I have got to write about them, or what becomes of my title? Well, I have seen some, and I wish, entirely without prejudice, to praise them and to advise dressy men to go nowhere else for their trousseaux. The best trousers I have ever seen, or rather the best trousers I have seen since last week's paper came out, are those made by Button and Stitch, of Houndsditch. It is not, I am aware, a fashionable quarter, but Messrs. B. & S.'s clients have to remember that what Messrs. B. & S. save in rent they put into the article. This being so, why assist the Savile Row tailor in paying his rent when, by taking a little longer in getting to the City, you can attain a really better material and better cut? To improve on an old saying, "Men are curious kittle cattle," and surely in no way is their eccentricity more firmly established than in the matter of clothes. Whatever be their occupation or pursuit they must be clad in the prescribed uniform. The golfing man must have his regulation kit, the cricketer and spectator at Lord's his flannels, the dentist or society man or Cabinet Minister his frock coat and top hat, the artist his lounge suit, the music-hall singer his rags, and so on throughout the whole of life's busy round and common task, and any man reversing the recognised order of things immediately calls for derision and amusement. No one can make them (this week) like Messrs. Button and Stitch. But next week? Ah!

(No more of this, however.—ED.)

Vanity Fair on "The Devil."

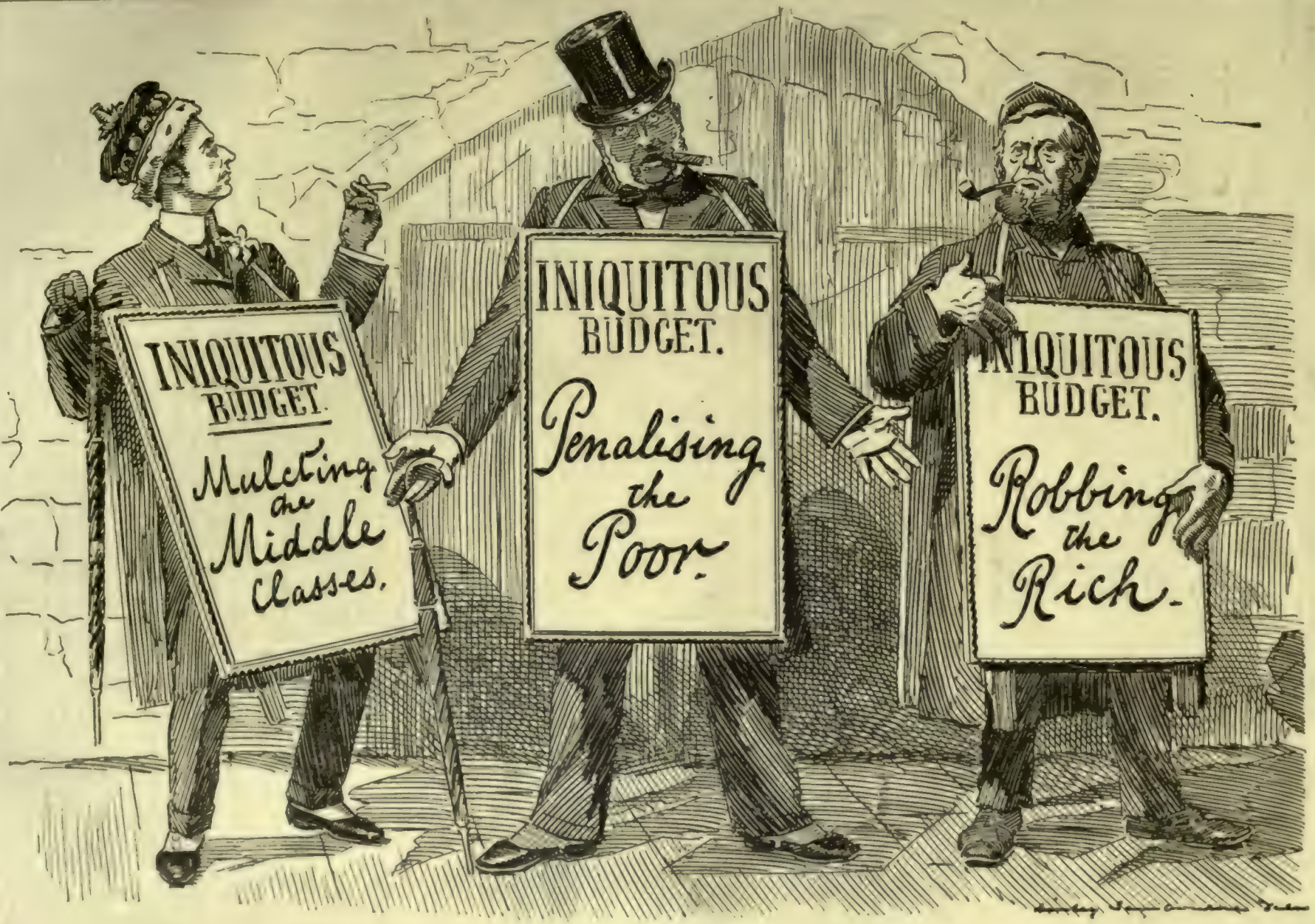
P. 517: "We found it excellent . . . most interesting from start to finish . . . the play and the acting were both admirable."

P. 532: "Simply silly and stupid . . . the *dramatis personæ* are puppets; the person who pulls the strings is a bungler; and there is in short nothing in the play."

We agree cordially with *Vanity Fair.*

"Smith at once got Hayes finely taken in the long field by night."—*The Star.*

Another argument for the Daylight Saving Bill.



THE ALTRUISTS.

Rich Man
Middle-class Man } "I DON'T MIND A BIT ABOUT MYSELF; BUT MY HEART BLEEDS FOR THE OTHERS!"
Poor Man



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 3.—"Reminds me of Agincourt on the eve of the battle," said the MEMBER FOR SARK, glancing round the lists. "Almost one hears

> 'The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
> With busy hammers closing rivets up,
> Give dreadful note of preparation.'

'The royal captain of this ruined band'—I mean PRINCE ARTHUR, in command of the decimated Opposition predestined to rout—seems pretty fit."



"Think! oh, think, ot the market gyardener! (*Aside, sotto voce*) *I* never thought of him before, but oh! how pathetic it sounds!"

House just got into Committee of Ways and Means. First round in the great Budget fight. PRINCE ARTHUR promptly leads off. His rising greeted with storm of cheers and counter cheers that truly indicates strained relations of parties. Opposition mean business. Resigned unto the heavenly will in the matter of monotonous defeat in Division Lobbies, they will still carry it on, disputing every foot of advance of Finance Bill through Committee.

Notable change in aspect of two Front Benches. At ordinary times entrance upon business of day is signal for flight of Ministers and ex-Ministers. One in charge of measure to the fore keeps his place, assisted by a junior colleague, occasionally supported by that Ministerial man-of-all-work, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL. The rest flee to their private rooms, in whose seclusion they are understood to attack arrears of office work. This afternoon both Front Benches remain full, the occupants intent observers of the tactics governing opening of attack.

PRINCE ARTHUR evidently bestowed exceptional pains on preparation of his speech. Magnificently scornful in denunciation of what he calls "the electioneering manifesto" that prefaced delivery of Budget speech. To delight of Opposition, drags in HENRY GEORGE. At first there was a shocked feeling of breach of Order, doubtless inadvertently committed, accompanied by accidental miscalling of Christian names. The name of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER just now in everyone's mouth. Had PRINCE ARTHUR, not specially notable for accuracy of detail, made a slip and called him HENRY? This takes much longer to explain than it did to flash through the minds of Members. The point suggested with studied innocence was quickly seized and greeted with shout of boisterous laughter.

"Mr. HENRY GEORGE," he continued when silence was restored, "held that possession of all land was intrinsically robbery, and that it ought to be taken away without compensation to existing owners. That is a fairly coherent system; but what on earth lies at the bottom of the system of Mr. HENRY GEORGE'S great namesake?"

In the course of speech History, after its occasional manner, repeated itself. Pursuing his argument, denouncing the treatment of landed property by the Budget, PRINCE ARTHUR, looking among his papers, found he had forgotten a particular sheet setting forth figures which, if cited, would establish his case. Eighty years ago ALTHORP (forbear of present Earl SPENCER) found himself, when addressing House as Chancellor of Exchequer, in the same predicament. He apologised for the accident, but assured Members that he had studied the figures, that they led to a certain conclusion, which he hoped would be accepted on his personal declaration. Unconsciously PRINCE ARTHUR, in like predicament, paraphrased the appeal, and by a ready cheer received the same tribute of confidence and acquiescence.

Business done.—Got into Committee on Budget Resolutions.

Tuesday.—"This is not an ordinary debate," remarked Mr. PRETYMAN, rising to resume discussion in Committee on Budget scheme. "It is one of the most momentous issues ever presented for the consideration of Parliament."

Whereupon Members on both sides with one accord strolled out to gossip on the Terrace, write letters or read the evening papers. 'Twas ever thus. They will sit out a debate running through a single sitting. When it comes to allocation of several nights to a particular subject, howsoever important, they straightway flee. For some hours to-night, whilst speech followed speech, not all as good as PRETYMAN'S, the House would have been counted out had the doors been closed against temporary influx of idlers from without.

Filled up when at half-past nine word went round that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was up. To the close of sitting PRINCE ARTHUR was among the absentees. This a pity, since some of the pointed passages of the speech of "HENRY GEORGE'S great namesake" were directed to reply to his speech of last night.



THE "BIRD-NESTER" IN BORROWED PLUMAGE.

Mr. Lloyd-George in Mr. Chaplin's clothes.

["While the chairman of the Agricultural Committee of the Tariff Commission was bathing in the still waters of Tariff Reform, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, lurking, I suppose, somewhere on the bank (*laughter*), probably on a bird-nesting expedition (*laughter*), suddenly came across the right hon. gentleman's clothes (*laughter*), and being, as everybody knows, a man of predatory disposition, at once took possession of them, and we may assume that in the privacy of his own home he tried them on, and he appeared in them here on Budget night (*loud laughter*). Could you have a better or more cogent reason for a Development Grant? (*roars of laughter*)."—*Mr. Asquith.*]

House glad to find the CHANCELLOR in something of his old form. Relieved of the burden of multitudinous manuscript, he spoke for an hour and a-half, briskly replying to criticisms raised through two nights' debate. At one stage he brought SIR AUSTEN up with angry

repudiation of what seemed an innocent remark. Referring to the Conservative Party in the Reichstag, he asked whether the Opposition were aware of legislative action in respect of land taken by "their own party in Germany."

"We have no party in Germany," Son Austen, amid loud laughter, angrily declared. Lloyd-George smiled across the Table with paternal tenderness, as if addressing a naughty boy who had put his fingers in the jam-pot.

"Whatever effect the Budget may have on property," he said, "it seems to have had disastrous effect on the right hon. gentleman's sense of humour. I am not sure it was ever very strong, but it is completely shattered."

This did not improve matters. Opposition angrily cheered. Ministerialists uproariously laughed. A prolonged scene appeared imminent. But the storm fell as suddenly as it had burst, and Members in whispered conversation asked what it had all been about.

Business done. — Budget in Committee.

Thursday.—Mr. Dobson does not know what is the proper thing to do in the circumstances. They are certainly odd.

Among questions on the paper one standing in the name of Mr. Joyce invited Admiral McKenna to state whether his attention has been called to the fact that it is more than thirty years since certain reaches of the River Shannon have been surveyed, with the consequence that, owing to changes taking place, existing charts have become unreliable. The Admiral having made answer, up rose Mr. Joyce, and in thunderous tones further enquired:

"Will the right hon. gentleman say who carried out the first soundings?"

Quick came reply from neighbourhood of the Table.

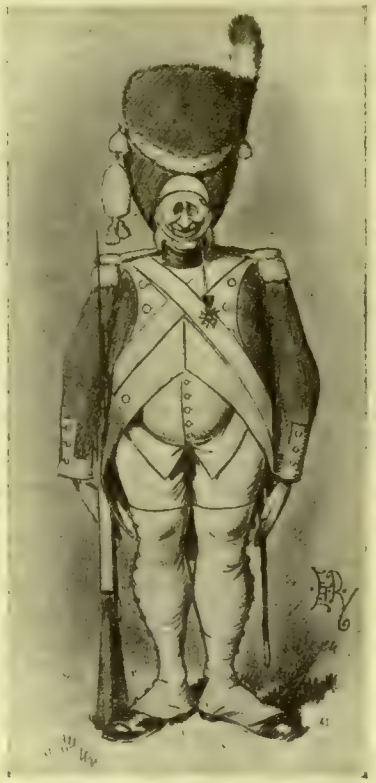
"Mr. Dobson."

The Member for Croydon audibly gasped. The assertion was absolutely groundless. His private business lies wholly apart from the profession of a surveyor. As a matter of fact he has never seen the Shannon. For a moment the House shared his perplexity. Then explanation flashed upon it, and a burst of laughter greeted the unpremeditated joke.

It was not the Admiral who had made reply. It was the Speaker, ignoring Joyce's supplementary question, calling by name the Member next on the list of questions.

Assisted to his feet by those sitting near him, Mr. Dobson, in reply to the Speaker's call, named the number of his question. But he remains in state of bewilderment, undetermined whether the House really understands that he had nothing to do with the survey of the Shannon, or whether, in justice to himself and his constituents, he ought to make a personal statement.

Business done. — Discussing Small



"One of the 'Old Guard.'"

While he would never surrender, he still lives . . . . within the sight of this House, to the general admiration of the assembly."—*Mr. Asquith's graceful tribute to Mr. Chaplin.*

Holdings Act, Strachey, representing Board of Agriculture, gives glowing account of its working.

BUDGETINS.

Of far more interest than the views expressed by mere party organs on Mr. Lloyd-George's financial schemes is the verdict of the independent Press, as represented by papers whose concern with politics is either accidental or subsidiary. Thus:—

"The effect of this extraordinary Budget on English trade is bound to be depressing in the extreme. . . . Mr. Lloyd-George has set a premium on living for ever, and it remains to be seen whether his attempt to impose on us the habit of athanasia will go down with the country."—*The Undertakers' Gazette.*

"Seldom has a brighter or more hopeful document been compiled."—*The Nursery Times.*

"More stamp duties!"—*The Amateur Philatelist.*

"Mr. Lloyd-George has introduced the most hair-raising Budget of recent years, and all who are interested in the maintenance of a glossy and luxuriant cheverlure should study it without delay."—*The Penny Shave and Tonsorial Advertiser.*

"A bright, chatty little work."—*The Statistical Review.*

"An excellent story is going the rounds about the childhood of Mr. D. Lloyd-George, who (as Chancellor of the Exchequer) is responsible for the Budget now before the House of Commons. Years ago the budding politician was walking in the streets of Carnarvon when he was threatened by an older and larger boy. 'My name is David,' said the embryo statesman, standing his ground firmly; 'have you ever heard what happened to Goliath?' His oppressor (runs the story) was so discomfited that he incontinently decamped."—*Snacks.*

"Votes for Women!"—*Votes for Women.*

EN ATTENDANT.

Dear Sir, I beg that you will glance
At these few brief remarks from France.
The falser forms of British pride
It is my boast to set aside:
I find I like, upon the whole,
To breakfast merely on a roll;
I also like the early lunch,
And tolerate a tardy *Punch;*
The weather too is often fine,
And one appreciates the wine;
The crossing never makes me ill;
I am, in fine, a Francophil.
Let me then now without restraint
Proceed to air my one complaint.

There is a virtue which I lack:
I never yet have learnt to pack.
When I get here I often note
With grief the absence of a coat;
I often leave Southampton (Hants)
Without sufficient change of pants.
On landing then I send a wire
For all the things I most desire,
And these are soon upon their way,
But do they reach me quickly? Nay.
For weeks and weeks I linger here
And still the things do not appear.
In France, Sir, what is needed most
Is an efficient Parcel Post.

"The Rev. Dr. Singleton, Vicar of All Saints', Newmarket, has arranged an exchange of encumbrances with the Rev. E. A. Moxon, Vicar of All Saints', Fosdyke." —*Norwich Post.*

Can this deal be possibly the result of the 7s. 6d. allowance for children under sixteen?

"A gentleman says—'I can now eat cheese without giving me indigestion and is exceptionally appetising.'"—*Advt. in "South Wales Daily Post."*

In the words of the melodrama; "'Aven't I given yer the ejjication of a gen'lman?'—'You 'ave, father.'"



Fisherman (*time* 10 A.M.). "WILL YOU HAVE A DRAM?"
Highland Shepherd (*preparing to take it*). "AW, IT 'S FAR OWER EARLY! BESIDES, I HAF HAD YIN."

THE PENALTIES OF OFFICE.

A NEW TERROR FOR MINISTERS' WIVES.

THE searchings of the Nonconformist conscience are vividly illustrated in the "Problems of Conduct" appearing week by week in the *British Weekly*. Problem No. 229 runs as follows:—

"Mr. and Mrs. Bryce, poor and proud, have taken rooms for Whitsuntide at C —. Mrs. Larraby, the Bryces' rich neighbour, calls on Mrs. Bryce and hears her plans, and Mrs. Bryce tells her where they are going. On the morning of starting Mrs. Bryce receives a letter from the landlady saying the rooms have been let to the Larrabys, who are paying double what Mrs. Bryce offered for the rooms. What should Mrs. Bryce do?"

The prize has been awarded to an Edinburgh gentleman for the following answer:—

"Mrs. Bryce should suffer silently and proceed to find fresh rooms. Remonstrances are lost on unprincipled people, and legal action is not for the poor and proud."

Further developments of this new method of inquisition may be expected on some such lines as the following:—

PROBLEM No. 235.

"Mr. and Mrs. MCKENNA are staying at Etretat for shrimping, a pastime to which they are passionately addicted. One fine day, while Mrs. MCKENNA is engaged in her favourite pursuit, a lady whom she has never seen before approaches her with a sinister expression and observes: "I see you can't get away from the 'Fish-pond.' What should Mrs. MCKENNA do?"

The prize, a volume of sermons by Professor Septimus Bopp, has been awarded to

ALBERT GOUDIE,
4, Pall Mall, Peebles,

for the following answer:—

"Mrs. MCKENNA should swiftly remove the shrimping net from the briny and bring it down over the head of her tormentor, twisting it tight round her neck until she cries for mercy."

Other solutions are as follows:—

"Mrs. MCKENNA should say nothing, but politely offer her interlocutor a shrimp. By acting thus she would inflict a much severer reprimand than she could have done by any other means, as her magnanimity would paralyse her antagonist."

"Mrs. MCKENNA should plunge into the sea and swim rapidly away from the aggressive intruder."

PROBLEM No. 236.

"Mrs. SYDNEY BUXTON receives a copy of a novel written by Mrs. Dorinda Boss, the postmistress of ——, eagerly demanding a criticism. Mrs. BUXTON thinks the book absolute drivel but hesitates to say so. Meanwhile a second letter arrives from Mrs. Boss threatening, if the judgment is not favourable, to make the POSTMASTER-GENERAL the villain of her next novel. What should Mrs. BUXTON do?"

The prize, a copy of *Cruden's Concordance*, bound in three-quarters levant, has been awarded to

JONAS PERRING,
Laburnum Villa, Swanage,

for the following answer:—

"Mrs. SYDNEY BUXTON should promptly telegraph that the novel eclipsed the finest work of GEORGE SAND, Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD and MARIE CORELLI."

Other solutions (the first containing some *jeux d'esprit* of a ripe antiquity) are as follows:—

"The most effective course of action which Mrs. BUXTON can adopt is to frame a diplomatic answer which can be read in two ways. For instance, she might say that the novel possesses quite exceptional qualities, that she has never read anything like it before, and that the POSTMASTER-GENERAL intends to waste no time in perusing it."

"Mrs. BUXTON should stick to her guns, say that the book *is* drivel, and defy Mrs. Boss to do her worst."

BILLY BARRINGTON'S MANŒUVRE.

[Being the first-fruits of the recent appointment of a scientific Aviation Committee.]

Billy Barrington, an impecunious but impressionable subaltern in the Puttyshires ("The Catch-'em-alive-oh's") had encountered many damsels in the game of love, but when he met May Maddison he knew he was in for the final tie which must end in the nuptial knot. He proposed and was accepted with enthusiasm, and next morning popped and twittered over on his motor-bicycle to interview her father. Mr. Maddison was grey-haired but not gouty, and though half Billy's size had twice his energy. Besides, he had other ambitions for his daughter, so he refused Billy's request. At the same time he offered him a drink.

"No thanks," said Billy; "but I may as well tell you, if you won't give us your permission we shall get married without it."

"Thirty years ago," said Mr. Maddison, "such a threat might have alarmed me, because young men had both hardihood and resource when I was a young man, and now it seems the old ones have got it all. I suppose you think that anybody can steal a march on me and take my daughter."

"No, I don't," said Billy; "but I think I can."

"You do, do you? Well, I'll bet you a thousand to one in sovereigns you can't. Now here's a bargain—if during the next seven days, in broad daylight, say from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., you can come and take my daughter *without me*, I'll give you permission to marry her at the village church as soon as you like."

"Done," said Billy. "I'll go and get a special licence."

The ancestral home of the Maddisons was a lonely moated grange; the moat was deep, the walls were high, and the entrance was barred by a lofty iron gate only opening from the inside. Mr. Maddison regarded his position as almost impregnable. "But to feel you are quite safe, my dear," he said to his daughter in explaining matters, "I shall keep you in sight from breakfast till dinner for a week, at the end of which time you shall have the young soldier's sovereign to spend on chocolates, and I'll take you a trip to Paris for a complete change of air and costume."

Six days passed and no sign from Billy. The morning of the seventh was fair but chilly, and a girlish figure, in a warm cloak and cap, might have been seen reclining in a hammock under the mulberry-tree by the arbour, while Papa sat reading the morning paper hard by.

"I fear," he said, looking up, "that your old man isn't going to have a chance of showing his mettle after all. I think your young one might have had one try for you, my girl—but still, what a lot of chocolates you'll be able to buy for a sovereign!"

He paused, but there was no answer from the hammock.

"Crying again?" he said. "Well, I'm cruel only to be kind; and now I'm going to write my letters, including one to *The Times* on the 'Decay of the British Army.' Mind you stay where you are, my dear;" and he went into the library and took up his position at the writing-table in the window, from which he could see his daughter still reclining in her hammock. All of a sudden the room became dark as the light from the French-window was obscured by some huge floating object. Mr. Maddison sprang to his feet as a military balloon made a clever descent so close to the mulberry-tree that, while one of the occupants made fast to the branches, the other, Billy himself, sprang out, and, seizing the recumbent figure in the hammock, slung her into the car just as her father leaped through the library window and dashed up to the spot. To seize Billy round the waist, fling him aside, and jump into the car to retrieve his daughter was the work of a frenzied moment, the very moment, in fact, in which the aeronaut let go the branches. The balloon rose slowly and steadily into the air, and Mr. Maddison leaned back, too breathless to speak, but with a smile of sarcastic triumph playing round his twitching lips.

"So you thought you'd done the old man, did you?" he gasped out to the aeronaut, whom he recognised as one of Billy's particular pals. Billy's pal gave a sheepish smile, and nodded. "Oh, you're very clever! you're very smart; but not quite smart enough for me yet. And as for you," he added, turning to his daughter, huddled up on the opposite seat, "I'm surprised you haven't too much feminine pride to submit to being pitched about like a sack of potatoes—for that was for all the world what you looked like."

The crushed figure made no response, but suddenly lurched forward as the balloon swayed, and would have fallen to the bottom of the car had not Mr. Maddison caught it with sudden tenderness in his arms.

"Merciful Powers! What is this?" he roared, recoiling from his burden, which consisted of a feather bolster attired in his daughter's cloak and hat.

"Where's my daughter?" he thundered. Billy's pal smiled more sheepishly than ever, and pointed downward with his thumb. Gingerly leaning over the side, Mr. Maddison saw his daughter emerge with Billy from the arbour where she had been hiding after planting the dummy-substitute in the hammock when her father returned to the house. He saw their toy-like figures hurry through the gate and down the road to the village church. The girl clung, drooping, to her lover, but as they entered the sacred porch Billy looked up and waved a cheery salute.

"I'm done!" said Mr. Maddison. "I'm not up to your high-flown notions. So let me down as gently as you can, and as quickly, because I want to be the first to wish them luck."

And so he was; and when later in the day they started on their honeymoon Billy had a cheque for a thousand pounds in his pocket towards housekeeping expenses.

Painful Conversation.

Of my many virtues one stands out supreme—the gift of aphasia. I am much sought after by garrulous hosts and hostesses for their listening-parties—I do it so well. It is a virtue, however, which brings its owner very little satisfaction.

The person in whose company I feel at the greatest disadvantage is Wrenchall. I see him only occasionally, but I look forward to our interviews just as any other person would anticipate a visit to a dentist.

Wrenchall is really the most genial of fellows. He welcomes me as kindly as any man I know; he insists on my taking the most comfortable chair in the room; and with every effort to make me feel at ease, he chats away brightly about the weather, the Navy, the holidays, his garden, and easy things like that. But my tongue might be of putty for all the contribution I can make to the conversation. If bimetallism or metaphysics or Herbert Spencer's "Data of Ethics," were the subjects in hand I could not be more taciturn. The fact is, Wrenchall is able to ally with the simplest conversation such strength of grip and penetration that a person of timid build like myself is helpless. He possesses irresistible power of benumbing my brain and deadening my perception and sensibilities, and once he has cast his spell over me he contrives to extract from me only what is bad. No man that I know of can with such skill and withal such a genial manner make holes in me, if I may use the expression.

No, I never feel happy with Wrenchall. I have said that I anticipate my visits to him as another would regard a visit to a dentist; and that, perhaps, is not remarkable. For Wrenchall *is* my dentist. I have just returned from a visit, and he has given me what I may fairly describe as one of the times of my life.



Military Man (*coming unexpectedly on the scene*). "HULLO, WHAT THE DICKENS ARE YOU DOING?"
Private Smith (*minor*). "PLEASE, SIR, I'M A CONTINENTAL EVASION——"

TELE-WOOING.

MR. SYDNEY BUXTON has received from a lady the suggestion that all offers of marriage should be made through the POSTMASTER-GENERAL by means of the telephone at certain fixed fees, to raise the Post-Office revenue. Somewhat as follows, we suppose:—

What number, please?

Double-O Mayfair, darling . . .

SIR?!

Oh, I beg pardon . . . I was thinking of someone else . . . Double-O Mayfair, please! (*Pause*)

Hullo! . . . Hullo?

I'm sorry the line's engaged.

Conf I wonder if *she*'s engaged! (*Pause, considerably longer*)

You are through now to Double-O Mayfair.

Hullo! . . .

Is that you, dear? . . .

Who is it speaking?

Oh, I say, *you* know, dear . . .

I'm afraid I don't quite catch—I'll see if the missus is in . . .

Oh dam! Here I say—don't go, please . . . I don't want the missus . . . ask Gwennie, I mean, Miss Gwendolen, to come . . . (*Pause . . .*)

Hullo? Who is it?

Hullo, are you there, Gwen?

Yes, yes; who is it? . . . Speak more distinctly, please.

Why, don't you know my voice?

No, I'm afraid I don't . . . Are you Aunt Maria?

Oh, come now, don't be funny . . . I'm George.

George who?

Why, there's only *one* George, I thought . . .

Indeed? . . . Well,—oh, *now* I sort of guess . . .

Hullo?

Hullo, are you there still?

What's all this buzzing? . . . I can't hear . . .

I say—hullo—look sharp, or they'll ring us off . . .

Hullo . . . Look here, will you marry me some time—suit yourself as to date. . . .

Hold the line a moment . . . I'll see if . . . (*Conversation cut off abruptly*).

ON "BILLY"—AN EPITAPH.

THE death of Billy, the oldest sheep in England—within two days of his eighth birthday—is reported from Leicestershire. Among his many accomplishments, he would stand perfectly still in a field at the word of command, while his master crouched down by his side and shot at rabbits over his back.

Alas! our all-wool patriarch
Is gone; he was a sheep of mark,
Nearly an octonarian;
He never smoked, he drank no beer,
He lived, throughout his whole career,
A blameless vegetarian.

All Leicester, nay, all England knew
No doggier sheep, no *teg* so true,
For sport a very glutton!
As stalking-horse, he did his part
At putting rabbits in the cart,
And now he's dead as mutton!

"We understand that the new member, Mr. Pointer, is a thoroughgoing Local Optimist."—*Alliance News.*

This looks hopeful for Attercliffe.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I THINK it would puzzle anybody to give an exact definition of Mr. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM'S creed on the evidence of his last work, which he has entitled *Faith* (DUCKWORTH). Its outlook on life is obviously a little gloomy, but the contents of his book would have been as aptly described if he had called it *Hope* or *Charity*. Anyhow, I am satisfied that the author's creed is not entirely pagan, for on page 160 the word Periphlegethon occurs, and that would surely have got itself corrected if he had felt any consuming interest in the classical abodes of the dead. The volume consists of a series of very short and very vivid sketches of scenes and personalities, written in a manner that suggests a study of DAUDET, and set against various backgrounds, Spain, Italy, Morocco, and South America, and one or two in the grey north. The longest, and perhaps the most interesting, is that which deals with the sunny (but otherwise quite un-Cooked) territory of the Andorra Republic. Mr. GRAHAM upholds his high reputation—as the tailors say—for first-class style (in spite of a rather annoying trick of using similes that now and then seem more ornamental than illustrative), and if he intends to complete the trilogy I shall anticipate the companions of *Faith* with the greatest pleasure.

No doubt the title of Mr. SYDNEY C. GRIER'S new book, a tale of the "stirring times" of the Peninsular War, is "rote sarcastic." Otherwise I don't see why he calls it *A Young Man Married* (HUTCHINSON), since it directly contradicts the sour dictum of *Parolles* in *All's Well that Ends Well* that "a young man married is a man that's marred." *Lieut. Arthur Cinnamond*, "of the"—th," was not marred but made by his marriage with *Doña Rosita de Lara*, a fugitive Spanish maiden who threw herself on the tender mercies of the —th on the morrow of the storming of Badajoz. Till he fell in love with her, *Arthur* was rather a poor steed, devoted, like Orpheus, to his loot, and deep in the black books of Lord WELLINGTON. But with his donah's dear hand in his he turned over a new leaf (with the other), and became the very model of a regimental officer. At first he didn't score much by the change. He had fallen from the frying-pan of his chief's displeasure into the fire of Fate, who proceeded to give the young couple a very thin time. At the best, *Rosita* was jogging uncomfortably after the army, perched on the top of a baggage-wagon or rushing, like Fame, over the field of battle in pursuit of *Arthur*, knowing that where the guns were there "my Arturo" would be. At the worst, as ignorant of each other's whereabouts as the maid-servant in Mr. HAWTREY'S story was of her master's, they were engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with her high-born but bad-mannered family, who bitterly resented her marriage with a heretic. However, after many escapes, more hair-breadth than hair-raising, *Rosita* was restored safe and sound to her Arturo's arms, and the book, like the play from which it borrows its title, ends happily. But I don't think it shows Mr. GRIER at his best.

There are two things about *The Trickster* (PAUL), by Mr. G. B. BURGIN, which I don't understand. Firstly, I do not understand which person in it is the trickster, and, secondly, I do not understand why the author should have wasted so rare a melodramatic device as that dining-room built above a well in which a plumber was once drowned. Quite early in the book he describes how this well is securely bricked over, but I congratulated myself that this wasn't going to deceive me. There would be, I felt sure, a struggle in that dining-room, and the brickwork would give way, and all the bores in the story would be wiped out at one fell scoop. This hope urged me to give minute attention to many pages of conversation which otherwise I might have skipped. Every time anyone went into the room I grasped the arms of my chair to nerve me for the shock. But it never came. The well remains bricked up, and finally just an ordinary revolver removes the superfluous husband and gets the verbose lovers together. Really, for the author of thirty-four novels—I arrive at the figure after a careful inspection of the fly-leaf—this is a little disappointing. But perhaps the tragedy of the well is reserved for the thirty-fifth.



Either Gold Fish. "I REALLY THINK WE OUGHT TO HAVE A NET UNDERNEATH FOR THIS PERFORMANCE!"

Why Mr. GEORGE SOMES LAYARD named his book *Wax* (GEORGE ALLEN) I failed to understand until I found the heroine, *Christabel Lovett-Brown*, taking refuge for the night in Mme. TUSSAUD'S. *Christabel*, far from being alarmed, was "ripe for adventure," so when she saw *John Screed*, a night-watchman (with a curious idea of his duties), kneeling before MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, and saying, "O Queen, deign to look upon thy servant. I think I see the life-blood coursing through thy veins," it was perhaps natural that she should come to his assistance. At any rate she impersonated MARY, and in spite of the fact that her fingers (which she allowed him to kiss) "savoured of buns," *Screed* was supremely content to remain upon his knees. I should think that Mr. LAYARD must have smiled to himself when he thought of this curious situation for his heroine, and I congratulate him upon the humour with which he describes it. Indeed he is to be praised both for his sense of style and his sense of comedy, and the only fault I have to find with him is that his villain is an anæmic creature, badly in need of a tonic.

Mr. CHARLES JARROTT, his views on motor and petrol taxes:—

(1) In *The Daily Chronicle*:

"I do not think that it is going to make an enormous difference to the private motor owner . . . . I don't suppose people are going to be frightened off from buying motor cars."

(2) In *The Daily Mail*:

"I am so indignant that I find it difficult to express my opinions. The impost will be absolutely disastrous."

We are glad to see that in spite of his indignation Mr. JARROTT has already managed to express two opinions.

CHARIVARIA.

The Daily News, in its remarks on the Australians' first match, said:—"It will be seen that, whereas Notts scored at the rate of a run a minute, the Australians beat that pace by 104 runs .... They have already convinced everyone of their greatness as a batting side." They have indeed! 105 runs a minute!

***

Pity the poor rich! The Budget has placed some of them in a pretty quandary. Those who have in the past contributed to Charities will be able to economise in that direction and so make both ends meet; but the others, it is feared, will be put to serious inconvenience.

***

Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE has stated that medical men will not be entitled to a rebate of duty paid on the petrol used in their cars. The idea, we believe, is that they will be more than compensated by the number of persons who will get ill from financial worry brought on by the Budget.

***

The Outfitter has been criticising Sir LUKE FILDES' portrait of Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE. "The free abandon of his linen collar will in all probability convey much to the thoughtful student of character," says our contemporary, "while the lack of finish about the cuffs may be regarded as equally suggestive." Boys, of course, will be boys, and bird's-nesting was always bad for the clothes.

***

The following notice, *The Daily Chronicle* tells us, has been posted in the window of a Dover public-house:—

INCREASED TAXATION
BY
LIBERAL GOVERNMENT.
DEARER BREAD!
IN CONSEQUENCE OF ABOVE THE PRICES OF SPIRITS ARE RAISED.

This reminds one of the classic conversation between two British Workmen:—"Had any breakfast, Bill?" "Not a drop!"

***

To the credit of the Cabinet not a single Member forced his way into the Church and shouted, "No Votes for Women!" while Miss GERTRUDE BROOK, a well-known Suffragette, was being married.

***

SHAKSPEARE'S *Othello* has been performed in Yiddish in the East End, and it is rumoured that the same company is to give an interesting version of *The Merchant of Venice*, in which *Shylock* will be a Gentile, and all the other characters Jews and Jewesses.

***

To judge by the terms of an advertisement of the Earl's Court Exhibition, it is not only the English people who take their pleasures sadly. Under the heading, "America's most Up-to-date Amusements," we find "The Deluge" and "The San Francisco Earthquake."

***

At Heidelberg they have discovered a skeleton of a creature who was undoubtedly "the missing link" between a gorilla and a human being. To the great annoyance of the inhabitants it is to be known as "Homo Heidelbergiensis."

***

The rewards distributed in connection with the Tottenham anarchist outrage included the sum of one pound to a lady who threw a potato at one of the miscreants. But is it politic, we would ask, to encourage the public to supply fugitives from justice with food?

***

A correspondent draws our attention to an undoubted hardship under which all convicted murderers labour. Unlike other prisoners they are prevented from accepting Music Hall engagements at the expiration of their sentences.

***

A speed of over seventy-eight miles an hour was recently attained, and maintained for seventy-one miles, by a homing pigeon residing at Preston. This is interesting as showing how the advent of flying machines is evidently putting birds on their mettle.

***

A deputation from the Cigar Manufacturers' Federation pointed out to Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, last week, that it would be necessary to change the sizes of cigars to meet the new duty, and that "fresh moulds would have to be prepared." This strikes us as being a somewhat callous confession, though we had long imagined that moulds of various kinds entered into the composition of some brands we have struck.

***

Singers, we know, tend to become stout, but to announce the arrival of a popular diva under the heading, "Operatic Cargo," was an ungallant action on the part of *The Daily News*.

***

It is not, we believe, generally known that our convicts are now clothed in khaki. This, we take it, is one more sign of the humane treatment which is now the vogue for criminals, as, when the prisoners escape, the khaki of course renders them invisible to the warders.



THE NEW MEASURE.

Barmaid. "HALF-PINT O' ALE?"
Labourer. "NO—CAWN'T RUN TO IT. GIMME A 'ALF LLOYD-GEORGE."

Extract from a letter addressed by Lord RUSSELL to *The Times* on the subject of the Petrol Tax:

"The difference between us is that he is willing to sink his principles because of some bribe of a central road fund that is dangled before us, the details of which are of the shadowiest character, while I am not."

A man of substance, evidently.

Two consecutive advertisements from *The Globe*:

"BUTLER (single), now in London, wants quiet place.

"JOB BUTLER wanted at once."

If only they could both have been butlers there might have been a deal.

THE TRANSFORMATION.

[*The Daily Chronicle* has some encouraging remarks for those among its readers who are suffering from imbecility. Our contemporary recalls that LOCKHART wrote of SOUTHEY: "After his mind failed, his hair, previously snow-white, thickened, curled and became perceptibly darker."]

I KNEW her in her palmy days;
No woman I have ever met
Had more of wit and charming ways
Than she—at five-and-forty *nett*;
Time, it is true, had left his trace
On hair already white and waning,
Yet she preserved a youthful grace
I found extremely entertaining.

At dinner-parties (where, I hold,
One's object is to eat and drink)
I like a neighbour not too old,
Who doesn't want to make you think;
But when with *her* I used to dine
My appetite was gladly wasted;
Her sparkling wit was all my wine,
Her talk the only food I tasted.

I took her in the other night.
Lord! what a falling-off was there!
Her conversation, once so light,
Was heavier stuff than I could bear;
And while she babbled (tedious bore!)
About her Sex and Votes for Women,
I fed till I could feed no more,
And nearly drank enough to swim in.

Nor was this all. Another change
The rolling years had ushered in:
Something about her hair was strange,
Her hair that once was grey and thin;
Its ample curls, its coppery tone,
Looked almost like a fresh creation;
I hardly knew it for her own,
So curious was the transformation.

Later I saw why this was so.
I thought of one, with mind unhinged,
And how his scant hair, white as snow,
Curled up in masses, darkly tinged;
These altered locks, this lapse of wit—
I saw exactly what the change meant:
Her mental balance—that was it—
Had undergone a rude derangement. O. S.

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT in *The Pall Mall Gazette* denounces Mr. A. B. WALKLEY and Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER as "the two most dangerous enemies of dramatic progress in the Press to-day." It is pleasant, however, to think that they manage things better in the provinces. Thus we note that the dramatic critic of *The Manchester Guardian* applauds Mr. MASEFIELD, the author of *Nan*, because "he neither gives simple people strings of nubbly polysyllables to mouth, nor the bastard semi-metrical stuff in which half our dramatists, in scenes of attempted emotion, ape the dithering whine of fiddlestrings that usually supports them on such occasions."

"If the working man bought a shillingsworth of twist he paid 10½*d.* in taxes and got 1½*d.* worth of tobacco, but if the rich man bought an eighteenpenny cigar he only paid 1½*d.* in taxes and got 10½*d.* worth of tobacco."—*Daily Dispatch.*

The remaining 6*d.* being for the sash?

CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME;

OR, LITTLE ARTHUR'S ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.

(*Little Arthur, aged* 12; *Papa, aged* 48.)

Little Arthur. Papa, do you like talking to Major Ransom?

Papa. Yes, certainly. Very intelligent man, the Major, and a capital talker.

L. A. But, Papa, he didn't talk much at lunch to-day, did he?

Papa. Didn't he? Why, I thought——

L. A. No, Papa. You told him all about your round of golf on Saturday, and the only time he spoke was when you said what hard lines it was for you to have got into the bunker near the fifth hole, and Major Ransom said, "I've heard a lot of 'em say that," and then you told him the story all over again, and you said it was much harder on you than it ever had been on anybody else, and Major Ransom said, "Ah, I dare say," and then you went on to tell him how badly they kept the greens, and you'd written to the Secretary about it. I thought it was very interesting indeed.

Papa Did you now? Well, that's a comfort anyhow.

L. A. I'm so pleased you think so, Papa; I like to feel I'm helping you. But, Papa!

Papa. Well?

L. A. You said just now you liked talking to Major Ransom.

Papa. Yes. What of it?

L. A. Did you mean you were glad when you talked to him?

Papa. Glad? Yes, of course I was glad to talk to him, or I shouldn't have done it.

L. A. Then, Papa, do you only do things you're glad to do? Don't you sometimes have to do things you're not glad to do? I have to, you know.

Papa. Oh, you're a little boy.

L. A. Yes, Papa. I know I am. But yesterday you said you'd be hanged if you ever wanted to set eyes on old Mrs. Gaynor again, and in the evening you and Mamma went and dined at her house. You weren't glad to do that, were you, Papa?

Papa. Now look here, Arthur, you've no earthly business to listen to such things. We won't talk about Mrs. Gaynor. Let's get back to Major Ransom.

L. A. Yes, Papa, let's. I was going to say you didn't *look* very glad when you talked to him.

Papa. Didn't I?

L. A. No, Papa, you didn't. You kept on getting quite angry about what you'd done in playing golf, and you said some terrible things about the bunker and the Secretary. I began to think you didn't like golf.

Papa. Oh, come, come, that's perfect nonsense. I may have been a little *vexed*, you know—any man might have been if he'd had my infamous luck; but as to not liking it—why, there's nothing in the world I'm more interested in.

L. A. Yes, Papa, I thought that was it; and when you are interested in things you talk about them, don't you?

Papa. Naturally.

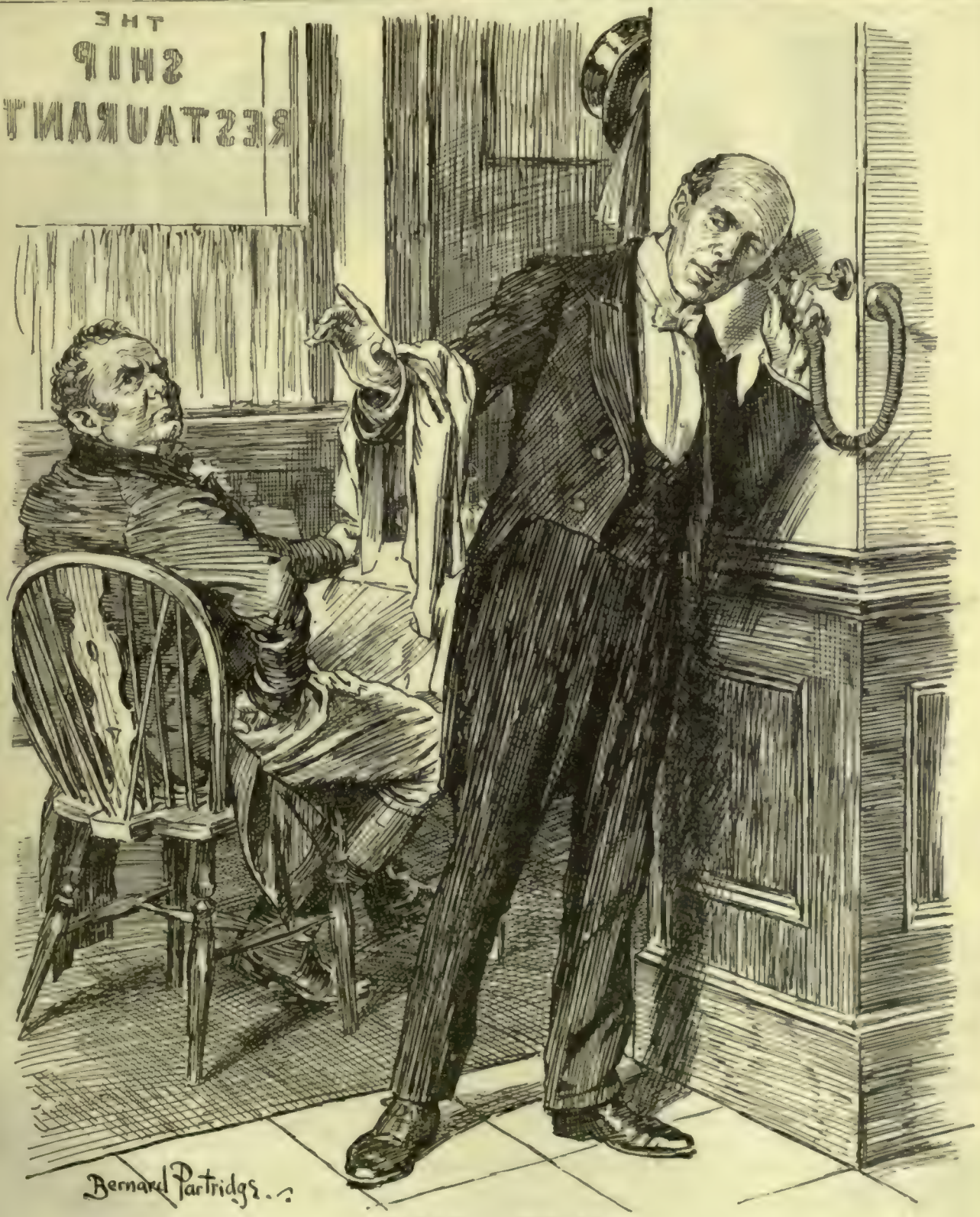
L. A. And you don't talk about things you're not interested in, do you?

Papa. That's right enough.

L. A. Then, Papa, I suppose you're not interested in your business.

Papa. What on earth put that notion into your head? Of course I'm interested in my business.

L. A. Well, Papa, you said you didn't talk about things you weren't interested in, and you never will talk about your business. When Mamma asked you something about it the other day, you said if there was one thing you hated more



ANON! ANON!

JOHN BULL (*weary with waiting*). "NOW THEN, WAITER, I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING TO GIVE MY ORDER AT ONCE."

REGINALD. "YES'SIR. COMMUNICATIONS ARE ALREADY PASSING BETWEEN ME AND THE KITCHEN, AND SOMETHING'S BOUND TO COME OF IT, SOONER OR LATER."

[From an answer given in the House, it appears that the gun-mountings which Mr. MCKENNA promised, eight weeks earlier, to order at once had not actually been ordered. Meanwhile, however, he had not been idle, or allowed the matter to escape his memory.]



Butcher. "WHICH O' THEY TWO BITS O' PORK WILL 'EE 'AVE, MY DEAR?"
Little Girl. "I THINK I 'D BETTER HAVE A PATTERN OF EACH."

than another it was talking shop. You seemed to be a little vexed about that, Papa.

Papa. Oh, did I? Well, you'll understand some day that when a man spends his day on his business he doesn't want to talk about it afterwards.

L. A. Yes, Papa, I suppose so. But when you've been playing golf all day, you always talk about it in the evening. Isn't that talking shop, Papa?

Papa. No, it isn't.

L. A. I see, Papa; but it's a little difficult at first. Because you're interested in golf and you talk about it, and you're interested in your business and you won't talk about it.

Papa (aside). This boy will drive me mad. (*To little Arthur*) Can't you see that it's *pleasanter* to talk about some things than about others?

L. A. Yes, Papa; but it doesn't always *seem* pleasant for you to talk about golf, you know.

Papa. Now just you understand once for all, I won't have you speaking about golf in that way——

L. A. But, Papa——

Papa. You've got to realise that sport and games are one of the best means—ah—um—that, in fact, they've made Englishmen what they are.

L. A. But, Papa, you don't want us to be what we are. You think we ought to be quite different.

Papa. I never said anything of the kind.

L. A. Oh, yes, I think you did, Papa. You told Uncle John yesterday that unless Englishmen changed altogether and took a more serious view of life the Germans and the Americans would beat them in everything. Didn't you say that, Papa?

Papa. And if I did it's got nothing to do with what we're talking about.

L. A. No, Papa; but if it's true oughtn't we to try to do the things that have made the Germans and the Americans what *they* are? Oughtn't we to try to be like them?

Papa. A nice prospect—beer drinking and dollar-grubbing. I see I shall have to take your patriotism in hand, my boy.

L. A. Yes, Papa, I should like you to do that, because I really *do* want to learn things. But, about the Germans and the Americans, Papa——

Papa. I've had enough of this. You run off and practise your music.

The Duke's "Duchess."

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications addressed to *Mr. Punch* on the subject of the price asked for the great Holbein should not contain any of the following conundrums:—

(1) How far towards the moon would the loaves of bread reach that could be purchased for £72,000?

(2) How long would £72,000 keep one of the unemployed and his family in comparative comfort?

(3) How many British working men would the sum of £72,000 provide with a pound a week for a period of one week?

A LITERARY LIGHT.

ANNESLEY BUPP was born one of the Bupps of Hampshire—the Fighting Bupps, as they were called. A sudden death in the family left him destitute at the early age of thirty, and he decided to take seriously to journalism for a living. That was eight years ago. He is now a member of the Authors' Club; a popular after-dinner speaker in reply to the toast of Literature; and one of the best-paid writers in Fleet Street. *Who's Who* tells the world that he has a flat at Knightsbridge and a cottage on the river. If you ask him to what he owes his success he will assure you, with the conscious modesty of all great men, that he has been lucky; pressed further, that Hard Work and Method have been his watchwords. But to the young aspirant he adds that of course if you have it in you it is bound to come out.

I.

When Annesley started journalism he realised at once that it was necessary for him to specialise in some subject. Of such subjects two occurred to him—"George Herbert" and "Trams." For a time he hesitated, and it was only the sudden publication of a brief but authoritative life of the poet which led him finally to the study of one of the least explored of our transit systems. Meanwhile he had to support himself. For this purpose he bought a roll-top desk, a type-writer, and an almanac; he placed the almanac on top of the desk, seated himself at the type-writer, and began.

It was the month of February; the almanac told him that it wanted a week to Shrove Tuesday. In four days he had written as many articles, entitled respectively *Shrovetide Customs*, *The Pancake*, *Lenten Observances*, and *Tuesdays Known to Fame*. *The Pancake*, giving as it did the context of every reference in literature to pancakes, was the most scholarly of the four; the Tuesday article, which hazarded the opinion that Rome may at least have been begun on a Tuesday, the most daring. But all of them were published.

This early success showed Annesley the possibilities of the topical article; it led him also to construct a revised calendar for his own use. In the "Bupp Almanac" the events of the day were put back a fortnight; so that, if the Feast of St. Simon and St. Jude fell upon the 17th, Annesley's attention was called to it upon the 3rd, and upon the 3rd he surveyed the *Famous Partnerships* of the epoch. Similarly, *The Origin of Lord Mayor's Day* was put in hand on October 26th.

He did not, however, only glorify the past; current events claimed their meed of copy. In the days of his dependence Annesley had travelled, so that he could well provide the local colour for such sketches as *Kimberley as I Knew It* (1901) and *Birmingham by Moonlight* (1903). His Recollections of St. Peter's at Rome were hazy, yet sufficient to furnish an article with that title at the time of the Coronation. But I must confess that *Dashes for the Pole* came entirely from his invaluable Encyclopædia . . . .

II.

Annesley Bupp had devoted himself to literature for two years before his first article on trams was written. This was called *Voltage*, was highly technical, and convinced every editor to whom it was sent (and by whom it was returned) that the author knew his subject thoroughly. So when he followed it up with *How to be a Tram Conductor*, he had the satisfaction not only of seeing it in print within a week, but of reading an editorial reference to himself as "the noted expert on our overhead system." Two other articles in the same paper—*Some Curious Tram Accidents* and *Tram or Bus: Which?*—established his position.

Once recognised as the authority on trams, Bupp was never at a loss for a subject. In the first place there were certain articles, such as *Tramways in 1904*, *Progress of Tramway Construction in the Past Year*, *Tramway Inventions of the Last Twelvemonth*, and *The Tram: Its Future in 1905*, which flowed annually from his pen. From time to time there would arise the occasion for the topical article on trams—*Trams as Army Transports* and *How our Trams fared during the Recent Snow*, to give two obvious examples. And always there was a market for such staple articles as *Trams in Fiction* . . . .

III.

You will understand, then, that by the end of 1906 Annesley Bupp had a reputation; to be exact, he had two reputations. In Fleet Street he was known as a writer upon whom a sub-editor could depend; a furnisher of what got to be called "Buppy"—matter which is paid at a slightly higher rate than ordinary copy, because the length and quality of it never vary. Outside Fleet Street he was regarded simply as a literary light; Annesley Bupp, the fellow whose name you saw in every paper; an accepted author.

It was not surprising, therefore, that at the beginning of 1907 public opinion forced Annesley into newer fields of literature. It demanded from him, among other things, a weekly review of current fiction entitled *Fireside Friends*. He wrote this with extraordinary fluency; a few words of introduction, followed by a large fragment of the book before him, pasted beneath the line, "Take this, for instance." An opinion of any kind he rarely ventured; an adverse opinion, like a good friend, never.

About this time, he was commissioned to write three paragraphs each day for an evening paper. The first of them always began: "Mr. ASQUITH's admission in the House of Commons yesterday that he had never done so and so is not without parallel. In 1746 the elder PITT . . . ." The second always began: "Mention of the elder PITT recalls the fact that . . . ." The third always began: "It may not be generally known . . ."

Until he began to write these paragraphs Annesley Bupp had no definite political views.

IV.

Annesley Bupp is now (May 1909) at the zenith of his fame. The "Buppy" of old days he still writes occasionally, but he no longer signs it in full. A modest "A. B." in the corner, supposed by the ignorant to stand for "ARTHUR BALFOUR," is the only evidence of the author. (I say "the only evidence," for he has had, like all great men, his countless imitators.) Trams also he deserted with the publication of his great work on the subject—*Tramiana*. But as a writer on Literature and Old London he has a European reputation, and his recent book, *In the Track of Shakspeare: A Record of a Visit to Stratford-on-Avon*, created no little stir.

He is in great request at public dinners, where his speech in reply to the toast of Literature is eagerly attended.

He contributes to every symposium in the popular magazines.

It is all the more to be regretted that his autobiography, *The Last of the Bupps*, is to be published posthumously.

A. A. M.

Liberal Education.

At a recent meeting of the Women's Liberal Federation at St. James's Hall a lady remarked that "it was their duty not to threaten the Government, but to educate." Subsequently another lady exclaimed, in reply to a question: "The answer is N—O, no." (*Loud cheers.*)

We think the second lady did well to show her friends that her education at least had not been neglected, and we are glad to see that the audience generously recognised the fact. Many people can say "No," but not everyone can spell it.

Clean Cricket.

"In carrying his bath right through the innings on Thursday for 125 A. O. Jones has made a brilliant start."—*Irish Field.*

MUSICAL NOTES.

WE have always manfully upheld the cause of British art and British artists. But there are moments when our patriotism is sadly shaken. The foreigner is not only finely equipped, but he possesses certain extraneous advantages. In particular he uses our language so much more effectively than we do. In his hands "the thing becomes a trumpet"—his own trumpet, whence he blows strains like the seraphs' in their burning rows.

This is not a mere general statement. It is prompted by an official document, forwarded by a correspondent, setting forth the triumphs of Professor MARIO LORENZI, a young Florentine harp *virtuoso*. The youthful genius made his mark early. He was only twelve when he gained the gold medal at the Royal Musical Institute. According to the pamphlet:—

"The clever boy so much applauded in so many Concerts wôn the gold medal with the highest vow; 10 on 10. Our congratulations to the little virtuous..."

A year later further honors fell to him.

"*Florence* (Nazione) *July* 1908.

"Wednesday 8 in our Musical Institut the boy of fourteen Mario Lorenzi obtained, with splendid éxamens, with full vows, the Diploma of Magystére of Harp.

"This is the first time that a pupil of our Musical Institut obtain a Diploma of Magystére at the age of 14 years."

After these academic triumphs the young "virtuous" proceeded to the conquest of Rome:—

"*Rôme* (Illustrazione di Roma) *January* 1909.

"...at the noble modesty, at the audacious dignity of the fourteen Professor Lorenzi who does not precede with trumpet of *réclame*, he copies all hystorical impassibility of Thomson abhoring whatever meanness quáckish...

...In many Concerts we see the young harpist with anxiety volúptuous of conqueror, to obtain the apogee of agility; the rapid lightining passings on, of his celestial instrument, fresh under his magical fingers, and the elegant wonderful musicalness, ascend to Heaven, gently, charming as a caress of an angel..."

On his return to Florence "it is absolutely impossible to say the enthusiasm that the valorous boy suscited in the execution of different pieces." The critic of the *Patria* (Prato) also admits the failure of human speech, but boldly attempts the impossible:—

"...Here we are before one of those phenomenus, for which nothing is sufficient enough to say. A delicate boy of fourteen who owns already the secret to take away with the touch of his little hand, from a very difficult instrument the solemn and mysterious word of Art... who is the master of his instrument and impose on it with simplity as a child, but with sovereign's surety his own will, and be subject it to his soul..."

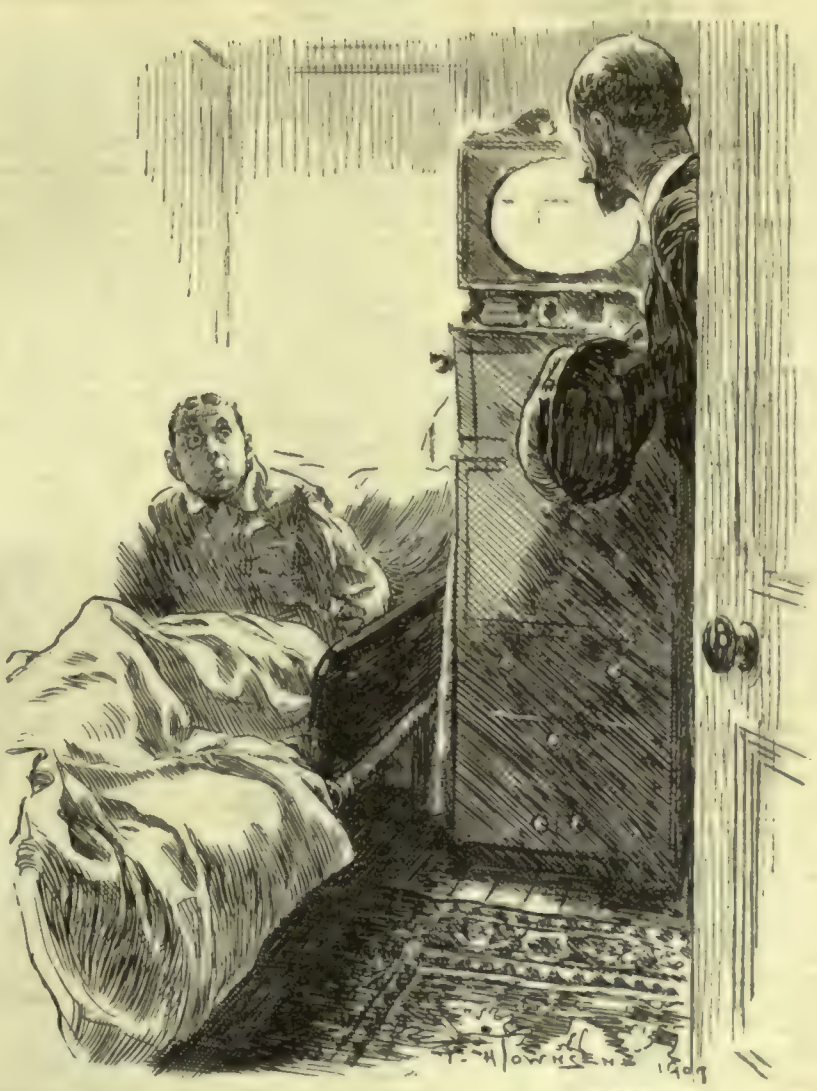
Parma was perhaps less unbridled in its enthusiasm than Rome, but its tribute is not without its orthographical significance:—

"...Mario Lorenzi very young indeed, displayed his very difficult Programme by serious artist, very old in art. The tecnyc he possess exact as correct he is in the style which he translates. The touch he has, is full of expression without abandoning studied manners. He surmount with cleverness the oclaves so difficult, the tremulous and trills with handsome execution of light and shand.

"At last the absolute mastery command that he shows to posses of the instrument make positively to forget that we find before us to a person phisically so small. He is an artist who speaks and moves our heart, and de ight our spirit..."

"Navy perambulator, nearly new."
North Wilts Herald.

The very thing for Reggie!



Attendant. "THE SECOND BREAKFAST IS BEING SERVED NOW, SIR."
Cabin Passenger. "GOOD GRACIOUS! WHY, I HAVEN'T HAD MY FIRST YET!"

"The other day at the meeting of the Presbytery of Hamilton, attention was called to the fact that a 'church member and communicant' had desecrated the sabbath by motoring several miles to church, although he had places of worship close at hand .... Twenty years ago such an irregularity would have been severely censured."—*Truth.*

It would certainly have been a matter for comment—twenty years ago, before the motor deluge.

London has recently been honoured by a visit from the distinguished composer WIDOR. We gather, however, from the notices of his concert that he is a serious musician and not a Merry Widor.

"UNIONISTS SEARCH FOR A CANDIDATE
A GENTLEMAN IN VIEW."
Exeter Express.

This is good hearing, but probably the strain of calling the other man a liar and a traitor will tell in the end.

IN CHAMBERS.

An Action for Libel.

Libel is the opinion you express of someone else when, driven at last by righteous indignation to abandon conventional falsehood, you speak out your mind with fearless honesty. Libel is also the opinion someone else expresses of you when, maddened by wicked jealousy of your glaring merits, he abandons all sense of truth, decency and honour, and gives full play to the vile range of his distorted imagination.

Your dearest friend brings the ghastly production to your notice, and blind with fury you hurry off to your Solicitor. The Solicitor, in a state of unimpassioned but well-feigned disgust at the vileness of humanity, hurries off with you to Counsel's chambers. Counsel, secretly inclined to agree and sympathise with the other side, makes a note of all the circumstances, informs you that he has no doubt that he will see you properly avenged, and wonders whether we ever are going to have fine weather again. Being too much upset to address yourself properly to this subject, you take your leave, and thereupon a Young Man emerges from the background and sets about drawing your Statement of Claim.

A Statement of Claim is a brief but accurate narration of the facts (be the law what it may) by the Plaintiff. The Statement of Defence is a brief but accurate narration of the facts (be the law what it may) by the Defendant. The odd thing about these two documents is that they never agree upon any point, except that the Plaintiff *is* a grocer, and that the Defendant *does* carry on business at No. 9,999, Strand.

In order to get damages for a libellous attack, it is not unimportant to show that it is libellous. As it generally is not, it is the business of the Young Man to make it so, and his explanation of what the double-faced brute meant by his apparently innocent statement is called the Innuendo. Jones and Smith, for instance, are trade competitors, and, as Smith's custom is getting better than Jones's, Jones is determined to have the law of Smith for libel. Wondering what sort of a fellow Smith really is, the Young Man starts in on the Statement of Claim, gets the prefatory facts stated as soon as possible, writes down the words that were actually used, and then sets about the pleasant task of innuendoing. The material paragraph will run as follows:—

"The said Smith falsely and maliciously, wantonly and cruelly, and at the instigation of the devil, wrote of the said Jones:—

'Smith's Butter is the Best Butter,'

meaning thereby" (and now for it!) "that Jones's butter is not so good as Smith's butter; that Jones's butter is no butter but margarine, and the worst known kind of margarine at that. That the butter of the said Jones is not good enough even to be margarine. That the said butter is made from the scrapings of the gutter and by means of sweated labour. That the butter of the said Jones is vile, poisonous and execrable. That the said Jones knows that his said butter is vile, poisonous and execrable, and revels in the thought. That the said Jones has on divers occasions endeavoured to make his butter worse, but has found the same impossible. That the said Jones, by selling the said butter, is cheating the poor, robbing the widow and orphan, and wilfully exterminating the human race. That the said Jones is a blackguard, a liar, and an abominable cad. That the said Jones has been twice divorced and has served a term of penal servitude for forging his father's signature. That the said Jones has obtained the vast inheritance which he now squanders in profligate living by the poisoning of his elder brother, whom he did by guile induce to consume a portion of the said abominable, filthy, and loathsome (alleged) butter."

You would have thought that Smith's Counsel would have been reduced to silence by that, but not a bit of it. If he has a Young Man on the premises, the Young Man does it, but if not the other Counsel himself, reading Jones's Counsel's Young Man's Innuendo unmoved, jots a Statement of Defence down on the back of an envelope. The Statement of Defence, which means nothing in itself, but may be said to mean anything convenient at the trial, runs thus:—

"1. The said Smith does not admit that he is the said Smith.

2. The said Smith does not sell butter.

3. The said Smith does not advertise the butter which the said Smith does not sell.

4. The advertisement, whereby the said Smith does not advertise the butter which the said Smith does not sell, does not bear the alleged defamatory or any meaning.

5. The said Smith's butter *is* the best butter."

After that, of course, there is nothing more to be said, so the pleadings are closed and the case eventually comes on for trial. Eminent Silk for the Plaintiff Jones leaves no doubt in the mind of the lay audience of the sweetness and purity of Jones's character and butter, and of the indescribable filth of Smith's nature and margarine. Eminent Silk for the Defendant Smith convinces them that Jones is an unprincipled villain (not only in the matter of butter-selling) who deserved and would have got the harshest treatment at the hands of Smith, had not Smith been one of those perhaps too charitable persons who will do no man an injury, however richly he may merit it. The Judge, who seems to have heard all that before, suggests to the Jury that Jones and Smith are both very decent fellows, a little carried away by their feelings. The Jury, who are by this time sick to death of Jones and Smith, think privately that they are both fools, and return a verdict that disappoints the one and is far from satisfying the other.

That evening the papers issue posters:—

"Amazing Libel Suit."

Not enough of these are sold to please the publishers, who are consequently very cross with the public. That portion of the public which does buy feels itself grossly duped, and is very cross with the publishers. Everyone is, in fact, very cross with everyone else, and does not hesitate to say so. Everyone else is not going to stand such abandoned libel as ensues, and hurries off to his Solicitor, blind with fury. The Solicitor, in a state of unimpassioned but well-feigned disgust at the vileness of humanity, hurries off to Counsel's chambers. Counsel . . . . [Thank you.—Ed.



TAKING A SPECIALIST'S OPINION.

Enquirer. "I say, Mate, 'oo is this 'ere 'Olbine?"

A SERVANT OF THE PUBLIC.

FOR years and years it has been a mystery to me, and I have no doubt to others, where the Post Office get their pencils—those pencils which are of such value that they are chained to the telegraph counter like the nail brushes at a political club not a hundred miles from Northumberland Avenue.

From what mines can such plumbago be excavated—plumbago warranted to make no mark save by intense pressure, and when intensely pressed to break? I have bought pencils at every price in retail shops, but never have I found anything like these. They are, as the dealer said, a unique.

But now I know, for I have met a public official who gave away the secret.

"Yes," he said, "I am a specialist in the impracticable, and as such am adviser to government departments and railway companies. You have heard, of course, of the "Corridor Soap" used on certain lines, the great merit of which is that it "won't wash hands"? Well, I discovered that soap. It took me a long time, but I found it at last. I was paid a handsome commission by several leading companies for putting them up to that secret."

"Indeed," said I.

"Yes," he continued, "and it was I who brought to perfection the post-office pencil. The post-office nib is mine, too, made to my pattern by a well-known firm. Have you noticed the post-office blotting-paper?"

"I have," I said, with a groan.

"Ah!" he resumed, his eye gleaming, "that was a great find. That comes from France."

"From France?"

"Yes, from France. They understand bad blotting-paper there. And the post-office ink," he continued—"you might think that became thick in course of time; but it doesn't. Let me tell you a secret"—and he whispered in my ear. "It begins like that! It 's a kind of stirabout from the word Go!"

"No!" I cried.

"I swear it," he said.



She. "HADN'T WE BETTER DO THE WATER-COLOUR ROOM?"
He. "THAT'S THE WAY TO THE TEA-PLACE, AIN'T IT? WELL, I DON'T FEEL LIKE IT JUST YET."

FEATS OF FORGETFULNESS.

"CLAUDIUS CLEAR," in the last of his bewitching *causeries* in *The British Weekly*, records a number of feats of memory performed for the most part by defunct worthies. It is some consolation to think that many living luminaries are capable of feats of obliviousness quite equal to, if not surpassing, the exploits so carefully chronicled by the vivacious Claudius.

Thus we have it on the best authority that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL is totally unable to recall the opinions which he expressed with the utmost conviction, and even passion, little more than three years ago.

Lord ROSEBERY, again, in spite of his notorious sympathy with the afflicted cabmen of London, has pathetically confessed that he never succeeded in memorising the number of a hansom.

Captain Rasher, R.N., although possessed of remarkable literary gifts, is seldom able to recollect what he has committed to paper unless at least twenty fair copies are printed for the use of the First Sea Lord.

The Marquis TOWNSHEND, though carefully instructed in the Greek tongue when a boy, is no longer able to repeat even a single page of LIDDELL and SCOTT'S *Dictionary* by heart.

Mr. SIDNEY LEE, on one occasion while crossing the Channel in a fog, tried to while away the hours by repeating the whole of SHAKSPEARE'S plays by heart, but broke down in the middle of the Third Act of *Titus Andronicus*.

Lord COURTNEY, at a recent meeting of the Statistical Society, owned with deep contrition that he could no longer repeat the list of Derby winners since the year 1780, in which that classic race was first run.



ARMY NOMENCLATURE.

Instructor. "NOW THEN, NUMBER THREE, WHAT'S A FILE?

Recruit (after deep thought). "ANY NUMBER OF MEN LESS THAN ONE."

Instructor. "LOOK 'ERE! 'OW MANY MORE TIMES DO YOU WANT TO BE TOLD AS A FILE IS *TWO* MEN? NOW WHAT'S A DEFILE?"

Recruit (brightening up). "TWO MEN OF D COMPANY!"

ANECDOTE FOR FATHERS.

[Showing how the practice of flying (in others) may unsettle a boy's mind.]

(*With apologies to Wordsworth.*)

I HAVE a boy of three years old;
His face is plain as it can be;
His nose is of the Roman mould,
But—he belongs to me.

One morn we walked in Sheppey's Isle,
For there was nothing else to do,
And prattled in the WORDSWORTH style
Of things both old and new.

My thoughts were in another place:
I thought of Brook Green's pleasant flats,
Our dear old dog, the porter's face,
The "*Salve*" on the mats.

It was the sort of day when one
Could think and think and think and think;
The heat was trying, and the sun
Seemed to suggest a drink.

My boy was walking on my right;
The name I call him by is Jim;
As there was no one else in sight
I had to talk to him.

The lambs were getting on my mind;
The heat by now was simply vile;
"Brook Green," said I, "we've left behind,
And this is Sheppey's Isle.

"My little lad, which like you best?"
Said I and shook him for a while,
"Our little flat in London (West)
Or this here Sheppey's Isle?

"And tell me, would you rather be,
My precious little juvenile,
In Brook Green Mansions (No 3)
Or here in Sheppey's Isle?"

He, hesitating, looked at me,
Then answered with a happy smile:
"Brook Green's played out; I'd rather be
Down here in Sheppey's Isle."

"Look here now, James, is this the truth?
My little Jimmy, tell me why."
"I do not know," replied the youth.
"Why, bless my soul!" said I,

"Brook Green is handy and all that,
And suits *me* almost to a T.;
Why would you change the little flat
For Sheppey by the sea?"

At this my poor boy dropped a tear
And made no audible reply;
Ten times I shouted in his ear,
"Why, Jimmy? tell me why."

At last he found his tongue again
And thus to me he made reply,
"Cos here I've seen a naryplane,
And *that's* the reason why."

"When a sheep is seriously cut or otherwise injured the sheep shall immediately report the fact to the person in charge of the shed."—*Otago Daily Times.*

A very smart lot these New Zealand muttons, and we wish very much that this class of reporter might have been included in the invitations to the Imperial Press Conference.

Owing to the arrival of CARKEEK in England and the unexpected appearance of NORNABLE for Derbyshire, a certain Worcestershire wicket-keeper who is justly proud of his name has gone green with envy.

Great Men's Mascots.—I.

"The bearded pard of Master Francis Drake."—*Bideford Gazette.*



THE TIDE THAT WON'T WAIT.

Chorus of Flatterers. "SPEAK THE WORD, YOUR MAJESTY, AND THE OCEAN WILL CEASE TO MENACE YOU."

King Canute (Mr. Lloyd-George). "ON THE CONTRARY, WE WILL NOW WITHDRAW; FOR MEANWHILE OUR ROYAL FEET ARE GETTING PARLOUS DAMP."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 10. — For some vivid moments there seemed prospect of interruption of debate on Budget Resolutions consequent on Chancellor of Exchequer being haled to Clock Tower, placed on bread and water diet, and permitted to wear Mr. Chaplin's clothes only on Sundays. It was Captain Craig who created the scare. Ever on alert, he had observed report of interview conceded by Chancellor of Exchequer to a morning newspaper. In its course Chancellor reported to have said, "Traders who think they are unfairly treated may take one of two courses. They may behave as business men and come to me, or they may behave as politicians and go to Mr. Austen Chamberlain."

In this, which he described as "an attempt to intimidate traders sitting on Unionist benches into crawling on their knees to the right hon. gentleman," the gallant Captain perceived a breach of privilege. Fortunately for Lloyd-George, Speaker did not view incident in that serious light. But it serves to show how in the midst of life we run dire risk of being immured in the foulest dungeon of the Castle keep.

Not the only disturbing element in the quiet evening Lloyd-George promised himself. About half-past eight discovery was made that his place on Treasury Bench was empty. As matter of fact, sole occupant at this moment was the Infant Samuel, "and," as Joynson-Hicks remarked with motherly solicitude, "no one to look after it." Kimber on his legs talking at large on the iniquity of high licences. Not disposed to waste his eloquence and argument on empty Treasury Bench.

"Where is the Chancellor of the Exchequer?" he inquired, his roving eye engaged for a moment in attempt to glance under the Table. Evidently



An English Bull.

"I will anticipate a murmur which was raised just now."
(Mr. Sherwell.)

Lloyd-George wasn't there. In order that search-parties might go forth, Kimber moved to report progress. Banbury seconded motion, drawing vivid picture of the Chancellor lounging in his private room, either receiving deputations or enjoying another interview, whilst "my hon. friend" (Kimber) was willing and ready to impart the true principles upon which a Budget should be founded. As Banbury spoke Chancellor of the Exchequer entered, with weak attempt at a smile. Gentlemen opposite not to be trifled with. Explanations and apologies proved unavailing. Division on motion to report progress would occupy a quarter of an hour, would serve to stretch the legs of those who had remained in attendance, and would bring in Members who were selfishly dining. Taken accordingly, and a good half-hour wasted. Then Kimber resumed his speech where he had left off.

All might have been avoided had Members concerned adopted Sherwell's procedure, described in phrase that hugely delighted bored House. Coming to particular turn in prodigiously long speech, he complacently remarked: "Now, Sir, I will anticipate a murmur which was raised just now." Lloyd-George's prophetic soul was not equal to the more difficult task of anticipating Kimber's murmur before it hurtled through the House.

Business done.—Committee sat up late with Budget Resolutions.

House of Lords, Tuesday. — If the political vulgarians who go about the country shouting "Down with the House of Lords!" were occasionally to look in upon that assembly engaged (without fee) upon the nation's work, they might be disposed to take a juster view of the situation. Day after day noble lords, with exemplary punctuality, meet at a quarter past four. In stately procession, led by Black Rod, followed by the Purse-Bearer, the Lord Chancellor approaches the Woolsack and straightway begins that disputation with his full-bottomed wig, which at the present epoch is, if not the most important, certainly the most persistent



"Making up for lost time in conflict with his wig."
(The Lord Chancellor.)

procedure during a sitting of the House of Lords. On sultry days in early stages of incumbency of office the original Radical "Bob" Reid used to assert himself in the stately person of the Lord Chancellor by casting aside the skirt of his gown and displaying a pair of terrestrial legs.

"And before the Bishops too!" said Mr. J. G. Talbot with pained voice, regarding the incident from the niggardly pen allotted to Commoners.

Never before in its long history had similar scandal been connected with the Woolsack. Happily it is a thing of the past. Whether a little bird whispered in the Lord Chancellor's ear J. G. Talbot's remark, or whencesoever hint came, it proved effective. Even through the summer solstice the Lord Chancellor's knees are decently draped; but the wig still nightly suffers.

The Lord Chancellor installed, there follows an interval of a quarter of an hour for private business. This customarily takes the form of whispered conversation among the half-dozen Peers who compose the House. (It is, by the way, a nice and significant calculation that, whereas a quorum in the Commons requires the presence of forty Members, in the Lords three Peers suffice to make a House.) On the stroke of half-past four public business is called on. On an average of two nights a week it is in a state analogous to that of snakes in Iceland. There is none. Whereupon, with extreme gravity, the House adjourns. Black Rod and Purse-Bearer re-appear. The procession from the Woolsack is re-formed, and the Lord Chancellor strides forth, as he goes scattering largesse from an empty Purse.

To-night a prolonged and laborious sitting. No fewer than four Bills dealt with. Brassey introduced one providing for registration of firms and persons carrying on business under trade names. Read a first time. Then the Lord Chancellor, rising, withdrew a pace aside from the Woolsack. Onslow, Lord Chairman of Committees, popped into the Chair at the Table, and before you knew where you were the Municipal Corporations (Qualification of Clergymen) Bill passed through Committee. Lord Chancellor returned to Woolsack and made up for lost time in conflict with his wig. Onslow popped out of the Chair; observing this, Pentland, with pretty wit, introduced a Bill prohibiting use of hop substitutes in brewing. Done with you.

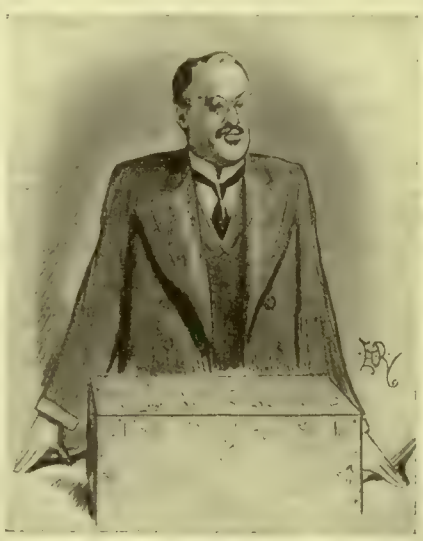
Next came Hamilton of Dalziel, holding the Electric Lighting Act Amendments Bill in his hand as if it were a torch. Third reading agreed to.

Then, real business of the long sitting grappled with. Cawdor, dramatically assuming air of extreme exhaustion, asked how long the Whitsun holidays would last. Crewe, leaning wearily on the Table as if collapse were imminent, replied in hoarse tones that as there was prospect of sitting later than usual in August perhaps they had better take an exceptionally long holiday at Whitsuntide. So he made it a month, less four days.

With gasp of relief the wearied Titan of the Legislature forthwith adjourned at twenty minutes to five, the sitting having lasted ten minutes.

Business done.—Commons sitting till a quarter past two this morning, again pegging away at the Budget.

Thursday.—Budgets, like other curses, sometimes come home to roost. House just now rent by rumour that from Monday next the price of "nips" is to be put up at the various bars. All very



Extreme Exhaustion in the Lords.

"Please, Sir, how long holidays shall we have, Sir?"

(Earl Cawdor.)

well in capacity of legislator to discuss analogous operation of Budget in town and country. But when it comes to a rise of a halfpenny a glass on your own refreshment, it is, as the French say, another pair of sleeves.

Understood that the bar-tenders are expected to extract twenty "nips" from each bottle of spirits retailed. James O'Connor, painfully working the sum out, arrives at conclusion that this means an additional charge of tenpence a bottle. This obviously out of proportion to increased Budget tax. Instead of being losers under new order of things, a pampered Kitchen Committee will add to their ill-gotten gains.

This shall not be if James O'Connor can help it. Has tabled notice of intention to raise question at earliest opportunity. First impulse was to submit it as one of urgent public importance and claim to debate it on motion for adjournment. But the Speaker habitually discountenances that form of procedure. Will therefore put question to Chairman of Kitchen Committee.

Business done.—Irish Votes in Committee of Supply.

THE SECRET OUT.

["It has become known that Herr Richard Strauss is engaged on the composition of a light opera to be called *Sylvia und der Stern* (Sylvia and the Star), the libretto of which is written by Herr Hugo von Hofmannsthal. Although the plot is kept secret, it has transpired that the scene is laid at the end of the 18th century, a period which, it is believed, should lend itself well to light, melodious music and handsome costumes."—*The Times.*]

Here, at last, perhaps, is the new idea for which Mr. George Edwardes is always seeking. How to vary the monotony of the ordinary musical-comedy plot?—that is his problem. He tried foreign backgrounds, he tried stage backgrounds, he now tries shop backgrounds. But here is something far more actual—newspaper and political backgrounds. It is all the fashion now, too. *Sylvia and The Star* is only a beginning, but think how amusing it might be, and how illuminating!

Although the plot is secret (that stuff about the eighteenth century is obviously to put you off the scent) we can tell a little of it. *Sylvia* (Miss Gertie Millar) is the *fiancée* of a young and rising Conservative (Mr. George Grossmith, jun.), who, when the curtain rises, is visiting at *Sylvia's* home, where May Day is being kept in the old-fashioned way, with certain new devices introduced by the Smart Set. Among the guests is the editor of *The Star* (Mr. Nainby) and the chief literary critic of the same paper (Mr. Edmund Payne). *Sylvia's* mother, the *Countess of Gloot* (Miss Connie Ediss), has, it seems, literary aspirations, and she has written a novel which was highly praised in *The Star* under the title *The Renascence of Nous.* Hence the presence of Mr. Edmund Payne.

What with song, dance and quip, the First Act goes merrily on, ending uproariously in a game of forfeits, the penalty which falls to *Sylvia's* lot being the task of editing *The Star* for a week. Curtain.

In Act II. we find ourselves in *The Star* office, where the fun is fast and furious. *Sylvia*, being all for her husband, and assisted by him, writes astonishing leaders against the Liberals, and receives astonishing visits from, among others, the *Prime Minister* (Mr. O. B. Clarence) and the *Chief Liberal Whip* (Mr. Walter Passmore). Needless to say all comes right in the end.

So much for the plot. As to the



Jack. "'ERE, STEADY ON! THE BLOOMIN' SADDLE'S GONE ASTARN!"

music, we can of course say nothing, but it is significant that an Italian composer only a year or so ago wrote the score of an opera which he called *Martha and the Moon*. *Verb. sap.*

Sylvia and the Star is doubtless destined to have successors, and indeed we have already heard of librettists getting hard at work on *Gertrude and The Globe*, *Evelyn and The Evening News*, *Polly and The Pall Mall*, and *Winnie and The Westminster*. It is an imitative age.

KINDNESS AND DUMB ANIMALS.

"I'LL tell you a story," began Ponker.

"One evening, a certain Mr. Geo. Hartley Bentworth of Cutter Street was going home on the top of a Walham Green 'bus when it got into a block in the Strand. Presently he looked up from his paper and noticed that people all about him were craning their necks to see what was going on further down the street, while an unreasoning panic seemed to have seized all the horses. Evidently something unusual was taking place—— But what are you doing?" For Ponker's patient listener was stealing to the door with his tobacco jar, his hair-pin (or smoker's best friend), and the evening paper.

"It 's another Invasion story," he said coldly.

"Wrong," retorted Ponker. "But you are right in supposing that I am telling you a story with a purpose. Sit down and be quiet.

"'What is the matter?' asked Mr. Bentworth of the driver.

"'There 's an elephant asleep in the middle of the road,' said the man, 'so we shall have to go round by the Embankment.'"

(Rather a mild-spoken driver, thought the audience.)

"In consequence of this delay Mr. Bentworth arrived home ten minutes late. In the front garden he came upon the gardener, who was talking to the postman. Both had pale faces, and seemed frightened.

"'Anything wrong, William?' asked Mr. Bentworth.

"'There 's a strange beast in the garden eating the sweet peas,' replied William. 'Like this;' and he inflated his cheeks and regarded his master with a vicious leer.

"'An unprincipled looking monster,' thought Mr. Bentworth; 'I should not like to meet him without a gun.' Then it occurred to him that William was trying to look like a hippopotamus, and was succeeding, upon the whole, pretty well.

"So he advised the gardener to buy a penny bun, and lure the animal out by the tradesmen's entrance. Then he went indoors.

"'My dear,' he told his wife, 'I am hot and flurried, so I shall have a bath before dinner.'

"'Oh! don't,' said Mrs. Bentworth, looking up from her drawn-thread work. 'There 's a crocodile in the bath, and he made such a funny noise when I disturbed him. I don't think he is quite so good-tempered as the last one we had staying with us,—the one that bit the milkman's leg, I mean.'

"Mr. Bentworth sighed, and asked what there was for dinner. As if in answer to his question the cook burst into the room, and said:

"'Please 'm, I 'm sorry, but shall I send out for some cutlets? A catamount has taken the leg of mutton and is worrying it under the dresser. And nurse says has anyone seen Master Freddy?'

"No one had seen Master Freddy. No one ever did see him again."

"Yes?" said a tired voice presently.

"Oh! that 's all."

Ponker's listener rose and felt his

pulse. It seemed normal. "You said it was a story with a purpose," he complained.

"It is," said Ponker.

"Well, what have you told it me for?"

"My good fellow," explained Ponker, "there are a lot of well-fed people, paying the tax on unearned incomes and wearing hygienic wool, who, because they have nothing to worry about, worry about everything. They have been writing to the papers again to say, 'Sir, surely in this enlightened age the public conscience should revolt against the keeping of wild animals in captivity at the Zoo.'"

"But you know very well they don't mean that the animals should be let loose upon London," expostulated Ponker's kindliest critic.

"Then kindly tell me precisely what they do mean."

"Oh! that they should be repatriated, perhaps."

"But many of them are Zoo-born, and as to the others isn't it kinder to feed a rhinoceros with buns than to send it to meet ROOSEVELT in Africa?"

"Well, perhaps the lethal chamber — —"

"But that means wanton slaughter, and these people are humanitarians."

"At all events they are quite harmless cranks," said Ponker's listener with an air of finality.

"No cranks are harmless," exclaimed Ponker sternly; "cranks are the bacilli of national degeneracy, and some day, when it is too late, England will wake to the fact, and——"

But Ponker's hitherto patient listener was stealing softly from the room with his tobacco-jar, his hair-pin (or smoker's best friend), and the evening paper.

MY PARTNER.

HE missed the put: he missed it clean:
He missed it on the eighteenth green!
When all the fate of all the game
Depended on his careful aim.
The grass, though just a trifle keen,
Was smooth and soft as velveteen;
Six inches only lay between
The hole and him, but all the same
He missed the put.

And now when I recall the scene,
And think how mad I must have been,
I marvel that I overcame
The sudden impulse to exclaim:
"Confound the Venerable Dean,
He missed the put!"

"About 300 spectators attended the Barnsley Queen's Grounds on Saturday on the occasion of a long knock piggy match for £50."—*Westminster Gazette.*

If any of them have seen *An Englishman's Home* how they must despise the waster who spends his afternoon looking on at a football match.

AT THE PLAY.

"LOVE WATCHES."

"FREDERICK HARRISON and CHARLES FROHMAN present Miss BILLIE BURKE in *Love Watches.*" So ran the announcement, suggesting at the start that, in the opinion of these gentlemen, Miss BILLIE BURKE and not the play was "the thing." And, indeed, as far as the play was concerned—a trite farce, described as a comedy, on the hallowed lines of one of the old love-and-jealousy schemes, and adapted from the French into the American — they were well justified. Whether they were equally justified in the matter of Miss WILLIAM BURKE must remain a question of taste, notwithstanding the repeated assurances, on the authority of the book, that *Jacqueline* (the character she played) was "adorable." Miss BURKE has a certain prettiness and piquancy (or what passes for piquancy in America), and she was extraordinarily vivacious; but her *gaminerie* were rather ungainly, and for much of the time she had the air of a *poupée* with springs wound up almost to the snapping point. She was there, of course, to make things hum, but her restless mobility never allowed me to recover from the mental strain which I suffered in trying to make out who was who all through a First Act that seethed with obscure French names, though it had little else of French in it.



LA DONNA È MOBILLIE BURKE.

Subsequent Acts were relieved by the quiet humour of Mr. ERNEST LAWFORD in the part of another *Ernest*, a lack-love pedant; but the value of the things which were said both by him and about him depended often upon their suggestion of the improprieties which were left unsaid when the original was bowdlerised.

The entrance, early in the play, of that intelligent actress, Miss HENRIETTA WATSON, inspired hopes of something good and in the English language; but she disappeared after a few seconds, and never recurred. Even so, we saw more of her than of a certain other character described as a dancer and even a "living picture." This lady, a creature of rare promise, whose mere mention suggested the most intriguing possibilities, *never appeared at all.*

As for the merry widow, *Lucie de Morfontaine*, as played by Miss MAUDE ODELL, I must confess that her fascinations appeared to me to afford an inadequate ground for jealousy on the part of any young wife.

I am assured that Miss GLADYS UNGER'S adaptation has had an encouraging success in the U.S.A. If it has, then it only confirms me in the comfortable conviction that the ideals of American humour are not the same as ours.

O. S.

"LIGHT O' LOVE."

Apparently the Actor-Manager system flourishes in Vienna also. *Liebelei* (of which a translation was produced at the Afternoon Theatre last Friday) was, I am almost sure, written to the order of an Austrian Manager, that his wife might have an opportunity to show her genius. Possibly the Manager himself took the part of *Fritz*; improbably, however, as *Fritz* was dead in the Third Act. But in any case it was on *Christine* that all eyes throughout the play were riveted.

Christine, the daughter of a poor musician, was desperately in love with *Fritz*, a gentleman of leisure. Of *Fritz's* feelings for her I cannot speak for certain (that is the weakest point of the play as it was acted), but off the stage he had been pursuing an intrigue with an invisible lady in black velvet. The lady's husband discovered "the letters"; and the inevitable duel was arranged (off the stage). This took place a day or two later (off the stage), and *Fritz* was killed. Meanwhile we had been watching *Christine.*

The First Act, showing a supper party in *Fritz's* rooms, should have been delightful, for besides *Fritz* and *Christine* there were present *Theodor* and *Mizi*, two jolly young people gaily played by Mr. CHARLES MAUDE and Miss MARGARET BUSSÉ. But the tragic demeanour of Mr. HENRY AINLEY overawed us, and we were afraid to laugh.

The Second and Third Acts took place in *Christine's* rooms. Nothing happened, and we saw little of *Fritz*; but various people came on and talked to *Christine* about him—telling her that all men were like that, and that *she* would soon get over it, and that he would come back to her, and that he had been killed, and that he really did love her, and was buried yesterday, and so forth.

And for two Acts we watch her to see how she likes it.

Though much in each Act is excellent, the play is badly balanced as a whole. After the First Act interest dies out in the story, and centres instead on the actress.

It was something of an ordeal for Miss MARGARET HALSTAN, and she came out of it well. In real life I have never seen a woman in agony, so that I cannot say that her performance was unnatural. It was artificial certainly, but under the stress of great emotion people do become artificial. Anyhow, her conception of the part was the correct one. Mr. AINLEY'S, I thought, was not. The whole point of the play must have been that *Fritz* was a careless fellow, who had only been amusing himself with *Christine*. "He spoke of you too," says *Theodor*, in describing the last scenes, and *Christine* seizes hysterically upon the "too." Mr. AINLEY, to judge by the way he went on in the Second Act, would have talked of her exclusively. Upon my word, I thought he really loved her. M.

RUS IN URBE.

["Mr. Joseph Fels, the energetic founder of the Vacant Land Cultivation Society, is trying to induce the London County Council to grant the use of vacant land in Aldwych and Kingsway, for conversion into small holdings."—*Daily Express.*]

I'VE found a spot
Where Cupid might
Have built a cot
For Psyche;
There runs about
The sacred site
A paling stout
And spikey.
Here perfect peace
And quiet reign,
Here mortals cease
From weeping,
Here sorrows flee
And here I fain
Would start with thee
Housekeeping.

Here, nothing loth,
Through life we'd go,
Arcadians both
Together;
You'd cook and dust
And wash and sew
Whilst I discussed
The weather.
You'd milk the cow
With skilful hand,
And see the sow
Had plenty,
While my cigar
Would fill the Strand
With dreams of *far*
Niente.

If joys so fair
Should lose their zest,
As folk declare
They will do,
If we grew cross
And felt depressed
And grown with moss
And mildew,
Why, there's the play!
Should Nature pall
We'd leave our gay
Rose-bowers,
The cow we'd tie
Within her stall
And off we'd fly
To ours.

And if there came
Some hap, sweetheart,
Our burning flame
To smother,
If cruel fate
Drove us apart
And made us hate
Each other;
If this should be
(As may it not!)
Just think how we
Should score, love!
Before our eyes
The cure we've got—
The Law Courts rise
Next door, love.



Harold (after prolonged inspection). "HE ISN'T VEWY INTEWESTIN', IS HE, MABS?"

"Alan Marshal's younger brother is nearly as tall as himself." *The Sportsman.*

We see nothing much in a man's being nearly as tall as himself, but we know at least one cricketer who is a bit above himself.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Doubtless you have in your time said some harsh things about solicitors, but you cannot imagine what nasty remarks other people have made until you read *Leaves of the Lower Branch* (Smith, Elder). Mr. Christian, a Bachelor of Laws, intent on learning the worst, has read and noted every book in which the word "attorney" occurs. He has unearthed all the unprofessional writings of the Profession, and not a solicitor, whose pen has ever run away from his precedents, has escaped his notice. If at times the humour of the author and his solicitor friends inclines to rotundity (like the humour of all good men of the Law) the reader learns much that he should, but does not, know about a host of writers whose names have been on the Rolls. Indeed, nearly all deceased men of literary note (including an editor of *Punch*) seem at one time or another to have sat upon an office stool and written, "This *is* the last will and testament of, etc." The book deals thoroughly but pleasantly with the attorney in every trying circumstance—as an author, as a man of importance, as a theme of poetry, and even as an attorney. In it appear Messrs. *Dodson* and *Fogg* side by side with Theobald (attorney and literary critic), *Mr. Baines Carew* with Charles Jeremiah Wells (attorney and poet); but quite the most delightful of all is the candid Egyptian who practised early in the B.C.'s and described one of the parties to an agreement as "Mr. Blank of Blank, *middle height with a poor beard.*" Every solicitor must, every barrister should, and I hope most laymen will, read the book, if only to learn that the real complaint against solicitors is that, by the misfortune of birth, they are not angels, but mere men.



THE SPREAD OF POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE.

First Preparatory Schoolboy (to second ditto). "Isn't the Budget scandalous!"

If it had occurred to the author of *An Incompleat Etonian* (Heinemann) to call her new book after herself, instead of after her hero, a good name for it would have been *An Incompleat Grammarian.* Here are samples of her slip-shod style: "Everywhere his feet had trodden was the better for his passing;" "she was everything of which Vanessa had no experience and was unable to place;" "he had been too long used to play the cuckoo for him to lightly contemplate building a nest." She shows a marked singularity in her treatment of plurals in *-a*: she speaks of "this phenomena," and "a different strata;" she says that "the effluvia of dead and rotting things was in his nostrils." Here and there she uses a word in a sense peculiar to herself: confuses *agley* with *agog* ("he found the trade all agley with a new discovery"); and talks of "those high fallacious hopes integral to his youth." Finally, her punctuation is that of a child who doesn't know the difference between a comma and a semicolon. This illiteracy of manner, almost unbelievable in a writer of "Frank Danby's" experience, sets one against the matter of her book. But anyhow it is not a great performance. She wastes her cleverness (for there are ideas in the book) over a lot of unattractive people, not easy to realise, and not always worth realising. Two characters, *David* and *Bice*, might have redeemed it, but one dies early and the other remains a mere suggestion.

I don't know whether the book contains portraits of Mrs. Frankau's private friends or enemies under assumed names. There is one apparent reference, of a disagreeable kind, to a certain marriage that has made matter for social gossip; and it may well be that some of the superfluous minor characters, of whom we learn particulars that appear to serve no very useful purpose, are drawn from the ranks of her acquaintances. If this be so, she will be wrong to reckon upon a very wide interest, on the part of the public, in personal references of which only a very limited number possesses, or is likely to worry about possessing, the key.

Nearly a quarter of a century ago, at the close of twenty years' management, Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft used the first opportunity of well-earned leisure to write an account of their career. The interest of the public was pleasantly testified by demand for several editions, a "run" in its way something akin to that of *Caste* and *School*. The book being out of print, to the joint authors came the happy thought of re-writing it, with addition of the mellower reflections of later years. As now presented, *The Bancrofts* (Murray) comprises a record of sixty years. To the charm of its personal qualities is added something in the way of a history of British drama in the latter part of the nineteenth century. The work naturally takes the form of a duologue. Sometimes the lady speaks, anon the gentleman, who, I regret to observe, though playing fair throughout, has the last word. That both stood in the first rank of their profession is a familiar fact. That both write well is proved again in the pages of this portly book. It presents a story, simply told, of a strenuous life crowned with rare measure of success. Whilst necessarily indicating the triumphs of its authors, a delicate reserve pervades the narrative, saving it from the deadly sin of self-glorification.

"Hertford is another boat that is making considerable improvement. Several of the crew rowed courses whilst others restricted themselves to a sharp bout from Iffley to the Red Post."—*Sunday Times.*

They mustn't forget to meet on the first day of the races.

"Once again Sir Charles Santley appeared to sing 'O ruddier than the Cherry.'"—*Musical News.*

What he actually sang, as distinct from what he appeared to sing, we cannot say. Possibly it was "O ruddier than the rhubarb."

"The picture shows the royal train leaving Dover. It was drawn by the engine which was on show last year at the White City."
Daily Mirror.

A creditable performance. For the moment we almost thought it was a photograph.

CHARIVARIA.

PRINCE HENRY OF REUSS, who has just passed his examination at the Commercial Academy at Cologne, intends to enter on a commercial career. It is only just to KING LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM to point out that there is no great novelty in this.

* * *

"I am not wedded to my scheme," said Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, in the course of the debate on the Budget. This confirms the opinion of many persons that it is the most unholy alliance ever entered into by a Chancellor of the Exchequer.

* * *

Mr. ASQUITH'S retort to the bankers' memorial against the Budget was that taxation was higher in Germany. Yes, but in Germany the tax-payer gets the *Dreadnoughts* that he asks for.

* * *

"More and more of us are discovering the charms of birdnesting as an adult pastime," says Mr. W. BEACH THOMAS in a natural history article in *The Daily Mail*. The only drawbacks, Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE informs us, are the nasty pecks you sometimes get from the birds you rob.

* * *

We understand that our new Army airship, which is shaped like a fish, is to be called "The Cod-y," as a compliment to the gentleman of that name who has done so much for military aeronautics.

* * *

Mr. W. A. BAIRD, of Lennoxlove, East Lothian, *The Express* informs us, has returned from a big game shoot in Africa with two fine live lions, which have been housed on his estate. It may not be generally known that a brace of young active lions is far more effective than the same number of house-dogs.

* * *

It is being asked in art circles whether the Chantrey Trustees intend to make any further purchase this year than that of Sir LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA'S picture, for which they gave £1,750. The answer is that they have reached the Limit.

* * *

The Devil has been withdrawn. This perhaps is just as well, for it has spoilt the reputation of at least one lady. "I went to *The Devil* last night and enjoyed it," was the phrase that ruined her.

* * *

It is rumoured that a certain dramatic author approached "The Follies" with the proposal that they should pot his play, and received the reply that they did not pot bad meat.

* * *

"Sweet Seventeen" writes to us about a very serious grievance, but once more we must say that we refuse to interfere in what, after all, is a purely domestic affair. "Sweet Seventeen" wrote a sex novel last year, and it has just been published anonymously. Her mother now refuses to allow her to read it on the ground that it is not fit for her.

* * *

The descriptive writer has been brightening up cricket again. This time it is the special reporter of *The Globe* who tells us how, in the exciting match at the Oval, HAYWARD gamely stood his ground "with wickets falling like chaff before the reaper." Your reaper needs a very tricky swerve to distinguish husks from grain.

* * *

Clothes would appear to be becoming an obsession with the wife of a certain distinguished Minister. She is now going to spend her Whitsun holiday at Old Clovelly.



The Batsman. "TELL 'ER WOT. YOU BE ENGLAND, AND I 'LL BE VICTOR TRUMPET!"

We venture to draw Mr. STEPHEN COLERIDGE'S attention to the following passage in a contemporary: "In accordance with ancient custom the hounds of the Coleman Street Ward of the City of London were beaten yesterday."

* * *

"Henry in Search of a Wife" is announced as the Title of a forthcoming novel by Mr. COURLANDER, and we are all eager to know whether it will prove to be an historical romance with HENRY VIII. as hero.

Describing the short hole on the new Moretown links, *Golfing* says:—

"The pin is distant from the tee about a hundred and forty yards or thereby, and is oval in shape, its length being nearly twice its breadth. One of the narrow ends faces the tee, and is on the level."

Good golfers, however, rarely pay much attention to the peculiarities of the pin.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

Park Lane.

Dearest Daphne,—Quite an amusing function—"Tea and Tailoring"—is to come off in a few days' time on the Terrace of what old-fashioned people call the House of Commons. It's a men's affair, *really*, but of course we shan't be shut out!

A certain Berlin *Schneider*, who claims to have revolutionised the tailor's art, is to give a show of his "creations" on a number of mannequins he's brought over. People are simply raving about his things, and calling them "extraordinarily ingenious," especially an evening coat which, by removing the tails, can be worn as a dinner-jacket, and a frock-coat that, turned inside out, becomes a dressing-gown! I hear that, when the show is over, the *Schneider*-in-chief is to make a little speech (after booking orders from a number of Free Trade Members), in which he will say that the Derrace of the House of Gommons is the finest show-room in the world, that he is very grateful for the use of it, and that, with all the generous help and encouragement he's had, he feels gonfident of being able to remove the *unjust* prestige so long attached to British tailoring! I disapprove of the whole thing; but *really*, you know, my dearest, in the present state of things it's counted simply *poisonous* form to stick up for your country and give a thought to its trade and things.

Norty's immensely disgusted with the matter. He says his only consolation is that the *Schneider* couldn't have a worse ad. for his "creations" than some Members of the Government will give him by wearing them! He means to ask a lot of questions and make a lot of speeches about it in the House, and give it 'em hot; as he says himself, "I'll give 'em the length of my tongue, if they'll give me the length of their ears!"

Everyone's giving dances just now; but I've knocked 'em once more with my party of a night or two ago. I sent out the ordinary cards, "Mrs. Multimill at Home," with "Dancing" in one corner of the card, but in the *other* corner was "Bare Feet." Wasn't it a dilly idea? It all went with a bang. Reporters were killing each other to get in and make pars. and take snapshots. I'm still roaring at the remembrance of how some of the people looked. How they could *dare* to come! Beryl Clarges refused owing to "another engagement." I *knew* she'd have that "other engagement." She wears fives, you know, and—— But I won't say any more; I'm *above* detracting from other women, I hope!

Lots of kind things were said of some feet that I won't particularise further; and Ray Rymington has made some verses to "My Ladye of the Shell-pink Feet," the opening line of which, "Pink shells, pink shells on the sea-shore," is dreadfully reminiscent, I'm afraid, of one of the panto. songs.

I've got a new Cause, my dear! Isn't that lovely? And you'd never, never, *never* guess what it is! The Planet Mars!! That dear, clever creature who's given up his whole life to Mars is over here just now, and is a great draw for dinner. He's got a most glorious plan, and I'm going to help him carry it out for all I'm worth, and make others help too. He's going to set up enormous megatelephones in all the English-speaking countries, and then, when Mars and the Earth are nearest to each other, we're all to shout together, "Are you there?" Isn't it a *screaming* idea? I can hardly wait till it's time to do it, I want to hear the answer so! Norty says that, even if they *are* there, it doesn't follow that they speak English; and how should we like to hear, in answer to our "Are you there?" "*Sorecht*," or "*Jawohl*"? He's a horribly aggravating boy.

That poor dear Oldpark is being led such a life by his Texan countess. She's always grubbing in the Muniment Chamber down at Oldpark and springing family privileges and traditions on her husband that are quite news to him. She's found out now that Charles the Second or Richard the Third, or one of the others who wanted money and borrowed from the Oldpark of those days, gave him in return the privilege of coming to Court "in full panoply, with blowing of trumpets and flying of flags." "What's a panoply, anyhow?" asked the Countess when she'd mastered it so far. "I'll order one right away; and we'll use all our privileges at the next Court, trumpets, flags, and all!" "Oh!" screamed poor Oldpark, "those rotten old privileges have been waived for centuries." "Ain't I saying so all the time?" she said; "and they'll be waved again, those flags will, before we're many weeks older. Some of my folks will be over by then, and I want the whole crowd to see Hypatia Oldpark go to Court with all her privileges, and the vurry best panoply that can be got for dollars!" She's unearthed some old suits of armour, too, and means to have a tournament down at their place, with lists and heralds and largesse and all that sort of thing, and a Queen of Love and Beauty—herself, of course! She wants to force that poor wretched Oldpark into a suit of armour and make him hold the lists against all comers. Bosh says the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Husbands ought to step in.

D'you know, my dear, what is the newest way out of any *particularly* bad hole you've got into? Lapse of memory! I see *Punch* has something this week about "Feats of Forgetfulness." It's been tried with immense success in several rather bad cases lately. Wee-Wee was telling me to-day she's a ghastly heap of bridge-debts on her shoulders and doesn't know how on earth she's going to pay them. She says the only way out of it that she can see is to have a lapse of memory, and forget who she is herself and who everyone else is.

Talking of lapses of memory reminds me that trance-performers are quite the rage just now, and I've discovered a wonderful pair of trance-performing sisters and brought them out at an afternoon party I gave last week. I'd a big crowd here, and I told them before the performance began—for, of course, it's the very essence of these trance-affairs to impress upon the audience that the people can't do it in a *normal* state—"Now this girl who's going to play can't really play a bit, and this girl who's going to dance doesn't know the *first* thing about dancing." And then they were hypnotised, and the girl who can't play played *à merveille*, and the girl who can't dance did an *extraordinary* dance, a mixture of the Salome and the Cachuca! Everyone was in fits, and I was simply loaded with congrats at having found such a pair of marvels. Only Beryl looked sniffy; so I said to her, "I hope you believe, my dear, that it's all on the square, and that the girls really *can't* play and dance in a normal state?" And she said, "Why, of course, I believe it, dearest. I'm quite sure they can't play or dance in a normal state—*or in any other state!*"

C'est une chatte comme il y en a peu, n'est-ce-pas?

Ever thine, Blanche.

How the Empire is Run.

Letter from the Durham County Education Committee to a Headmaster:

"In reply to your letter of the 14th inst. asking for permission to grant a day's holiday on the 24th inst., I beg to inform you that it will be placed before the District Sub-Committee which meets on that date."

Whereupon the clerk put on his coat again and went out to lunch.

From the report of a local committee of the Y.M.C.A.:—

"Very large numbers of visitors were then attracted to the place, many riding in daily from the surrounding districts; but, on the whole, the condition of these animals and the care taken of them was good."

Intending visitors will be glad of this information.



AN EARLY SILLY SEASON.

The Sea-Serpent. "WELL, IF THIS SORT OF THING KEEPS ON, IT'LL MEAN A DULL AUGUST FOR ME."



Robinson (to Jones). "I SAY, OLD MAN, HAVE YOU A LOOSE FIVER ABOUT YOU?"

Jones. "WHY—ER—WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT, I MET SMITH JUST NOW, AND HE HAD THE NERVE TO ASK ME FOR IT."

Robinson. "HE GOT IT, OF COURSE?"

Jones. "N-NO, HE DIDN'T! I TOLD HIM I OWED IT TO YOU!" *Robinson.* "AH!"

Jones. "BUT I FIND I WAS MISTAKEN. I DON'T OWE YOU A SOU! I'VE PAID UP EVERY CENT I'VE BORROWED OF YOU, AND PROMISE YOU HERE AND NOW NEVER TO PESTER YOU AGAIN FOR MONEY. IT WAS A SHAME—A BEASTLY SHAME—BUT DON'T BE ALARMED, IT 'LL NOT OCCUR AGAIN! GOOD DAY!" *Robinson (dizzily).* "GOOD DAY!"

THE LATEST DÉMENTIS.

["Mr. William O'Brien, lately M.P. for Cork, telegraphs from Florence that the report in *The Catholic Herald* that he intends to reside permanently in Jerusalem is 'an absurd invention.'"—*Daily Mail.*]

MR. JOHN DILLON, M.P., has wired to *The Observer* to state that the allegation that he has gone to Jericho at the request of his constituents is a gross exaggeration of the facts. What really happened was that Mr. TIM HEALY, hearing the rumour about Mr. O'BRIEN, genially observed, "I wish JOHN DILLON would go to Jericho."

On enquiry at the House of Commons on Friday no confirmation could be obtained of the exhilarating report that Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL, Mr. JOSIAH WEDGWOOD, and Sir HENRY COTTON have arranged to go lion-hunting in Somaliland without guides when Parliament rises. The rumour appears to have had its origin in the fact that in one of his fascinating speeches on the taxation of land values—a subject which he always contrives to render as entertaining as a *Palais Royal* farce—Mr. JOSIAH WEDGWOOD declared that there were always lions in the path of reform, but that they caused no alarm to him or those who thought with him.

Mr. HALL CAINE has telegraphed to *The Stratford-on-Avon Mercury* that there is absolutely no foundation for the report, sedulously circulated at Portsmouth and other seaports, that he is the author of BACON'S *Letters*.

Capt. BACON, R.N., has cabled to *The Army and Navy Gazette* to contradict the report that he is the author of the novel *Incomparable Bellairs*, which, as everybody ought to know, was written by Mr. and Mrs. EGERTON CASTLE. Capt. BACON, who, we understand, has just issued a special *édition de luxe* of 50 copies of his *Essays*, characterises as a "preposterous figment" the statement that he intends to reside permanently on the top of Fisher's Peak in Colorado.

Sir JOHN FISHER has sent a remarkable telegram to the editor of *The Era* to say that there is absolutely not the faintest shred of truth in the extraordinary statements (1) that he was responsible for the dramatisation of *The Bath Comedy* under the title *Sweet Kitty Bellairs;* (2) that he was going to be raised to the peerage with the title of Lord BACON of Silver Streak.

The Mark of a Gentleman.

From a story in *Printer's Pie*:

"His suit case was a handsome one of crocodile skin with heavy silver fittings, and I instinctively saw that he was a gentleman."

Alas, how few of us pass the test.

THE SECRET OF THE ARMY AEROPLANE.

[Mr. William le Queux wishes to deny indignantly that the following tale was written by him. On the contrary, he identifies himself completely with the proprietor of *The Daily Mail* in deprecating the publication of scare stories. As the proprietor of *The Daily Mail* truly says, such stories "place England and Englishmen in a ridiculous and humiliating light before the German people." At the same time Mr. le Queux is bound to confess that the story printed below bears an astonishing resemblance to his latest imaginative work, *Spies of the Kaiser*—a book only just published, but written in the days of his hot and unregenerate youth, many weeks ago.]

"Yes," said my friend, Ray Raymond, as a grim smile crossed his typically English face, looking round the chambers which we shared together, though he never had occasion to practise, though I unfortunately had, "it is a very curious affair indeed."

"Tell us the whole facts, Ray," urged Vera Vallance, the pretty fair-haired daughter of Admiral Sir Charles Vallance, to whom he was engaged.

"Well, dear, they are briefly as follows," he replied, with an affectionate glance at her. "It is well known that the Germans are anxious to get hold of our new aeroplane, and that the secret of it is at present locked in the inventor's breast. Last Tuesday a man with his moustache brushed up the wrong way alighted at Basingstoke station and inquired for the refreshment-room. This leads me to believe that a dastardly attempt is about to be made to wrest the supremacy of the air from our grasp."

"And even in the face of this the Government denies the activity of German spies in England!" I exclaimed, bitterly.

"Jacox," said my old friend, "as a patriot it is none the less my duty to expose these miscreants. To-morrow we go to Basingstoke."

Next Thursday, then, saw us ensconced in our private sitting-room at the Bull Hotel, Basingstoke. On our way from the station I had noticed how ill-prepared the town was to resist invasion, and I had pointed this out bitterly to my dear old friend, Ray Raymond.

"Yes," he remarked, grimly; "and it is simply infested with spies. Jack, my surmises are proving correct. There will be dangerous work afoot to-night. Have you brought your electric torch with you?"

"Since that Rosyth affair, I never travel without it," I replied, as I stood with my back to the cheap mantel-shelf so common in English hotels.

The night was dark, therefore we proceeded with caution as we left the inn. The actions of Ray Raymond were curious. As we passed each telegraph pole he stopped and said grimly, "Ah, I thought so;" and drew his revolver. When we had covered fifteen miles we looked at our watches by the aid of our electric torches and discovered that it was time to get back to the hotel unless we wished our presence, or rather absence, to be made known to the German spies; therefore we returned hastily.

Next morning Ray was recalled to town by an urgent telegram, therefore I was left alone at Basingstoke to foil the dastardly spies. I stayed there for thirteen weeks, and then went with my old friend to Grimsby, he having received news that a German hairdresser, named Macdonald, was resident in that town.

"My dear Jack," said my friend Ray Raymond, his face assuming that sphinx-like expression by which I knew that he had formed some theory for the destruction of his country's dastardly enemies, "to-night we shall come to grips with the Teuton!"

"And yet," I cried, "the Government refuses to admit the activity of German spies in England!"

"Ha!" said my friend grimly.

He opened a small black bag and produced a dark lantern, a coil of strong silk rope, and a small but serviceable jemmy. All that burglarious outfit belonged to my friend!

At this moment the pretty fair girl to whom he was engaged, Vera Vallance, arrived, but returned to London by the next train.

At ten o'clock we proceeded cautiously to the house of Macdonald the hairdresser, whom Ray had discovered to be a German spy!

"Have you your electric torch with you?" inquired my dear old college friend.

"I have," I answered grimly.

"Good! Then let us enter!"

"You mean to break in?" I cried, amazed at the audacity of my friend.

"Bah!" he said. "Spies are always cowards!"

Therefore we knocked at the door. It was opened by two men, the elder of whom gave vent to a quick German imprecation. The younger had a short beard.

"You are a German spy?" inquired Ray Raymond.

"No," replied the bearded German in very good English, adding with marvellous coolness, "to what, pray, do we owe this unwarrantable intrusion?"

"To the fact that you are a spy who has been taking secret tracings of our Army aeroplane!" retorted my friend.

But the spy only laughed in open defiance.

"Well, there's no law against it," he replied.

"No," retorted Ray grimly, "thanks to the stupidity of a crass Government there *is* no law against it."

"My God!" I said hoarsely.

"But my old friend Jacox and I," continued Ray Raymond, fixing the miserable spy with his eye, "have decided to take the law into our own hands. I have my revolver and my friend has his electric torch. Give me the tracings."

"Gott—no!" cried the German spies in German. "Never, you English cur!"

But Ray had already extracted a letter from the elder man's pocket, and was making for the door! I followed him. When we got back to our hotel he drew the letter from his pocket and eagerly examined it. I give here an exact copy of it, and I may state that when we sent it to His Majesty's Minister for War he returned it without a word!

"*Berkeley Chambers,*
Cannon Street, E.C.

Dear Sir,—In reply to yours of the 29th ult. we beg to say that we can do you a good line in shaving brushes at the following wholesale prices:

Badger	70s. a gross.
Pure Badger . .	75s. a gross.
Real Badger . .	80s. a gross.

Awaiting your esteemed order which we shall have pleasure in promptly executing,

We are, Sir,
Yours obediently
Wilkinson and Allbutt.

Mr. James Macdonald."

That letter, innocent enough upon the face of it, contained dastardly instructions from the Chief of Police to a German spy! Read by the alphabetical code supplied to every German secret agent in England, it ran as follows:

(*Phrase* 1) "Discover without delay secret of aeroplane's successful descents."

(*Phrase* 2) "Forward particulars of best plan for blowing up

(1) Portsmouth Dockyard.
(2) Woolwich Arsenal.
(3) Albert Memorial."

(*Phrase* 3) "Be careful of Jack Jacox. He carries a revolver and an electric torch."

"Ah!" said my friend grimly, "we were only just in time. Had we delayed longer, England might have knelt at the proud foot of a conqueror!"

"Ha!" I replied briefly.

Next morning we returned to the chambers which we shared together in London, and were joined by Vera Vallance, the pretty, fair daughter of Admiral Sir Charles Vallance, to whom my old friend was engaged. And, as he stroked her hair affectionately, I realised thankfully that he and I had indeed been the instruments of Providence in foiling the plots of the German spies!

BUT HOW WILL IT ALL END?
WHEN WILL GERMANY STRIKE?

[*It will end now, before our readers strike.*—Editor.] A. A. M.

THE ART OF LISTENING.

How to appear intelligent to—



(1) A Young Blood;



(2) A Racing Man;



(3) A Member of Parliament;



(4) An Actor-Manager.

CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME;

Or, Little Arthur's Road to Knowledge.

(*Little Arthur, aged* 12; *His sister Mabel, aged* 18.)

Little Arthur. Have you ever been in love, Mabs?

Mabel. You queer little atom! What a funny question to ask!

L. A. But have you, Mabs?

M. No, of course not. Why should I?

L. A. I don't know, Mabs; but aren't you old enough? I mean, oughtn't you to be falling in love with somebody now you 're eighteen?

M. Oh, it doesn't go like that, you know, Arty. Sometimes people never fall in love, and sometimes they wait until they 're much older than I am.

L. A. Don't you want to be in love, Mabs?

M. No, not a bit.

L. A. But isn't it very jolly to be in love?

M. No, I shouldn't think so. People who are in love always strike me as too silly for words.

L. A. Well, anyhow, Uncle John doesn't think they 're silly.

M. What has Uncle John been saying about it?

L. A. I asked him yesterday about it, and he said it was just the rippingest thing in the world. He said it was much better than drinking champagne, or riding a steeplechase, or getting your debts paid.

M. Well, I don't drink champagne or ride steeplechases, and I don't owe anybody money, so what Uncle John said doesn't appeal to me.

L. A. No, Mabs, I thought it wouldn't; but he said much more than that. He said when people were in love they were so bucked up that they felt they could hug anybody, but they only wanted to hug one person really, and if she didn't want to hug them back they felt miserable, but it was much jollier being miserable about that than being happy about anything else, because when she did come round and give you a wink you went up top notch again in double-quick time. That 's what Uncle John said.

M. Silly old Uncle John! I don't believe he 's ever been in love himself.

L. A. But, Mabs, you said just now that it was the people who were in love who were silly. Didn't you say that, Mabs?

M. I daresay. What then?

L. A. Well, if you don't believe Uncle John has ever been in love you shouldn't call *him* silly.

M. Oh, he 's silly in a different way.

L. A. No, I don't think he is really, Mabs.

M. What *do* you mean?

L. A. Only that Uncle John said he 'd back himself against anybody else for falling in love. He said he 'd got a heart as big as a hippopotamus—room for all and plenty to spare. He 's never been out of love, he says, since he was ten years old. He was born so, he thinks, and he can't help it—the little dears are too much for him. But he 's going to try and go on bearing up when they won't have him, because it 's always one down t'other come up with him, so he 's always kept busy.

M. Uncle John ought to be ashamed of himself to put such notions into your head.

L. A. I didn't mind, Mabs. I like Uncle John to talk like that. Oh, and he said they were all one to him, but there was always one who was more so than the others. He said he dreamt the other night he was left on a desert island with Mrs. Gaynor, and after a dozen years or so he began to fall in love with her all right, but he woke up just before he could tell her about it. He said that was the bravest thing he 'd ever thought of doing, and many a man had got the V.C. for less; but he wasn't particularly proud of it, because he was like that and couldn't be different.

M. Oh, he said that, did he? Anything else?

L. A. Yes; he said if ever I reduced a woman to despair by trifling with her young affections he 'd come and smash me, even if it was Mrs. Gaynor. But, I say, Mabs!

M. Well?

L. A. When people fall in love with one another isn't it because they 're beautiful and nice?

M. Something of that sort.

L. A. And when they fall in love like that they marry, and then they go on loving one another till they die, don't they?

M. Where did you get all that from?

L. A. Out of a book; but is it true, Mabs?

M. Oh, I daresay it 's true enough.

L. A. Then do you think Mrs. Gaynor was ever beautiful and nice? Because Papa doesn't think she was, and I don't think so either.

M. I 'm inclined to agree with you and Papa.

L. A. Then why did Mr. Gaynor marry her?

M. I 'm sure I can't say. You 'd better ask him.

L. A. Uncle John said it was because she had pots of money, and he supposed Mr. Gaynor thought fifty thousand down was better than a straight nose and a pleasant temper. But I think it must be dreadful to marry when you 're not in love, because then you go on not being in love for ever and ever.

M. You seem to know a lot.

L. A. I 'm glad you think so, Mabs, because I try very hard to learn about things. But I say, Mabs, are *you* in love?

M. You asked me that before, and I told you I wasn't.

L. A. But you said people fell in love with one another because they were beautiful and nice, and I 'm sure you 're beautiful and nice, Mabs.

M. Of course, if you think so, Arty, I must be.

L. A. Yes, Mabs. And the other day you told Lucy Harding that Dick Stanier was the handsomest and nicest man in England.

M. You little——

L. A. And if he 's that, Mabs, you must love him frightfully. I don't see how you can help it. Have you told him, Mabs?

M. You absurd little creature. Told him? There 's nothing——

L. A. Oh, yes, there is, Mabs. But perhaps he ought to say something first?

M. Well, it 's considered usual.

L. A. All right, Mabs, I 'll tell him what you said about him, and then——

M. If you dare to do any such thing I 'll——

L. A. And then, Mabs, perhaps he 'll toe the line. That 's what Uncle John called it.

M. Uncle John 's very vulgar; and if you dare to breathe a word to Dick, I 'll come and smash you. So there.

L. A. All right, Mabs, I won't. But you do love him, don't you? And you 're not too silly for words, are you?

M. There 's Mamma calling you. Run away quick.

From a hoarding in the Harrogate District—

Oaklane Garage.
Open Day and Night.
We never sleep for your convenience.

We are in sympathy with these garage-keepers; we also never sleep for anybody's convenience but our own.

"The winner takes £120, the second has £50 to console him, and there are substantial prizes for others who follow them home."—*Evening News.*

By following the winners home the others ought at least to make sure of a drink.

TO A MAYFLY.

(Ephemera vulgaris.)

["Golf occasionally has a very weakening effect on fly-fishers, and is a thing to be fought against."—*Daily Telegraph.*]

Hampshire woods are in summer's keeping,
Sunshine's sleeping
On banks of May,
Spring has taken her smiles and weeping
Over the hills and far away!

Now, Ephemera, now you gladden
Streams, and madden
The morning rise;
Craftiest monsters now are had on
By the veriest tyro's flies!

Now from Memory's mist and vapours
Gut that tapers,
By Fancy thrown,
Drops you here on my books and papers—
Gossamer wraith—so lightly blown!

Till I see in your green-coat flicker
Brooks that bicker
And streams that swell;
And an elderly pulse goes quicker
Under your old-time magic spell!

Far too long on the links I've striven,
Tee'd and driven,
(And cursed mishap!)
Far too long has my time been given
To the cult of my handicap!

Has my wrist for your gentler science
Still compliance
To work my will?
Can I look for the old reliance
In its flexible easy skill?

Or has Philistine usage rusted
Tendons trusted
Of old to ply,
When your delicate legions dusted
Pool and shallow—the green-drake fly?

Ha! the ruler I deftly dandle—
Claims of Vandal
Amusements flee,
As it turns to a split-cane handle:—
Wait till Saturday, then you 'll see!

"Mr. George Granville Bankes, of Folkestone, has been appointed Liberal agent for the Cockermouth Division, at a salary of £120 per annum.

IF IT DISAPPEARS IT'S ECZEMA."
Yorkshire Post.

The comment was quite uncalled for.

"A blackbird has built its nest on Mr. Lloyd-George's new house at Criccieth."—*Daily Mirror.*

This will make bird's-nesting easier than ever.

"POLICE MISTAKE AT WALSALL
INNOCENT MAN RELEASED."
Birmingham Daily Mail.

It will happen sometimes, and then the only thing to do is to catch him again.



First Sportsman. "DID THAT 'ORSE WIN YER PUT YER MONEY ON?"
Second Sportsman. "NO, 'E WAS PINCHED FER LOITERIN'."

The Everywhere Ship.

(Latest Report.)

HARPENDEN. — A suspicious-looking foreigner was seen here yesterday on the common. A watch was kept on him, and he was seen after dark in an unfrequented spot to be busy with a cigar-shaped-looking object which had a brilliantly coloured band round the middle. Every now and then a light would appear at the end of the object and almost immediately go out, to the accompaniment of guttural expletives in a foreign tongue. The object is of a brownish colour and seems to require constant attention from its owner. Three dozen wooden matches and a box with foreign words on it were found near the spot where the stranger was observed at work on the instrument described above, and it is thought that he was engaged in making strenuous efforts to get it going. Intense excitement prevails.

Later. The coloured band referred to (which also has foreign words on it) has just been found and forwarded to the Board of Trade.

The Literary Touch.

From a publisher's advertisement:

"In the field of pure and natural fiction, Curtis Yorke is well ahead of her compeers."

Golf Notes.

"I don't think that in a month of Sundays Miss Foster could have done 83 last Thursday."—*Birmingham Daily Mail.*

Perhaps in a month of Thursdays she might do it next Sunday.



Hotel Thief. "ER ER—BEG PARDON, GUV'NOR, I MUST 'A' MISTOOK THE NUMBER O' MY ROOM!"

IN MEMORIAM.

George Meredith, O.M.

BORN 1828. DIED MAY 18TH, 1909.

MASKED in the beauty of the May-dawn's birth,
Death came and kissed the brow still nobly fair,
And hushed that heart of youth for which the earth
Still kept its morning air.

Long time initiate in her lovely lore,
Now is he one with Nature's woods and streams,
Whereof, a Paradisal robe, he wore
The visionary gleams.

Among her solitudes he moved apart;
The mystery of her clouds and star-sown skies,
Touched by the fusing magic of his art,
Shone clear for other eyes.

When from his lips immortal music broke,
It was the myriad voice of vale and hill;
"The lark ascending" poured a song that woke
An echo sweeter still.

Yet most we mourn his loss as one who gave
The gift of laughter and the boon of tears,
Interpreter of life, its gay and grave,
Its human hopes and fears.

Seer of the soul of things, inspired to know
Man's heart and woman's, over all he threw
The spell of fancy's iridescent glow,
The sheen of sunlit dew.

And of the fellowship of that great Age
For whose return our eyes have waited long,
None left so rich a twofold heritage
Of high romance and song.

We knew him, fronted like the Olympian gods,
Large in his loyalty to land and friend,
Fearless to fight alone with Fortune's odds,
Fearless to face the end.

And he is dead. And at the parting sign
We speak, too late, the love he little guessed,
And bid him in the nation's heart for shrine
Take his eternal rest.



GEORGE MEREDITH.

1828—1909.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 17.—The PREMIER, talking just now about the Budget, persuasively assuring City capitalists that the average of Income Tax is a fraction under 11½*d.* in the pound, was disturbed by the vision of something black flashing to and fro in the immediate neighbourhood of Front Bench opposite. At first thought it was a bird seeking sanctuary in the home of Liberty. On looking up discovered it was only PECKHAM BANBURY waving his silk hat.

At the moment, replying to argument that increased taxation would drive capital out of the country, PREMIER was remarking that if capitalists betook themselves to France they would pay at the rate of 1*s.* 5*d.* in the pound, whilst in Prussia a man with £5,000 a year is mulct at the rate of a 2*s.* Income Tax with near prospect of increase. What PECKHAM (with the assistance of his hat) wanted to point out was that, though Income Tax may be higher in scale, German Government stocks are not charged with it.

PREMIER a dangerous man to interrupt. Swift came the reply, crushing to the Peckham patriot.

"I am shocked to hear that the hon. Baronet holds such stocks."

PECKHAM, replacing hat on head, pressed it defiantly over his massive brow.

Since a little incident that happened the other day, PECKHAM never loses sight of his hat. On memorable occasion referred to, about to leave the House



"WHAT NEWS ON THE RIALTO?" OR, MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S "FOREIGNER."

"Distributing some small change of political economy."
(Mr. Chiozza Money.)



Mr. Birrell. "I can only say that in a matter of this kind I prefer the evidence of a policeman to that of a cardinal." (*Loud laughter.*)

when CHIOZZA MONEY rose to distribute some small change of political economy, he couldn't find his hat. Was certain that, the bench being nearly empty, he, when he came in, placed it on the seat to his left hand. Where was it?

At the corner of the bench sat that esteemed veteran Member known to his light-hearted neighbours as THE BUZZARD, happy in the privilege of not hearing more than one-half said in prolonged debate. On the Front Bench below, with radiant smile and cartwheel carnation, sat MARK LOCKWOOD. He was the man; always up to mischief; had hidden the hat.

"Come now," said PECKHAM, thumping him on the back, "none of your larks."

With evident sincerity, MARK protested he knew nothing about the hat.

"Perhaps you left it outside," he said.

With another glance round and under the benches, PECKHAM hurried out. Searched all his old familiar ways; came back hatless.

"You should have borrowed a bloodhound," said MARK, when result of search was reported.

As he sat moodily halfway down the bench PECKHAM'S eye fell upon THE BUZZARD still closely following debate. He, happy man, possessed his hat and wore it on his head. Something in the shape attracted attention. Casually drawing nearer, PECKHAM had his first impression confirmed. There was no strawberry mark about it, but it undoubtedly was his long-lost hat. In a moment of absence of mind, impressed by cogency of SON AUSTEN'S latest speech on Budget Resolutions, THE BUZZARD had stretched forth his hand, taken up PECKHAM'S hat and put it on. Nothing in discrepancy of size suggested mistake.

"I beg your pardon," PECKHAM loudly whispered in his ear, "but you're wearing my hat."

"Yes," said THE BUZZARD, nodding genially, thinking he was being complimented on his mastery of intricacies of the Budget, "I'm beginning to get my head into it."

"Dear old chap," said PECKHAM, tenderly brushing with coat-sleeve the nap of recaptured hat, "he's so deaf he doesn't know one hat from another."

Business done.—Income Tax Resolution agreed to by encouraging return of Ministerial majority.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—Whilst perforce still waiting for eight *Dreadnoughts*, noble lords have turned their attention to condition of the Army. Yesterday YOUNG WEMYSS opened fire with attack on Territorial Force. Described it as totally failing in object for which it was designed. Putting assertion in another way, NEWTON roundly declared that, "except for a few simple-minded

persons, bewildered by the brazen claptrap of Mr. Haldane, no one is under any illusion as to our military position." Young Wemyss invited House to pass Resolution calling upon Government to take immediate steps to place Army in impregnable position of defence.

Situation a little embarrassing for noble lords on Front Opposition Bench. If they supported motion it would practically pledge them, when in office, to establish and maintain an army of a million men. Moreover alleged situation awkward for them. The Boy Bobs, writing on his golden wedding day, comes to assistance of his nonagenarian friend, Young Wemyss. Whenever he desires to cite the lowest condition of British Army in respect of capacity,



The Hat of Frederick (Banbury) the Great.
'Yes, I'm beginning to get my head into it."
(Sir Francis Powell.)

organisation and general efficiency, Bobs goes back to the period when it was, and had with brief interval been for fourteen years, in hands of late Government. At it again yesterday.

"I have," he wrote to Young Wemyss, "no hesitation in stating that our armed forces as a body are as absolutely unfitted and unprepared for war as they were in 1899-1900."

F.-M. Midleton winced. Cawdor, Leader of Opposition *pro tem.* in absence of Lansdowne from cause which all regret, beseeches Young Wemyss not to divide. Such course would, he said, "place noble lords in an invidious position." That not a consideration to which Wemyss is habitually amenable. Flourishing Bobs's letter as if it were a battle flag, insists on division. Whereupon ex-Ministers flee, followed by loyal lords, and down-trodden Government to their amazement find themselves victors in Division Lobby by majority of four.

Attack resumed to-day under different auspices with other results. That man of war Bedford comes to the front. Demonstrates that the Army is in absolutely rotten state. Demands instant searching enquiry. Crewe, smilingly watching the President of the Zoological Society in this new *rôle*, hummed :—

"Duke Bedford was a soldier bold
And used to war's alarms;
But a cannon ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms."

That of course merely a trope. So far from laying down his arms, the gallant Duke, backed by full force of Opposition, carried them to victory. Front Bench unreservedly supported motion for enquiry, and Crewe, leading into Division Lobby his forlorn score of fighting men, was beaten by a majority of half a hundred.

Business done.—Commons do further talking round Budget Resolutions. Moore throws lurid light on operation in Ireland of Stamp Duties charged on sales of property. "Every time a man dies," he said, "the tax must be paid." Lloyd-George, always open to reason, is evidently struck by unfair incidence of the impost in cases where a landowner contracts inconvenient habit of frequently dying.

House of Commons, Wednesday.—Cathcart Wason as broad-minded as he is vast-shouldered, as high-principled as his stature is lofty. Ever tries to do the fair thing as between man and man—or even woman. Admits that this afternoon he carried his method a little too far. On motion to consider Lords' amendments to India Councils Bill, Chatterjee Rutherford opposed and insisted on Division. Wason, making the full circuit of the Chamber, voted in both Lobbies, ranging himself with the "Ayes" in one, adding corpulence to the "Noes" in the other.

Theoretically nothing could be fairer; in practice the procedure is not to be commended as effacing a vote. Sark says the next thing we shall hear about Cathcart is that he has paired with himself.

At Question time angry debate sprang up round Captain Bacon's letter to First Sea Lord, in which he spoke disrespectfully of an hon. Member alluded to as "the bellicose Bellairs." In accordance with Admiralty practice, the letter was printed and a number of copies struck off. One, misappropriated, reached B.B., who on and off has been fluttering it at Question time for several days. The merry men who circle round that maypole Winterton naturally take the matter up. Bombard Admiral McKenna with questions.

Time was when, in accordance with spirit of reasonable rule that requires



"J'accuse!"; or, Justifiable Indignation.
(Lieutenant Carlyon Bellairs is vilified in privately printed Admiralty paper and receives apologies from Sir John Fisher.)

notice of questions addressed to a Minister, supplementary questions were strictly limited or sternly repressed. Useful object-lesson to-day of effects of alteration of system. For full ten minutes unseemly wrangle raged, increasing in heat and noise. Questions repeated in slightly varied terms brought repetition of reply from badgered Minister. Meanwhile at least a dozen Members who had obeyed Standing Order and given printed notice of questions found themselves shut out by the time rule.

Business done.—Death Duties deplored.

Cricket Notes.

From the day's results :—

"Yorkshire v. Kent, at Leeds—Yorkshire won by an innings and 88 runs.

Leicestershire v. Kent, at Leicester—Kent won by an innings and 81 runs."—*Daily News.*

The experiment having proved popular, Kent proposes next season to play twelve simultaneous matches blindfold.

"Cricket attracts fewer spectators and more readers than does any other spectacular sport," says an authority in the same paper. This may explain why, a little lower down the column, he confidently refers to Rhodes as "our leading left-handed batsman." He must try to get away to a cricket-match one of these days. Rhodes is the big man with the long black beard.

"Smart footman; 22 years' good character; age 23."—*Bath Chronicle.*

What an abandoned life he must have led in his first year!



OUR "MOUNTED" FORCES.

Enquiring Trooper (new to the ways of the Territorial Army). "NOW WHAT BECOMES O' THESE 'ORSES WHEN WE BREAK UP CAMP?"
Horse Contractor. "WHY, BLESS YER, THEY 'VE GOT TO GO AND 'OSS FOUR OR FIVE CAMPS AFTER THIS!"
Trooper. "THEN I SUPPOSE IN TIME OF WAR 'BOUT SIX OF US WOULD 'AVE TO RIDE ONE 'ORSE?"

LITERARY NOTES.

MESSRS. BLUER AND BLUER will shortly bring out a volume of exceptional interest, entitled *Royal Murderesses*, being a series of enchanting studies, beginning with SEMIRAMIS, of famous queens and princesses who were compelled by the exigencies of their exalted situation to imbrue their hands in the gore of their fellow-creatures. The name of Messrs. Bluer and Bluer is a guarantee for the high moral tone that is a feature of these remarkable studies, which have been written by Mrs. Glorvina Blougram, the famous American Feminist, and illustrated by Signor Annibale Sguarcione.

Serious Memoirs, as Mr. SHORTER once observed in a memorable phrase, are always sure of a cordial welcome, and the public will be glad to hear of the latest venture in this field of the enterprising firm of Odder and Odder. This is nothing less than *The Life of Lola Montez*, by the Rev. Professor Jonah Joskin, Professor of Romantic Criminology in the University of Seattle. By a concatenation of mischances, the name of LOLA MONTEZ has come to be regarded with a certain amount of misgiving by most country congregations, but it is pleasant to learn that her memory has been entirely cleared of these aspersions by the efforts of Professor Joskin, and the name of Messrs. Odder and Odder on the title-page is itself a sufficient guarantee of the perfect propriety which characterises the contents of this fascinating Memoir.

Messrs. Broader and Stouter's summer programme teems with attractive announcements, none more so than that which relates to their forthcoming volume, *Stars and Saints; or, From Catalani to Cavalieri*. The scheme of the book is to alternate lives of the Saints with those of luminaries of the *ballet* and the lyric stage, and a special feature of the work is that, while the lives of the Saints are written by laymen, those of the "divas" are composed by divines. The result of this method has been, in the language of the publishers themselves—and who can know better?—"to evoke an atmosphere of vertiginous spirituality which has the effect of bringing all right-minded readers violently and voluptuously to the side of the angels."

Messrs. Offley and Garbidge announce a sumptuously illustrated volume, entitled *Real Fairies: Studies in Feminine Fascination*. This deeply interesting and severely scientific work contains a series of monumental monographs on the most remarkable women in history. It may suffice if we mention, *inter alias*, the EMPRESS CATHERINE OF RUSSIA, Mrs. TUPPER, LUCREZIA BORGIA, Mrs. EDDY, SAPPHO, Lady HAMILTON, Mrs. ORMISTON CHANT, LA MILO, Mrs. CARRIE NATION, QUEEN ELIZABETH, Mrs. ELINOR GLYN, SARAH BERNHARDT, Miss MAUD ALLAN, Miss CHRISTABEL PANKHURST, and Miss MARIE CORELLI. In view of the fact that this is a volume which will be read and re-read, the publishers have issued a special indestructible edition, printed on asbestos sheets and bound in sterilised porpoise-hide with steel corners.

INTERNATIONAL AND IMPERIAL CRIME EXHIBITION, 1910,

AT THE GREAT BLACK CITY.

EXHIBITIONS are becoming so popular, and, at any rate with regard to side-shows, so remunerative, that intense rivalry is expected in the near future, and also a good deal of ingenuity in hitting upon new subjects to illustrate by stall and entertainment. No one will therefore be surprised to learn that preparations are already far advanced for the opening, in May, 1910, of the great Criminal Exhibition at Hounslow Heath. As the sympathetic co-operation of Scotland Yard has been enlisted, the success of the Exhibition is already assured, and even a hasty sketch of its scope and features will reveal the unique and transcendent interest of the exhibits.

To begin with, the promoters have been happily advised in securing the best convict bands and choirs from all the great prisons—the Princeton Symphony orchestra and the Holloway Pillharmonic Choral Society. By a welcome deviation from the established convention, long hair will be conspicuous by its absence. This circumstance, together with the suppression of performers' names, nothing but numbers being used, is expected to win for the Exhibition the cordial support of a novelty-loving public, fed up, to use an Americanism, with the hirsute extravagance and discordant polysyllables of the ordinary musician.

The Lake, a splendid sheet of water, has been laid out so as to illustrate the history of penal settlements. It will contain a miniature Devil's Island and a reduced Botany Bay, and visitors will be able to go for trips in real galleys, rowed by live criminals chained to the oars. There is also to be a baby Bosphorus, on which sack-and-bowstring trips at 3d. a head (or body) will take place all day long. Connected with the lake, in the form of a sinuous loop, is a stream happily named the Turpintine, after the famous highwayman.

Arrangements have been made for the erection of a charming Siberian village, in which authentic anarchists, some of them of the highest rank, will be seen at work in specially refrigerated cells. The entrance fee to this, as the Yorkshireman said, will be "Nowt."

The Flip Flap will give place to a gigantic treadmill, from the upper steps of which an unparalleled view of London will be obtainable. This will be known as "The Golden Stairs."

A very interesting booth will be devoted to kleptomania in all its branches, with trained kleptomaniacs, many of them titled, visiting sale counters and showing how it is done. Scotland Yard are promising a number of the more sensitive police to illustrate the arrest of kleptomaniacs and the expression of surprise (and possibly relief) on discovering that it is no vulgar case of theft, but a highly specialised disease more common among the well-to-do than the poor.

A phrenologist will be in attendance, with a candle, to feel the bumps of magistrates.

The Daily Mail building, better known at the last Exhibition, if we remember aright, as the Copper Cupola, will not be lacking, but in the Crimes Exhibition it will take the form of an arena for performances of "Robbing the Mail Daily."

In a model of the Marylebone Police Court a gramophone will give recitals at intervals of Mr. PLOWDEN'S best things.

In the Irish village will be shown cattle-driving every afternoon and evening, real peasants and real "hazels" being employed under the supervision of Mr. GINNELL. In another part of the Exhibition Irish crime will be manufactured in the usual way.

It is expected that few pavilions will be more popular than that devoted to *Sherlock Holmes*, under the control of Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE. Detectives at work will there be seen through smoked glass. Traces of crime invited. Sir ARTHUR will draw inferences from footprints and cigar-ash from 3 to 11 daily.

But perhaps the most popular show of all will be the factory of spurious china, embellished with portraits of the most successful dealers in this ware and their clients. Any Sèvres or Dresden articles copied while you wait, so closely as to defy detection.

The *Truth* pillory for magistrates will be erected between the rabbit-snaring compound and the wife-beaters' home.

On its artistic side the Exhibition will be unusually strong. Portraits of all the most eminent peculators in the history of the world will be on view, and a whole gallery will be devoted to busts of the best bankrupts. Arrangements have been made with *The Daily Mirror* for constant relays of portraits of popular swindlers. Naturally a prominent place among the works of art will be given to RAPHAEL'S cartoon of the "Death of Ananias," and ALFRED STEVENS' "Falsehood plucking the Tongue from Truth." Among the artistic crimes will be an exact model of the Albert Memorial.

Arrangements for catering have been placed in the hands of the firm which now gets everything of this kind. In addition to their ordinary restaurants they will have a specially select one for ex-convicts, called The Oakum Club. Free skilly will be served on the opening day, at which it is expected the Duke of Allguile will preside.

AN EMBARRASSMENT OF RICHES.

I HAVE, adjoining my garden, a plot of land of the agricultural value of, say, ten shillings per annum. Upon it I graze one goat, and sometimes—when nobody is looking—practise putting and very short approaches. My children also have the use of it for the purpose of playing horses. Hitherto I have regarded my possession of it with a mild complacency, but now I picture myself strolling round my estate some morning, looking for a stalk of grass long enough to clear my pipe, when I see approaching me a saturnine young man with a black bag. Thinking he has come to sell a sewing-machine or wants to mend the clocks, I put on my stern look and say, "Not to-day, thank you." It has no effect upon him. It never has at the first go-off. So I repeat it in a higher key.

"I have come," he says coldly, "to assess your mineral wealth."

"Oh! that need not detain you long," I say cheerfully, as I dive into my trousers pocket. "Four and ninepence halfpenny."

"I was not referring to what you have gotten," says he in his supercilious way. "Another kind of collector will look after *that*. But what have you got in the ungotten line? No doubt there is a rich seam of coal under here."

I hope the refining influences of my early training will never wholly desert me, even in the presence of a Land Tax Inquisitor.

"If you are looking at that lump of Wallsend," I reply pleasantly, "it 's merely a piece I threw yesterday from my bedroom window to drive a snail off my putting green."

"I'll put down 'coal,'" says he, writing in his note-book, "and it's open to you to disprove its existence if you can."

"If I can? But how can I?"

He shrugs his shoulders. "You must sink a bore."

"With all the pleasure in the world," I reply heartily. "I have a brick, and a piece of string. If you will have the goodness to take off your collar and accompany me to the river, I know where there is a deep hole——"

But he is naturally impervious to insult.

"And now as to your other ungotten minerals," he remarks, as he sharpens his pencil.

"It might be as well," I say in my most biting manner, "if you were to tell me at once how far down you propose to assess me. I have always understood that the other end of my little property is in a liquescent or molten state. It 's almost sure to embrace a little brimstone and lava; I've seen quite nice brooches made of lava, so it ought to have a certain value."

I hurl my sarcasms at him in vain. He writes, and goes on his way; and in due time I see myself receiving a demand note for untold thousands.

With this weighing upon me it may readily be imagined how impossible it is for me to earn an income big enough to satisfy the standard of the super-tax collector. What the Government is losing in this way will never be known. But I do know that rapacity sometimes defeats its own ends.

Four thousand miles down from my putting-green, and all mine! And to be light-heartedly assessed by the only possible method—guess-work! Suppose they guess radium? With radium at its present figure the mere suspicion of half-an-ounce of it would beggar me. And then there is ungotten iridium and tellurium to be considered, to say nothing of stannium, molybdenum . . .

And it would take I don't know how many generations of us to dig 4,000 miles in order to disprove the existence of these things. And remote posterity, claiming rebate, would be sure to be repulsed by some Statute of Limitations.

The man who wrote my Latin Grammar did well to remark that "riches are dug-up, an incitement to evil." But he never guessed the curse of riches before they are dug up. I wish to have nothing to do with them. I only ask to be left with "Wat Tyler" (I have just re-named the goat after the man who has now become my favourite character in history) in the enjoyment of the simple rind or top-crust of my holding, with a little green turf on which to disport ourselves through our brief span of sunshine.

Would the Chancellor of the Exchequer grudge me a mere crust?

THE ECONOMIST'S FRIEND.

A TAXI, it is well known, will, when you can get one, carry two persons for the same price and the same tip as one, and three and four at an extra sixpence each for any distance. This being so, it has occurred to an enterprising and ingenious stationer in Jermyn Street (where the economical bachelors for the most part dwell) to print a number of placards, which he retails at sixpence, each bearing a different legend inspired by the Muse of Parsimony, or, at any rate, Thrift.

> I am going to Lord's.
> Share my cab?

is the lettering on one. This, it is felt, will meet a very real want, especially on days of important matches, such as the M.C.C. and Australians, when the procession of taxis between Club-land and St. John's Wood Road is continuous, most of them containing only one passenger. The fare from St. James's Street to Lord's is two shillings. By displaying this placard you can get it halved and brought down to one—no small thing. Again:

> I am going to the Horse Show.
> Share my cab?

This, it is expected, will be very popular, and one can easily supply others from one's own imagination.

Of course, the prosperity of the scheme depends largely upon the success with which one can hire a taxi. At present London is full of them (we are told), but how to get one is a recurring problem.



OVERHEARD IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF ETON.

Small Boy (to New Boy). "HERE, YOU! SOCK US AN ICE."
New Boy. "CAN'T; HAVEN'T ANY MONEY."
Small Boy. "OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT. I'LL LEND YOU SOME."

The Martyrs.

"After burning fiercely for an hour and a-half the firemen gained the upper hand."—*Globe.*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHENEVER the scene of a novel is laid in India, one can predict pretty certainly that the heroine will be a light-hearted and light-headed Circe. She will break men's hearts as readily as the more stolid stay-at-home citizen breaks the shell of his breakfast egg; she will live in a constant round of gaiety, in which a good many overworked Anglo-Indians may find it difficult to recognise their adopted atmosphere. The feather-brained type of woman, who has withal a pretty correct eye for the main chance, is well to the fore in *The Flying Months* (SMITH, ELDER); but Miss FRANCES M. PEARD is too experienced a novelist not to weight her story—which is the old one of two women and a man—with more substantial characters. With every desire to be chivalrous, I regret to say that my sympathies are entirely on the side of the man. To be rejected by the first lady and jilted by the second is surely bad fortune enough for any hero; but Miss PEARD is implacable, for she nearly kills him in a railway accident before dismissing him to the House of Commons. Nor does she inform us whether his cracked skull and bruised affections are salved by the narcotic air of Westminster. It is a sorry fate for the central figure of a well-written book.

When FRANK T. BULLEN puts out from shore
He always finds what he 's cruising for,
And that 's a yarn of vigour and grit
With a genuine ocean swell to it.

Which, with a lass behind it all,
We get in *Beyond* (from CHAPMAN AND HALL),
So what are the odds if he sometimes slips
In matters that don't pertain to ships?

An occasional *who* where a *whom* should be
Is a thing of little account at sea,
Though land-locked lubbers (as you and I)
May set inordinate store thereby.

Personally, when I am given a volume of well-written short stories, I rejoice; but the attitude of publishers towards such has long convinced me of my singularity in this respect. The Public, they say, will not read, or at least buy, anything below the dimensions of a novel. If this is really the case, I can only assure the Public, very respectfully, that in making an exception in favour of MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON'S *The Stairway of Honour* (MILLS AND BOON) it will be providing itself with several excellent quarters-of-an-hour. Mrs. RAWSON has what may be truthfully called a "telling" way with her; she can give to her tales a suggestion of freshness and reality not often found within the narrow limits prescribed by the magazine of fiction; and, even though circumstances compel her to marry off a fresh hero and heroine at the end of every twenty pages or so, there is always an element of the unexpected in her method of doing it. One or two of the stories, perhaps, are not quite free from a suspicion of hasty writing. In *A Visit to the Enchantress* (a capital tale otherwise) it seemed odd that the hero, meditating upon the unchanged aspect of Bond Street, which he finds just the same as before he went out fifteen years ago to make money "in a desert-place," should on the very next page be greeted by a young lady who says, "I was only a school-girl when you saw me six years ago." That worried me a little. Was she concealing her age, or what? Perhaps Mrs. RAWSON will explain in a subsequent volume, which I shall be delighted to read.

Once more from the offices of *The Sphere* comes our annual feast of *Printer's Pie*; and once more Mr. HUGH SPOTTISWOODE is to be felicitated on the contributions which he has gathered from many willing hands to make up this "Festival Souvenir of the Printers' Pension, Almshouses, and Orphan Asylum Corporation." Never was known a Pie so rich in the variety of its ingredients, so succulent, so satisfying. Let everybody eat of it according to his capacity, at a covering charge of one shilling and no questions asked. I should add that it differs from your cake, for you can eat your Pie and have it too. But you mustn't let anybody else have it. He must buy one for himself.



"To Varsity Blues, Cricket or Football.—Wanted, in a Preparatory School, a Young Man of proved athletic powers. The class of degree is immaterial, as the staff is very strong at present."—*Advt. in "The Spectator."*

PICTURE OF THE SUCCESSFUL APPLICANT BEING PRESENTED TO THE STAFF.

CHARIVARIA.

WE are getting on at last. In phantom airships Great Britain is now *facile princeps*.

***

Meanwhile some surprise has been expressed that, although a German balloon which was taking part in the Hurlingham race attempted, in its descent, to demolish an Englishman's Home near Bow, not a single newspaper mobilised its war correspondents.

***

Lord CHARLES BERESFORD thinks we made a mistake, when the first *Dreadnought* was constructed, to draw attention to that vessel. We believe that as a matter of fact it was intended at one time to disguise her as a torpedo-boat, but the proposal was found to be impracticable.

***

And Lord CHARLES tells us that, if we can come to an arrangement with our Colonies and keep the two-Power standard, "we can smoke our cigars and smile." What, with cigars at 1½*d.* owing to the Budget? We fear not.

***

Mr. HALDANE'S announcement that there is to be a census of horses has caused some uneasiness in equine circles. The silly creatures imagine they are going to be taxed.

***

A sensational plot has, we hear, just been disclosed to the police whereby a number of Suffragettes were to gain entrance to 10, Downing Street, by pretending to be foreign *mannequins*.

***

"A man can get drunk once a week fairly safely," said the City Coroner at an inquest. "It is the constant nipping that does the harm." Well, the Children Act will, anyhow, do something to protect the little nipper against himself.

***

Bishop TUCKER, of Uganda, started life as a painter, we are told, and exhibited at the Royal Academy. Reformed artists are, we believe, extremely rare.

***

That the author's profession is in a bad way cannot be denied, and from time to time proposals are made with a view to its amelioration. At last, apparently, something practical is to be done. "In order," we read, "to check the over-production of yarns in Lancashire the Whitsuntide holidays will be extended to ten days."

***

It is denied that since the burglary at Charterhouse School a number of the boys have been leaving their lexicons and text-books about in tempting positions.

***

Pretty manners, and especially respect for age, are so rare nowadays that we were peculiarly gratified at an incident which came under our notice in a Tube the other day. The carriage was full, and a youth was standing in front of a small boy in spectacles. Suddenly the latter said, "Excuse me, Sir, but how old are you?" "Fifteen," answered the youth. "Well, I'm only fourteen," answered Spectacles, rising. "Take my seat, I pray you."

***

"What's that cap for?" asked the customer of the hatter, pointing to the latest monstrosity. "For shooting, Sir," said the hatter. "Then I should do so at once," remarked the customer.

***

M. CAMBON, speaking at the French Chamber of Commerce in London, assured his audience that the French tariff changes were not aimed at Great Britain. Well, let us hope that there will be no erratic marksmanship.

It is rumoured in the musical world that a certain eminent Double Bass is about to issue a circular stating that in spite of the Budget his prices will remain the same as heretofore.



The Master. "WHAT 'S THIS, JOHN?"
Gardener. "IT 'S A BREAD-FRUIT TREE, SIR."
The Master. "INDEED! A CURIOUS PLANT. WELL, WE 'D BETTER NOT LET THE BAKER KNOW ABOUT IT. IT MIGHT ANNOY HIM. AND, OF COURSE, WE SHALL HAVE TO DEAL WITH HIM OCCASIONALLY, ESPECIALLY WHEN WE HAVE VISITORS."

THE NEW TERROR.

Mr. Punch's Meteoritical Department has pleasure in recommending the following protective devices for use in connection with airships:—

1. THE ENGLISHMAN'S DOME.—You can walk beneath this portable roof—light but strong, running on ball bearings, 3-speed gear—and go abroad with perfect safety. Hang your luggage on the hooks in the dome, and save cab fares. A perfect substitute for the old-fashioned umbrella.

It will pay you to buy a Dome!

Mr. T. ROOSEVELT writes:—"There are no airships here; but thanks a thousand times! The very thing I wanted! Close the bomb-proof door, and lions can do nothing with you. I fell off the cow-catcher last week, and wasn't hurt any. I shall never go out again without one of your Domes. Bully!"

2. A Cheaper Article—THE PNEUMATIC HELMET—for Glancing Shocks. Special arrangements for Heads of Families.

3. Aviators should note this! THE SPRING SHOCK-ABSORBER. Powerful Springs, held in place within our specially designed costume, extending instantly in every direction on being released. You can positively enjoy the sensation of the longest fall, and anticipate the inevitable bump with pleasure.

Unsolicited testimonial from Mr. WILBUR WRIGHT:—"Say! I came an Orville cropper to-day, but I was all Wright. I wear your patent suit in spring, summer, and fall. Thought you might like these easy puns."

4. Absolutely indispensable! Our PATENT PARACHUTE TROUSERS. Expand as you descend. Air-tight seams. Rubber facings.

5. Try our PATENT VERTICAL ACTION MACHINE GUN, and keep your rights to the Empyrean respected. Easy terms on the Maxim Hiram Payment System.

A HARMONY IN SPLITS.

[COLONEL MARK LOCKWOOD, in the regrettable absence of the Chairman of the Kitchen Committee, announced, amid much laughter, that the "super-tax" of 1*d.* on every glass of whisky supplied to the House had been reduced by one-half, and that the charge would be 3½*d.* for short measures and 6½*d.* for long ones. By buying a double portion Members could save one half-penny on the cost of two single portions.

The following lines are supposed to be addressed to the gallant Colonel by a member of the opposite Party.]

COLONEL! you have the cause of Peace at heart;
The recent spirit-crisis proves you rich in
Those qualities that so become your part
As Acting-Chairman of the Commons Kitchen—
Stern scion of a warrior breed,
Yet like a mother in our homely need!

What time you filled the void we all deplore,
Due to the absence of Sir A. JACOBY,
Changed was the voice that in the battle's roar
Would cry, "*Væ victis!*" ("To the vanquished woe be!");
Soft were the tones and even fluty
In which you dwelt upon the whisky duty.

Thanks to the Budget, we were asked to blow
An extra penny piece on every portion;
Whether we took a short or lengthy go
There was the same intolerable extortion:
But you have halved the fiscal fee,
And oh, the blessed difference to me!

Our drams, moreover, as you pointed out,
If in a double dose we shrewdly bought 'em
(As would be natural in a session's drought
Likely to last well on into the Autumn),
Should, by a simple calculation,
Save us a solid sou on each potation.

And here, as in a glass, I roughly trace
The solvent you have sought for party passion;
I recognise a subtle means of grace
In the long draught that men may split their cash on:
When rival wits their toddy share,
They constitute the true ideal "pair."

Drowned in a blend of barley, malt and rye,
Behold our hot imaginations cooling!
The two Front Benches, seeing eye to eye,
Shall join, by means of spirituous pooling,
In harmonies of whisky-soda,
Capped by a clinching undiluted coda.* O. S.

* Musical Term. "A few measures added beyond the natural termination of a composition."—*Webster.*

IN CHAMBERS.

THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

IF the following discussion took place at all (which you are not bound to believe) it must be admitted that it was not a business matter. Jones, Senior and Junior, were personal friends of Counsel, and came to consult him upon the matter as such. To be a barrister does not deprive a man of the greatest pleasure in life, the advising of friends *gratis* upon the better conduct of their own private affairs. The fact that the giving of advice took place in chambers does not make the matter a professional one, but does justify its inclusion in the present series.

It appears that, for as long as Jones Junior could, Jones Junior had avoided the subject of what he was going to be. But though Jones Senior loved his son with a great love he could not contemplate with equanimity the prospect of maintaining him in leisured ease for ever. The time had at last arrived at which a choice of professions for Jones Junior became imperative.

"Jones Senior," said Jones Junior, "what am I going to be?"

"Be a Poet," said Jones Senior.

"Not if I know it," said Jones Junior, with unconscious aptness.

"If you will not be a Poet," said Jones Senior, "be a Socialist."

"Father," said Jones Junior reprovingly, "I am serious." And Jones Senior, not being able to see for the life of him why a Socialist should not be a serious Socialist, ceased suggesting. Jones Junior thereupon went through the category of professions, and had no difficulty in showing how unsuited he was for each of them. Jones Senior, who, unlike most fathers, was amenable to argument, sorrowfully admitted the truth of his son's words, and matters seemed to have come to a permanent *impasse*, when Jones Junior was struck with a brilliant idea. Who could deny that the practice of Crime was a profession at once engrossing, original, lucrative and sporting? That was the pith of Jones Junior's suggestion, and Jones Senior, whose moral fibre was of the weakest, at once fell in with it. It was at this point that Counsel was consulted.

The first question that he naturally put was as to which side of the profession Jones Junior should adopt—Felony or Misdemeanour. "Without advancing an opinion as to the merits of either," said J.J., "I refuse from the outset to devote my life to mere Misdemeanours, a course of conduct which, to the uninformed layman at any rate, appears to consist of little else than eating potatoes with your knife, and unpunctuality. No, if I go in for Crime I go in for Felony; and if I go in for Felony I go in for Murder."

"Well spoken, Sir," said Counsel; "but do you quite realise what Murder is? I have here a small handbook which will give us a precise definition of that trade. 'The word *murder* is derived from the Germanic MORTH . . .'"

"We may perhaps omit that part," said Jones Senior.

"'. . . It consists of (1) unlawfully (2) killing (3) a reasonable creature (4) who is in being (5) and under the King's Peace (6) with malice aforethought . . .'"

"Is there much more?" asked Jones Junior, anxiously.

"'. . . (7) the death following within a year and a day.'"

"Dropping for a moment the other six points, what may 'malice aforethought' be?"

"I will read that to you," said Counsel. But at the end of the first twenty minutes' reading the Joneses interrupted, "We do not on the whole think that we can manage it."

Counsel felt bound to agree with them. "Not only is there that complication, but the slightest slip will turn all your efforts into mere Manslaughter, and there is always the danger that you might in the end achieve a Homicide, which might not only be Excusable, but actually Justifiable. Let us try Burglary."

"That is a good idea," said Jones Senior, not because he thought Counsel clever, but because he had just thought of that himself.

"'. . . Breaking and entering at night with intent to commit some felony therein a dwelling house, a church or a walled town.' How would that suit you?"

"The idea of the 'walled town' is, of course, childish," said J.J., "but the other part seems more feasible. I think I will take Burglary."

"Without any desire to baulk you of your choice, I must remind you that not only does the barest description of 'breaking and entering' fill sixty-three pages, but there is also required a Mens Rea."

"And what is a Mens Rea?"

"Much the same as Malice Aforethought, only a chapter and a half longer."



THE YOUNG LIONS OF THE PRESS.

British Lion. "WELCOME, BOYS! WE'VE ARRANGED FOR YOU TO HAVE A ROUND OF DINNERS, LUNCHEONS, GARDEN-PARTIES——AND CONFERENCES."

Chorus of Imperial Guests. "SPLENDID!—ER—NEED WE GO TO THE CONFERENCES?"



Mrs. Jonah Q. Perks (on her first visit to Paris—addressing Maître d'Hôtel). "SAY—ER—GARSONG, OO AY LE DINING-ROOM?"
Maître d'Hôtel. "FIRST FLOOR ON THE RIGHT, MADAME."
Mrs. J. Q. P. (with relief). "OH! YOU SPEAK ENGLISH?"

"Burglary is off," said J.J. decisively. "I must be a mere thief."

"'Larceny consists,'" read Counsel, "'of (1) taking and (2) carrying away, or, if a Bailee, (3) appropriating (4) another person's (5) personal chattel (6) of some value (7) without claim of right (8) with intent to deprive that other person of the whole benefit of his title to the chattel (9) and . . .'"

"That will do. Even allowing for the prolixity of the writer, due, no doubt, to his love of ostentation, I refuse to have anything to do with Larceny. Have you nothing easier than that?"

"If you would only be content with a Misdemeanour," said Counsel, "you might well be an Incorrigible Rogue and Vagabond."

"Jones Senior," said Jones Junior, "this is becoming absurd. I think after all I will be a Poet."

ODE TO A SO-CALLED SPRING CHICKEN.

LONG since, in stately progress through your yard,
From all things underfoot you felt revolt,
Skyward you fixed your passionate regard,
An other-worldly poult.

Your voice as well, that ushered in the morn,
And roused the farmer from his rural crib,
Clear as the clarion of a motor-horn
(And reproduced *ad lib.*)—

This also marked you from the common group
Of mortal creatures with their few brief suns;
You were not meant to know an earthly coop,
Nor pace terrestrial runs.

And so, in death, 'twas but the baser part
(That had not known the thrill of joy and pain,
The hope to soar, the ecstasy of art,—
Your legs, to make it plain)—

'Twas only these that served our simple clay,
And passed the boundaries of human lips;
And I have dined on one of them to-day
With *pommes de terre* in chips.

But not the breast!—where beat the ardent soul
Which made you challenger of rival kings:
That mounted up to some ethereal goal,
Rapt on your seraph wings.

"How do you know," the careless scoffer seeks,
"What after-world awaits domestic brutes?"
"Have I not dined" (I answer) "here for weeks
On limbs as tough as boots?"

And when the waiter hears my murmured plaint
He tells me (with that low respectful cough,
As who should speak of some departed saint)
The nobler parts are off.

"Off!" How he puts it in a single word!
I see you cast your mortal coil and rise,
Leaving no relic of the carnal bird
Save amputated thighs.

OOR JAMIE.

[*Mr. Punch* is unable to explain the following article. He sent his special Sporting Correspondent to Birmingham (at great expense) to report the Test Match, and this is all that he has received in exchange. Whether his correspondent read Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS's book, *Adventures in London*, during the luncheon intervals, and unconsciously assimilated that writer's style; or whether the expert article intended for this paper is, by some accident of the post, now in the offices of *The Morning Leader*, *Mr. Punch* cannot presume to say.]

HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPES IN BIRMINGHAM.

THE other morning, being afflicted by the crudity of the Carlton, I drifted into Birmingham. A vast crowd of men was pursuing its way with single intentness of purpose in one direction. They looked neither to the right nor to the left. They did not even look at me. My curiosity was stimulated. Where was this vast crowd drifting? Moved by a whim, I followed them. This was indeed an adventure. What on earth was going to happen?

And then suddenly it flashed on me that I had stumbled upon a "Test Match." A game of crickets between the glorious manhood of this happy isle "set in a silver sea" and the equally glorious manhood of that other island, Australia. In my boyhood there used to be a catch question we asked one of the other, "Which is the biggest island in the world?" When the answer came, "Borneo," or whatever it might be, then swift as a razor-stroke flashed the triumphant retort, "No, Australia." Perhaps the objection would be made, and sustained by childish recourse to fisticuffs, that Australia was not an island, but a continent—I cannot remember. At any rate England was now playing Australia at this game of crickets, on this ground at Birmingham, whither I had drifted.

Two men armed with blades of willow stand at the wickets. Two others—clothed in white smocks, the emblem of Justice and Truth—stand by to see fair play. The ends of their dark trousers project from beneath their white smocks as if to show that they are but human after all. Indeed my neighbour informs me in a whisper that when just now old LILLEY appealed for a leg-snap the men in the white smocks would not allow the appeal. Verily, to err is human.

"Blooming beggar must have been blind," says my neighbour.

I tell him that Justice is proverbially blind.

Round the wickets eleven men are placed at craftily cunning angles. One of them, strange to say, is swathed and gauntletted, though the day is warm. It gives him a strangely overdressed appearance. Yet in a subtle way it makes one feel that whatever comes he will be ready for it. Beside him the others look bare, unclothed. Uproariously nude. This over-dressed man is a very JASON among them. He reminds me of *Pelleas*. He reminds me of HARRY LAUDER.

I ask my neighbour to point out this LILLEY to me. There he is, over there. It is our swathed and gauntletted friend. The over-dressed man. So that is GEORGE LILLEY.

The ball is bowled. It flies through the air with the swiftness of the swallow and the subtle swoop of the snipe. The batsman flings his bat at it viciously, as one slashes at a thistle. There is a click. And then echoing over the sward comes LILLEY'S voice, "How 's that?"

It is a wonderful voice, of a modulated resonance that would touch a TETRAZZINI to tears. It has echoing deeps in it like velvet darkness, and the syllables are soft plumes of sound. On the upper register it writhes into discordance, but on the lower it is a plastic harmony. It lingers and stirs and embraces and clings. It stabs but leaves no scar. It is all violet voluptuousness. It—— I shall get it soon . . .

There is a ragged volley of appeal from lesser voices. The man in the white smock bites it into silence. "Out," he snaps. And in the interval of waiting for the next batsman my companion points out A. C. MACLAREN to me.

So that is MACLAREN. "ARTHUR," my neighbour calls him familiarly. It is a friendly game, this game of crickets. I shall call him ARTHUR, too. Am I not initiate now? One of the great cricket-loving manscape of England?

ARTHUR MACLAREN. I wonder what the "C" stands for. COLUMBUS, possibly; or CATO. No, surely it is CROMWELL—the leader of men. For this ARTHUR MACLAREN dominates his fellows as a pretty actress at the Carlton dominates the swain who attends her thither. He is a clean-cut king among men. One perceives that he is a fighter, iron-grey and doughty. He should be wearing a plume in his helmet, a breastplate of gold; gleaming greaves should be on his calves. At the least he should have the leg guards and gauntlets.

He stands at his ease, tossing the jolly red ball from one hand to the other. If he were a conjurer he would turn it into a rabbit. One feels that he would have made a good conjurer, and that it would have been a good rabbit. Now I look at him again he reminds me of BERTRAM. He has the nose of a CÆSAR. It stands out like a cliff. It is the Scawfell of nervous vitality. I could write a book about his nose. He is as delightfully English as the KAISER is German. You could not imagine a German MACLAREN. He reminds me of BISMARCK. I have met him somewhere, I feel certain; perhaps on the heights of Olympus, perhaps at the Carlton. He stands there, at short mid-wickets, this ARTHUR MACLAREN, a white glamour of fluent curves; and it would take a SHAKSPEARE, a SHELLEY, a WATTS-DUNTON to sing his praise.

It is a great game, our game of crickets. The rout of youth climbs its shattering way through the playing fields of Eton to the headstrong heights of Tugela, untainted by the meretricious yesterdays. Out of the throat of the brutal past we have bitten our way to chivalry. Our soul is toxic with the delight of battle, aflame with the acrid keenness of its scent. This is the effervescing secret of our inheritance. This is the battle of nations—England against Australia.

[*For latest scores see page* 6.]

A. A. M.

MORE "UNGOTTEN" MINERALS.

As a true Englishman and patriot my motto is, "Every (other) Briton must pay his income tax." My objection to Income Tax Commissioners is that they persist in concentrating their attention on me instead of harrying notorious evaders. However, of one thing I am certain—too much study of the Budget proposals is unwise—especially last thing at night.

The first part of my dream was not so bad. I had been hunted into my hen-roost by a covetous Chancellor. With a view to gaining favour in his Nonconformist eyes I posed as a Passive Resister. Unfortunately this did not appeal to him in his official capacity. He handed me an Income Tax form and sternly bade me fill it up.

This was quite easy.

Earned income, £300. Income derived from houses, buildings, land, roller skating rinks, Rand mines, tithe, and breweries, *nil*. Total Income, £300, from which I could deduct £150 on account of fifteen children all under the age of sixteen.

Net income £150, of which £160 is exempt (which, as Euclid would observe in his concise way, is absurd).

Income for Taxation purposes, *minus* £10.

I drew up an account of *minus* £10 at 9*d*., and said politely to the Chancellor, "As far as I can make out the Government owes me 7*s*. 6*d*. I might have charged you on the 1*s*. 2*d*. rate, as you have not earned it, but I am a patriot. Please give me 7*s*. 6*d*. and eight *Dreadnoughts* at once."

The Chancellor scowled at the form.

"Ah!" he said, "but you have two rich uncles with a quarter of a million

each. There must be an entry under the heading of Ungotten Minerals."

"My dear Chancellor," I protested, "it would be easier for a Church School teacher to extract a salary from a Welsh County Council than for me to raise a solitary sovereign out of my deplorably miserly relatives."

"A couple of strokes of a pick-axe would place all that gold at your disposal," he answered grimly.

"But I should be hanged!" I protested feebly.

"You call yourself a patriot and grudge the Government its Death Duties, do you? One halfpenny in the £ on half a million amounts to £1,041 13*s.* 4*d.* Unless this is paid in fourteen days immediate distraint will be made."

But the dream brightened at the finish, for I had a consoling vision of an auctioneer attempting to raise this sum from a sale of my rejected MSS.

REDFORD MUSAGETES.

(After Matthew Arnold.)

[The following lines are supposed to be addressed to Mr. REDFORD from the Afternoon Theatre by Mr. BERNARD SHAW, who accuses the Censor of making *The Merry Widow* his standard of dramatic propriety.]

NOT here, my good fellow!
Are plays meet for you,
But where Aldwych is hoisting
Its pomp to the blue;

Or where moon-smitten millions
Unceasingly crowd
At the entrance of Daly's—
Go there and be proud.

To the seats on the house-top
The multitude flock;
They are fighting their hunger
With peppermint rock.

On the *fauteuil* beneath sits
The blue-blooded swell;
He has robed him and dined him
Remarkably well.

What gowns are these coming?
What hats, and by whom?
What skirt-trains outsweeping
The vacuum broom?

What sweet-breathing music
Unchastened of Time?
What hosen illumed by
The light of the lime?

'Tis EDWARDES presenting
His loveliest dream!
They all were stupendous,
But this is the cream!

LO, here is the drama
Your wits understand;
The Muse you have fostered
And foist on our land!

The choruses chirrup
And pass to the wings;
The wags entertain us
And somebody sings.

What strife do they tell off?
What passions expound?
Why, earth, and the motive
That makes her go round.

First show they the flirting
Of flappers, and then
The rest of existence,
The childhood of men;

The dance in its daring,
The Corybant's wreath;
The time-honoured chestnut,
The Stars and their teeth.



OUR NERVY DEGENERATES.

Professional (giving a lesson on the first green). "NOW TAKE YOUR CLEEK, SIR—THERE 'S NOBODY ABOUT—AND TRY A FEW SHOTS BACK TO THE TEE!"

Algy. "UGH! HORRIBLE! COULDN'T DO IT—IT 'S LIKE STROKING VELVET THE WRONG WAY!"

"Sussex: 46 for 1 Lunch." *Star.*

What is one leg and a slice of ham among so many?

Notice on Yarmouth (I.W.) Pier:—

"Any person going on the pier without first producing his railway ticket, or paying the authorised toll, or insulting or annoying the piermaster or any other official, is liable to a fine of £5."

With such a choice of alternatives the fine should not often be incurred.

S.P.C.K.N.

"An exciting fire broke out yesterday on the premises of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge in Northumberland-avenue."—*Daily Mirror.*

A similar society for Whitefriars would be no bad thing.

The result of the Derby was something of a paradox, for EDWARD THE SEVENTH was First and William the Fourth was Third.

DEVOTEES OF DISCORD AT QUEEN'S HALL.

TELEPATHY OR KLEPTOMANIA?

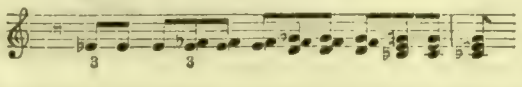
WE have been favoured—if the term can be fittingly employed in such a context—with an advanced proof of the analysis of a work entitled *Ode to Discord*, perpetrated by Sir Charles Stanford, which is to be performed by the New



DESIGN FOR AN ODE TO DISCORD.

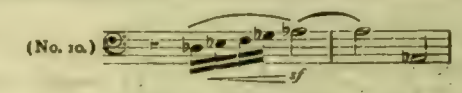
Symphony Orchestra at Queen's Hall on the 9th inst. We have been spared the "poem,"—a considerate omission, to judge from the music, which is throughout in an advanced stage of de-composition, but the perusal of this preliminary document, which describes the Ode as "A Chimerical Bombination in Four Bursts," has filled us with mingled feelings, in which anxiety predominates. Thus we read that the orchestra will be reinforced on this occasion "by a Hydrophone, a Tamburone Bombastico, a real Jamboon, and a Contrabass-Macaroon," while the *dramatis personæ* include "Chromatic Brigands, Double-sharpers, Contrapunters, and syncopated Suffragetti." This is bad, but worse follows. Thus in the opening movement a reference to waterfalls is suggested "by the soft 'swishing' (to borrow a graphic Eton phrase) of the Hydrophone," while in the Second Burst our attention is called to the following "beautiful progression on the trumpets:—

(No. 9.)



which passes into a resumption of the main theme (No. 7) in E flat minor, and shortly after in E major, where the Trombones, the bloodhounds of the orchestra, triumphantly bay it out in full force." The Burst ends with the impressive Invocation of the Bass Tuba, which enters with a booming roar, and, after striking the astonished firmament and rebounding therefrom,

(No. 10.)



descends (by request) to his lowest note

(No. 11.)



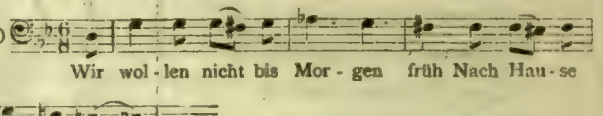
The Third Movement or Burst partakes of the nature of an Oasis in a Grand Sahara of Cacophony, but in the Finale, to quote from the analysis, "the forces of Discord again awake, and their resuscitation is indicated by a Prelude founded on snatches of a theme which continually dominates the movement. This subject is admittedly a chromatic version of the well-known Volkslied,

'Wir wollen nicht bis Morgen früh
Nach Hause wieder gehen'

(literally, 'We will not go home again until early to-morrow morning'),

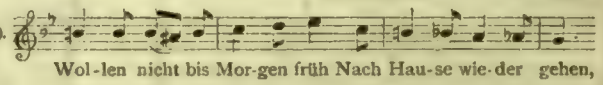
as will be evident from the following quotations:—

(No. 17.)



and

(No. 18.)



the first being the subject of a fugue, in which the 'blithe Anarchs' disport themselves to the manner born. The booming of the Chimæra, personified by the Tuba Mirabilis, is heard through the tumult, while the chromatic scales of the Anarchs crowd round it. As the welter proceeds, phrases from the main theme of Burst the Second (No. 7) appear, the approach of a climax being heralded by the organ-tuner's scale, ascending step by step, all three themes combining at the longed-for appearance of 'the Hideous.' The Volkslied now rears its hitherto diminished head in an augmented form, when the movement reaches the key (more recognisable, perhaps, by its signature of one sharp than by its sound) of G major; the solemn notes of the organ accentuate the piety of the throng,

(No. 19.)



and a series of strepitously explosive augmented fifths leads to the high-water mark of sonority, where the unhappy Volkslied is thundered out in both forms, simultaneously dovetailed.

(No. 20.)

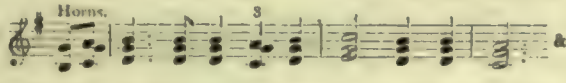


A short allusion to the theme (No. 7), a rush of descending chromatic diminished fifths, and a swirl of the Hydrophone indicate the sudden hush of the Anarchs as they hear their inevitable fate approaching. Then the Outraged Volkslied asserts itself on the Horns of its Dilemma in its true Diatonic colours:—



Conductor. "THERE 'S NO NEED TO STAND, SIR. PLENTY OF ROOM UP IN FRONT!"

(No. 21.)



and the Trumpets also are just expressing their determination to put off their return home until the Diatonic Daylight,

(No. 22.)



when the Goddess once more comes to the rescue of the affrighted Anarchs, and with a *fortissimo* 'Hence, loathèd melody,' and a shout of reprobation from the Chorus, the last vestige of Tonality departs."

Enough has been quoted to indicate the nature of this appalling work. But what *Mr. Punch* wants to know is whether such onslaughts ought to be allowed to be made on the unprotected tympana of the British public with impunity? Ought composers to be permitted to tax the systems of performers without being super-taxed in turn? These are only a few of the thoughts prompted by a perusal of this blood-curdling analysis. And this is not merely a question of national hygiene. Graver issues are involved by the composer's unscrupulous use of themes clearly borrowed, though in perverted form, from composers who in most cases are no longer able to protest against this treatment. Telepathy can hardly explain this *op*-lifting from BEETHOVEN and WAGNER. Kleptomania is probably the most charitable excuse that can be put forward.

Mr. Punch notes in conclusion that this lurid forecast of the music of the future has been appropriately illustrated by the pencil of an artist named MORROW. The scene depicted is that of the Shrine of Discord, in which the goddess, holding her notorious apple in one hand and a broken tuning-fork in the other, surveys the orgies of her votaries with contorted features and eyeballs askew. Note in the foreground the ignominious exit of the old masters—MOZART, HAYDN, BEETHOVEN, etc.—one of them *minus* an ear, and all deluged by streams of water ejected from the nozzle of the hydrophone.

Westminster Abbey.

FOR whom shall England's high memorial fane
Offer a resting-place of hallowed stone
When they have nobly lived their destined span?
The nation speaks her choice, but speaks in vain;
The final verdict lies with one alone—
A Mr. ROBINSON, a clergyman.

Trousers as Foot-warmers.

From a testimonial to a leather company :—

"There has never been the slightest suspicion of dampness, and what I think of as much importance when alternating runs of four and five miles in the motor, with short walks through deep slush, my feet have remained dry and warm throughout, as made on the principles you suggested and worn inside the trousers."

"In an aside Mr. Healy expressed the conviction that the Budget is wrong, lock, stock, and barrel." *Daily Chronicle.*

Especially barrel.



WHITSUNTIDE MANŒUVRES.

C.O. "FIX—BAYONETS!"

Sergeant-Major. "BEG PARDON, SIR, B'GADIN' WITHOUT BAYONETS. ORDER FROM HEAD-QUARTERS RETURN ALL BAYONETS TO STORE LAST WEEK."

C.O. "OH, YES, YES, MY MISTAKE. UNFIX BAYONETS!"

MY MILLIONAIRE.

("Everything was worthy of a millionaire of cultivated taste."—*The Westminster Gazette.*)

I HOPE I am a modest man: I do not brag aloud
Of all the things that give me joy or might have made me proud;
But yet I cannot doubt it gives the mildest man an air
To know that he has spoken to a solid millionaire.

This bliss was mine; my wealthy friend was not as others are:
He had a jewelled holder for his seven-inch cigar;
His Albert chain was thick with gems, his fingers teemed with rings,
And on his chest were diamond stars and other costly things.

His waistcoats were a sight to see; their buttons were of gold;
His shirts were trimmed with yards of lace, light-brown and very old.
His bath-taps ran with ruby wine, and when he combed his hair
With golden combs you felt he was indeed a millionaire.

I cannot tell the thousand things that went to make him great:
The sums he paid in income-tax; the cost of his estate;
His motor-cars and newspapers—he ran the lot for fun—
And all the moneyed deeds he did, and all he could have done.

His butler was a ruined Duke; his footmen, you could see,
Were youths of ancient lineage and very high degree.
His housemaids were a giddy throng of twenty titled girls,
And every day his boots were brushed by Marquises or Earls.

Of course you know the reason well: LLOYD-GEORGE had taxed them all;
With one accord they left their Park, their Castle or their Hall;
Gave up the smiling pleasances they formerly had graced,
And chose to serve a millionaire of cultivated taste.

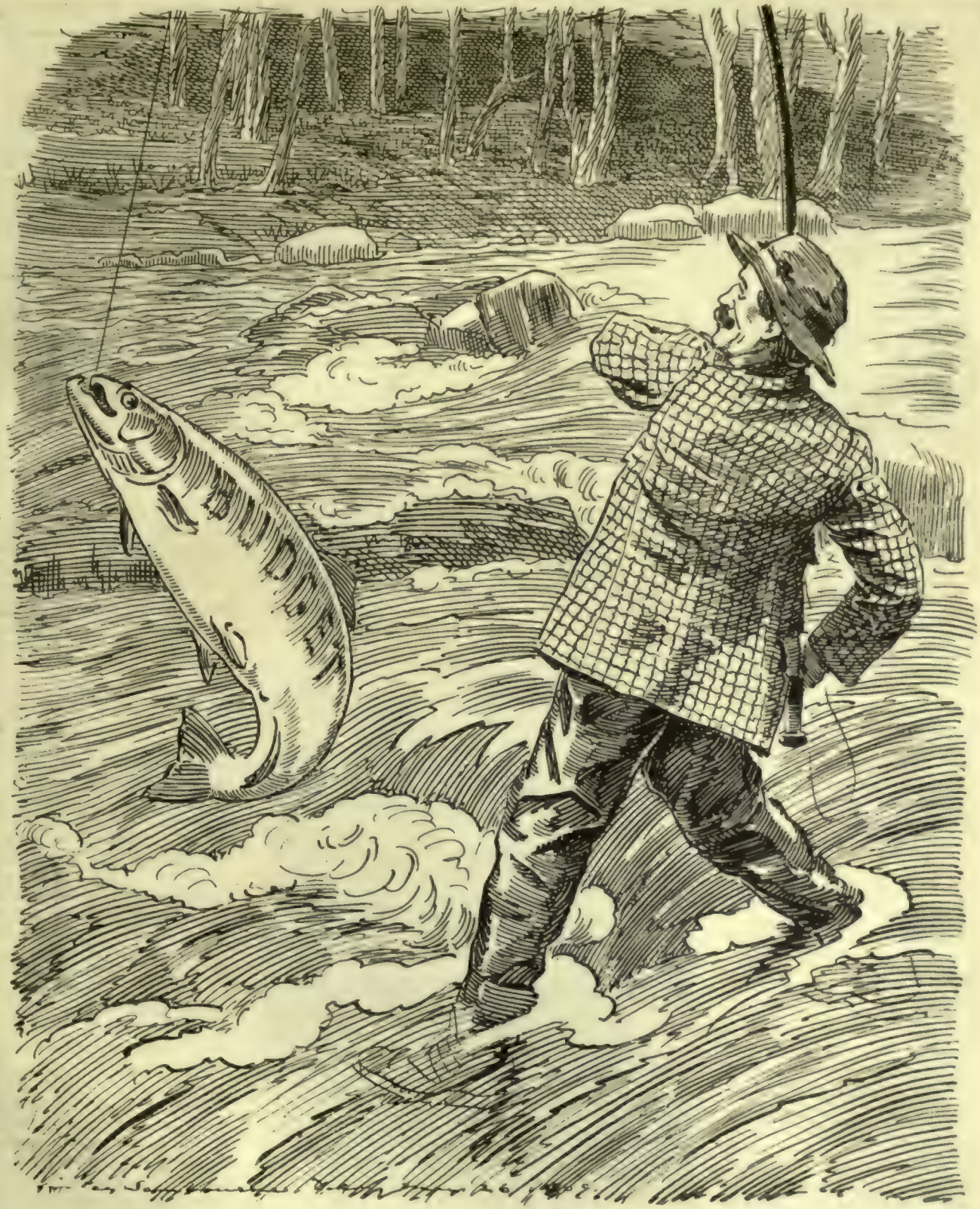
Things are not as they used to be—somehow they never were;
These Budget days are dark for all, since all must pay a share;
But from my mind one memory can never be effaced—
My meeting with a millionaire of cultivated taste.

It may be remembered that a fortnight ago we commented upon the disposition of parts of the Hertford crew to train independently of each other, and recommended them to meet during the races. We now read in *The Sportsman*:—

"On Thursday Queen's, through a mishap in the boat, lost a place to Hertford, but the latter made amends on this occasion, and, gaining rapidly by the Weirs Bridge, caught Hertford as the boats were coming out of the Gut."

From which it would seem that they took our advice. On the other hand (to quote the same paper):—

"University 2 finished a long way behind University 2."



A "SIXTEEN MILLION" POUNDER.

MR. LLOYD-GEORGE. "OF COURSE, I SHALL LAND HIM ALL RIGHT. THE ONLY QUESTION IS WHEN?"
THE FISH. "WELL, PERSONALLY I'M GAME TO PLAY WITH YOU TILL WELL ON INTO THE AUTUMN."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, May 24.—In moment of happy inspiration, Lord LOVAT, sixteenth Baron, fell upon a way that seems to point to revolution in procedure. Had on the paper a question addressed to UNDER SECRETARY FOR WAR touching details of Territorial Force. Having submitted it, he remarked that it was hopeless to expect information from the Government.

"I shall therefore," he said, "endeavour to answer the question myself;" and straightway proceeded to do so.

Of course the principle underlying this innovation is not new. Readers of *Dombey and Son* remember how the eldest of *Dr. Blimber's* pupils at Brighton chiefly occupied his time in writing long letters to himself from persons of distinction, addressed "P. Toots, Esq., Brighton, Sussex." Never before has it been applied to the business of Parliament. Its advantages are obvious. Valuable time will be saved to overworked officials of the State who now spend their early mornings in preparing answers to multifarious questions, the large majority trivially controversial. It will avoid heated temper; above all, will stay the pestilence of supplementary questions.



THE HISTORIAN OF SCOTCH WHISKY.

"I say, Mr. Speaker, without fear of contradiction, that it is without exception the finest, the best, etc., etc."—*ad infinitum.*

(Sir Henry Craik)

No noble lord (and very few hon. Members), having answered his own question, would immediately after resuming his seat jump up again and remark, "Arising out of that reply, I beg to ask whether——," and so on.

It happened that shortly before this happy thought struck LOVAT in the Lords a new turn was given to Questions in the Commons by action of the PRIME MINISTER. DR. FELL, round whose personality still lingers mental mistiness as to why he should not be personally lovable, attempted to pose PREMIER with inquiry as to how he reached the conclusion that 9½*d.* was the average rate of Income Tax paid last year.

"Sir," said the PREMIER, "the figure of 9½*d.* is arrived at by dividing the total yield of the tax by the aggregate income of taxable persons coming under review by the Commissioners of Inland Revenue. The other figures are obtained by multiplying the figure of 9½*d.* by the estimated yield in a full year of the tax after the proposed alterations have been made, excluding and including the super-tax, and dividing by its estimated yield on the existing basis."

DR. FELL'S countenance, as this painstaking explanation proceeded, was a pleasing study. As the syllables fell in slow utterance stonier and stonier grew its absence of expression. When the last word in the stupendous second sentence was spoken, he clapped his hands to his head and stared into space.



THE CHAMPION OF OIRISH WH-H-ISKY.

Tay Pay explains that the reason of its superiority (*pace* Sir John Dewar and others!) to Scotch Whisky is that it "lies idle so much longer." (The mere mention of the matter will probably be sufficient to incite the Irish consumer to remedy this national shortcoming.)

Here is another useful hint. If in forthcoming holidays ADMIRAL MCKENNA will prepare for MANGNALL'S-QUESTIONS ASHLEY a few answers constructed on this model, it would lead to the saving of precious time and would earn the gratitude of Members whose questions standing lower down on the list are habitually cut out by his expansive curiosity. In this particularly hard case the dose would have to be repeated daily for perhaps a week. At end of that time it would certainly prove effective.

Business done.—Spirit Duty Resolution carried over Report stage.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—TIM HEALY back again, bringing his sheaves with him in the form of choice invective. Has his periods of "retreat," too long and too frequent for the House. Compensation found in the force and energy with which he lets himself go when he drops in on the old familiar scene. To-day he finds question of Irish tobacco to the fore. Ireland in unaccustomed mood wants something from the Treasury; a rebate on the duty of eightpence in the pound on home-grown tobacco would do to go on with. LLOYD-GEORGE sympathetic but shocked. Why, such



GETTING A BIT MIXED.

Tim Healy lunches at "The Bull."

Mr. Healy, infuriated by Mr. Harold Cox, who had thrown "chunks of John Stuart Mill" at his head, exclaimed with passionate fervour that "*they* [the Irish] had to wear the shoe, and all they knew was that the proof of the pudding was in the eating."

an arrangement would be pure Protection! In the form of a grant something even more liberal might be done—has indeed been conceded, and Ireland has for several years benefited by it.

TIM consumed with wrath at this evasion. Protection pleased him not, nor Free Trade either.

"They are both false," he said, with that impartiality that marks the really large mind. "There is nothing right or wrong about either. What suits you is best."

Irishmen were in the most advantageous position for knowing whether Ireland was well treated or not.

"We have to wear the shoe," cried TIM, shaking a fearsome forefinger at the cringing figure of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, "and all we know is that the proof of the pudding is in the eating."

This suggestion of a sort of shoe pudding, or of four-and-twenty high-lows baked in a pie, perplexed the crowded House. Already its withers had been wrung by the testimony of Mr. GOULDING, based on the opinion of an expert, as to the peculiar quality of tobacco grown in Ireland. It seems that a cow could fill herself (as if she were a pipe) with the home-grown plant and "would not have a pain." Whereas if the same discriminating quadruped were to browse on American tobacco-plants "the results would be devastating."

All this was plain sailing compared with TIM'S mystic suggestion of the top-boot or blucher pudding.

The speech stirred the somnolent House like a sudden gust of wind. Certainly it blew from the north-east, but was wholesome in its energy and freshness. Through its truculence, its rampant raging at England and all that is English, there sounded one fine note of simple eloquence. "England," TIM said, in voice trembling with suppressed emotion, "has done her best to turn the perfumed garden of Ireland into a blackened potato patch."

Business done.—More Budget Resolutions carried over Report stage.

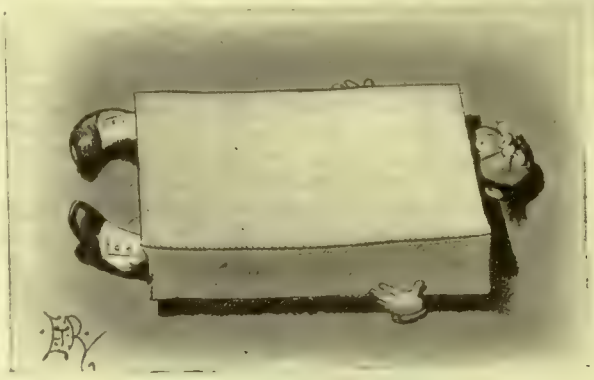
Thursday.—A fortnight ago entry was made in this diary forecasting revolt against iniquitous action of Kitchen Committee in making haste to raise price of whisky consequent on higher Budget impost. As was then pointed out, it is one thing to legislate for a mob of outsiders, quite another when you find result of your action in insistent demand of waiter for another halfpenny per glass of your favourite refresher.

In regretted absence of CHAIRMAN OF KITCHEN COMMITTEE, on MARK LOCKWOOD (Colonel), as VICE-CHAIRMAN, the storm fell. It seems that in overweening confidence in impregnability of their position immediately on introduction of Budget the Kitchen Committee clapped a penny on the price of a full glass of whisky, with glaring absence of mathematical precision adding a similar sum to the half glass. But even the worm will turn. There followed an outburst of angry indignation, for parallel to which SARK says you must go back to the epoch that saw birth given to the Bill of Rights. Kitchen Committee promptly hauled down their flag halfway. The supertax was reduced one halfpenny. This did not wholly pacify.

Challenged across floor of House by ROBERT HOBART, MARK LOCKWOOD appeared at the Table, metaphorically in a white sheet, and endeavoured to explain things away. He admitted that even the increase of a halfpenny per glass would leave the purveyors not only free from the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S impost lamented by "the Trade," but would yield a slight increase of profits. On the other hand must be taken into account the virtue of inculcating temperance by limiting the expenditure of hon. Members upon alcoholic drinks. Finally, and this was the Colonel's great point, "Members can avoid paying the odd halfpenny by purchasing two portions at the same time."

That fetched 'em. Idea had never suggested itself. When put forward in the simple language at MARK'S command it was so obvious. Good-humour immediately restored. Members of Kitchen Committee are able once more to meet for the despatch of business in their own room, a custom intermitted of late owing to the hovering round the spot of dangerous-looking pickets.

Business done.—House adjourns for Whitsun recess. Back again this day week.



UNDER ONE FLAG (-STONE)!

An ardent, patriotic subscriber enjoying *The Times* Empire-Day Supplement.

MARS AND VENUS.

[Mr. HALDANE, while occupying the chair at a lecture by Professor MASTERMAN, had occasion to speak of the "general will as embodied in the State and its institutions." A Suffragette interposed with the remark that "the general will included the will of the women." Mr. HALDANE expressed a hope that "the ladies would be silent, otherwise it would be his obligation to interpret this general will." Subsequently he had the police called in, and, after the fifteenth and final ejection, declared that he had always voted for women's suffrage.]

"You speak, Mr. HALDANE," a Suffragette said,
"Of the Will of the People, wholesale,
But has the idea ever entered your head
That 'the People' are not only male?"

"The People are those," Mr. HALDANE replied,
"Whom the Vote has endowed with a Will;
And until to extend it to you we decide,
You have no right to ask it—Be still!"

"You incline to our part—or you say that you do—
And our wrongs you profess to deplore,
Yet when we endeavour to ask if it 's true—
We are promptly put out at the door!"

"I owe to my office this difficult task—
By the General Will to abide;
But I sympathise deeply with all that you ask—
So long as you 're safely outside!"

"A very fine basket of trout was obtained by the Rev. Mr. Cunningham, Edinburgh, last week. The basket scaled about 5 lb., some of the trout averaged ¾ oz. and ½ oz. respectively."—*Berwick Advertiser.*

Here at last is a fishing story which we could almost have believed but for the two averages and the "respectively."

The Climbers.

"Resolved—That the Borough Surveyor obtain tenders for dashing up the walls of this property, and submit same to the next meeting."—*Local Paper.*

We beg to submit a tender of five pounds to see him do it.

What to do with our High-water Marks.

From a letter in *The Western Morning News*:—

"And the high-water mark of indignation is raised to its zenith when an official residence is used for a Frenchman's showroom."



HINTS TO YOUNG ANGLERS.

THE BEGINNER SHOULD ALWAYS BORROW TACKLE. IT WILL SAVE HIM A LOT OF UNNECESSARY EXPENSE IN THE EVENT OF HIS DECIDING, AFTER TRIAL, NOT TO CONTINUE THE PURSUIT.

EVERY HOME ITS OWN LAW-COURT.

JANE *v.* PICKLES AND OTHERS.

THIS case came before *Papa* and *Uncle Toby*, *LJJ.*, being an appeal from a decision of *Nurse*, *J.*, in the domestic divisional court on the previous day. *Aunt Selina*, *K.C.*, appeared for the appellant, and *Cousin Teaser*, *K.C.* (with him *Bobby*), for the respondents, who were sued through *Mamma*, their next friend.

It appeared that on the afternoon of March 11th the respondent *Pickles*, aged eight, with two others of lesser age, were left in the nursery under the charge of the appellant, during the temporary absence of *Nurse*. They had in their possession a silver coin of the realm, to wit a sixpence, which during the course of a series of unlawful frolics the respondent *Pickles*, aided and abetted by the other respondents, wilfully and maliciously dropped down the back of the appellant. The latter with some difficulty shook the said coin from her person and appropriated it. An action was at once commenced before *Nurse*, *J.*, on her return. It was argued on behalf of the defendant that the action of the plaintiffs in so disposing of the sixpence clearly amounted to a constructive gift of the money to the person down whose back it was dropped. On the other hand it was contended for the plaintiffs that on account of their tender age by a legal presumption they were irresponsible for their actions, and that in any case there was insufficient evidence of malice. This view was upheld by *Nurse*, *J.*, who ordered that the money be forthwith restored and that the defendant pay the costs of the application. Against this decision *Jane* appealed.

Aunt Selina, *K.C.*, *for the appellant*. The parting with the coin by bestowing it upon the person of her client was undoubtedly a constructive gift, even though it was not so intended by the respondents. Moreover, there was ample evidence of sufficient malice to rebut the presumption in favour of the respondents. Previous to the act over which the dispute arose they had clearly been endeavouring to cause annoyance and discomfort to the appellant. She had been led by fraudulent representations into consuming a chocolate biscuit from which the sandwiched sweetmeat had been removed, pepper having been substituted in its place. Counsel was not sure that the respondents were not indictable for the administration of noxious drugs.

Cousin Teaser, *K.C.*, objected. Pepper was not a noxious drug. The condiment in question had been provided for the use of the family by his learned friend herself, and if it were in any way noxious she (his learned friend) was indictable in the first instance.

The objection was allowed.

Cousin Teaser, *K.C.*, addressed the Court with great confidence and a smut on his nose. He wondered that his learned friend had the face——

Aunt Selina (*interrupting*) was sorry that her learned friend had such a poor apology for one.

Cousin Teaser did not understand. A poor apology for what?

Aunt Selina. For a face. (*Hysteria.*)

Uncle Toby, L.J. This court is not a theatre. If this disgraceful disturbance occurs again I will have it cleared.

Cousin Teaser. The exhibition of puerile wit upon which the appellant relied to win her claim was in itself sufficient proof of the weakness of the case. He would however call one witness who, he hoped, would set their lordships' minds at rest once for all.

The witness *Cook* was then called, and deposed that that there *Jane* was a greedy gal, she was, and never did appreciate the pore little innercents in their little pranks, as one might say. Boys would be boys.

Aunt Selina objected to this part of the evidence as irrelevant. What was required from witness was fact, and not aphorisms however original.

Cook (*resuming*) further deposed that it weren't out o' no sense o' right and wrong that appellant had retained the disputed money, but because she (appellant) were that spiteful. If she (appellant) had had St. Paul's crammed down her back she 'd 'a' kep' it, she would.

Aunt Selina (*cross-examining*). You state that whatever had been pushed down this unfortunate girl's back by these depraved young scoundrels she would have appropriated?

Cook (*emphatically*). Which I certingly does.

Aunt Selina. Have you ever known the respondents to place chattels or even hereditaments down people's back on previous occasions?

Cook didn't know about chattels and suchlike, but she distinctly remembered that respondents had treated her in the same manner one day last month with a live frog, which she didn't mind, bless their little hearts, and made witness larf something crool it did to see the pore thing leppin' about all over her (witness's) kitching.

Aunt Selina (*impressively*). Did the respondents on that occasion evince the slightest desire to retain the frog in question?

Cook. They said it was a Valentine, bein', as I remember, the fourteenth o' Febuerry.

Aunt Selina. My Lords, I need not further trouble you. Respondents' own witness has admitted that under precisely similar circumstances the object in question was a gift—nay more, a sentimental gift. I leave the issue to your lordships' discretion.

Cousin Teaser interposed, but——

Papa, L.J., summing up, was of the opinion that the respondents had clearly proved their own liability.

Uncle Toby, L.J., concurred.

Appeal upheld.

* * * *

Respondents, who had on more than one occasion throughout the action been detected and reproved for making unseemly grimaces at the opposing Counsel, were ordered to pay the costs, and left the court in tears. It was later unofficially understood that on urgent representations from their next friend the Court had been induced to indemnify the respondents out of its own pockets.

IN THE SHILLING SEATS.

Scene—Lord's.

First New Comer. Hullo, is that you?

Second N. C. Yes.

First N. C. What are you doing here?

Second N. C. I just came to see the Australians.

First N. C. Are you alone?

Second N. C. Yes.

First N. C. Come and sit here.

Second N. C. Pleasure. It 's a long time since I saw you.

First N. C. Isn't it? Let 's see, how long. Why, it must be 1892?

Second N. C. Is it really? Yes, I suppose it is.

Third N. C. Hullo, eight wickets down. By Jove, that 's good. Who 's in?

Fourth N. C. Looks like Gregory to me. Yes, that 's Gregory at the Pavilion end.

Stranger. No, that 's Macartney.

Third N. C. It 's Trumper the other end, I 'll swear.

Stranger. No, that 's Armstrong.

Third N. C. Thank you. Who 's bowling, I wonder?

Fourth N. C. Fielder, of course. Can't you see?

Stranger. No, it 's Buckenham bowling.

Fourth N. C. Thank you. The light 's very bad. I can't see a thing.

First N. C. Where are you living now?

Second N. C. Same old place. And you?

First N. C. I 've moved to Bayswater. Why, your boy must be quite an age now?

Second N. C. Yes, he 's at Balliol.

First N. C. And the others?

Second N. C. My eldest girl was married last week. Let 's see, has Noble been in yet?

First N. C. He 's out, I think. The cards are very slow in coming.

Stranger. Noble 's out.

First N. C. Thank you.

Second N. C. Where 's Fry?

First N. C. I don't see him for the moment.

Third N. C. That 's Fry at mid-on.

First N. C. Thank you.

Stranger. No, Fry 's not at mid-on. Fry 's third man.

First N. C. Thank you.

Third N. C. I 'm afraid he 's mistaken. Fry 's at mid-on. That 's Gillingham at third man.

First N. C. Oh no, I know Gillingham. He 's very different.

Stranger. Fry is at third man. No one else walks like that.

Second N. C. Who 's captain?

First N. C. I don't know. Warner, I think.

Stranger. No, Fry.

Second N. C. Thank you.

First N. C. There 's a card boy at last. Hi, card!

Stranger. It 's no good calling. He can't get here for hours. You must go and get one.

Voice. Card.

Another voice. Here, card!

Another voice. Card!

Another voice. Card!

Voices together. Card!

First N. C. How stupidly this is managed. I 'll toss you who goes for one. (*They toss.*)

Second N. C. (*returning*). He 'd just sold out.

First N. C. What rot! The whole system 's absurd.

Stranger. Will you look at my card?

First N. C. Thank you. (*Reads.*) Hullo, why Trumper 's out. A duck, too. What a shame!

Third N. C. Hullo, what are they going in for? Not tea, surely, with only one wicket still to fall.

Stranger. Yes, tea.

[*Cries of derision and catcalls from all round the ring, as the players begin to troop off.*]

First N. C. Well, I call it a scandal.

Second N. C. A perfect outrage. I hope the crowd will protest.

Fourth N. C. Tea, indeed! Fancy the old cricketers asking for a tea interval.

First N. C. In my time they used on a hot day to bring out a loving cup. Tea! Cricket 's going to the dogs.

[*The hoots continue.* Fry *is seen to sprint for the Pavilion and call up to the Australians' balcony. The next man in runs lightly down the steps and makes for the pitch. The cricketers turn round and follow him. The crowd cheers.*]

First N. C. That 's a very good thing; there might have been a very ugly scene.

Third N. C. Very sensible of Warner, wasn't it?

Fourth N. C. Warner! That wasn't Warner; that was Foster.

Stranger. It was Fry.

Fourth N. C. Thank you.

First N. C. Well, I don't suppose the new man will last long.

(Thompson *bowls him.*)

First N. C. There—what did I say?

The Crowd. Now they can drown theirselves in tea if they like.



Old Nurse (to newly-married couple, after viewing the wedding presents). "WELL, MY DEARS, YOU OUGHT TO BE VERY 'APPY. THERE AIN'T A THING AMONGST 'EM AS A PAWNBROKER WOULDN'T BE PLEASED TO 'ANDLE."

THE REVENGE.

(A True Story from Odessa.)

THREE students of Odessa
Were Leo, Nic and Jan;
They loved to smoke and crack a joke,
They loved to clink the can;
They loved to flirt with Tessa,
Marie, and Olga too,
They loved their larks, these gay young sparks,
As sparks are apt to do.

In vain would staid professors
Attempt by hook or crook
To wean those boys from giddy joys
And bring them all to book.
The hardened young transgressors
Just winked the other eye,
And thought, "Why turn our brains to learn
The square of $x + y$?

"There's Ivan! Ivan knows it!
He loves to sit and cram,
And we 'll contrive to sit next Ive
When doing our exam."
And so with many a *prosit*
To Ivan's subtle brain
They laughed and joked and chaffed and smoked
And clinked the can again.

The day, so dread and fateful,
At length must needs arrive,
When all the three arranged to be
Close round the desk of Ive;
And, feeling duly grateful
That he was well prepared,
They made a note of what he wrote
And $x + y$ was squared.

That night there was much dining,
And Ive was toasted well;
They wished him health, they wished him wealth,
More times than I can tell.
But every silver lining
Must have its leaden cloud:
The pass-list came, and oh, the shame!
All four of them were ploughed!

Then wroth waxed Nic and Leo,
And Jan was far from cool;
'Twas clear as day, decided they,
That Ivan was a fool;
And straight the outraged trio
Together strode abroad,
And Ive was thrashed and kicked and bashed
For being such a fraud.

Now sad their situation
Deep in a dungeon vault;
Grim, grim their fate, for they await
Their trial for assault.
Yet great their provocation,
And when the lads are tried
The judge—who knows?—may think their blows
Were not unjustified.

Throwing Good Money after Bad.

"The per-capita wealth of the little town of Cunnersdorf has been suddenly increased as a consequence of the visit of a Berlin merchant, who sought to cure a temporary fit of metal (*sic*) depression by throwing away handfuls of money and precious stones."—*Daily Mail.*

	O	M	R	W
"Crawford	1 ...	0 ...	160 ...	– "

—*Newcastle Daily Chronicle.*

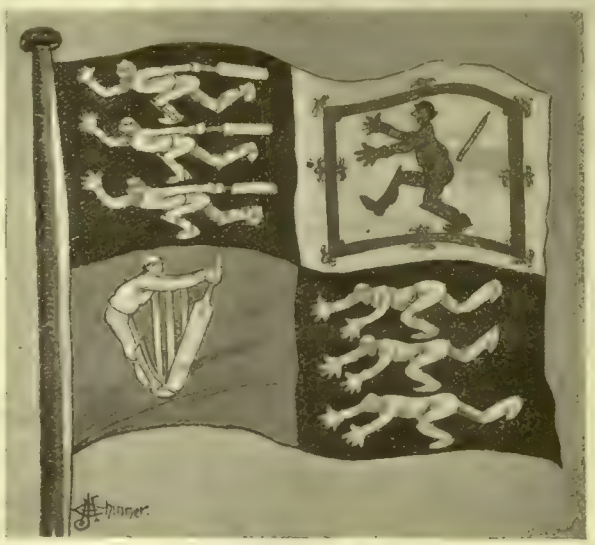
We can imagine his appeal for "just one more over," and the captain's apologetic refusal.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

SIR JOHN ARDAGH was of the class of men that has made, extended, and still preserves the British Empire. For a period of forty years, between 1868 and 1907, he was active in the service of his country. His range of experience was singularly wide. Gazetted to the Royal Engineers in his nineteenth year, he was appointed, while still young, to the post of Secretary to the Committee on Fortifications, in which capacity he visited Halifax and Bermuda. He was in Paris at the occupation of the Germans, assisted at the Congress of Berlin, served on the Bulgarian Boundary Commission, was sent to Egypt during the crisis of which ARABI was the central figure, fought in the Soudan, was Private Secretary to Lord LANSDOWNE when Viceroy of India, was at The Hague during the Conference of 1899, being temporarily borrowed from the Intelligence Department, of which he was the head before and during the Boer War. It seems to have been an impulse common to the Foreign Office and the War Office, whenever a good man was wanted, straightway to send for ARDAGH.

The story of this strenuous *Life* (MURRAY) is told by Lady ARDAGH. No temptation would have made him place it on record with his own hand. As modest as he was courageous and capable, he was almost morosely reticent about his own achievements. This characteristic was most notable during the dark days of the Boer War. As chief of the Intelligence Department, uninstructed critics naturally turned and rent him when discovery was made of the hopeless inefficiency of the Army, and of the Administration's colossal ignorance about the strength and resources of the Boers. ARDAGH bore other people's burdens in silence. It was only when the Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into the unhappy business that disclosure was made of the fact that the counsels and warnings of the Intelligence Department had been systematically ignored by a Government fully and accurately informed. Lady ARDAGH has done well to lift the veil from this noble figure.



DESIGN FOR STANDARD TO BE USED AT CRICKET MATCHES WHEN THE YOUNG PRINCES ATTEND.

Priscilla of The Good Intent is not, as you might reasonably suppose from the title, a seafaring romance, but a story of life in a north-country village, as it is imagined by Mr. HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE. I put in that last remark because, with every possible respect for an author of multifold achievement, I am unable to believe a word he says about the inhabitants of Garth. Good Intent was the name of a farm, where dwelt heroine *Priscilla*, and was wooed of two swains, *David the Smith* and the returned ne'er-do-well squire, *Reuben Gaunt*. Eventually, after a fever epidemic which tries the true metal of *Gaunt* (and the author's treatment of this is by far the best thing in the book), *Priscilla* marries him, amid prospects of the rosiest. At least we are told so; but as a matter of fact all the persons of the tale are so palpably artificial that it is impossible to credit them with any future existence whatever. They are the autumnal rustics of Drury Lane rather than those of life; and their dialogue, with its almost maddening frequency of poetic metaphor, proclaims their origin on every page. Still, Mr. SUTCLIFFE'S pictures of Fell country are so alluring that he has almost persuaded me to renew an old acquaintance with it this very month; though, like the conjuror in *Peter Pan*, I "haven't any hope really" that the inhabitants will prove such a company of inglorious Miltons as he would have me picture them.

Another *Priscilla*, of *Priscilla and Charybdis* (CONSTABLE), was a farmer's daughter, with modern ideas on milking and manure, whose parents married her to a plausible and well-to-do scoundrel. Luckily, however, for her peace of mind they were no sooner married than separated. As they were leaving the church her newly-made husband was arrested on a charge of fraud, and clapped into prison, and the newspapers, shortly after his release, reported that he was drowned. So *Priscilla*, guilelessly believing what they said, married the squire, a shiftless youth without much backbone, and made a man and a Member of Parliament of him by the example of her own resolute character. But, just when they were beginning to live happily ever after, the scoundrel turned up again, and held a pistol at the squire's head, one barrel loaded with blackmail, the other with the law, exclaiming, "Your money or my wife!" The squire was for giving him neither, and must infallibly have got the worst of the encounter, if a previous victim of the scoundrel's had not saved the situation by killing him with a pitchfork. And, after all, she need not have done it (except as a relief to her own feelings), because it turned out that *Priscilla's* first marriage had been conducted by a sham parson. However, it's no use crying over spilt blood, and we must take Mr. FRANKFORT MOORE'S book as we find it, and be as thankful as we can. Its title is, perhaps, the worst thing about it, for there is no suggestion that *Priscilla* in the story itself stands for one of two alternative perils. The jingle of sounds—a little arbitrary in any case—might have served if it had called up any corresponding association of ideas; but it doesn't, and so it is just a jingle.

MR. BERNARD CAPES has returned to romance proper without polemic interludes on style, and that is an excellent thing, because I would not willingly have missed a page of *The Love Story of St. Bel* (METHUEN). The scene is laid in fourteenth-century Siena, and (except for the heroine and a very unpleasant hunchback who impersonates his brother, the perfect knight *St. Bel*, and may in fact be termed the dragon) ST. CATHERINE is the most prominent personage in the book. Of course, when a writer introduces an historical *dea ex machinâ* (and the Saint occupies this *rôle* in settling the feuds of the *contado*), there is likely to be a good deal of creaking about the ropes; but Mr. CAPES knows them so well that it is hard to believe he was not there in person, disguised as an arbalister or a Black Dominican. His characters talk in an archaic manner which is admirably sustained from start to finish without ever becoming tiresome, and that is no small testimony to the author's skill.

CHARIVARIA.

THE British naval attaché in Berlin presented the GERMAN EMPEROR, last week, with a copy of the British Navy List, but this attempt to intimidate His Majesty strikes us as puerile.

***

According to a report just published lunacy has decreased in Scotland during the past few years. A Tory correspondent writes to say that the full extent of the decrease will be apparent at the next General Election.

***

An improvement is to be noted in the manners of a certain militant body. The three Suffragettes who went to church at Clovelly on Whit Sunday and sat opposite Mr. ASQUITH, did not cry, "Votes for Women!" during the service.

***

The President of the British Dental Association, in his address at the opening of the Conference at Birmingham, spoke of "the deplorable state of the teeth of the *civilised* races." (The italics are ours.) You can always tell which are the civilised races, because the others have no dentists.

***

Prince GEORGE of Servia, it is said, is now anxious to become an ex-ex-Crown Prince.

***

An official of the Great Western Railway informed the Newbury Licensing Justices that the reason why a cup of tea was dearer than a glass of beer on their line was that the Company lost 50,000 cups and saucers a year. Evidently teetotalers do not stop at taking the pledge.

***

Mr. BERNARD SHAW, we are informed by *The Nation*, has completed another work. It is called *Press Cuttings compiled from the Correspondence and Editorial Columns of the Daily Press.* We understand that the author is considering the advisability of having a short alternative title for convenience of reference, as in Acts of Parliament.

***

Speaking of the reappearance of Mr. FRANZ VON VECSEY at a recent concert, *The Glasgow Herald* says, "Though the music he had chosen was entirely of a virtuous kind, he played it in such masterly style that even SAURET'S interminable cadenza to PAGANINI'S violin concerto in D had a musical value." If only he had chosen something more vicious!

An old master was sold the other day at Christie's for twenty-one shillings. It bore the appropriate title, "A Sacrifice."

***

The Protestant chaplain of a continental prison has resigned because the magistrates refused to increase his salary. In these days of dwindling congregations, such posts where worshippers are forced to attend—must be much coveted, and there will, we should fancy, be no difficulty in filling the vacancy.

***

The wife of Professor PATTEN, of the University of Pennsylvania, has obtained a divorce as a protest against the Professor's views of domesticity, his outline of the ideal day for a married couple, as expressed in a recent lecture, being that "both should rise at six, the mother should prepare breakfast, work six hours outside the home, purchase a ready-cooked dinner, and find time later for the house cleaning." The Patten Wife evidently did not find a Model Husband.

***

Several of our more enterprising newspapers which published a reproduction of HOLBEIN'S "Duchess" when there was a danger of her leaving us, repeated the performance when it was announced that she was to stay with us. We have made a careful comparison of the two reproductions, and we are glad to be able to report that, in spite of the anxious time which the lady must have had in the interim, she betrays no signs of it.

***

Chicago is now justified, and the potted meat industry hopes that the last has been heard of the silly outcry against chopped fingers. Dr. F. GOWLAND HOPKINS, lecturing at the Royal Institution, has declared man to be the most perfect food for man.

***

An American bride has insisted, before going to the altar, on her prospective husband signing a sworn statement before a judge setting forth his various pledges. One of these is that he will never keep a dog. Let us hope that this does not mean that the lady is a cat.

***

It is scarcely creditable to our London Press that it should have remained for a provincial paper to chronicle a bowling feat in the Test Match, which, we have reason to believe, is unique in the annals of cricket. "The most striking contrasts of the match," says *The Liverpool Daily Post and Mercury*, "were the scores of C. B. Fry and Hobbs, *both of whom were out to the first ball in the opening innings.*"

***

By-the-by the invention of a bowling machine is announced. It is hoped later on to perfect mechanical batsmen and fielders as well; then everyone, including the cricketers, will be able to watch a match in comfort.



Reveller. "MUSN'T LEAN SO HARD 'GAINST 'SCONFOUNDED WALL, OR I'LL BE GOIN' FLOP WHEN I GET TO THE CORNER!"

Flannels for Foresters.

"The party was met by Mr. Anderson, head forester, and assistants, who conducted them along the avenue, describing the various species of trees, their habits of growth, and leading features, and, being arrayed in the fair garniture of early summer, were beautiful to behold."—*Falkirk Herald.*

Pale green with a stripe, we should imagine; and something resonant in waistcoats for Mr. ANDERSON.

"The first three balls puzzled him and he appeared a trifle nervous. A ball from Macartney jumped over the batsman's shoulder, hit Macartney on the head and went for a single."—*Birmingham Evening Dispatch.*

The boomerang ball is very deceptive, but sometimes defeats its own end. Too much back spin, therefore, should not be employed.

THE HIGHER LANGUAGE TEST.

[MR. LLOYD-GEORGE recently opened the extended links at Pwllheli and remarked as among the merits of the "beneficent game" of golf that it tested a man's temper and language.]

THE truth had been already guessed.
It needed not a Cymric wizard
To find that golf affords a test
Of language latent in the chest,
Of temper in the gizzard.

Long ere Pwllheli leapt to fame
Through yonder Ministerial Taffy,
Ourselves had cursed our driver's aim,
Addressed our cleek in words of flame,
And brutalised our baffy.

Ourselves had foozled shots than which
Nothing on earth could well be softer;
Had seen the humorous pellet pitch
In arid pot or watery ditch,
And smashed in twain our lofter.

We, too, around the hole had said
Things more adapted to the gutter;
Had for the time mislaid our head,
And turned the polished green one red,
Blasting our blameless putter.

Full many a saintly man we know
Who, baffled by a hopeless stymie,
Being one down with two to go,
Permits himself to mutter, "Blow!"
Or even runs to "Blimey!"

Sometimes the faults of other men
Provoke the impious interjection;
It happens in a foursome when
You lay your partner dead—and then
He makes a resurrection.

But there's a game we're bound to play
That tends to language still more stormy:
Where there are thumping stakes to pay,
Pouched by a Bogey, so to say,
Who *starts* by being dormy.

All of us thirst to have his gore,
We yearn to raise the ruby blood-jet;
Useless! he has no veins to bore,
He's solid rubber, rind to core.
This is the game of Budget.

O. S.

CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME;

OR, LITTLE ARTHUR'S ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.

(*Little Arthur, aged* 12; *Papa, aged* 48.)

Little Arthur. Papa, are you going to send me to school soon?

Papa. Yes, my boy, you'll go to school in a year or so. I haven't quite made up my mind as to the place, but it'll be one of the big public schools. You'll like that, won't you?

L. A. Yes, Papa, I hope I shall; but I'm to go whether I like it or not—isn't that the arrangement, Papa?

Papa. Oh, yes; you'll have to go all right; but even if you don't like it just at first, you'll realise some day that it was the very best thing that could have happened to you.

L. A. I suppose so, Papa. But why *must* I go to school, Papa?

Papa. What do you mean?

L. A. Why can't I go on as I'm going now, Papa? I'm learning a lot of things. There's French and English and geography and mathematics and poetry, and I've begun German.

Papa. Oh! I daresay you're learning plenty of things, but we want to make a man of you, you know. That's why you're to go to school.

L. A. But shouldn't I grow up and be a man all right if I remained at home, Papa?

Papa. You'd be a sort of man, I daresay, but not the sort I want you to be. Boys must have the nonsense knocked out of them some time or other, and there's no place like a school for that.

L. A. I see, Papa. Then I suppose I've got a lot of nonsense about me?

Papa. Yes, any amount.

L. A. But how did I get it, Papa?

Papa. I'm sure I don't know.

L. A. Did Mademoiselle teach me nonsense?

Papa. Certainly not.

L. A. Did Mamma teach me any?

Papa. Of course not. Don't be silly.

L. A. No, Papa, I won't. Then did *you* teach me nonsense, Papa?

Papa. Now look here, Arthur, a joke's a joke——

L. A. Yes, Papa, I suppose it is; but I wasn't making a joke that time. I don't make many jokes. I only thought if it wasn't Mademoiselle or Mamma it must be you, because nobody else has taught me anything at all.

Papa. I don't remember having taught you anything.

L. A. Oh, Papa, you did. I saw what you did, you know, and I tried to do the same; and then there's reading books and sermons and newspapers, and asking questions for information, and——

Papa. Well, that's just the kind of nonsense a big school will knock out of you.

L. A. There you are, Papa. I learnt it from you, and now you say it's nonsense, and yet you don't think you taught me any nonsense. I'm sure I don't know——

Papa. No, you don't. You don't know anything, and that's why you're to go to school.

L. A. I see, Papa. They'll teach me not to do all the things Mamma and Mademoiselle and you have been teaching me to do. Is that it, Papa?

Papa. No, it isn't. They'll——

L. A. But, Papa!

Papa. I'm doing the talking now.

L. A. Yes, Papa.

Papa. And I want you to understand that you're going to school to get your character formed. You'll learn to play games—cricket and football, and so on—and to make your own way in the world—to take a knock, and give it, if necessary, and to hold your head up like a man.

L. A. Then you want me to play games, Papa?

Papa. Of course I do. You know——

L. A. Yes, I know, Papa; you said games had made Englishmen what they were.

Papa. Yes, to be sure I did. Games are the backbone of an English education. I don't want you to be like one of these molly-coddling foreign boys.

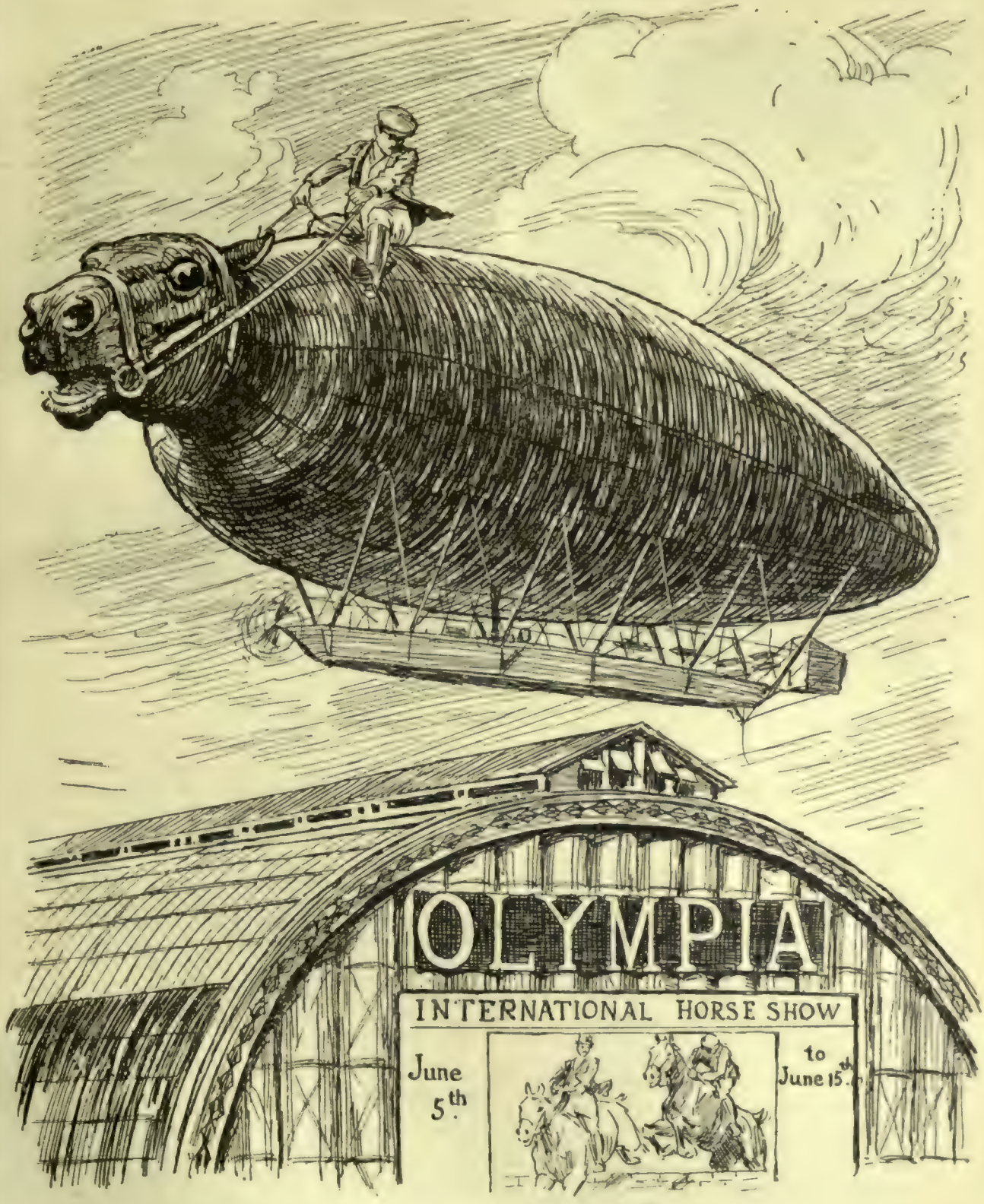
L. A. Very well, Papa, I'll learn games. And then, Papa, you want me to learn to fight, too, don't you?

Papa. What put that into your head?

L. A. Well, Papa, you said I was to take a knock and give it, if necessary, and I can't do that without fighting, can I?

Papa. I didn't mean that you were to spend your life in fighting; but you'll have to show a proper spirit, and if a chap hits you you must hit him back.

L. A. Yes, Papa, I'll try to. But I saw two men fighting in the village the other day, and the policeman came past and



THE NEW PEGASUS.

AERONAUT (*clearing all the jumps in one*). "TALK ABOUT HORSEFLESH! GIVE ME ALUMINIUM AND GOLD-BEATER'S SKIN!"



He. "AWFUL LOT OF QUEERITIES ONE MEETS HERE. WONDER WHERE LADY BAREACRES SCOOPS 'EM UP."

She. "OH! DON'T YOU KNOW? THEY 'RE CUSTOMERS AT HER HAT SHOP. ANYONE WHO BUYS A CERTAIN NUMBER OF HATS AND PAYS CASH DOWN GETS A RECEIPT AND AN INVITATION TO BAREACRES HOUSE ALL IN ONE!"

stopped them, and one of their noses was bleeding like anything, and the policeman said they would both be charged with it. He didn't seem to like it at all. Shall I be put in prison if a chap hits me and I hit him back?

Papa. Really, you are the most absurd boy I ever met. Don't you see the difference between brawling in a village and taking your own part in a manly way?

L. A. But that 's just what one of the men said. He said he was only taking his own part, but the policeman said he could tell that story to the magistrate.

Papa. Isn't it nearly your bedtime?

L. A. Nearly, Papa, but not quite. And, oh, Papa, if I 'm to learn games and fighting and all that, I shan't have much time for books, shall I? I 'm afraid I shall forget all my French and geography and music and poetry.

Papa. Not at all. You 'll have to do your work, too, you know. Greek and Latin and all that. I want you to work very hard and be a credit to us.

L. A. Yes, Papa, but you didn't think Mr. Baines was a credit, did you? You said he 'd fogged himself with books and learning and getting scholarships, and the result was he was about as much use as a bilious attack. You said that, didn't you?

Papa. If I did I didn't mean you to hear it. There 's a proper moderation in all things.

L. A. But I don't see how I 'm to work very hard and be a credit, and have a proper moderation all at the same time.

Papa. Don't you? Well, you can go to bed now and think about it there.

A COMING PRODIGY.

[A medical paper says that crying is a healthy exercise for a baby.]

TIME was if James, as though possessed by pain,
Exuded tear-drops in a noisy fashion,
A vulgar tendency to grow profane
Bore witness to my sentiments of passion.
But now I know that such heartrending cries
Are but a baby's mode of exercise.

I feel his tears are bringing fame to me,
His sobs are incoherently prophetic
Of coming days, when I can claim to be
Father to one exceedingly athletic,
Who blends the charms most pleasing to the eye
In SAMSON, HERCULES, and C. B. FRY.

And so, if in a moment strangely gay
For once the baby lips forbear to quiver,
I fear his lack of exercise will play
The very deuce with Little James's liver;
And, creeping to the cradle, I begin
To urge him to exertion—with a pin.

"A certain peer who has been very pro-Roberts debate said to me, 'Lord Roberts Roberts' debate said to me, 'Lord Roberts gets no further.'"—*Sunday Chronicle.*

Lord ROBERTS isn't the only one.

A WEEK-END IN THE COUNTRY.

"WHY not come down," (wrote George), "and spend a week-end with us? We're all alone. The country is looking lovely just now, and it will do you all the good in the world. Fresh air and exercise are what you Londoners want. There is a good train at 2.30."

"The very thing," I said to myself, and I wired, "*Coming by the two-thirty.*" At two-thirty-four I wired again, "*Coming by the five-nine.*" How it was I missed the 5.9, I cannot explain, but it was not until half-past ten that I arrived at last.

"Not at all," said George in reply to my apologies. "Afraid you didn't see much of the country coming up from the station, though. Never mind; you're staying till Tuesday, aren't you? That's good. Breakfast at ten."

It was a glorious morning when I woke for the first time at four. At six and at eight it was still delightful, and I congratulated myself on my escape from London. However, I only just managed to get down to breakfast by ten.

George turned up twenty minutes later.

"Glorious day, isn't it?" he said. "We must have a good walk. Hallo, here's Muriel. You know my sister, don't you?"

"Good morning," said Muriel. "Isn't it a glorious day? Polly down yet, George?"

"She's having breakfast upstairs. She's going to church, though."

"Yes, I'm going with her."

"That's right. Now then, old man, what would you like to do about church?"

"Well," I said doubtfully, "of course one *can* always go to church in London."

"Just as you like, you know. The carriage is going. And the ladies would love to have you."

"Rather," said Muriel. "Gracious, we must fly."

I looked at the beautiful day again . . . and helped myself to another cup.

"You'd better go without us," said George to Muriel. "We haven't finished breakfast yet. Tell you what, though—we're going a good walk, so we might call for you, and all come back together through the woods."

"That's an idea," I said heartily.

After breakfast we went into the library. I began to fill a pipe.

"That's rather a jolly book," said George, picking one off the table. "You might have a look at it some time."

"I've heard about it," I said, looking at the title, "I know it's good;" and I began to dip into it.

"What a perfect day," said George at the window, yawning and stretching himself; "I must just write a letter, though."

I turned back to the first page. . . . It was really a very jolly book. . . .

"Hallo," said George, "they're back from church. We shall have to do our walk this afternoon, old man. How's the book?"

"Heavens," I cried, "it's one o'clock. I had no idea."

"Well, come and have some lunch. What a wonderful day! About this afternoon—would you like to go up through the woods, or shall we get down to the sea?"

"Don't mind a bit," I said cheerfully, and went in to lunch. . . .

"What do you generally do on a Sunday after lunch?" said George, as we lit our cigars.

"In London I generally go to sleep," I confessed.

"So do I," said George. "Try the sofa in the library, won't you? You'll find it quite comfortable, and then you won't be bothered by the ladies."

We all met at tea in the drawing-room.

"Tea outside is so uncomfortable, don't you think?" said Mrs. George. "You're three lumps, aren't you? Isn't it a perfect day?"

"Perfect," we all agreed.

* * * *

"I hope it will be fine to-morrow," said George, as he gave me my candle that night. "You've hardly seen the country yet. We might have the car out—unless you'd rather walk?"

"Walking would be better for us, I suppose?"

"By Jove, yes; you Londoners want exercise. I'll tell you what. We'll go out in the car and take lunch with us, and then the ladies can drive back, and you and I will walk. How's that?"

"Ripping," I said.

Monday was another glorious day, from four o'clock onwards. I was down all right at ten, and so was George's sister.

"What are you men thinking of doing to-day?" she asked, when I had got going on the fish.

"George said something about all going out in the car."

"That will be jolly. It's very pretty round here, isn't it?"

"I haven't seen it yet," I said. "I've hardly been outside the house."

"George must take you round before we start."

When this was repeated to George half-an-hour later he was enthusiastic. "Come on," he said, as soon as he had finished his breakfast; and I followed him out.

"This," he said, as we stepped from the library on to the lawn, "is where we generally play croquet. A jolly game, I always think."

"Oh, rather."

"Do you play much? Well, then, don't you agree with me that it's a mistake for the man who goes first not to have a shot at the hoop?"

"It's rather risky," I began, "because——"

"Well, now, I don't think so. I'd back myself to do it any time. Look here, we might just have a game and then I'd show you what I mean. Would you like to?"

"Rather; I'm always ready for croquet." . . .

"We must have another," said George, an hour and a-half later. "You didn't get any of the luck." . . . "And a conqueror," he added half an hour afterwards. "The balls just went right for you that time."

"What a perfect day," said Mrs. George at lunch. "How's the croquet?"

"We're just playing the conqueror," said George. "Jove, it's hot. I've never known such a day."

We finished the third game (which George won), and came in for a drink.

"It's all eye," said George. "Same as at billiards. If you can smack 'em at one you can smack 'em at the other."

"Well, I can't smack 'em at billiards," I sighed.

"Nonsense! Really? I wonder what I could give you? Do you *care* for a game? Come on, then."

Muriel came into the billiard-room about four.

"Billiards—on a day like this!" she exclaimed.

"It's clouding over a bit now," said George, as he chalked his cue . . . "That takes me out, I think."

"Why don't you play a sociable game for four?" said Muriel.

"Bridge?" said George. "Well, get Polly then. And we'll have tea in here."

"Do you play Bridge much?" Muriel asked me.

"I love it," I said truthfully.

"So do I," she said, and she went off for Polly . . .

At about seven o'clock, "No trumps," said George. "Ah, I thought so," he added. "It's begun to rain."

We all looked out of the window. "*What* a pity!" we all said.

"Spoilt your week-end rather," said George.

"Oh, no, I've had a perfectly ripping time," I protested.

"Still if it had kept fine—— You know, in the country one does want——"

"*Must* you go early to-morrow?" said Muriel.

"I'm afraid so."

"Well, you must come again, that's all," said Mrs. George kindly.

"And come when it's fine," said George, "and get a little country air and exercise. Do you all the good in the world."

A. A. M.

AMONG THE ADVERTISEMENTS.

I. "STOP! STOP RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE! YOUR HAIR IS FALLING OUT!"

IT is the autumn of life. I have stopped right where I am, and, lo! my hair is falling out. It is useless to replace it. Once, in the beginning of things, I thought it might be done, and when the first hair, leaving its follicle and passing through the cutis vera and the epidermis into the open air, lay before me in all its silent tragedy, I was not downcast. I took that hair to the works, thoroughly overhauled it, polished and sharpened it, parted it on the right side and replaced it. In less than a week a second hair lay on the shoulder of my coat, making its mute appeal for liberty or the grave. "It is the spring of life," I said, "and your work is still to do." I had it trimmed and relined throughout and fresh buttons put on. But when I sought to replace this one, it would not be replaced. What mistake had I made? Was it not, after all, the spring of life? The mistake was not there. Whether it came of romance or a careless barber, that hair was not mine. It was an import.

But now, every time the wind blows my path is strewn with these sad tokens of a zenith passed. I have tied the little fellows up in bundles of five, and Dorothy, Violet, Joyce and Miss Mallow have each been supplied with a bundle. But the remedy is temporary, and neither Dorothy, Violet, Joyce nor Miss Mallow is open to a second bundle. Reader, have you any cushions that you would have stuffed, for it is the autumn of life?

I cannot prevent this falling-out, can I? But why should I want to prevent it? Do not I spend half-an-hour a day getting hair off my face? Why should I spend another half-an-hour a day getting hair on the top of my head? Why should I have 8,683 (no, that was yesterday; I should say 8,679) stalks sitting idle on the top of my head, while I carry them about all day for nothing? Are they beautiful in shape? Only for their perfect and unbending straightness. Is red tinged with bluey-greyish-brown a tint pleasing to the eye? I do not want the stuff. I will stop no longer right where I am. I will keep moving. Let it all fall out.

No, thank you, gentlemen, I do not want a bottle to-day.

II. "DO NOT BE A MISERABLE FAILURE IN LIFE."

It was the winter of life, and all his hair had fallen out. He had tried 999 different kinds of cocoa, and each of them was the best and none of the others was pure. He had stopped right where he was, and his hair had ceased falling out. There was no more to fall. Neither Dorothy, Violet, Joyce nor Miss Mallow would disgorge their gratuitous bundles.

"Shall I be a miserable failure in life?" he said. Then something caught his eye. It was an advertisement.

"Thank you," he said, "for your prompt reply. I will not." And he went on and bought a wig.

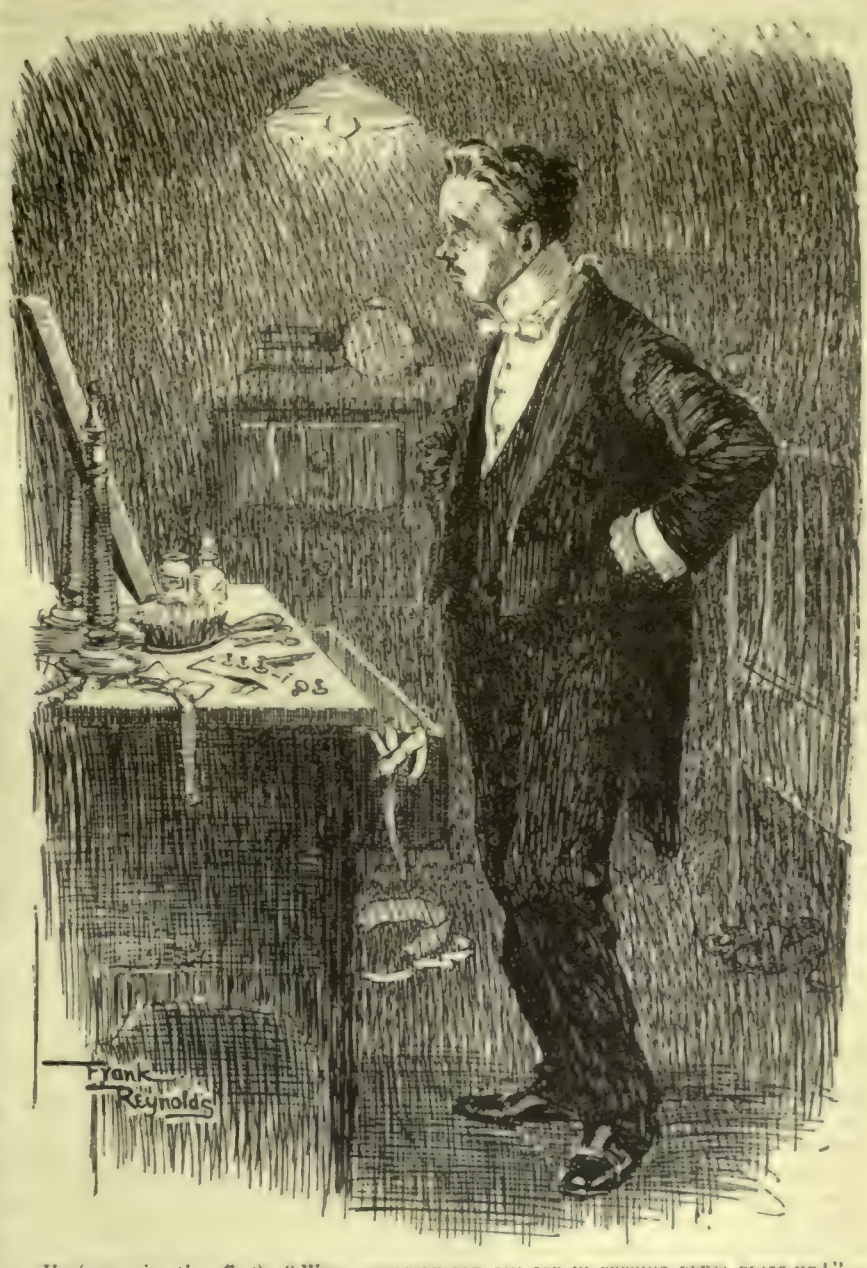
III. "THE DESIRE TO POSSESS BEAUTY IS KEENEST WHERE REFINEMENT IS STRONGEST."

His fountain pen had filled itself in a flash, and was now sitting on his study desk trying, trying with all its little might to leak. All the fleas and beetles were dead, and the growth of the bookshelf was visible to the naked eye. The strong healthy baby, determined to have the best, had finished its thirteenth bottle (all of different makes) of the Only Food and was making the day hideous with its shrieks for the other six. Dorothy, Violet, Joyce and Miss Mallow were not to be seen, but there can be little doubt that they were standing before their several mirrors, growing momentarily more beautiful in four different varieties of corsets.

"I wonder how they will like my wig?" he asked himself.

IV. "DO YOU WANT TO KNOW HOW TO GET RID OF THAT SUPERFLUOUS HAIR."

Excuse me, Sir, but it is a wig.



He (surveying the effect). "WELL, WHAT PEOPLE CAN SEE IN EVENING DRESS BEATS ME!"

ABSTEMIOUS ARISTOCRATS.

As a certain amount of scepticism has been provoked by the remarkable disclosures made by Miss ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON in her article on "The Craze for Frugality" in last Wednesday's *Daily Mail*, *Mr. Punch* has been at some pains to verify her astonishing statements. He regrets to state that the results of these inquiries confirm her conclusions at almost every point.

To begin with, *The Daily Mail* has taken to using the word "parcimony," spelling it in the manner adopted by *The Times*, and thus inducing its readers to concentrate their attention on the deleterious qualities which it connotes. This in itself is a straw which shows which way the wind is blowing.

M. Rideveau, the *chef* of the Hotel Tit-Bitz, interviewed in his sanctum last Friday, corroborated Miss HEPWORTH DIXON in almost every particular. According to his statement the number of people who only eat four meals a day is steadily increasing. Last week Baron Brauneberg, who was dining with Sir Isidore Stoschenbüttel, pointedly declined his favourite dish of Devonshire cream, caviare and *pâté de foie gras*. Lord Lushingham has become a teetotaler, and Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Bulger entertained a party to supper, after a recent performance of *Pelléas et Mélisande*, on cracknels and ginger ale.

Messrs. Murdoch and Menzies, the well-known grain merchants, furnished our representative with some truly astonishing figures as to the increase of the barley crop in the last year. The output now amounts to more than a billion bushels, and even so it fails to keep pace with the ever-growing demand for the favourite beverage of the day. Indeed, Mr. Mungo Menzies declared that the amount of barley-water drunk by the members of the House of Lords alone in the summer months would fill the Serpentine and Round Pond combined.

Mr. St. LOE STRACHEY, the author of *The New Way of Life*, proposes to carry out a series of free food tests on an experimental *Spectator* company, with a view to determining what is the irreducible minimum of nutriment on which the doctrine of Free Exchange can be efficiently advocated.

The Editor of the *Tailor's Goose* affirms that the cult of economy has invaded the hitherto sacrosanct domain of high sartorial art. Indeed, he has it on the best authority that a well-known duke was recently seen at Epsom in a suit of ready-made grey flannels, and boasted to his friends that he had purchased them that morning for 27*s.* 6*d.* at the emporium of Messrs. Charity Bros., in Cheapside.

The Editor of the *Tittler* publishes an interview this week with Mr. Fulsome Younger, who describes himself as a converted gourmand, and is anxious to form a Dining Club, the members of which must pledge themselves never to spend more than 25*s.* on their dinner, exclusive of wines.

Mr. MONTAGU WOOD, whose superbly eloquent article in the June *National Review* on "The Disabilities of an Oxford Career" has caused such consternation in Academic circles, attributes the decay of his *Alma Mater* to the fatuous fashion of frugality which threatens to submerge the peerless pearl of cities beneath an avalanche of anæmic abstinence. As he expresses it in his inimitable style, "it is this exorbitant apotheosis of economy, this sinister fetish-worship of semi-starvation that degrades the somnolent sons of Oxford, supinely stagnating beside the argent confluence of Cherwell and Isis, to the abysmal depths of disconsideration and disrepute." Mr. WOOD, however, nobly refuses to despair of his University, and holds that a course of Port and Polysyllables, if vigorously persisted in, will revive the robuster traditions of the past and make the exuberant scions of noble houses irresistibly pine to punch all that is most sensitive in the anatomy of bulky and belligerent bargees.

THE RULING PASSION.

[According to a Hungarian critic, British middle-class women "have a perfect itch for indignation. Unless they feel shocked at least ten times a day they are not happy."]

THERE are who find their sole delight
  In taking Mayfair flats;
There are who love to purchase quite
  Unnecessary hats;
There are who rank the world a blank
  Save church-parade on Sundays,
When they disclose expensive hose
  And soul-enthralling undies.

But one there is with little mind
  For pleasures such as these;
Joys of a far less costly kind
  My virtuous Martha please.
The thrill that springs from hats and things
  She values not. What knocks her
Is when she hears with blushing ears
  Some tale that fairly shocks her.

At breakfast Martha scans the *Mail*,
  Where she is sure to find
Some dreadful, horrifying tale
  That sears her model mind.
Aghast she reads the Smart Set's deeds,
  Or some enquiring chappie
Asks, "Is it true that women woo?"
  And she is shocked and happy.

A deep and gratifying glow
  Of virtue comes her way,
If she by any chance should go
  To see a modern play;
She gloats with rage to think the stage
  Should dare to draw attention
To endless strings of awful things
  She'd rather die than mention.

And if the Vicar's wife should call
  She serves some tasty scraps—
The curate's sad free-thinking fall,
  The verger's latest lapse;
But greater still the scrumptious thrill
  That G. B. S. affords them;
When he's discussed a perfect bust
  Of righteous wrath rewards them.

IN CHAMBERS.

OUT OF CHAMBERS.

IT is not to be supposed that even the busiest K.C. has no existence outside court and his chambers. Observe, for instance, a distinguished Silk leaving the Strand and marching westwards as early as four o'clock in the afternoon. Let us follow him and leave chambers for the Dentist's operating-room. Delighted at our own immunity, we observe the Dentist standing ready to ply his forceps with a happy smile and irresponsible chatter. Sitting in the Throne of Pain we see the K.C., stripped of the dignity of his robes and reduced to subjection by one aching tooth. The former is urbane and politely prepared to do his worst; the latter masterful in manner but meek at heart. He for once shall be the victim, shall even be the martyr to a string of questions which he knows he could answer once for all if only his questioner would let him.

Silklike, the K.C. is not going to let the other fellow in before he has had his say. The contest must be an uneven one, but there shall be a contest. Let us sit silent amidst the escape of gas and the whirr of grinding machines, listening to the K.C.'s words and watching with attention the curious ceremony.

"You are a registered dentist?" says the K.C.

"I am, indeed," says the Dentist.

"Then let me explain to you how you stand with regard to the law. Probably the first reference to the art of dentistry in the Statute Book occurs in 32 Henry VIII., chapter 42, section 3, where it is enacted that '. . . no manner of person within the City of London . . . using barbery or shaving . . . shall occupy any surgery, letting of blood or any other thing belonging to surgery, drawing of teeth only except.'"

"The result of that, I take it," says the Dentist, "is this: If I were shaving you, I could pull out your teeth, but could not cut your chin. It would be a most entertaining experiment to pull out a tooth with a razor."



Bore. "———AND I HAVE ALWAYS REGARDED IT AS A SOMEWHAT SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE, THAT WHEREAS MY FATHER WAS BORN IN INDIA, AND MY MOTHER IN BELFAST, I MYSELF WAS BORN IN LONDON."

She (doing her best). "REA-A—A—A—LLY. HOW STRANGE YOU SHOULD ALL HAVE MET."

"Technically, this is not the City of London," says the K.C. hastily, "and you have no jurisdiction. In 1878 was passed the Dentists' Act, 41 & 42 Victoria, chapter 33, the charter of the profession. The following is a summary of its provisions. . . ."

"When a man treats me with such painstaking thoroughness, I feel bound to do the same for him," the Dentist interrupts thoughtfully.

"Thanks," says the K.C. suspiciously; "I will be very brief with you. We will pass on from that and come at once to the most recent proposed legislation, to wit that of Lord HYLTON, in March 1907 (Bill No. 15), ". . . to prohibit Joint Stock Companies from carrying on practice as dentists or dental surgeons, except by means of duly qualified persons.' Personally, I could not bear the thought of having a tooth pulled out by a Joint Stock Company, but Lord HYLTON doubtless felt differently. I expect what happened was that there were as many as twenty men at work in his mouth at once, and in the confusion one fellow got at him with a pick who never ought to have been allowed to leave his coal-mine.

"So much then for the Statutes. Now let us get to the cases. The leading case is that of *The Pharmaceutical Society* v. *The London & Provincial Supply Association, Limited* (1880, Appeal Cases, 857), but I never can understand from the report which was trying to pull out which's teeth, and why. There is also ample authority for attaching severe liability to the dentist who trespasses off the one particular tooth under his care, and for saying that every dog may have at least one bite. Finally, there is the case of *Lee* v. *Griffin*, reported in 1 B. & S., of which the facts are as follows:—'A. ordered off B. a set of artificial teeth, which were by the contract to be fitted to the mouth, but died before they were so fitted. *Held*, that there was a contract for the sale of goods within the Statute of Frauds, 29 Car. II., chapter 2, section 17."

"I don't see where the fraud comes in," says the Dentist.

"It doesn't. I only quote that case to show that the law has got its eye on dentists. Bearing that in mind and never forgetting that I have done some very successful prosecuting in my earlier days, you may now begin. As your Lordship pleases: Gentleman of the Forceps, the prisoner in the chair sits charged with a tooth, inflicting grievous bodily harm. It is for you to say whether that tooth be guilty or not guilty."

"It is a thoroughly bad tooth," says the Dentist.

"That I take to be a verdict of 'Guilty.' There have been numerous previous convictions, and light sentences of mere stopping seem to have no effect upon it. The maximum penalty allowed by the law must be applied, and the sentence of the Court is that you remove the tooth, the whole tooth, and nothing but the tooth."

There are, of course, several well-known recipes for "Barberry Preserve." Perhaps the best is that given by the *Bradford Daily Argus*:

"One dozen cambric nightdresses, 1 dozen powdered sugar, heat in pan gently, and boil together for 10 or 15 minutes."

Cambric is essential. A cotton night-dress ruins it.



Vicar's Wife. "THERE! I KNEW IT WOULD BE WET—SIMPLY BECAUSE I ARRANGED TO HAVE MY GARDEN-PARTY TO-DAY."

Vicar (embarrassed, but constrained to supply a more satisfactory reason). "WELL, MY DEAR, YOU KNOW WE HAD THE PRAYER FOR RAIN ON SUNDAY WEEK."

ON ROBERT REDUCED.

["Every observant Londoner must have noticed the haggard appearance of the police."—*The Sketch.*]

A SHADOW on the sunlit kerb
He scarcely casts to-day;
The outline of that front superb
Has warped the other way;
His bosom by some secret care is cankered;
You shall not make him from his post withdraw
To moisten with an unofficial tankard
The dryness of the Law.

In vain o' nights does Susan spread
Her supper-board for two,
Aside he turns his casquéd head,
A Galahad in blue;
No more susceptible to basement beauty,
Unflinchingly he foots his stony fief;
Not love can lure him from the paths of duty,
Nor plates of cold roast beef.

What outrage, then, has made so spare,
What aggravating fret,
One that was never wont to wear
A concave silhouette?
Is it that Sikes (incorrigible felon)
Has made his beat with high adventure hum,
And house-top Marathons begin to tell on
Our Robert's rounded tum?

Not Man, I think, could disabuse
His staid content of mind;
His is the mien of those that lose
Their faith in Woman-kind:
How many a peerless maid, the pink of manners,
Who seeks his prowess in some pavement plight,
May, meeting him next time, with motley banners,
Call him a brute—and bite!

Still in the hour of stress they come
And find him, as of yore,
A half-inspired compendium
Of topographic lore;
But lo, he meets their smiles with mute avoidance,
Their fluttered coquetries assuage him not;
For him all fairs to-day are Suffrage hoydens;
He hates the whole dam lot.

That is the reason why he sags
About the central zone;
Misogynist he treads the flags,
His heart is turned to stone;
Ay, even in the once adoring kitchen
Some blow for Woman's freedom might be dealt;
So, fearing Susan's sauce, he takes a hitch in
His disillusioned belt.

His Weekly Over.

	O	M	R	W
"Crawford ...	1 ...	0 ...	30 ...	0"

Newcastle Daily Chronicle.

We hope to note a still greater improvement in our next number.

"To Wine Merchants, Jam Makers, and others.—A few tons of good Rhubarb for sale, cheap."—*Dorking Advertiser.*

But why drag in "Jam Makers and others"?



THE TRANSFORMATION TRICK.

Audience. "BOO!"

Lloyd-George the Magician. "WELL, GENTLEMEN, IF YOU DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF THIS RAVENOUS WOLF, I WILL, AT A TOUCH OF MY WAND, CONVERT HIM INTO AN INNOCENT PET LAMB."

Lloyd-George the Magician. "THERE YOU ARE! WHAT DID I TELL YOU?"

Audience. "BOO!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Thursday, June 3rd.—House reassembled after Whitsun holiday of Spartan brevity. Only bench nearly full was that behind front row in Diplomatic Gallery. Even as SPEAKER took the Chair a thin black line glided in by doorway and filed along the bench. Every man carried in his hand a copy of Orders of the Day. First business, private Bills. Some permitted to pass proposed stage. For others there rose the sharp cry, "I object!"

No appeal against this. No need to formulate objection or support it by argument. The most inconsiderable Member is master of situation. At his nod a Bill, possibly involving costs of hundreds of thousands of pounds in business affairs of a populous community or a big commercial concern, is blocked.

Mysterious strangers in Diplomatic Gallery follow proceedings with almost anguished interest. A sigh of relief when stage of particular Bill is passed is echoed by low groan of despair when another is postponed.

Private Bills disposed of, Questions called on. The strangers glance with sharp interest at corner seat above Gangway where MANGNALL'S QUESTIONS ASHLEY is accustomed to sit. Who knows but what he might ask why they came there? Reply made, he would certainly put supplementary question.

"Arising out of that answer, when are they going?"

The thin black line wavered. One nearest the door furtively rose and moved towards it. Others, still keeping an eye on ASHLEY'S vacant seat—he might be somewhere in hiding—followed. One by one, folding their copy of the Orders (so unlike the Arab), they as silently stole away.

"Who are they?" I asked the MEMBER FOR SARK, with air of indifference designed to hide uneasiness created by uncanny spectacle.

"Oh," said he, "don't you know? They are the Parliamentary Agents for Private Bills in attendance upon their bantlings."

When they departed appearance of Chamber grew increasingly desolate. Not a soul on Front Opposition Bench. Behind it a wilderness in which bloomed that solitary rose, PECKHAM BANBURY. Three Ministers on Treasury Bench drawn by magnet of Questions. Above and below Gangway not a score of Members. JACK PEASE rubbed his hands with satisfaction. This is the sort of thing a Whip likes to see on day when Service Estimates are put down for Committee. As a rule progress is commensurate with absence of Members. The fewer talkers, the more votes.

State of paralysis indicated by Question paper. Fourteen printed. Of these only half-a-dozen put. The rest, addressed either to FIRST LORD OF ADMIRALTY or CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, postponed, since there was no one to reply. ADMIRAL MCKENNA is on the seas, looking after the security of ports on the South Coast especially open to invasion. LLOYD-GEORGE is still in the home of his fathers, re-visiting Llanystumdwy, regarding with dimmed eyes the smithy, his first Parliament, where none moved the Closure when they "discussed and decided abstruse questions belonging to this world and the next, in politics, in theology, in philosophy and science."

Thus it came to pass that by three o'clock, full forty minutes earlier than usual, Questions were disposed of. Beyond the momentary pleasure of this deliverance lies the significant, illuminating fact that no one is a penny the worse by reason of the unparalleled



PROFESSOR HOBHOUSE'S CLASSES FOR PARLIAMENTARY DEPORTMENT.

(*Country manners cured gratis.*)

The Professor. "My dear Hood! when *shall* I teach you that this rampant attitude of yours is absolutely fatal? Manners, my dear Hood, manners!!"

["Sir Alex. Acland Hood said he was much obliged to the hon. gentleman for his lecture on Parliamentary manners (*Opposition laughter*). He could assure the hon. gentleman that, coming from such an authority, it carried great weight."]



"BUDGET BILL" AS SEEN BY SOME PEOPLE, OR AS THEY WOULD WISH TO SEE HIM.

speed. Day by day through Session average of a hundred questions are addressed to Ministers. Safe to assert that not more than fourteen are of practical service to the State.

SPEAKER vanished; CHAIRMAN OF WAYS AND MEANS took his seat at the Table; PECKHAM still dwelt amid loneliness of benches above Gangway. This would never do. Every prospect of Ministers romping through votes in Supply. Might clear the whole paper with none to say them Nay.

PECKHAM a man of rare resource. Less than a score of Members present. If he could rush a count-out, the country would at least temporarily be saved from onslaught of a rapacious Government. SNOWDEN on his legs melting in sympathy with wrongs of certain pension officers. Uprose PECKHAM.

"Mr. EMMOTT," he said, "I beg to call your attention to the fact that there are not forty Members present."

SNOWDEN plumped down as if sudden thaw had set in. Through distant rooms and corridors the bells clanged signal for a count. Slowly Members troop d in. Would they make up forty before the sand sped through the glass? PECKHAM relieved himself of personal anxiety on the subject by instant flight. As soon as he moved the count he bolted behind the SPEAKER'S Chair. If peradventure the muster counted up to thirty-nine it was not for him to make up the forty.

The stream passing into the House from Lobby, at first a mere dribble, grew in volume. Evidently the Whips had not been caught napping. Before the last grain of sand had fallen CHAIRMAN OF WAYS AND MEANS was on his feet counting. Some would have begun at the beginning, wearily winning their way up from the unit to the two-score. Not so Mr. EMMOTT.

"Thirty-eight — thirty-nine — forty," he said in a breath.

The head of SNOWDEN uprose again, cleared of the cloud PECKHAM had wantonly but ineffectually wrapt it in, and debate went drearily on.

Business done.—Vote of three-quarters of a million for Inland Revenue Department agreed to in time for adjournment at 7.20.

"The Oxford University Press are preparing a new library edition of Shelley's works to be printed in Fell type, 'The Faery Queen' being edited by Mr. J. C. Smith and the remainder by Dr. de Selincourt."—*Saturday Review.*

Also ran: "*In Memoriam*" and "*The Canterbury Tales,*"

A DIGRESSION.

I WAS tired of pedestrianism and being poor, so I waved imperiously to the passing taxicab. "I will now," I said to myself, "be rich. To be properly rich I must be in a motor."

The taxicab saw me and returned my greeting. More than that, it stopped in its wild career and returned to speak to me. To have dislocated all the traffic at Charing Cross for the best part of a minute, that is the beginning of riches.



MR. HALDANE (AS MR. PÉLISSIER OF "THE FOLLIES.")
"And there came
But-ter-flies!—*all foreign!!*"

"Regent's Park Corner," I said to the chauffeur.

"What about it?" he asked.

"I had some idea," I replied suavely, "that you and I might go there together. You shall sit in your little armchair and turn your wheel as you will, while I recline gracefully inside upon the larger seat and dispose my feet carelessly upon the smaller one. *En route* we will observe the life of the great metropolis, and mark the ambition, misery and vice stamped upon the faces of its inhabitants. Perhaps we may even enter upon some interesting discussion with a motor-bus driver on the way. Once arrived at Regent's Park, we might play some homely game or bask idly in the rain, while I read the longer of my poems to you."

"I don't follow you," said the man, hauling down his flag.

"Then I will follow you," I said, preparing to enter the cab.

"But tell me," said he, "of what you stand in need. I should like to help you if I can."

"I want to go to Regent's Park Corner," I said.

"Why?" he asked.

"I have a multitude of reasons, some abstract, one concrete. Regent's is, I consider, a very pleasant Park, and I am told that some one expects us to luncheon in that neighbourhood."

"Us?" he cried, incredulous. "No one ever expected me. I am the Great Unexpected. Who would ever have thought that I should be earning one pound to thirty shillings a day, apart from perks?"

"Pardon," I interrupted; "your clock already points to 8*d.*, and I have only one shilling and sixpence in the whole world. I am not sure whether I have even that with me at the moment. Never mind; let that pass, for I have a bright idea. Let us go to Regent's Park Corner."

"Yes," said the policeman on the pavement, interested in spite of himself, "why don't you?"

"Because," said the chauffeur, idly fingering his lever, "Regent's Park has not got a corner."

"No matter," said I, "I do not insist upon the Regent's, though I must have a Park and a corner. In fact, when I said Regent's Park Corner, I meant Hyde . . ."

"Ah!" said the chauffeur, moving off in another circle, "you should always say what you mean."

To have held up the traffic at Charing Cross twice in the same hour, that is plutocracy.

A little girl having written to *Hearth and Home* about her holiday, the Editress of the "Children's Circle" replies in the paper as follows:

"Write and tell us more about Crieff. Is it a fishing place? I am sure the Circle would like you to describe it. I love the sea, I think, more than anything in nature."

Certainly the Editress should be told "more about Crieff."

"Holbein saved by a Lady."
"Daily Mail" Contents Bill.

The rescuer's name is easy to guess. She must be HOLBEIN'S cross-Channel rival, Miss KELLERMAN.



Fisherman. "I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU SEE THE PAPERS MUCH UP HERE, BUT YOU 'VE PROBABLY HEARD ABOUT THE KING WINNING THE DERBY?"
Boatman. "OO AY, I HEERD TELL O' THAT. HE MAUN BE A GUID RIDER, HIM!"

A SHOW OF HANDS.

So far as the remote past is concerned, my memory is excellent. I should like to take a piece off behind, so to speak, and patch it up in front, where the machinery for registering future events is weak. It has a stupid habit of recalling things just after the time for action is passed.

Thus it allowed me to get four-fifths of the way to Hampstead before reminding me to bring a pair of gloves for the dance. The local shops were, I knew, all closed; and if I returned home I should be late, and Her programme would be filled up.

Then I remembered with a sudden exaltation of mood that my host was learning wood-carving, and always kept his old gloves for finger-stalls.

I found him in the hall, but he could not help me. All his old gloves, together with his favourite coats and his dear old shooting boots, had been spirited away to a jumble sale.

"Come without any gloves?" asked Greene.

I don't like Greene, but there was a ray of hope in his query. "Yes," I replied eagerly.

"Pity," said Greene.

"What can I do?" I demanded fiercely.

Greene pondered. His face brightened suddenly. So did mine. "There 's some tennis-court whitening in the shed," he said, "and if you only dance with girls in white dresses it won't matter if it does come off a bit."

Then I caught sight of Her in pale blue.

She was quite nice about the gloves, and said that she had kept six dances for me, but that she really *couldn't* sit them out. The floor was too lovely, and the band a simple dream.

I retired to a lonely corner for thought. Even the solace of a cigarette was denied me. She objected strongly to men smoking at dances. As I might have the pleasure of driving home with her afterwards, I dared not disobey.

My host unearthed me before the third dance was over. "Just the very man I want," he cried heartily, and dragged me off resisting. . . .

She wasn't exactly a wall-flower. She belonged rather to some species of Virginia-creeper- doomed to be everlastingly fixed to the wall. I began to scribble imaginary engagements all over my programme at frantic speed.

"This poor fellow has come without any gloves," said my host. "His programme is empty, and it would be an act of real charity to sit out with him."

She led me, helpless, to a secluded nook and at once started out to bore me. My thoughts were elsewhere, and my answers were vague and irrelevant. After three-quarters of an hour her voice took on a chilling tone. I pulled myself together and made a desperate effort to be polite.

"I wonder if you are any relation to *General* Scroggins?" I asked.

"My name is *Groggins*," she replied.

"Come and have a drink," I said hastily. It didn't sound right, somehow, though the intention was good. "I mean, can't I get you some claret-cup or something?"

"No, thank you."

"Or some lemonade or anything of that sort?"

"No, thank you."

"But I insist—you haven't had anything to drink for over an hour."

"*No, thank you.*"

"But I really must insist," I said, edging backwards till I reached the stairs. Then I turned and fled back to my previous hiding-place.

An hour later I was discovered by my hostess. "Poor man," she said, "n[illegible]

alone? But you won't want gloves for supper. Come with me. I've got someone for you to take down."

My heart rose again. Perhaps She was still free for supper.

"Thanks so much," I replied. "I've just been bored to death by my one and only partner." (This, of course, was not a tactful thing to say to a hostess.)

She stopped suddenly and spoke to someone round the corner.

"I'm so glad you're still here. I want you to cheer up a poor man who has been bored to death by his one and only partner."

She turned to me and stepped aside. "Let me introduce you to Miss Groggins."

Appetite and indignation battled fiercely for the mastery, and appetite won. We sat at a table from which I had an uninterrupted view of Her. Also an equally good view of Greene.

I became reckless. I talked merrily and unceasingly. My partner thawed once when I spoke of BROWNING, and froze again with a snap when I compared his *Hunting of the Snark* to BYRON'S *Ancient Mariner*.

I spent the rest of the night in strict seclusion, except on one occasion when my host's sister-in-law dragged me out and introduced me to Miss Groggins.

At last the strains of the National Anthem reached my eager ear. I waited by the hall door till She came down. Greene also waited.

She looked at us in laughing despair. "There isn't room for you both!" she said.

"It is my turn," I pleaded humbly.

She regarded us judicially for some seconds. "Well, I can't decide without being very rude to one of you—so I will refer it to a higher court. My aunt hasn't met either of you, and *she* shall have the casting vote."

Oh, yes, the aunt was Miss Groggins right enough—and Greene secured the seat by an overwhelming majority of two to one.

I decided to walk home. The grey hopeless dawn suited my mood. I wanted a smoke, too, desperately. I felt in my pockets. I repeated the process. I had forgotten to bring my cigarette case! I felt despairingly in the tail pocket of my dress coat. I never use this pocket—but perhaps, in a fit of absent-mindedness, I had put it there! I didn't find it. All I found was a pair of unsoiled evening gloves which I had worn the night before!

Common Objects of the Countryside.

From a Parish Magazine:

"We have unfortunately not as yet been able to obtain a Curate, though having taken every possible step to secure that object."

AT THE PLAY.

"A MERRY DEVIL."

FOR his sixteenth-century "Florentine Farce," Mr. FAGAN seems to have drawn ungrudgingly upon SHAKSPEARE'S creations. Its full name should be "Much Ado about the Taming of the Merry Wife of Florence." The fun begins boisterously with the entrance of Mr. CYRIL MAUDE, disguised as a local *Falstaff*. He is a swashbuckling suitor of *Madonna Geralda*, the "Merry Devil" (Miss WINIFRED EMERY), and a plot is soon afoot to serve him with figs and an iced drink which shall cause him an excruciating



HENCE! LOATHED COLIC.
Captain Bambazone - - MR. CYRIL MAUDE.

colic and lead him to imagine that he has been poisoned. A second plot is then devised against another suitor, *Sir Phillip Lilley*, an Englishman, who takes all things, including his love, very seriously, and has not been long enough in Florence to assimilate its prevailing indifference to the practice of poisoning. He has denounced as heartless the ridicule of *Captain Bambazone's* stomach-ache, and he must be taught better manners and an easier morality. My lady is to work upon his passion and persuade him, against his principles, to take a hand in the secret burial of the poisoned Captain's corpse, actually a dead hog dressed up for the part. The vast amusement enjoyed by the designer of these plots—each of them rather homely in conception—was not dangerously infectious beyond the footlights, and there was more attraction for the audience in what one must call the serious relief. Indeed, the real interest began just before the curtain of the Second Act, when the Englishman, angered to find that his loyalty had been played with, gives his spoiled lady a sound whipping (off). After this the farcical element becomes secondary, and we have to do with high sentiment and the clash of strong natures. The last Act contains a very pretty passage between *Madonna Geralda* and her young singing page, *Cherubino* (Master HAROLD EVERETT), whose sympathy for his mistress's trouble leads him to confess his love for her. The brave earnestness of the boy, and the smiling graciousness of the lady, careful not to hurt his pride, gave to this little interlude a particular charm.

Miss WINIFRED EMERY in the combined parts of *Portia*, *Beatrice*, *Katharine the Shrew*, and *Mistress Page* showed an extraordinary versatility; and Mr. CYRIL MAUDE as the Florentine *Falstaff* was always pleasantly rotund in his buffoonery. Minor parts were picturesquely played by Miss JESSIE BATEMAN (whose return is most welcome) and Mr. HOLMES-GORE.

The dresses and the beautiful scenery were no doubt admirably Florentine and of the period. The practical jokes, too, may be said to have easily escaped the snares of modernity; indeed, their almost cosmic freedom from subtlety might have commended them to Primeval Man. But nothing will persuade me that Miss WINIFRED EMERY'S *Madonna Geralda* was other than a spoiled, high-spirited and rather disagreeable Englishwoman of no particular era, or that Mr. AUBREY SMITH'S *Sir Phillip Lilley* was anything but the soundest product of the twentieth century.

Mr. FAGAN'S serio-comic extravaganza in the archaistic vein is at least an experiment that should be encouraged. But I am afraid that his friend SHAKSPEARE must, with all his anachronisms, still have the advantage of him in being a matter of some three centuries nearer to his mediaeval themes. O. S.

BIBLIOPHOBIA.

"My scheme," he said, "is quite simple. It is based on common sense. Briefly, it is a system for liberating people from books."

"Liberating them?"

"Yes. That is what people want. They pretend to want the company of books, but what they really want is freedom from books. That is what I will give them. You have, of course, heard of Stewdie's and the Jupiter Library, and Hawthorn and Cut, and all the rest of them?"

"Of course."

"You perhaps belong yourself?"



Ethel (just returned from the Kinderyarten Prize-giving). "MUMMIE, IT WAS A SHAME! THEY GAVE A PRIZE FOR SOMETHING WE 'VE NEVER BEEN TAUGHT."

Mother. "WHAT WAS THAT, DARLING?"

Ethel. "'GENERAL PROGRESS' THEY CALLED IT."

"Yes, to the Jupiter."

"And how many books do you read a year?"

"I—— Oh, I'm not a good case. I'm a very busy man."

"How many books?"

"We get four or five a week, I think."

"Yes, but how many do you yourself read?"

"Well, now I come to think of it, I don't read any."

"No, of course you don't. And who does read them?"

"Well, I suppose my wife does."

"No, she doesn't; she looks at one or two, and then does something else."

"I daresay you 're right. We play billiards every evening, and we 're always busy till then."

"Ah! just what I thought. You are typical. You don't want books. And how much less does a man who writes books want with a library subscription! Think of that. Very well, then, here comes in my scheme. My scheme is to relieve people of books. My collecting vans don't bring books; they take them away. You can subscribe for as many or as few volumes as you like. For half-a-guinea a year I will take away one of your books twice a week. For a guinea I will take one away every morning. For two guineas I will take three away. And so on. It 's perfectly simple. When all the books you don't want have gone you close the subscription. Everyone has too many books, and no one any longer reads anything but the papers."

"Yes," I said, "it 's ingenious, and I daresay there 's something in it. But why not strike earlier? Why not use your machinery to prevent publication at all?"

"Oh, no," he said, "that wouldn't do. People like to belong to things; they like to subscribe. The van calling would be a source of both pleasure and pride to them."

"And what will you do with the books you collect?"

"Those? Oh, I shall sell them cheap to the others."

"What others?"

"The real readers."

"That lonely outpost of Scotland, St. Kilda, will be visited next week by the Hebrides."—*Daily Record.*

These friendly calls do much to keep the Empire together.

THE COW-CURE.

[A leading surgeon has informed *The Daily Mirror* that when a man's "bad day" recurs—which, it appears, is once every three or four weeks—he should go into the country by himself, and, if it is summer, lie in a field, and meditate on nothing but cows.]

WHEN Chancellors would supertax your brain
With Budget worries, take a local train
To some bucolic spot, unknit your brows,
And simply think of cows!

When ghostly scare-ships, scudding through the night,
Have sent you up to bed half dead with fright,
Arise next morn and in a meadow browse
And ruminate on cows.

So, when the scribbler's day of gloom comes round
And ne'er a blessed topic can be found,
He 'll write, as I do now until I drowse,
On cows and cows and cows!

From a Publisher's Advertisement.

"A very humorous book, compared with 'The Dolly Dialogues.'"

In case this is misunderstood, we offer Mr. ANTHONY HOPE our sympathy.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. CHARLES GARVICE'S novels seem to belong to the kind which I call massics, to distinguish them from classics. I learn from publishers' notices at the end of *Queen Kate* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) that he is "an author who enjoys a prodigious vogue on the other side of the Atlantic," and I accept that statement with respect, though throughout the story I have tried hard to find out why he enjoys it. Or rather, not why he enjoys it, for that is reasonable, but why he has it. Prodigious vogues are sometimes very difficult to account for. In *Queen Kate* there is a gambling baronet, an Italian villain, a dashing spendthrift young guardsman who succeeds to a dukedom, and a Russian prince, fabulously rich and unscrupulous, who will give up all for the hand of the divine opera singer who has taken Europe by storm, and is really the heroine in disguise. Also there are plenty of titled people, including *Lord Umberleigh*, who is a wonderful hand at a climb on the "Mer de Glacé" (*sic*), and—I believe—a bishop. Yes, I feel sure I remember a bishop. And a forged will. Now in England all these things are good selling lines, but somehow I don't seem to see them getting a "prodigious vogue." Mind you, I've only read this one book by Mr. GARVICE, and perhaps the others had some other strong point, such as stolen jewels or something, which this lacks. Anyhow, I am greatly excited to see how it takes.



"THIS TOO, TOO SOLID FLESH."

"THE CONSPIRATORS ARE AT HAND! QUICK! QUICK! MY LORD. THE SECRET STAIRCASE."

When, on a spring morning in Paris, *Ste. Marie* and *Richard Hartley* set forth on *The Quest* (WARD, LOCK) to discover the vanished brother of the young woman with whom they both suppose themselves to be in love, the reader who has any previous acquaintance with the work of Mr. JUSTUS MILES FORMAN will already congratulate himself. Nor does what follows belie the promise of so good an opening. The scene is furnished with just sufficient local colour (in the way of restaurants especially) to recall delightful memories. Further than this, there is a wicked uncle "with a laugh like the mewing of a cat"; an excellent mystery; a fight or two; and finally a dilapidated old house in the suburbs, in the garden of which (how Mr. FORMAN does love a horticultural setting!) the hero is kept a wounded but enamoured prisoner for weeks on end. It is all quite gloriously impossible, but the best fun in the world to read about. I wish Mr. FORMAN had not chosen to call his most frequently mentioned character *Ste. Marie*, a name which is irritating to the insular eye; but, this small personal objection overcome, the story is one for which I have nothing but a rather breathless admiration.

Mr. ROBERT HICHENS has decided not to repeat the mistake of giving us more than we deserve for our money (6*s.*), as he did in *A Spirit in Prison*. His new novel, *Barbary Sheep*, is just a shilling shocker, for which Messrs. METHUEN charge 3*s.* 6*d.* It tells how a baronet's wife has a vulgar flirtation, if nothing worse, with an Arab Spahi at El-Akbara, the Gate of the Desert. Mr. HICHENS is back in those favourite haunts of which he understands so well how to reproduce the atmosphere. To *Lady Wyverne*, however, they are novel, and the atmosphere gets into her frivolous head and makes her do the most improbable things. A local madman, armed with a murderous knife, is arbitrarily dragged in to save the situation, and a veil, equally arbitrary, is drawn over the strained relations which are bound to follow between the lady and her stolid British husband. Apart from the setting, it is just an ordinary magazine story, in which Mr. HICHENS seems to have taken advantage of his reputation to impose upon us something that is not quite worthy of his clever pen.

Eugénie Wintour's trouble in *Arrows from the Dark* (MILLS AND BOON) arose from a combination of bad judgment and bad luck. Granted that she could not prevent her infatuation for *Herr Stehmann*, the famous pianist, I think that she was imprudent to write so freely to him; nevertheless it was hard (and extremely inconvenient) that the famous one should die suddenly, and leave so many effusive letters in the hands of his infamous and blackmailing wife. The blow to *Eugénie's* pocket was severe, but it was the buffet to her pride which convinced her that she must be *Tom Trevor's* friend instead of his wife. However, he disagreed with her on this point, and so she ultimately carried off the Great Tom Stakes, beating the more attractive *Marjorie Willett*, who was my fancy. Miss SOPHIE COLE'S book will appeal chiefly to fluffy people, but if it restrains anyone from writing indiscreetly to married celebrities it will have justified itself.

In reading Mr. REGINALD TURNER'S book, *Samson Unshorn* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), I was reminded irresistibly of the *Duke of Plaza Toro*, who led his regiment from behind. The story tells of one of the kings of the popular press—the Napolea of Journalism, as the subalterns of their reporting army might call them. He is so terribly swift in his achievements that panting Time toils after him in vain, and Mr. TURNER comes in a poor third, some way behind Time. *Maxwell*, the Napoleon, does something, starts a new paper, perhaps, or proposes, or breaks it off, and while Mr. TURNER is explaining at length how he felt while he was doing it he is off after fresh laurels—booming conscription, or refusing a peerage, or what not. All this would be more entertaining if one could only be there while he is at it; but one must of necessity stay with the author.

CHARIVARIA.

IT is now rumoured that there is more than meets the eye in the forthcoming naval display in the Thames, when there is to be a line of war vessels stretching from the Nore to the Houses of Parliament. The actual object of this show of force is, it is said, to intimidate the Suffragettes, who have been threatening a renewed attack on the House of Commons from the river.

***

Our new cruiser, *H.M.S. Defence*, ran ashore the other day, and was none the worse for a short stay there. It is satisfactory to know that she is not merely seaworthy.

***

When Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE visited Cardiff he spent some time at the Pageant House inspecting the costumes, "in which," *The Daily Chronicle* informs us, "he displayed all the intelligent interest of a PAQUIN or a WORTH." Note how considerate the Radical Press is to Mr. ASQUITH'S colleague. There is no mention of a POIRET.

***

Meanwhile Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S influence in Wales, at any rate, seems to increase rather than to diminish. No sooner, we read, was Cyfarthfa Castle thrown open to the public, the other day, than plants and shrubs were uprooted, brass taps wrenched off, the rooms ransacked, and even lead removed from the roof. Taffy takes kindly to the hen-roost notion.

***

It speaks well for the careful arrangements at the Horse Show that, although there were 1,500 baby ramblers there, not one of them was injured.

***

At a rummage sale in connection with a Yarmouth Church Mission the silk hat of one of the workers was inadvertently sold for a penny. The owner's annoyance may be imagined, for the article, we understand, was worth more than double what was given for it.

***

Our attention has been drawn to the advertisement of a Temperance Hotel at Shrewsbury, which states boldly:—

"PORTER KEPT ON THE PREMISES."

After this, it seems perhaps unkind to mention that the House in question is called "The Welcome Temperance Hotel."

***

Contrary to announcements the Church Pageant opened with a realistic representation of the Flood.

***

Our modern theatres carry realism to wonderful lengths. For instance, Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH has informed an interviewer that in the supper scene in *The Woman in the Case* the beverage she drinks is not really champagne, although it appears to be such.

***

In his speech at the Press Conference Lord MORLEY stated that many persons were committing themselves to literature as a profession with no more justification than his friend Mr. BIRRELL would have if he took to the painting of pictures. Nothing, however, was said about Mr. BIRRELL'S politics.

***

Mr. CHARLES RUSSELL considers that lessons in the spending of money should be given to women. But surely this is one of the things that comes naturally to them?



Alan (in clear and bell-like tones, five minutes after the curtain has gone up on the first scene of "The Merchant of Venice"). "MOTHER, WHICH IS SHAKSPEARE?"

Poor Mr. Crawford Again.

	O.	M.	R.	W.
"J. N. Crawford	0.2	1	0	0."

—Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

This is an example of what perseverance can do. Indeed, it has led to an even greater success. In *The Evening News* we read:—

"Crawford's dismissal of Benham afforded a fine example of what is known as poetic justice. It happened thus: Benham in playing forward did not meet the ball properly, and it sped a few inches above the ground to Marshal, who could not quite hold it with one hand. With the very ball, however, the Surrey captain clean bowled Benham."

This, at least, shows that Mr. CRAWFORD does not call for a new ball every time he has a catch missed off his bowling.

"WORDS, WORDS, WORDS."

[Being the reflections of a pessimist on the unanimity shown by our leading statesmen in speeches delivered on the subject of National Defence before the Imperial Press Conference.]

> "Ah God, for a man with heart, head, hand,
> Like some of the simple great ones gone
> For ever and ever by,
> One still strong man in a blatant land,
> Whatever they call him, what care I,
> Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—one
> Who can rule . . ." *Tennyson.*

YES, we "endorse" each other right enough;
"Hear, hear!" we cry, "'twas excellently said;"
Our hearts, no doubt, are of the proper stuff,
And here and there a head—

But, when we look to feel the guiding hand
Laid to the promised task betimes and now,
Like patient oxen in the tilths we stand,
With none to steer the plough.

Oh, you have heard us, you from oversea,
Have heard our statesmen, every brand and hue,
Talk with a wondrous unanimity
Of what we ought to do;

But think you we shall do it? Ah, good Sirs,
The thought is prompted by a guestly tact,
Or you are misinformed of what occurs
In the domain of fact.

Not that we shirk the sacrifice to pay;
Nor that our ancient pride of race is lost;
But that our chosen leaders make delay,
Stopping to count the cost.

A decade since, in that disastrous year
We put our finger on the cankered spot,
Saying, "We 'll have the surgeon's lancet here!"
And left it—clean forgot.

That is our way, down which we ever drift;
Hopeful that with the Hour will come the Man,
We wait the call to action, stern and swift,
To clinch the pondered plan;

And still we need a ruler who can rule,
An arm to smite the iron while it glows,
And we are left to let our fervour cool,
And the good moment goes.

Honest we grant them: we 're an honest breed;
But where 's the courage bold to say, "You *must!*
There lies your duty; follow where I lead;
Else I resign my trust!"

O you who never in your younger lands
Have "let 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'"
But, when your heart's work lies before your hands,
Take it and make it good;

Go back and shame us into living deeds,
For here at home, in speeches deftly spun,
We talk and talk and talk of England's needs,
And nothing 's ever done!

Poor "weary Titan" (that 's the term they use)—
Weary I can't think why, unless for lack
Of exercise to keep her splendid thews
From growing soft and slack—

'Tis to her sons our candour makes appeal
(Trusting the family to bear the truth)
That you should give her tonics stiff with steel,
And so renew her youth;

Yet not assume the cynic's captious mood,
For such irreverence would become you ill,
Since, at her worst and weariest, you 're her brood,
And she 's a Titan still. O. S.

IN THE GRIP OF AN ARTIST.

SCENE—*The interior of an "artistic hairdressing establishment for ladies" in a not unfashionable quarter of London. All the compartments, except one, are occupied by victims in various stages of torture. There is a buzz of conversation, mostly carried on by the executioners. A lady advances timidly towards the empty compartment. She is pounced upon by the artist (a French gentleman) to whom it belongs, takes her seat in the chair, and is swathed for the operation.*

The Artist. Now, Madame, vat is it you desire?

The Lady. Well, I thought I should like to have my hair done. You see——

The Artist (undoing her hair). Oh, yes, I see. I am not blind in bose eyes. You are from ze contry. It is difficult to attend to ze hair in ze contry. I am to give an artistic effect, hein?

The Lady. Something of that kind. I thought you might do it in puffs.

The Artist (angrily). In poffs! I am to do ze hair in poffs! It is not a word I understand. You mean I am to do it in r-r-rolls?

The Lady. Well, yes, if you like rolls better I'll have it in rolls.

The Artist. It is not vat I like better. The question I most pose to myself is zis: Vill Madame's hair go into r-r-rolls, and in addition, Can I make an effect vis r-r-rolls?

The Lady (meekly). Exactly. I should be much obliged if you 'd try.

The Artist. And I am expect to make r-r-rolls viz zis *(holding out streamers of hair contemptuously).* Ven ze hair is six inch long I can make r-r-rolls, or if Madame please I call zem poffs—but zis hair is a yard. I cannot respect myself if I make him into poffs. Ze head will look like a pompkin.

The Lady (with resignation). Why not wave it a little just to start with?

The Artist. Aha, zey all say vafe me ze hair. Zat is easy ven you haf fine, soft hair; but yours, Madame, it is too strong. Soch hair I cannot vafe to do me credit; bot I vill try. *(He tries for a minute or two. Then he stands off a yard or so to contemplate the result). Mon Dieu,* vat vill you? I have done him *tant bien que mal,* but I cannot make him beautiful.

(A Female Attendant approaches.)

The F. A. Mr. Rigault, there 's a lady asking for you.

The Artist. She ask for me? Vell, she cannot get me. Say to her I am occupied.

The F. A. But she says she won't have anyone else.

The Artist. Ah, it is always so. Zey vant me, but I do not vant zem. But, *mon Dieu,* do you not see I have a handful here *(pointing to his victim)*?

The F. A. But can't you say when you 'll be done? She says she 'll wait.

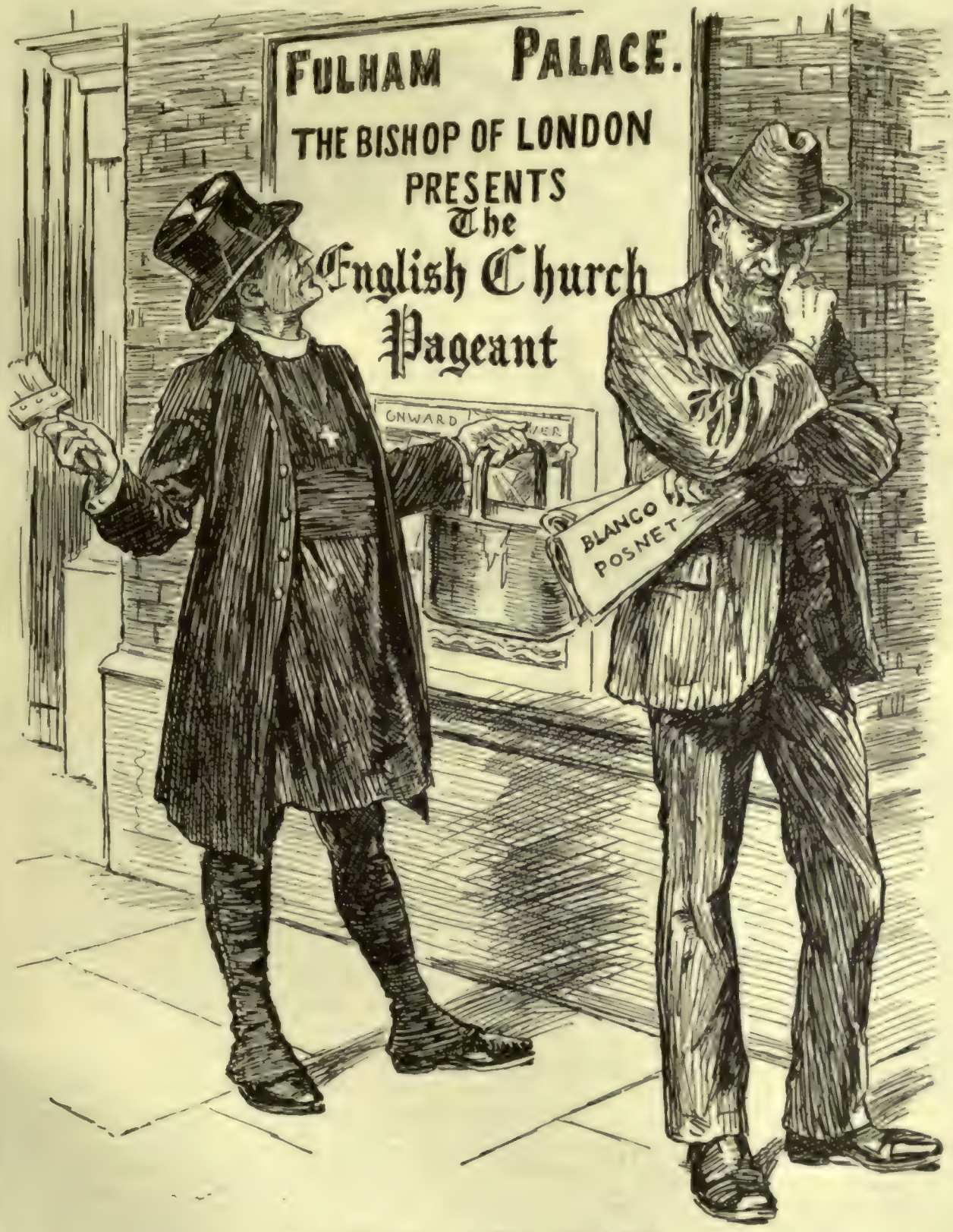
The Artist. She vill vait! Zen she most vait one hour, two hour, zree hour. I cannot leaf zis lady till I finish.

The F. A. But——

The Artist. I have said. And if she vos ze Queen of Lahore I cannot alter it. Do not talk to me any more. *(He resumes the Lady's hair.)* Zere, Madame, I have vafed you; but for ze r-r-rolls it is impossible.

The Lady. Well, what *can* you do with it?

The Artist (after a pause for reflection, partly to himself).



CHURCH AND STAGE.

MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW. "SOME PEOPLE HAVE ALL THE LUCK. I CAN'T GET *MY* RELIGIOUS PLAY PAST THE CENSOR."





SHARP PRACTICE AT A BAZAAR.

Lady Grace. "Come along, he won't buy any."
Lady Beatrice. "He'll have to as soon as he moves. He's bound to break them!"

Ah, *coquin, je te tiens!* Pardon, Madame, I have found ze vay. I tvist him in a big coil—so (*he twists it*), and zen I haf some little ends and I curl zem—so (*he attempts to curl them round his fingers*). Bot, tunder of heaven, it vill not go. It is like nails to curl. No, I cannot. I am at end of my resources.

The Lady. Never mind. Do what you like with it.

The Artist. Aha, zis is it. I vind zem round one ze ozzer (*he does so*). Now I put ze net on. (*He pats and smooths it all admiringly*). Not bad, not bad, my fine fellow. Zere, Madame; I make you my compliments. You vill say it is a good effect. Of course I could not fail, but it vos a big affair. No matter. I have pulled myself out of it better zan I expect. (*Scene closes.*)

THE PAGAN SPLURGE.

The spirit of the new Hellenic revival, which in this country has been chiefly confined to Marathon races and music-halls, has, as might have been expected, begun to spread like wild-fire in the more imaginative atmosphere of the U.S.A. A young Sicilian shepherd and piper was lately, so we read, imported for the purposes of a "Greek pageant and Bacchanalia" organised by the leaders of New York Society: but this is as nothing compared with the rumours that are hourly floating like the strains of Pan across the herring-pond.

An immense celebration, for instance, of the Waldorphic mysteries is being prepared by the "Four Hundred" for June, the anniversary month of the foundation of their order (in 411 B.C.) by Antiphon at Athens, and at this festival a modern version of the Adonis Chant will be sung by white-robed maidens in procession at Newport, with special reference to the temporary sojourn of ex-President Roosevelt in Africa.

Meanwhile, Mr. J. D. Rockefeller is thinking of towing over the island of Delos just as it swims, and mooring it by a golden chain to Rhode Island, where, by the way, a colossal statue of Big Bill Taft is to be erected: this accomplished, the President of the Standard Oil Companies, as lineal descendant of the God of Light, will deliver oracles to the Press from the ancient haunt of Apollo.

At Chicago, again, Mr. J. D. Patten is about to build a temple to Demeter, the bountiful earth-mother, in commemoration of his successful scoop in the wheat-market: while Mr. G. O. Armour, the beef-king, has become an ardent student of the *Iliad*, and is never tired of repeating the line,

χρύσεα χαλκείων ἑκατόμβοι' ἐννεαβοίων,

which he translates as an inspired prophecy of the pecuniary advantages of wholesale canning.

All over the States millionaires are contracting for white marble mausoleums of Ionic or Doric description to hold their remains, and the saying that "good Americans when they die go to Paros," will soon be truer than ever. As further indications of the new movement, it may be remarked that Chian wine (known as Chianti) is everywhere replacing Cocktails, and that the inhabitants of Pittsburg are said to be desirous of re-naming their city Tartaropolis.

THE RABBITS.

CHAPTER I.

Introducing the Lop-eared Ones and Others.

"BY HOBBS," cried Archie, as he began to put away the porridge, "I feel as fit as anything this morning. I'm absolutely safe for a century."

"You shouldn't boast with your mouth full," said Myra.

"It wasn't quite full," pleaded Archie, "and I really am good for runs to-day."

"You will make," I said, "exactly fourteen."

"Hallo, good morning. Didn't see you were there."

"I have been here all the time. Fourteen."

"It seems a lot," said Myra, doubtfully.

Archie laughed in scorn.

"The incoming batsman," I began, "who seemed in no way daunted by the position of affairs——"

"Five hundred for nine," put in Myra.

"—— reached double figures for the fourth time this season, with a lofty snick to the boundary. Then turning his attention to the slow bowler he despatched him between his pads and the wicket for a couple. This, however, was his last scoring stroke, as in the same over he played forward to a long hop and fell a victim to the vigilance of the wicket-keeper."

"For nearly a quarter of an hour," continued Myra, "he had defied the attack, and the character of his batting may be easily judged from the fact that his score included one five ——"

"Four from an overthrow," I added in parenthesis.

"And one four. Save for a chance to mid-on before he had scored, and another in the slips when seven, his innings was almost entirely free from blemish ——"

"Although on one occasion he had the good fortune, when playing back to a yorker, to strike the wicket without dislodging the bails."

"See to-morrow's *Sportsman*," concluded Myra.

"Oh, you children," laughed Archie, as he walked over to inspect the ham. "Bless you."

Miss Fortescue gave a little cough and began to speak. Miss Fortescue is one of those thoroughly good girls who take an interest in everything. A genuine trier. On this occasion she said:

"I often wonder who it is who writes those accounts in *The Sportsman*."

"It is believed to be Mr. Simpson," said Archie.

Simpson looked up with a start and jerked his glasses into his tea. He fished them out and wiped them thoughtfully. "The credible," he began, "is rarely——"

"Gentlemen, I pray you silence for Mr. Simpson's epigram," cried Archie.

"Oh, I always thought Mr. Simpson wrote verses in *The Saturday Review*," said Miss Fortescue in the silence which followed.

"As a relaxation only," I explained. "The other is his life-work. We read him with great interest; that bit about the heavy roller being requisitioned is my favourite line."

"Mr. Simpson and KILLICK and CRAWFORD all play in glasses," put in Myra eagerly, across the table.

"That is their only point in common," added Archie.

"Oh! isn't he a very good player?"

"Well, he's a thoroughly honest and punctual and sober player," I said, "but—the fact is, he and I and the Major don't make many runs nowadays. We generally give, as he has said in one of his less popular poems, a local habitation to the—er—airy nothing."

"I thought it was SHAKSPEARE said that."

"SHAKSPEARE or Simpson. Hallo, here's Thomas at last."

Thomas is in the Admiralty, which is why he is always late. It is a great pity that he was christened Thomas; he can never rise to the top of his profession with a name like that. You couldn't imagine a Thomas McKenna—or even a Thomas Nelson. I want him to get it altered by letters patent, but I hardly like to suggest it; letters of any kind are a dangerous subject with him just now.

"Morning everybody," said Thomas. "Isn't it a beastly day?"

"We'll hoist the south cone for you," said Archie, and he balanced a mushroom upside down on the end of his fork.

"What's the matter with the day?" asked our host, the Major, still intent on his paper.

"It's so early."

"When I was a boy——"

"My father, Major Mannering," said Archie, "will now relate an anecdote of Waterloo."

But the Major was deep in his paper. Suddenly he—there is only one word for it—snorted.

"The Budget," said Myra and Archie, exchanging anxious glances.

"Ha, that's good," he said, "that's very good! 'If the Chancellor of the Exchequer imagines that he can make his iniquitous Budget more acceptable to a disgusted public by treating it in a spirit of airy persiflage he is at liberty to try. But airy persiflage, when brought into contact with the determined temper of a nation——'"

"Who *is* the hairy Percy, anyhow?" said Thomas to himself.

The Major glared at the interrupter for a moment. Then—for he knows his weakness and is particularly fond of Thomas—he threw his paper down and laughed. "Well," he said, "are we going to win to-day?" And while he and Archie talked about the wicket his daughter removed *The Times* to a safe distance.

"But there aren't eleven of you here," said Miss Fortescue to me, "and if you and Mr. Simpson and Major Mannering aren't very good you'll be beaten. It's against the village the first two days, isn't it?"

"When I said we weren't very good I only meant we didn't make many runs. Mr. Simpson is a noted fast bowler, the Major has an M.C.C. scarf which can be seen quite easily at point, and I keep wicket. Between us we dismiss many a professor. Just as they are shaping for a cut, you know, they catch sight of the Major's scarf, lose their heads and give me an easy catch. Then Archie and Thomas take centuries, one of the gardeners bends them from the off and makes them swim a bit, the Vicar of his plenty is lending us two sons, Tony and Dahlia Blair come down this morning, and there is a chauffeur who plays for keeps. How many is that?"

"Eleven, isn't it?"

"It ought only to be ten," said Myra, who had overheard.

"Oh, yes, I was counting Miss Blair," said Miss Fortescue.

"We never play more than ten a side," said Archie.

"Oh, why?"

"So as to give the scorer an extra line or two for the byes."

Myra laughed; then, catching my eye, looked preternaturally solemn.

"If you've quite finished breakfast, Mr. Gaukrodger," she said, "there'll just be time for me to beat you at croquet before the Rabbits take the field."

"Right O," I said.

Of course, you know, my name isn't really Gaukrodger. A. A. M.

From an Auction Catalogue:—

"An Upright Panel of Old Brussels Tapestry, representing the Reception of Julius Cæsar by the Emperor Augustus, after his conquest of Britain, in border of formal foliage."

Of course it may have been meant for that. But historically there is as much authority for supposing that it represents the return of William Bailey after the conquest of Pimlico.

"At King William's Town, on 25th inst., the wife of —— of a daughter."

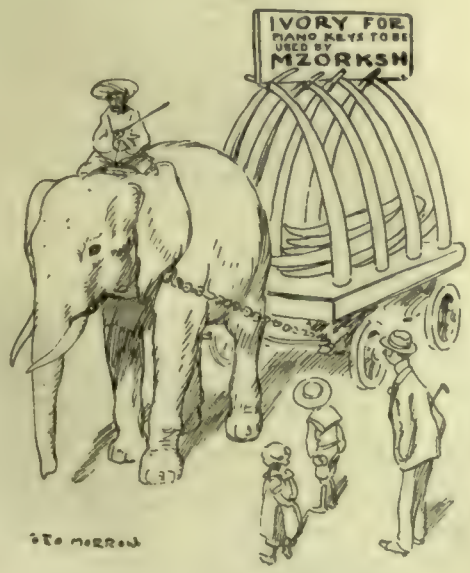
This appears in *The Cape Mercury* under the heading "WANTED."

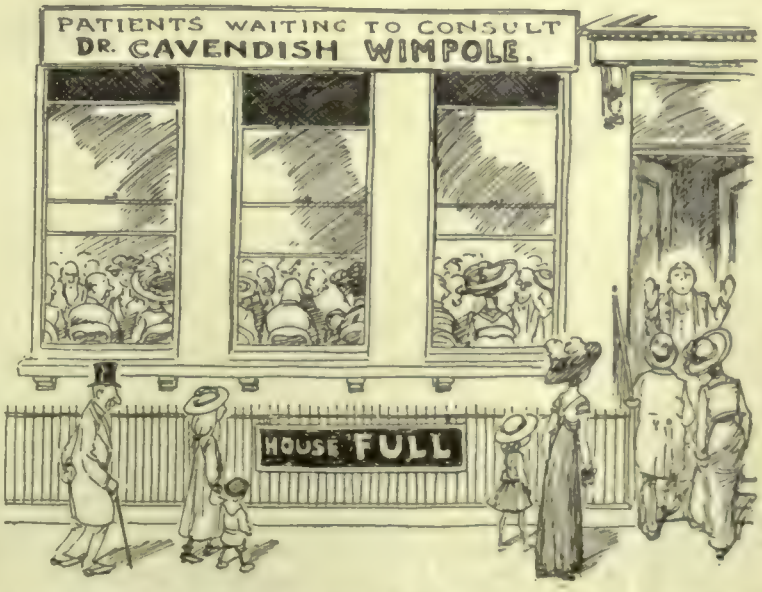
THE ART OF ADVERTISING.











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WRITING A COMEDY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

WHEN Sibbering told us at the Club that he was about to retire to a remote village in Sussex in order to write a comedy, we were all a little incredulous. We had not been aware that he wrote at all, and, somehow, a comedy was about the last thing we should ever have expected from him. So that, when I happened, shortly afterwards, to be staying myself within a few miles from Tidhurst, the village in question, I could not resist going over to look up Sibbering, and find out if he really was working at a comedy, and, if so, how he was getting on with it.

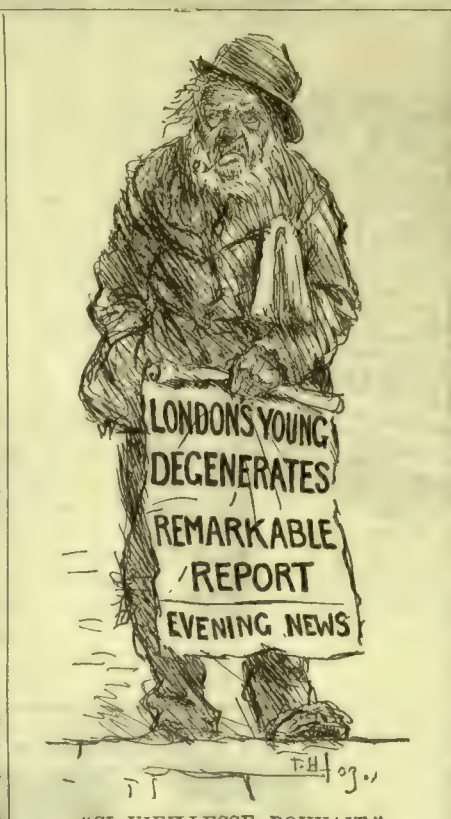
I discovered him at last in his retreat—a charming cottage, well away from the village and main road, and surrounded by woods and sloping meadows. There was no doubt about the comedy, for he was actually engaged upon it as I entered his sitting-room,—a remarkably pleasant and cheerful one, with a large bay-window at one side, looking out upon a sunny orchard, and, on the other, a latticed casement, the light of which was shaded by a big yew and some Scotch firs that overhung the front garden. He seemed nervous and worried, but not displeased to see me. "No, my dear fellow," he said, "you're not interrupting me at all. Fact is, I'm rather at a stand-still for the moment. Though I *did* think I was just in the right mood for a comedy in my present state of fearful depression!"

I must have looked puzzled, for he explained: "Surely you know that all genuine humourists are dismal melancholy chaps in private life? You must have heard that old yarn of the hypochondriacal patient going anonymously to consult a doctor. 'My advice to *you*,' said the doctor, 'is to go to the Jollity and see that new farcical comedy of Grinling Gassiter's. If *that* don't cheer you up, nothing will.' All the other fellow said was: 'I *am* Grinling Gassiter.' And I suppose he *didn't* go to the Jollity. Well, don't you see? Any one whose spirits are as low as mine are ought to turn out no end of a brilliant comedy. Only I shall never get a chance of doing it *here!*"

I said I should have thought the place an ideal one for any literary work, if only for its absolute quiet. "Quiet?" he said, "*quiet!* With all these beastly birds about! Ah, I see—*you* think they're innocent chirruping little beggars, with no ideas beyond minding their own business. So did I—*once*. When I came down here first, I supposed they were merely talking to one another about their private affairs. As soon as my ear got more accustomed to their intonation, I found that the malicious little devils were spending their whole time in talking at *Me!* It's no use saying 'Nonsense!' like that. I tell you it's a fact. They're all in a conspiracy to put me off my comedy. For anything *they* can tell it might be the means of rescuing our National Drama from its present deplorable condition—but what's that to *them?* They're trying their hardest to nip it in the bud. There, did you hear that blackbird call out, 'We're *doing* it—we're doing it, we're *doing* it!' You see—he actually *glories* in his work! He's the worst of the lot, that blackbird. He started this infernal persecution the very first morning I commenced work! No sooner had I written: '*The Tergiversations of Lady Tryphena, an Original Comedy, by Robert Sibbering*,' than the brute began: 'The eedjit! the eedjit! Cheek of him to try and write a Comedee!' or words to that effect. And another bird—a thrush *he* was—asked, 'Will he *do* it? Will he *do* it?' On which the blackbird said, 'No fear, *he'll* chuck it—*he'll* chuck it!' and then gave a nasty kind of whistle.

"After *that*, of course, I became the joke of all the birds in the neighbourhood! They come and shout out: 'Stick to it! Stick to it!' or, '*He'll* do it! *he'll* do it!' but mostly they advise me to 'leave it—leave it!' If you listen, you'll hear 'em at it *now*!" . . .

I did listen, and I am bound to admit that the cries I heard were capable of his interpretation—but, as I told Sibbering, I felt sure the birds did not intend to be rude—it was only manner. "Not intend to be rude!" cried Sibbering, "when a confounded thrush has just this very instant addressed me as 'Gr-reedy Bob'? You can't *see* him, because he always dodges behind a branch of that apple-tree over there—but you *must* have heard him!"



"SI VIEILLESSE POUVAIT."

I couldn't deny it, but once more I assured Sibbering that I did not think the remark had any personal reference. "I know better!" he declared with some heat; "he comes and charges me with gluttony whenever I'm at meals, and I'll swear the fat beast eats a lot more than ever *I* do! Perhaps," he added, in tones of withering irony, "you'll tell me next that bird in the yew meant to be complimentary? Do you know what *he* called me? A 'Chee-chee-chee-chippy-chippy-chirriwit!'"

At this, a thrush, as if from sheer desire to make more mischief, struck in with: "So he *did*—so he *did!*"

I advised Sibbering to take no notice. "After all," I said, "it didn't *sound* as if it was meant to be offensive." "I don't pretend to know its exact meaning," said Sibbering very solemnly, "but this much I *do* know—it's an epithet that no *decent* bird would sully his bill with. And for two pins I'd take that bird's name and address. No, of course I know *that* would be no use. But what right has *he* to reflect on my credit?"

It was probably the merest coincidence, but just then a blackbird (if it wasn't a thrush) cut in with, "Credit—credit. Get a verdict! Get a ver-dict!"

"He's taunting me now!" he cried, "taunting me because he knows as well as I do that I've no legal remedy! That's the same bird that took upon himself, only yesterday, to suggest a perfectly preposterous opening line for my first scene. *Lord Percival Flarge* comes on alone, do you see? and I was trying to hit on a really smart speech for him—something, don't you know, that would put the audience in a good temper at once. I'd *almost* got it, when that confounded blackbird chipped in with, 'How'd it do? I've been and gobbled a worrum, and my worrud, he *was* such a wriggley one!'. Now, I *ask* you, could he *really* have supposed that that was a likely observation for *any* English nobleman to make? Of *course* he knew better! It was simply dashed impertinence! Still, I've thought of the right thing at last, in spite of him. How does this strike *you? 'Act I., Scene 1. The Morning Room at Toppingham Towers. Enter Lord Percival Flarge. Lord Percival* (to himself): "*And so Lady Lopyeir*" (I'm making this a



THE GREAT WAR OF 19—.

Major. "IT'S PRETTY CERTAIN WE SHALL HAVE TO FIGHT 'EM IN THE COURSE OF THE NEXT FEW YEARS."
Subaltern. "WELL, LET'S HOPE IT'LL COME BETWEEN THE POLO AND THE HUNTIN'."

really high-class comedy—all the characters have titles except the domestics—I'm told the Dress Circles prefer it)—"*so Lady Lopyeir is not at home. H'm, she can't be such a very mysterious personage, after all, when this is the second time I've found her out!*"' Spoken with the right emphasis—the right *emphasis*, you know, I *think* that ought to get a laugh, eh?"

Before I could reply I was anticipated by a long plaintive cry from a bird in the front garden. "There's *another* of 'em!" cried Sibbering. "Upon my soul, this sort of thing is simply intolerable!"

"Now come, my dear fellow," I protested, "it merely said: 'A little bit o' bread and no chee-ese!' All yellowhammers *do*, you know!" Sibbering looked at me suspiciously: "*Other* yellowhammers may say that," he replied; "what *that* yellowhammer said was: 'A little wit—and *such* an old whee-eze!' A distinct allusion to my joke!"

Assuming this to be the case, I was privately of the yellowhammer's opinion, but of course I took care not to say so. "How am I ever to make any progress," demanded Sibbering, "if I'm to be constantly subjected to these carping criticisms? I must and will put a stop to it! I wonder if I found the village constable and asked *him* to caution the birds— You think I'd better not, eh? Well, perhaps you're right, dear old chap, perhaps you're right. But you've seen for yourself what I've got to put up with, and, if I *should* have to give up all idea of finishing my comedy, I wish you'd explain to the other fellows *why* I found it impossible." . . . .

I never heard any more of "*The Tergiversations of Lady Tryphena*," so I conclude that Sibbering must have found the birds too many for him. At the same time I cannot help thinking that he was just a trifle over-sensitive. F. A.

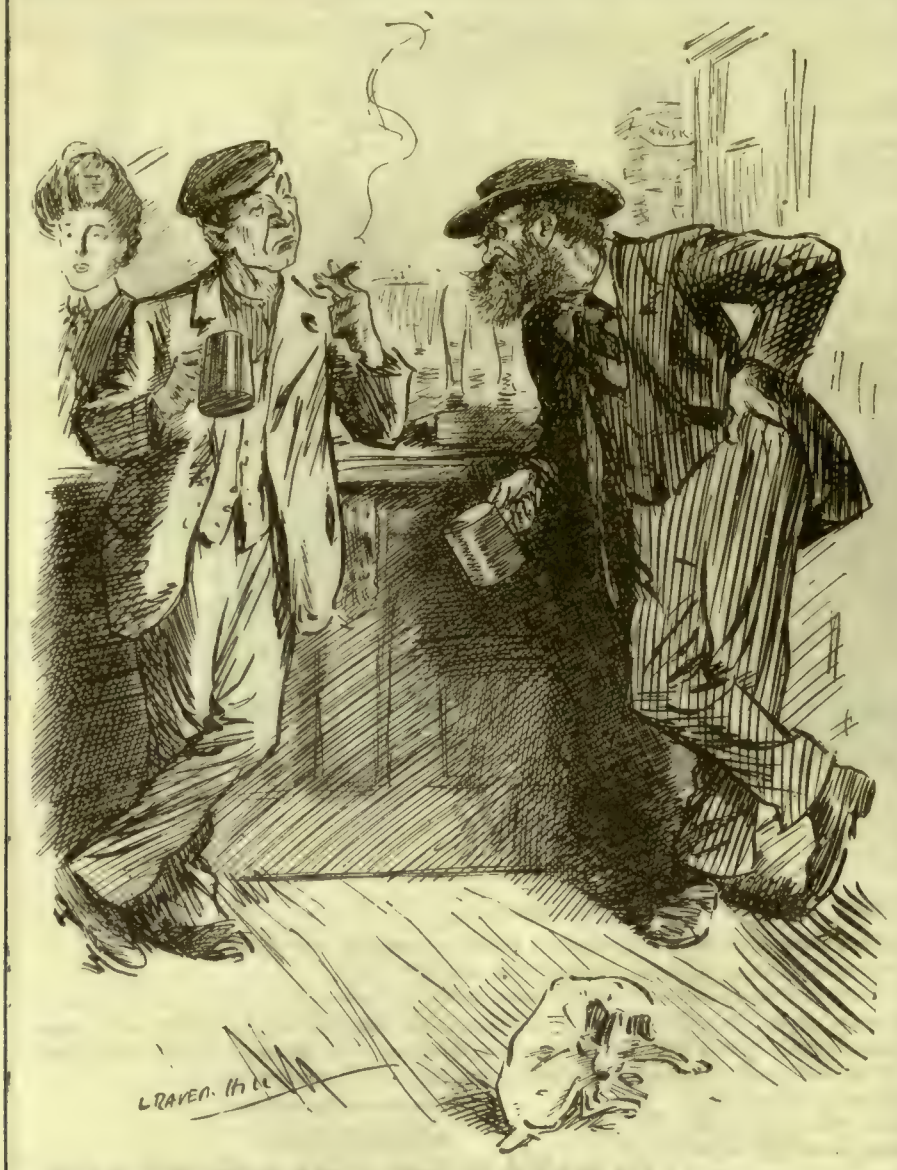
An Eisteddfoddity.

The inrush of the Welsh to London this week is terrific. Prudent voyagers from the Principality itself started some days in advance, knowing how any pressure of traffic renders the Welsh railways somewhat slow and uncertain. At the moment of going to press, our special representative wires:—"I have just interviewed one of the leading Bards, named Wilkie. He personally opened the door to me. 'Wellllcwm!' he said genially. 'Myndd ywr hatt dwsntt twch the llamp.' I asked him what he thought of London. It appeared that he knew the place well; still, he agreed that it was 'wwnddrffwll,' to quote his own picturesque word. He expressed great surprise that he hadn't been invited to take part in the Eisteddfod this year; he would have been only too willing, he said, to sing to them, and to make them sing."

A Great Bowling Feat by a Batsman.

It is not often that a player, while in the act of defending his own wicket, secures several of the other side's, taking fourteen altogether in one innings. Yet this, according to *The Daily Chronicle* (special type), is what ROBSON did against the Australians:—

"Going in at 32, and taking a brief rest after capturing his sixth wicket, Robson sent down nineteen overs and a ball for 35 runs and eight wickets."



'Arry (*worsted in deba'e*). "WELL, ANY'OW, 'AIR ON A MAN'S FACE I DON'T MIND, BUT *COKEY-NUT MATTIN*' I DO OBJEC' TO!"

MUSICAL NOTES.

THE success achieved by the gifted Hungarian singer, Mlle. Jelly von Aranyi, has already had a remarkable effect on the nomenclature of our leading singers. Mr. PLUNKET GREENE has given notice that he will henceforth be known as Mr. Junket Greene, and by no other name. Madame MELBA has almost completed the legal formalities necessary to her assuming the forename of Pêche. Mr. KENNERLEY RUMFORD will in future sing under the succulent title of Mr. Baba au Rumford. Madame KIRKBY LUNN has adopted the name of Sally, and Mr. HENRY BIRD, by a deed poll duly signed and witnessed, has assured all and sundry whom it may concern that his name in future will be Buszard. Lastly, Mrs. HENRY WOOD has intimated that her vocal engagements will henceforth be fulfilled under the attractive *alias* of Charlotte Russe.

M. Emile Cartouche, the renowned French baritone, besides being a great singer, is a famous archæologist, and always makes a point of studying the period of every opera in which he sings. Thus having been cast for the part of *Amonasro* in *Aïda* he at once proceeded to Egypt, lived on mummy wheat for three weeks, and camped out at the foot of the Sphinx, ascending at least one of the Pyramids every day in order to impart the requisite local colour to his vocal chords, which, it is hardly necessary to say, are of phenomenal length and power.

Madame Gemma d' Antichità, the Calabrian *diva* who will shortly make her *début* at Covent Garden as the principal witch in the revival of CIMAROSA'S *Macbeth*, has, since the death of Signora Messalina Skrimshanks, enjoyed the privilege of being the only living pupil of the renowned Porpora. Although the famous coloratura singer has been twenty decades before the public, her *répertoire* includes several of the most up-to-date operas. Mr. RIDER HAGGARD, who recently heard her sing, observed that, with the exception of *She*, Mme. Gemma d' Antichità was the most sprightly bicentenarian he had ever come across.

The performance of the new opera, the name of which has escaped us, at Covent Garden last Saturday was a prodigious success. The stalls presented their usual bright and animated appearance, tiaras were rife, and every seat was occupied. Among those present were the Patagonian Minister, the Chevalier Pongo di Mangostine, Mariana Countess of Bonanza and the Hon. Dorcas Boodle, the Earl and Countess of Dollymount, Sir Langdale Pike, Sir Ernest Berncasteler, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Brauneberg, the Cavaliere Barolo, Baron Ingelheim and Sir Isidore Zeltinger.

It is stated in a circular issued by his agent that Pepito Arriola, the modern MOZART, "in addition to his extraordinary musical talent, has shown a constant thirst for knowledge of every kind, and, although he has only been a few weeks in London, is not only learning English rapidly, but has a thorough grasp of the intricate railway system, by which he is fascinated, and of which he has made a special study." We learn from another source that Sir GEORGE GIBB, who recently attended one of Pepito Arriola's recitals, was so electrified by his playing that he at once offered the *Wunderkind* a seat on his Board and a permanent free pass from Mansion House to The Monument. Meantime we learn that M. PADEREWSKI is engaged on a new opera, the libretto of which is entirely composed of the names of the Welsh Railway-stations in *Bradshaw*.

Nerves.

"He started badly, slicing his tee shot to the first hole, and had to take a niblick to recover. The result was a 5 at the second hole."—*Evening Standard.*

Apparently his recovery was not immediate. Another time he should take a stronger pick-me-up.

Lieut. SHACKLETON has just arrived in Glasgow from the neighbourhood of the Antarctic Pole, and complains bitterly of the comparative inclemency of our climate.



IN THE COILS.

[Among the most notable results of the Imperial Press Conference is the appointment of a Committee for the purpose of securing a reduction in cable-rates between the various parts of the Empire.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 7.—Only the other day Strangers' Galleries re-opened; pity if it should prove necessary to close them again. Serious risk has been run. SIMON, K.C., innocently responsible. Varied dull debate on Finance Bill by one of his bright, clear, never too lengthy speeches. Held a brief for the grocer, weighed down with apprehension of burdensome rates for spirit licences.

"Whatever may be said on the subject from the temperance point of view," insisted the learned gentleman, "it does not seem fair that the grocer should pay an amount equal to half the annual valuation of his premises."

Enunciation of this noble sentiment went straight home to heart of a grocer in the gallery.

"Right!" he said, and loudly clapped his hands.

Messengers in attendance rushed up and remonstrated. Grocer's spirit sank within him. What was the use of Lord ROSEBERY making speeches at Shepherd's Bush, extolling the greatness of an Empire buttressed about by loyal colonies, if, seated in the very home of liberty, a downtrodden grocer, momentarily elate at the enunciation of a great principle, was not permitted to clap his hands for joy, as do (or did, in the days of the Psalmist) all the trees of the field? Happily the matter was not carried further, authority being satisfied with a reprimand and a warning not to do it any more.

So the grocer remained in the Gallery, and presently heard a touching story told by Mr. YOUNGER bearing upon the great whisky question. Two monkeys were generously entertained by a scientist, each being provided with a noggin of Scotch. One sample newly distilled, the other well matured. Result remarkable and instructive. The gentleman who tossed down the new whisky grew fractious, uttering strange cries and showing strong desire to fight his host. The other became as mellow as the whisky he was permitted to sample. As Mr. YOUNGER, with contagious enthusiasm, put it, "He became delightfully and pleasantly drunk, making friends with everybody around." So that there should be no mistake about it, the monkeys were subsequently entertained at another *séance*. The distribution of whisky, young and old, was reversed, with precisely the same consequence.

The grocer in the gallery was disposed to regard it as rather a waste of liquor, but conceded that in the public interest the experiment was worth the cost.

It is understood that, having served the desired purpose, the monkeys were, not without some trouble, induced to sign the pledge.

Business done.—Finance Bill comes up for Second Reading. SIR AUSTEN moves rejection.

Tuesday.—The accustomed, familiar fate has befallen in connection with Second Reading of Finance Bill. Whenever a certain number of days is solemnly set apart for discussion of a particular point, Melancholy marks the House for its own. The Opposition complain that the time allotted is insufficient, and straightway go off to pass away its precious hours elsewhere. In present instance four days have been allotted to Second Reading stage. To-day, as yesterday, beggarly array of empty benches presents itself. The



MR. HAROLD COX AT HOME TO HIS FOLLOWERS 4–7.

Mr. Cox. "Dear me! 6.45, and no one turned up yet. It looks as if we shan't be crowded! Most enjoyable! I think I shall take myself in to have another ice!"



"Went straight home to heart of a grocer in the gallery."

(Mr. Simon, K.C.)



"What is the Prairie Value of the Lord Advocate on the top of a Scotch mountain?"—*Mr. Harold Cox.*
(Mr. Ure *in situ.*)

Parliamentary minnow has been swimming round, with plenty of room for fins and tail. The whales float apart, waiting till eve of division, when they will tumble over each other in competition for the few remaining hours.

This afternoon HAROLD COX steps down to verge of stagnant pool and stirs it with thrusting point of argument illumined by flashes of humour. The young Member for Preston is the most precious product of the still new Parliament. His position, won in comparatively brief time, is honourable equally to the House and himself. It discloses afresh the supreme quality which preserves vitality of what Press delegates from over seas strikingly allude to as the Mother of Parliaments. The House cares not a rap whether a Member seeking its favour is duke's son or cook's son. True it has a lingering preference for the former. But if the latter be the better man he will win the prize for which countless multitudes have striven.

Four years ago HAROLD COX (not, by the way, a "cook's son," but a judge's) was, if the phrase be permissible, a struggling journalist. To day he is one of the acknowledged ornaments of debate in the House of Commons. His uprising fills the Chamber in degree only less striking than what follows on interposition of the PREMIER or the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION. The part he essays to fill is as familiar as it is alluring. In the last generation HORSMAN achieved considerable success. Later we have had CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES. In quality HAROLD COX exceeds both. There is finer finish about his work.

Moreover — and this, if not unique, is a rare quality about a man who stands aloof from Parties and factions, conscious of superiority to all—he neither insists on pre-eminence nor affects humility. If he happens to know more about finance than the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, or of law than the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, the circumstance, like murder, will out. With smiling countenance, in gentlest manner, with a voice of singular sweetness, he strives to spare his right hon. friend, or the hon. gentleman opposite, anything like humiliation.

His speech this afternoon obviously carefully prepared; yet there was about it no nauseous smell of the lamp. Every point lightly, surely made, amusing those in whose side the dart stuck almost as much as it gratified the looker-on. This manner, when based upon sound and carefully stored material, is the perfection of the art of Parliamentary speech.

Business done.—Still droning round the Budget.

Thursday. — The MEMBER FOR SARK much interested in article in a medical journal on what is described as "speech fright." It cites cases where, in House of Commons and elsewhere, gentlemen rising with intention of offering a few remarks, find their tongue glued to roof of their mouth, and after vain attempt to loosen it distractedly sit down. The journal learnedly discusses the question, Can Medical Art give relief in such case? It arrives at affirmative conclusion and gives a few recipes.

SARK, holding that a grain of personal experience is worth an ounce of professional advice, has been making enquiries on his own account. Approaching PECKHAM BANBURY, he learned that, contrary as it may be to general observation, the hon. Member is habitually subject to speech fright.



HEARING SOMETHING TO HIS DISADVANTAGE.

Mr. Lloyd-George (in debate on Second Reading of Finance Bill). "If I quote Adam Smith he is too slow for Dulwich, and if I quote John Stuart Mill he is too shallow for Preston, *so I fall back on Lord St. Aldwyn.*" (*Laughter.*)



HINTS TO YOUNG ANGLERS. No. 2.

IN PIKE-FISHING, SHOULD THE BEGINNER BE FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO CATCH AN UNUSUALLY LARGE FISH, HE HAD BETTER GET THE ASSISTANCE OF SOME PROFESSIONAL FISHER, OR OTHER PERSON OF EXPERIENCE, BEFORE WEIGHING THE FISH, AS THERE IS CONSIDERABLE ART IN THIS.

"For some Sessions," he said, "I remained dumb. As soon as ever I got on my legs, a sort of creeping paralysis beset me, and I could not utter a word. I partially got over it by adoption of a little ruse. Having caught the SPEAKER'S eye, and being called upon, I rose to my feet. Couldn't utter a word. Awkward to sit down again; so I made believe it was all a mistake on part of the SPEAKER; walked out of House as if that had been my original intention in rising. Of course this couldn't go on always. After three or four performances, the SPEAKER, so to speak, began to smell a rat. He 'saw it moving in the air,' and ignored me. Then, acting upon medical advice, I took twenty grains of potassium bromide an hour before coming down to the House. Result marvellous. As you may have noticed, I have now little or no difficulty in contributing my share to current debate."

BELLAIRS scoffs at medicaments.

"My plan is simple," he says. "Whenever I am due at Question time I lunch off a slice or two of Bacon. Have it cooked in chafing dish on the table. Cut thin, one watches it frizzling and thinks what a time it is having, to be sure."

MANGNALL'S QUESTIONS ASHLEY, on the other hand, agrees with PECKHAM as to merits of medicine. But he varies the dose. He finds an infallible panacea in ten drops of fluid extract of gelsemium taken three times a day.

"On that," he says, "I can fire off from five to six supplementary questions with the ease and accuracy of a maxim."

SARK is still pursuing this interesting study; will welcome personal testimony of Members from either side.

Business done.—Second Reading of Finance Bill carried by 366 votes against 209.

To a Perplexed Government.

Why shift your ground in hope to save your face?
The blow will fall in quite "another place."

"In the Cambridge mathematical tripos seventy-four men and ten women students have so acquitted themselves in the first part of the examination as to deserve mathematical honours, and these will now enter upon the second part of the examination on June 15th, and will be the last of the senior wranglers."—*Lancaster Observer.*

A pathetic thought. Only eighty-four more senior wranglers!

"Visitors to the city [Wells] did not appear to be so large as in former years."—*Somerset Advertiser.*

Mr. CHESTERTON unfortunately was obliged to let Wells alone this Whitsuntide.

L'INCONNUE.

A THICK cloud of anonymity still surrounds the subscriber of £40,000 for the Duke of NORFOLK's Holbein, to the increasing disgust of a Press whose watchwork is "Everything about Everybody." In spite of every effort, the lady (it is known to be a lady) continues to be unknown. That anyone should, in this age, have so morbid a taste as to prefer seclusion and the absence of *réclame* is, of course, reprehensible and anti-social to a degree; but there it is.

To the disclaimers which a contemporary has wrested from certain ladies may perhaps be added the following:—

DEAR SIR,—We give you our word of honour that the likeness of the Duchess of MILAN was not bought for the nation by any assistance from us. We should hardly have lent our patronage, since the portrait is painted by hand and not a photo, and also since the lady (?) does not show her teeth. Please give the utmost publicity to this statement.

Yours, etc., ZENA and PHYLLIS DARE.

Me give two hundred thousand dollars for a picture for Britishers to look at? Cheese it. ROSE STAHL.

SIR,—The purchase of the Holbein being completed, may we trespass on your space to say that we know nothing as to the identity of the lady who has given the bulk of the money; and may we add that so long as England tolerates its present freedom of the Press and its Radical Government, and repudiates Tariff Reform, so long will such gifts remain anonymous?

From the nature of our business we can naturally claim special facilities for gauging the extent of national prosperity or depression. We therefore do not hesitate to affirm that should the English continue cherishing the exploded principles of COBDEN and BRIGHT, to the detriment of home industries and agricultural interests, they must be prepared to lose whatever their forefathers attained, whether prosperity, prestige, or pictures: in fact, everything except the peevishness and profits of dealers.

Your obedient servants,
P. and P. POLNAGGI.

DEAR SIR,—I could, of course, have given the £40,000 with the greatest ease—by simply writing a short story—but as a matter of fact, I didn't. It is no interest to me to provide the nation with pictures at which ignoramuses and toads are free to look.

Yours faithfully, MARIE CORELLI.

DEAR SIR,—It was I who gave the money. SAPPHIRA MONGOOSE.

P.S.—I enclose my photo, and shall be pleased to see your interviewer at any time you may fix.

FROM ANTI-ARCTIC REGIONS.

[Dedicated to Lieut. SHACKLETON and his crew by a student of zoological romance.]

You that have been where bergs are stiff
In ice-bound latitudes remotest—
Forgive me, brave explorers, if
I enter here my humble protest.
Of valorous deeds you did your part,
But one sea-wolf (who knows what what is)
Has failed to find in all your chart
The grand old thrill that heaves his heart
Up to his epiglottis.

Where was the lapse? Of course I knew;
I that had toured the globe with HENTY,
Had braved with BALLANTYNE the blue,
Longer my summers totalled twenty—
I saw the answer clear as day,
That spelt (for me) your story's ruin;
You simply had to while away
The bloodless hours on foot or sleigh
Without a local Bruin.

Penguins you had, I hear, and seals;
Exhumed some interesting flora;
And startled in her stately reels
The aboriginal Aurora;
But never once there hove in sight
(His hairy shoulders with a hunch on)
The terror of the Arctic night,
Requesting you to stay and fight,
Or constitute his luncheon.

That is the true explorer's note,
The contest of the bo's'un *versus*
(He grips his monster by the throat)
A slightly pinked *Polaris ursus;*
Schooled in a host of such affairs,
Stamped deep by many a writer's penmark,
I tell you that a Pole *sans* bears
Is *Hamlet* played to listless chairs
Without the *Prince of Denmark.*

BY THE SHIVERY SEA.

(Suggested by recent climatic vagaries.)

SEASTAIRS.

YESTERDAY the weather was decidedly cooler. During the previous week a great deal of rain has fallen and the country is looking much refreshed. The well in the grounds of the Hotel Magnifique has risen two feet.

A local natationist undertook to swim from Conger Island to Flush Point on Saturday, but had to give up the attempt owing to becoming entangled in drift ice off the breakwater. His temperature is still subnormal.

The Mayor has called a public meeting to start a Relief Fund for the bathing-machine men, whose destitution, due to prolonged unemployment, is distressingly acute.

RAMSEA.

Fine bracing conditions prevailed yesterday.

The sale of hot-water bottles is quite unprecedented.

A visitor was seen bathing yesterday. No reason is assigned for the rash act.

SHANKMOUTH.

Yesterday the weather was much cooler. A splendid north-east breeze prevailed, and the family shelters provided at the foot of the cliffs were all crowded.

The summer muffin season has begun.

Owing to the representations of the coroner, sea-bathing has been forbidden.

The local golf links are in excellent condition, oil-stoves being installed on every tee.

BOURNEHAVEN.

The air on the sea-front yesterday was most embracing.

After a recent open-air concert the principal trombone player of the Corporation Band was found to be suffering from frost-bite. The Corporation has this week decided to apply for sanction to borrow £500 with the object of providing all the Bandsmen with fur coats. Mr. BULSTRODE, who opposed the vote, created an uproar by asserting that the trombone player's complaint was chronic snake-bite. He defended himself by saying that in such weather it was the act of a benefactor to provoke a heated discussion.

The schoolboy who ate a strawberry ice for a bet yesterday is out of danger.

THE SPRING POET.

AN UNREPORTED SESSION.

VOLUMINOUS as have been the accounts of the proceedings of the Imperial Press Delegates at their epoch-making Conference, they have not by any means covered all the ground. Not a word, for example, has been said about the momentous discussions upon the best colours of ink for Imperial journalists, with such fascinating side-issues as the quality of blue pencils; nothing has reached the public concerning the views of the Delegates on the respective merits of whiskey, coffee and snuff as an enlivener when the hours are small. But perhaps the most interesting session of all was that which was given up to the Spring Poet and how to deal with him, all reports of which seem to have been mislaid, except the following, of which we have exclusive possession.

It was appropriate that Lord CREWE, Secretary of State for the Colonies, should preside over this meeting of the Colonial representatives, since he is himself a poet of no mean calibre and the son of a poet, and one to whom a primrose is more than a mere flower; and it is appropriate, too, that in a discussion upon "The Spring Poet and what to do with him," he should have at his side

Mr. ONIONS, from the Police Court, Mr. CRAIG, from the Oval, Mr. GEORGE WYNDHAM, a notable amateur lyricist, and Mr. HALDANE, whose triolets are at once the joy and despair of the Front Ministerial Bench, Mr. WILKIE BARD, and Mr. PARIS SINGER.

The Editor of the *Table Mountain Tablet* said that the Cape Government had lately passed a law making the killing of Spring Poets no murder. Since that enactment all the Spring Poets who could afford it wore bullet-proof cuirasses (A voice: "Did you say queer asses?" Loud laughter, in which the Earl of CREWE was constrained to join) and trousers of chain mail.

The Editor of the *Maltese Terrier* said that even in Malta, a little island given up almost entirely to the military, the Spring Poet was known. In fact, the local editor considered him the true Maltese cross.

The strong man of the *Singapore Spectator* said that he supposed he had thrown out in his time as many as forty Spring Poets. He did not hurt them much.

The Editor of the *Hudson Bayly Mail* said that the spring was not a too noticeable feature of his country; but it was impossible for the first glimmering of a break in the winter to get ahead of verses on the subject. He kept a harpoon handy for the authors.

At this stage of the proceedings the Conference was adjourned for half-an-hour and Miss MAUD ALLAN, the renowned Canadian Terpsichorean, gave her famous impersonation of "Spring-heeled Jill" to an accompaniment on the pianola, tastefully contributed by the PRIME MINISTER. After the excitement caused by the performance had died down, Mr. MCKECHNIE, of the *Montreal Clarion*, who declared that he was a pure Celt, said we could not do without spring. The poets of old drank of the Pierian spring; the poets of to-day generally wore spring-side boots.

Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE said that vernal versification, or *furor Pierius*, was a well-recognised form of insanity. Fortunately the bacillus had been discovered, and an antitoxin was in course of preparation. The only further difficulty would be in inducing those who were subject to the complaint to submit to inoculation.

Mr. ST. LOE STRACHEY said he thought the Government had missed a golden opportunity by not imposing poetic licences on all persons who contribute verse to the Press. He had calculated that on the basis of the tax on armorial bearings at least £500,000 could be raised annually in this way. Failing an impost, he strongly advocated compulsory military service for all Spring Poets. They ought to be first-rate marchers, because they had so many extra feet to step out with.

The chief leader-writer of the *Bombay Duck* said that again and again the moral effect of one of his polemics had been entirely ruined by the presence in the same paper of a set of milky rhymes.

The Editor of the *Wooloomoolloo Watchword* said that his way with Spring Poets was to ask them to drink and give them poisoned whisky.

The Chairman, in summing up the debate, said that they had heard a number of interesting and valuable testimonies, which must now be codified by the meeting. For his own part, the salient feature of the discussion was the proof it gave that the Spring Poet was ubiquitous. He hoped that he would be voicing the sentiments of the Conference when he asked them to pass a resolution to the effect that "this great and representative meeting of Imperial pressmen is unanimously of opinion that summary measures should be devised for dealing with Spring Poets."

The motion having been carried without a single dissentient, the Conference adjourned in motor-cars to attend an *al fresco* performance of *England's Darling* in the gardens of Swinford Old Manor.



"SO YOUR HUSBAND IS IN THE PAGEANT, MRS. JONES. I DIDN'T KNOW HE BELONGED TO THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND."

"NO, MUM, HE DON'T. BUT THERE, HE'S VERY BROAD-MINDED, AND HE DON'T MIND BEING AN ANCIENT BISHOP IN THE CAUSE O' CHARITY."

Exchanged if Not Approved.

From an advt.:

"If your baby does not thrive—try Mellin's.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I WONDER what sort of notepaper is used by people in fiction: it must be something very generous in size, for they boldly embark upon sentences that would fill the four sides of an ordinary sheet before coming to a fullstop. *Henry Gastonard*, the hero of Mr. MAX PEMBERTON'S last book, *The Show Girl* (CASSELL), opens his shoulders for the benefit of his friend *Paddy O'Connell* in a way that must have warmed the heart of his stationer. He has fallen in love with a young lady named *Mimi*, whom he met at the Fête de Neuilly, and who resides among the Bohemians of the Butte. In spite of this she is quite virtuous, and of aristocratic (if irregular) parentage, though this fact is not discovered until after she has been married to *Henry*, and subsequently kidnapped by her old acquaintances. The glimpses of Montmartre which the author gives us are excellently vivacious, but outside these there are some painful weaknesses. *The O'Connell*, for instance (if that is his proper title), worked off some terribly old golf stories on us; there is a quite impossible parson; also a Paris detective (supposed to be no end of a sleuth-hound) whom even the bull-dog routinists of Scotland Yard would have laughed at, and *Dr. Watson* himself stigmatised as a bungler. However, this last failing may be due to the fact that the novel is conducted entirely by correspondence, a method that does not seem to produce the thrills I hunger for when I take my life-preserver and go out into the realms of the bizarre.

M. E. FRANCIS (or Mrs. BLUNDELL—I see that her publishers now use both names indiscriminately) has already a long list of successes to her credit, but I think none of her books has been more charming than her latest. *Galatea of the Wheatfield* (METHUEN) was really *Tabitha Bolt*, into the quiet of whose country existence *Gerald Bannister* breathed life and love by teaching her grammar. So that later, when their innocent boy-and-girl flirtation had been broken off, *Tabitha*, desperate at being forced to marry the yokel *Abel Fripp*, accepted literally a chance phrase in an old letter, and, following her Pygmalion to Oxford, burst in upon him and his astounded friends in his rooms at St. Aldate's. You see the embarrassment of the situation for poor Pygmalion! Fortunately both Mrs. BLUNDELL and her characters handle it with a delicate mastery that is wholly delightful. The betrothal of *Tabitha* and *Gerald* is sanctioned, indeed commanded, by quixotic old *Mr. Bannister;* and as a preparation the girl is taken for a year to live with some titled relatives of her lover. Eventually—— but no, I think I shall not tell you quite all the story; you remember the fate of Galatea in the original, and this will give just enough clue not to spoil your enjoyment of a clever and sympathetically written tale, not the least of whose merits is an Oxford chapter which is obviously the real thing, and not the combined product of imagination and a guide-book.



BACK FROM THE MANGLE.

(Showing that the Laundry Problem goes back to mediæval times.)

The Knight (regarding his shirt of mail). "MOTHS, FORSOOTH! 'TIS THY VICIOUS CHEMICALS!"

Sanguine of ultimate greatness myself, I follow with interest the careers of other great men, especially those of fiction. From the study of the latter I conclude that to prove yourself really great you have merely to talk about nothing but yourself and to be very talkative. As to the way of achieving this, I have learnt little. It is done, I suppose, between the chapters. *Peter Vandy* starts his financial greatness (and what greatness is not financial, nowadays?) upon original lines and to the accompaniment of many wise and witty sayings of his author, EDWIN PUGH. Too soon he sinks into the plutocratic routine of fiction, making unlimited money by melodramatic methods, of which the type is familiar and the working details not too clearly explained. The more money he accumulates the duller his story becomes, until finally his wife has to spit in his face and be felled by his fist in order to keep my interest alive. Beyond that one great knock-out blow, I have to take the frequent word of himself and Mr. PUGH for the magnitude of *Peter Vandy*. He gains the whole world, I am told, but loses his own soul; yet I wonder privately whether he ever had a soul to lose. The name of the novel in which *Peter Vandy* appears is, oddly enough, *Peter Vandy*. Its publisher is C. H. WHITE, and its first half is well worth reading.

In *Sixty Years of Uppingham Cricket* (LONGMANS) Mr. W. S. PATTERSON, himself a famous master of cricket, has written a book of more than merely local interest. In any general history of the game an important chapter must be devoted to Uppingham, a nursery of great cricketers, bred from their earliest years to an observance of the true fundamentals of cricketing style. Mr. PATTERSON has brought to the accomplishment of his task a rare blend of enthusiasm, modesty and knowledge. His account of H. H. STEPHENSON, the professional who practically created Uppingham cricket, is most attractive. H. H. loved a straight bat and a bat played forward, and he detested the abominable "cross stroke." So does Mr. PATTERSON, and so, I have reason to believe, does *Mr. Punch*. I observe that Mr. PATTERSON, when he first played for the School against the Old Boys in 1871, made an aggregate of 14 runs in two innings. In 1908, playing for the Old Boys against the School, he made an equal amount in one innings. In thirty-seven years he has thus doubled his capacity. In the meantime, he had put in a few centuries; and now he has written the record of his School in the game he loves. He has done his work excellently well.

The Right to Live.

"Emily Aves, who was accused at Highgate of subsistence, produced £11 in gold."—*The Cornishman.*

CHARIVARIA.

"IT is officially denied in Paris," says *The Daily News*, "that the Powers intend at present to make any alteration in the position of Crete." In view of recent earthquakes this reassuring statement has given great satisfaction locally.

***

Mr. HIRAM P. MAXIM has now perfected his contrivance for rendering guns and rifles silent. This will be good news to those persons who have hitherto been prevented from taking part in wars owing to a tendency to that most distressing malady—"battle headache."

***

The Daily Mail calls the Welsh "The singing nation," but for the moment they will have to be content to whistle for Disestablishment.

***

A recently established Oxford Street emporium—the name of which escapes us at the moment—published last week a special invitation to Welsh visitors. The words of the greeting were:—

CROESAW I BAWB.

Next week, we understand, we are to have what we imagine to be the Scotch equivalent of this:—

BANG GOES A BAUBEE.

***

The hero of the serial tale in *The Express*, we are told, admired the cabarets of Montmartre, and "loved to study the pencilled levities of STEINLEN, of LEANDER. . . ." To prefer LEANDER to LÉANDRE was not unnatural in a Hero.

***

Attention has been drawn to the large number of persons who think it unlucky to be married in May. A yet larger number, however, are still more superstitious, and think it unlucky to be married in any month.

***

The latest Novelty in the Fashion World is a sash worn over the dress just above the knee-line. It seems almost incredible that it should not have occurred to anyone before that this is the most ideally absurd position for the sash.

***

The Burglary Season has apparently opened early this year. "PIMPLES REMOVED OVERNIGHT" is an announcement which catches our eye in a newspaper.

***

A lady while travelling from Euston to Lichfield last week missed her jewel-case, which was subsequently found in the corridor of the train at Manchester, but six rings, valued at £500, were missing. The police theory is that they were stolen.



Mistress. "WELL, MARY, HAVE YOU FOUND OUT WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE REMAINDER OF THE PIGEON PIE?"

Mary (returned from voyage of investigation below). "PLEASE, MUM, COOK SAYS I ATE IT."

Are our Music Halls becoming less entirprising? Not one of them is showing us The Last of the Wranglers.

***

The Press Conference has served at least one admirable purpose. It has narrowed down the differences between the Government and the Opposition. Both parties acknowledged the danger to our Country of the present international situation. The only point at issue now is whether we ought or ought not to take adequate steps to cope with the danger.

***

The report that the Bank at Monte Carlo has been broken again is denied. The Riviera earthquake did no damage there.

***

Those who considered that the meeting between the TSAR and the KAISER would mean a blow at British influence will be relieved to hear that "tea was taken on the *Standart* in the English style."

***

A writer in *The Over-Seas Daily Mail* informs us that the Hungarian name for jam is "gyümölessürü." After this we would rather not know the Magyar for marmalade.

The Western Morning News, speaking beforehand of the English team for the recent Test Match at Lord's, said: "Hayward will be asked to be at Birmingham, providing his leg is sound." We are glad to report that HAYWARD'S leg was not sound enough to take him to Birmingham, so he turned up at Lord's instead.

The Pall Mall Magazine reproduces a water-colour by FRED PEGRAM of a lady in a beehive hat that forms a very perfect blinker for her right eye. The left eye seems to have suffered by sympathy, for the legend underneath runs as follows: "Daphne sat erect, noticing nothing."

ASCOT TINTS.

["It would, of course, be impossible to give a complete list of all those present."—"*The Daily Mail*" (*Social Column*) *on the opening day at Ascot.*]

NEVER you mind! you did your little best;
Space only failed you, not a sense of duty;
Against your loyal nature you suppressed
Some most deserving types of Rank and Beauty;
And yet your list, my lad,
Ran to a hundred, eight and twenty—not so bad.

There were who moved about the velvet sward
To air their hats or even watch the races;
You had a purer purpose—to record
Their sounding names and millinery graces;
Yes, it was largely *ad hoc*
That you meandered round the teeming lawn and paddock.

There were who chose to try a sporting chance
And plunge, we'll say, on *Pretty Polly's* brother;
To your dispassionate and fleeting glance
One end of him was very like the other;
It was your high and solemn
Task to ignore such features in your social column.

Brown, bay, or chestnut, well or badly bred,
Stout in the quarters, stocky in the barrel—
From Nature unadorned you turned your head,
Your business was to talk about apparel;
The noblest dam or sire
Could never compensate for absence of attire.

But when you deal with cape and voile and gown,
What a refined vocabulary! O, Sir,
What shades and *nuances!* how you dot them down
In terms to fit a butler or a grocer!—
"Café-au-lait," "praline,"
"Champagne" and "claret," "apricot" and "apple-green."

Added to these (all good to eat or drink)
Your undefeated eye observed a goddess
In "tabac brown," and one in "pastel pink,"
And one with "tiger lilies in her bodice;"
Also a dame who sat
'Neath iris trimmings round "a sort of turban hat."

When I have named a robe of "Nattier blue,"
And (nattier still) a smart "Shantung" confection,
A "mole-grey" cape, a gown of "sulphur" hue—
Gems of a very fine and rare collection—
I may omit, I hope,
The louder fashions, such as "faded heliotrope."

Some will be pained, I fear, by your neglect,
But don't let that disturb your self-composure;
Not the Recording Angel could expect
To paint the whole of that superb Enclosure;
Indeed your generous hand
Has painted quite as much as I (for one) can stand.

O. S.

The Prehensile Ear.

"Still there was no hand on the door that Roberta's listening ears could catch and spring to answer."—"*Daily Chronicle*" *Serial.*

"SIAMESE KITTENS, very good points and eyes . . . dam good pedigree."—*Advt. in* "*Daily Graphic.*"

We like this enthusiasm about the pedigree, even if couched in rather too forcible language.

CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME;

OR, LITTLE ARTHUR'S ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.

(*Little Arthur, aged* 12; *Uncle John—Captain John Lambert, late 28th Hussars—aged* 44.)

Little Arthur (*who has been reading* "*The Times*"). Uncle John!

Uncle John (*looking up from* "*The Sportsman*"). Yes, sonny, that's me.

L. A. (*reproachfully*). Oh, Uncle John!

U. J. What's up, sonny, what's up? Works out of order? Too much supper last night? Feel a bit chippy—eh, what?

L. A. No, thank you, Uncle John, I am feeling very well.

U. J. Let's have a look at your tongue. (*The tongue is extended.*) Oh dear, oh dear, that's much too pale. You've been going it, you young dog. You'll have to take a pill, you know. Deuced hard job, but you'll have to do it. Mustn't burn the candle at both ends. What you want is a pill—none of your humbugging modern pills, but a good strong old-fashioned hard-working pill. I'll get you one in a brace of shakes, and——

L. A. I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you, Uncle John, but I never could take pills. Papa's just like that, too, and, besides, my health is quite good.

U. J. Ah, well, you'll be sorry for it some day, when you want a pill and can't get it. There was a rascally servant of mine once, a native, who got messing about with my things. He'd seen me taking pills, and he found the box, and, by gum, Sir, he swallowed the whole lot at one go—might just as well have swallowed an elephant battery. Made the beggar sit up a bit, you know. Never heard such howls in all my life.

L. A. Yes, Uncle, that must have been very interesting. But I wanted to talk to you about something else, Uncle John.

U. J. Right you are, my boy. Just you fire away.

L. A. Didn't you say, "That's me," just now, Uncle John?

U. J. Did I? I daresay I did. Couldn't have said anything else, could I? It *was* me, you know.

L. A. Oh, Uncle John, there you go again!

U. J. Lor' bless me, what's the trouble?

L. A. You oughtn't to say, "That's me" and "It was me." You ought to say, "That is I" and "It was I."

U. J. Who says so?

L. A. Miss MacBrayne told me.

U. J. What did she tell you that for?

L. A. Oh, Uncle John, she had to, because it's right. She is teaching me English grammar and the rules of English composition, and she says it is very important to observe them, because it marks the distinction between an educated person and a mere barbarian.

U. J. My eye, did she say all that? She's a bit of a scorcher, isn't she?

L. A. Oh no, Uncle, I don't think she is really a scorcher. She's got a lot of certificates from institutions and colleges.

U. J. Ah, I daresay. That's what comes of all these new-fangled ideas about educating women. I always thought they were overdoing it, and now I'm sure.

L. A. Then do you think, Uncle, that women ought to say wrong things?

U. J. Certainly not. I never said that.

L. A. But if they're not to be educated so as to know what's right they'll all have to go about talking like barbarians, and you won't like that, will you?

U. J. Well, I'm not sure. I never could cotton to a blue-stocking, you know. But as for saying, "That's I," I simply can't do it, old man. Must draw the line somewhere.

L. A. But it's *right*, Uncle.

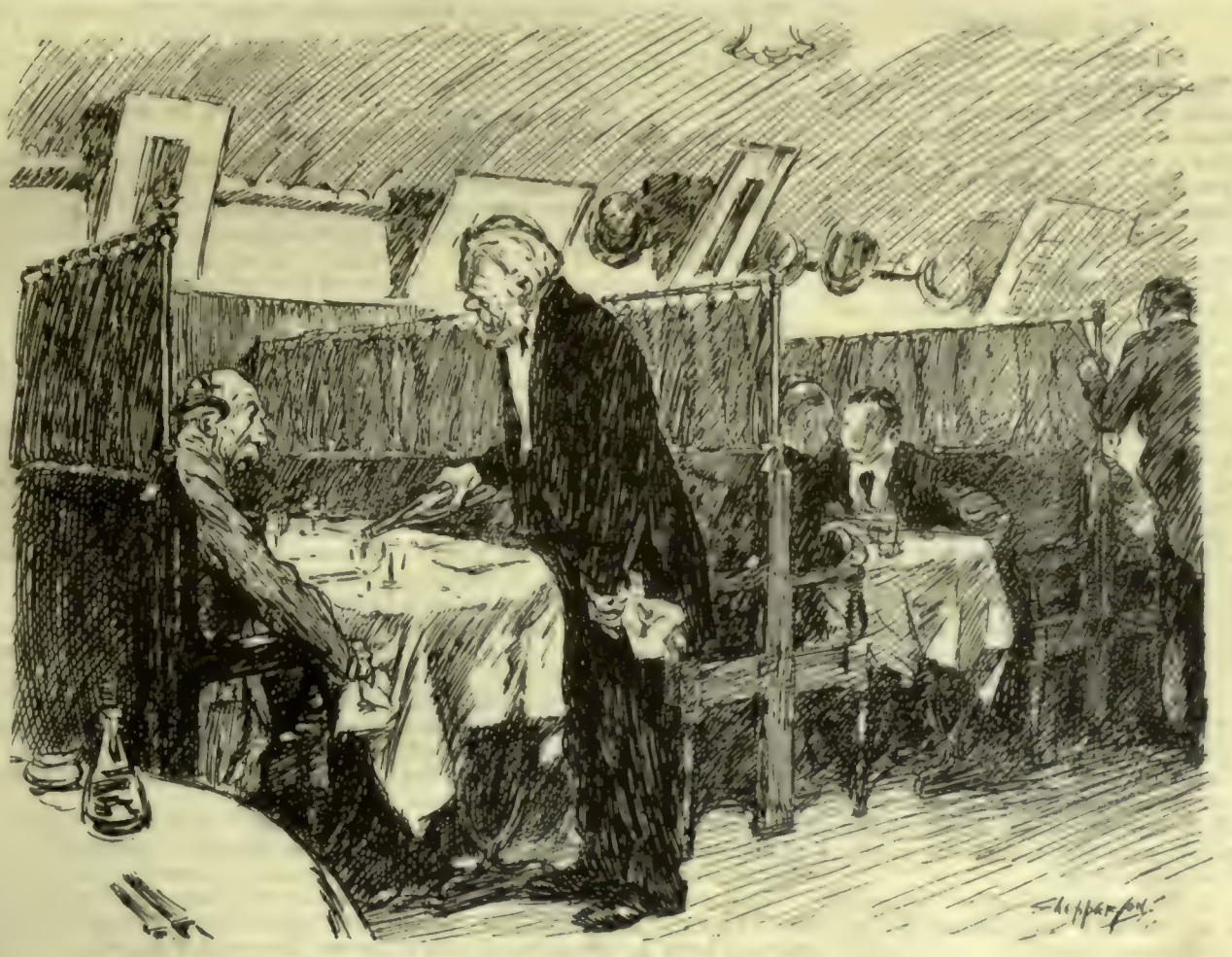


THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

GERMAN KAISER (*patronisingly*). "I HEAR YOU 'RE BUILDING A NEW FLEET. ANY PARTICULAR OBJECT?"

TSAR. "NO—MERELY CAUSE OF PEACE—SAME AS YOU."





"MANY NEW FACES SINCE I WAS HERE LAST?"
"YES, COLONEL. I THINK ME AND YOU WILL BE ABOUT THE LAST OF THE OLD SET."

U. J. Well, nobody says it, and that 's enough for me.

L. A. Oh, yes, Uncle John. Miss MacBrayne says all educated people say it, and I 've made up my mind to say it too.

U. J. That 's right, Arty, I like your spirit; but I 'm too old a dog to learn tricks. I shall go to my grave saying "That 's me."

L. A. Oh, don't do that, Uncle. Do please say, "That 's I."

U. J. Well, I 'll think about it when the time comes, but it 'll be no end of a business—embitter my last moments and all that. However, I 'll see what can be done to meet your views. Did she tell you anything else?

L. A. Oh, yes, Uncle, lots of things.

U. J. She didn't happen to mention who was going to win the Gold Cup, did she?

L. A. No, Uncle, she didn't. Is the Gold Cup in the English Grammar?

U. J. No, my boy, it isn't. It 's on Ascot Heath, and if Miss MacBrayne could manage to name the winner I should think a lot more of her education.

L. A. Well, I 'll ask her, Uncle; but last time we didn't get further than split infinitives.

U. J. Good gracious me, what sort of an animal 's that?

L. A. It isn't an animal at all, Uncle John. It 's a grammatical rule.

U. J. Well, I 've heard of a split soda, but dash me if I 've ever heard of a split infinitive.

L. A. (*after a pause*). That was a joke, Uncle John, wasn't it? I like you to make jokes like that, because I understand them; but I never understand Mr. Blinkenstein's jokes, and he makes a lot, and laughs at them, too.

U. J. Well done, old man! Don't you give in to any German jokes. Keep the flag flying, you know. But about these split infinitives; just you show me one of 'em, and I 'll settle his hash.

L. A. Well, Papa used one the other day in his speech at the Primrose League meeting. He said that "Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE's avowed object was to totally annihilate the prosperity of the country."

U. J. And your father 's quite right, my boy. He never said a truer word in his life.

L. A. Oh, but, Uncle John, think of the split infinitive. If he had only said, "totally to annihilate," or "to annihilate totally," it would have been all right.

U. J. So that 's a split what 's-his-name, is it? Well, I shan't worry about it. Seems to me your father got hold of the right end of the stick, and that 's the chief thing.

L. A. Miss MacBrayne didn't know what to say when I told her about it.

U. J. Well, you tell her I thought your father talked sound sense.

L. A. But think of the grammar, Uncle.

U. J. Oh, confound the grammar. It 's the taxes we 've got to think of.

L. A. But, Uncle ——

U. J. Toddle off now, sonny. I want to finish *The Sportsman*.

THE RABBITS.

CHAPTER II.—ON THE RUN.

THE Major has taken a great deal of trouble with his ground, and the result pleases everybody. If you are a batsman you applaud the short boundaries; if you are a wicket-keeper (as I am), and Thomas is bowling what he is pleased to call googlies, you have leisure to study some delightful scenery; and if you are a left-handed bowler with a delivery outside the screen, there is behind you a belt of trees which you cannot fail to admire. When Archie was born and they announced the fact to the Major, his first question was (so I understand), "Right or left-handed?" They told him "Left" to quiet him, and he went out and planted a small forest so that it should be ready for Archibald's action when he grew up. Unfortunately Archie turned out to be no bowler at all (in my opinion)—and right-handed at that. Nemesis, as the ha'penny papers say.

"Well?" we all asked, when Archie came back from tossing.

"They lost, and put us in."

"Good man."

"May I have my sixpence back?" I said. "You haven't bent it or anything, have you? Thanks."

As the whole pavilion seemed to be full of people putting on their pads in order to go in first, I wandered outside. There I met Myra.

"Hallo, we're in," I said. "Come and sit on the roller with me and I'll tell you all about JAYES."

"Can't for a moment. Do go and make yourself pleasant to Dahlia Blair. She's just come."

"Do you think she'd be interested in JAYES? I don't mean the disinfectant. Oh, all right then, I won't."

I wandered over to the deck-chairs and exchanged greetings with Miss Blair.

"I have been asked to make myself pleasant," I said. "I suppose that means telling you all about everybody, doesn't it?"

"Yes, please."

"Well, we're in, as you see. That's the Vicar leading his team out. He's no player really—one of the 'among others we noticed.' But he's a good father, and we've borrowed two offsprings from him. Here comes Archie and Wilks. Wilks drove you from the station, I expect?"

"He did. And very furiously."

"Well, he hardly drives at all when he's in. He's terribly slow—what they call Nature's reaction. Archie, you will be sorry to hear, has just distinguished himself by putting me in last. He called it ninth wicket down, but I worked it out, and there doesn't seem to be anybody after me. It's simply spite."

"I hope Mr. Archie makes some runs," said Dahlia. "I don't mind so much about Wilks, you know."

"I'm afraid he is only going to make fourteen to-day. That's the postman going to bowl to him. He has two deliveries—one at 8 A.M. and one at 12.30 P.M.; the second one is rather doubtful. Archie always takes guard with the bail, you observe, and then looks round to see if we're all watching."

"Don't be so unkind."

"I'm annoyed," I said, "and I intensely dislike the name Archibald. Ninth wicket down!"

The umpire having called "Play," Joe, the postman, bounded up to the wicket and delivered the ball. Archie played forward with the easy confidence of a school professional when nobody is bowling to him. And then the leg-bail disappeared.

"Oh!" cried Dahlia. "He's out!"

I looked at her, and I looked at Archie's disconsolate back as he made for the pavilion; and I knew what he would want. I got up.

"I must go now," I said; "I've promised to sit on the heavy roller for a bit. Archie will be here in a moment. Will you tell him from me that we both thought he wasn't quite ready for that one, and that it never rose an inch? Thank you very much."

I discovered Myra, and we sat on the roller together.

"Well, I've been making myself pleasant," I said. "And then when Archie got out I knew he'd want to sit next to her, so I came away. That is what they call tact in *The Lady*."

"Archie *is* rather fond of her," said Myra. "I don't know if——"

"Ah, yes, I understand. Years ago——"

"Let's see. Are you ninety or ninety-one? I always forget."

"Ninety-one next St. Crispin's Day. I'm sorry Archie's out. 'The popular cricketer was unfortunate enough to meet a trimmer first ball, and the silent sympathy of the Bank Holiday crowd went out to him as he wended his way to the pavilion.' Extract from '*Pavilions I have wended to*, by PERCY BENSKIN.' Help! There goes Blair!——!"

After this the situation became very serious. In an hour seven of us had got what I might call the postman's knock. Wilks was still in, but he had only made nine. The score was 52, thanks entirely to Simpson, who had got 35 between first and second slip in twenty minutes. This stroke of his is known as the Simpson upper-cut, and is delivered straight from the shoulder and off the edge of the bat.

"This is awful," said Myra. "You'll simply have to make some now."

"I think it's time Wilks got on to his second speed. Why doesn't somebody tell him? Hallo, there goes John. I knew there wasn't a run there. Where are my gloves?"

"You mustn't be nervous. Oh, *do* make some."

"The condemned man walked firmly to the wickets. 'What is that, umpire?' he asked in his usual cool voice. 'Hout-side the leg stump, Sir,' said the man in white. 'Good,' he replied..... What an ass your second gardener is. Fancy being potted out like that, just as if he were a geranium. I ought to wear a cap, oughtn't I, in case I want to bow when I come in. Good-bye; I shall be back for lunch, I expect."

I passed Joe on my way to the wickets, and asked pleasantly after his wife and family. He was rather brusque about it, and sent down a very fast half-volley which kept low. Then Wilks and I returned to the pavilion together amid cheers. On the whole, the Rabbits had lived up to their reputation.

"Well, we *are* a lot of bunnies," said Archie at lunch. "Joe simply stands there looking like a lettuce and out we all trot. We shall have to take to Halma or something. Simpson, you swim, don't you?"

"You don't have to swim at Halma," said Simpson.

"Anyhow," said Blair, "we can't blame the Selection Committee."

"I blame Thomas," I said. "He would have eight and he wouldn't wait. I don't blame myself, because my average is now three spot five, and yesterday it was only three spot one."

"That is impossible if you made nought to-day," said Simpson eagerly.

"Not if I divided it wrong yesterday."

"Averages," said the Major to the Vicar, catching the last sentence but two, "are the curse of modern cricket. When I was a boy——"

"We are now," Archie explained to us, "back in the thirties, when FELIX MYNN bowled Ensign Mannering with a full pitch."

"Dear old FULLER PILCH. Ah! what do they know of England who only KING and JAYES?" I declaimed. "Libretto by Simpson."

"Who's finished?" said Archie, getting up. "Come out and smoke. Now we simply must buck up and out the opposition. Simpson ought to bump them at Joe's end, and Thomas——"

"I always swerve after lunch," said Thomas.

"I don't wonder. What I was going to say was that you would box them in the slips. You know, if we all buck up——"

We bucked up and outed them by the end of the day for two hundred and fifty.

A. A. M.

THE PERFECT HOLIDAY.

I.—THE CARAVAN.

The following notes are based upon particulars supplied by the Firms named therein.

Now that the fine weather is possibly upon us, or, at any rate, is, according to the almanack, due, it is time to think about the holidays. And what better holiday could there be than one spent in a caravan? Think of the morning mists, the glory of the sunrise, the tender beauty of the same orb's setting, the adventures of the road, the rabbits, the strangeness of it all (at first), the sweet restfulness of the deliberate pace, the healthy dust, the romance!

First, the vehicle itself. A caravan is, as you probably know, a room on wheels. This you may either buy or hire. If you buy it go to the Caravan Builders Co., Bermondsey Causeway, S.E., but if you hire it go to the Caravan Hiring Co., Wanstead Flats, E. In either place you will be well treated. The advantages of buying over hiring are (1) it becomes your own, and (2) you have had, if the caravan is new, no predecessors—a word which covers a large variety of life. The advantages of hiring over buying are (1) you pay less, and (2) the wretched thing does not lie on your hands after you are dead sick of it. But do not forget the point about predecessors. Gipsies may have lived in it once. . . . Picturesque devils, no doubt, but. . . .

What are the joys of the caravan? Ah! In a caravan it is possible to have constant change of scene, to be comfortably sheltered, and yet to be continually in the open air. To the uninitiated the capacity of an ordinary caravan seems almost miraculous. From the outside it looks as though one person alone would have some difficulty in squeezing into it; anyhow, you say there won't be room for anything else. It takes one's breath away to learn that the caravan contains a bedroom—sometimes two—a dining-and-sitting-room, a kitchen, pantry, wardrobe, china closet, bookshelf—in fact, nearly as much as can be packed into a small suburban villa.

All these things have to be fixed up, which brings us to point No. 2—furnishing. But here the resources of commerce are endless. For the stove you may go to Billington's, at 153, Cursitor Street; for your hat to Preedy in Cheapside; for your boots, if new, to Ringrose of the Strand, or if old (and ah! old boots are best!), to Robertson's in the Haymarket. For your gun, who is better than Fosbrooke? and for your wall-paper try Simperwill's in Sloane Street. Do you eat chocolate?—there is none like Maurice's in Bond Street; while Buckstone's billiard tables are still the best. At breakfast time, when the morning mists have been swept away and the fields and hedges smell fresh and sweet, the camper knows that just two things are necessary to make life perfect—the smell of bacon frizzling in the pan and the delightful all-pervading aroma of coffee. And when considering coffee be sure to go for an extract, for the coffee is so much better and more like coffee than any made from the berry. Bostock's is the variety of which many campers of experience naturally think. The points claimed for it which should specially appeal to the camper are ease of preparation and uniqueness of flavour when it is ready. It reminds you of the delicious coffee you forgot to drink thirty years ago, which has been waiting for you ever since.

For dinner you will naturally prefer Peter's Pemmican and Condiment Soup to anything fresh or wholesome, since you are on a perfect holiday and roughing it is such fun, while the special advantages of Raisin-peas must not be forgotten.

After dinner the delicious pipe; and you will of course smoke Tramp Mixture, that heavenly blend which causes the smoker to forget whether he is in his shirt-sleeves or not, or if he has ever washed.

Next week, "The Perfect Holiday. II.—Walking."



ON WIMBLEDON COMMON.

Bruised Pedestrian (to apologetic golfer). "WELL, SIR, IF YOU *MUST* PLAY BALL AT YOUR TIME OF LIFE, I WISH TO GOODNESS YOU 'D USE A SOFT ONE."

The Open-air Cure.

"Armstrong has a severe cold, although the weather in London yesterday was bright, and a nice drying wind prevailed."—*Liverpool Daily Post.*

THE COMEDY OF QUESTION TIME.

AN UNRECORDED INCIDENT.

SIR EDWARD GREY, answering questions put by Mr. BYLES (L.), Mr. MACKARNESS (L.), and Mr. WILL THORNE (Lab.), said that the Imperial Opera House at St. Petersburg was, as its name suggested, in receipt of a State subvention, but His Majesty's Government could not accept responsibility for the visit of the leading members of the ballet.

Mr. MACKARNESS. Is the right hon. gentleman aware that *The Daily Chronicle*, in its issue of the 16th inst., has stated that Mme. PREOBRAJENSKA, "the queen of this organisation," is a "great deal more than an ordinary theatrical dancer?" (*Sensation.*) I have reason to believe that the tendency of the pirouettes executed by this lady is distinctly reactionary, and calculated to demoralise the democratic press——

THE SPEAKER. Order. The hon. member is not asking a question, but entering into a discussion of the ethics of the Terpsichorean art.

Mr. BYLES. Is the right hon. gentleman aware that the name of one of the principal dancers is Mlle. Bashskirtsoff?

No answer was given.

Mr. W. REDMOND. Arising out of the previous question, Sir, may I ask whether Mr. STOLL, the manager of the Coliseum, is really an exiled Grand Duke?

Sir EDWARD GREY said that on making inquiries he had ascertained that Mr. STOLL was the author of *A Theory of Immortality by Natural Law*. This seemed hardly reconcilable with the grand-ducal hypothesis.

Mr. MACKARNESS. Can the right hon. gentleman give a positive assurance that these ballet dancers are not political spies, whose aim is to lure the proletariat from their allegiance to HENRY and LLOYD GEORGE?

Sir EDWARD GREY said he had no information that supported this ingenious theory.

Mr. BYLES wished to know whether it was a fact that the Empress CATHERINE had instigated the assassination of her husband.

THE SPEAKER. Order. Events that happened 150 years ago are not suitable subjects for questions, even on the part of the Member for Bradford.

Mr. MACKARNESS. Is the right hon. gentleman aware that there is an intense and growing feeling in the country as to the inadvisability of encouraging these salaried *protégées* of the Russian Court, while corresponding facilities are denied to the patriotic dancing dervishes of Egypt and the Nationalist nautch-girls of India?

Sir EDWARD GREY returned no answer.

Mr. WILL THORNE observed that the right hon. gentleman was an inhuman monster. (*Labour cheers.*)

Mr. W. REDMOND. Anyhow, he 's got a thorn in his side. (*Opposition laughter.*)

DEGENERATION.

["It is said by the critics of democracy that journalism of the newer type impairs and weakens the habit and faculty of continuous and coherent attention."—*Lord Morley.*]

LONG ere the first of winter's snow
Upon this forehead fell,
A little lad I used to know—
I knew him rather well.
He loved his dog, he loved his cat,
His pink-eyed rabbit and his rat,
He loved the great good-natured cook,
But most of all he loved his book.

This little lad would read through all
A summer's afternoon;
The Heroes held him in their thrall
Till bed-time came—too soon.
He paused not till the Golden Fleece
Was brought in triumph back to Greece,
Nor till Medusa's grisly head
Had frozen Polydectes dead.

There in the great arm-chair upcurled
All else he would ignore,
Concentred in the magic world
Whereon he loved to pore.
No journals had as yet been brought
To paralyse his power of thought,
This little lad that once I knew—
Le petit moi que j'ai perdu.

At Oxford he could still attend
As one not quite insane,
And haply for an hour on end
Could exercise his brain.
At first he quite enjoyed the scent
Of some Socratic argument,
And could pursue it like a dog
Perhaps through half a dialogue.

But soon the youth began to find
His mental vigour fail;
The proper study of mankind,
They told him, was *The Mail*.
He read it daily, and his power
Of brain grew weaker hour by hour;
All Plato's points he learnt to miss—
Eheu! Descensus facilis.

And now he reads in jerks—a lift—
Two minutes in a train—
And ere he has the time to sift
A sentence—lift again.
Bus—tram—more lift—and then a strap—
More lift—what wonder if a chap
Has lost the art of thought, and bars
Papers with more than six-line pars?

"Aurum irrepertum, et sic melius situm
Cum terra celat."

The above was written by HORACE prior to Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE's proposal to tax Ungotten Minerals.

A BACK NUMBER.

"No, no soup" (this to the butler). Then I turned to the serious business of the evening. I looked at the large and gravely Scotch matron beside me, and went at it gallantly.

"Don't you think," I began, "that the shortage of horses, due to the spread of motoring, may become a national danger?"

"Very," she replied with a pleasant smile; "but that is so like him"—and returned to her soup with an air of duty done.

I hate any *lacunæ* in table-talk, so I made no pause to try to detect the relevancy, if any, of her answer, but continued with business-like briskness: "But perhaps we are getting a little too apprehensive of—ah—the dangers of invasion. Who was it who said that to meet trouble halfway is the surest method of—er—going halfway to—in fact, to meet trouble? Was it LOCKE, BACON? By the way, what do you think of MARK TWAIN on the Baconian heresy?"

"I like the woolly ones best," she said with great decision; and her glance was as clear and untroubled as a child's. This *did* give me pause. Plainly she was guiltless of joking, and there were no signs of incipient insanity. In my confusion I let the butler fill my glass with champagne, although the halfpenny autocrat of my breakfast-table tells me that the Smart drink only mineral water; and I have always thought one had better be dead than not be smart. Vulgarian-like—but the *faux pas* was due to confusion, not to ignorance—I emptied my glass. Then, with dwindling confidence, I spoke again.

"And what are your views on the slump in modern drama?"

"I did once—in France," she told me. Heavens! I wished I could have changed places with Bailey Hamilton. Bailey, on the other side of the table, had a bright young girl next to him, and they were already tackling their seventh topic (Lords and the Budget). But I wasn't going to give in yet.

"Do you think," I said, dauntlessly—"do you think this remarkable weather is going to last?"

No answer.

"Do you think this remarkable weather is going to last?" I repeated, a shade more anxiously.

No answer. "But then," thought I, "the Scotch are a cautious race. It will take time to think out something non-committal. Or perhaps she is comparing this year with that, and deducing her verdict from an average of forty seasons."

The fish came—the fish went, and my question remained unanswered. Then, on a sudden, she turned.



Gamekeeper. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN HERE? DIDN'T YOU SEE THE BOARD—'PRIVATE. TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED'?"
Tripper. "WELL—YES—I SEE'D A BOARD, BUT I READ 'PRIVATE' ON IT, SO READ NO FURTHER, THINKING IT WAS NONE O' MY BUSINESS."

"Have you heard of poor Mr. Popkinson's accident?" she asked.

In the consternation of the moment I swallowed an olive alive—I mean, whole. (I hope there will be no complications. It couldn't sprout, could it?)

"Oh!" I said reproachfully, "you shouldn't do that. Unless I take them in order I lose the thread. Now I shall have to go right back to the beginning again. Talking of the shortage of horses, don't you think——"

So far she had heard me with attention. Now, with eager concern, she spoke.

"My dear Mr. Plimpley," she said, "I'm so sorry. I saw at the outset from something in your eye that you were going to palm off on me *The Mirror's* list of dinner-table topics; and, do you know, I'm afraid I've been giving the answers I prepared for yesterday's questions. So stupid of me, but you're sitting on my deaf side, so that I didn't realize——"

"Let's say no more about it," I put in magnanimously. "Shall we just talk simple scandal instead, straight out of our own heads?"

She gave a sigh of relief. "Yes, let's," she said.

THE IRRESPONSIBLE WOOER.

[An eminent authority has stated that among the inhabitants of the Banks' Islands the decision as to whom a man should marry lies with his father's sister.]

WAFT, O waft me to those Islands in the
South Pacific seas,
To the land of milk and honey
Where it's always nice and sunny,
Where the little waves are lapping
Round the laughing maidens' knees,
And the palm-fronds idly flapping
In the breeze.

There in pre-lapsarian innocence I'd
comb the mermaids' curls,
I would dive through sea-green waters
With a troop of dusky daughters;
I would spy the lurking oyster
And I'd make the modest pearls
Leave their dim secluded cloister
For my girls.

I would flirt with Laughing Water when
the firefly's lamp was lit,
I would praise the grace and vigour
Of my dainty Sea-shell's figure;
At the feet of Summer Lightning
I should be content to sit,
As I felt my senses brightening
At her wit.

Nor should nasty "little devil doubt"
come lifting up his voice,
Asking which it was my duty
To decide on—brains or beauty;
I could flirt with any maiden,
Or with all, and still rejoice
That my soul would not be laden
With the choice.

And the girls would understand me; and
their pardon freely grant,
If they found themselves rejected
And another mate selected;
For they'd know my heart's not frozen,
That I don't because I can't;
I must take the bride that's chosen
By my aunt.

The Yorkshire Evening Post publishes a testimonial written by a lady in praise of certain spectacles, the product of the enterprise of some "American Specialists." "Formerly," she says, "my head always ached, now I do not know what it is." Nor does *Mr. Punch*, though he has tried hard to guess.

"IRELAND, NORTH AND SOUTH.—Wind chiefly N., light or moderate; fairly generally; overcast at times; temperature below the nominal."—*Irish Times.*



HORATIA HOLDS THE BRIDGE.

Territorial Officer. "BUT, MY GOOD WOMAN, IT'S ALL NONSENSE TO EXPECT US TO PAY; WE'RE NOT ORDINARY CIVILIANS, WE'RE ON HIS MAJESTY'S SERVICE, DON'T YOU KNOW."

Toll-keeper. "I DON'T KNOW NOTHINK ABOUT THAT. IF YOU COMES OVER THE BRIDGE, IT'S HA'PENNY EACH PUSSON AN' HA'PENNY EACH BICYCLE."

Territorial Officer. "BUT—ER—SUPPOSE THE GERMANS CAME AND WANTED TO GET ACROSS—WHAT WOULD YOU DO?"

Toll-keeper. "MAKE 'EM PAY!"

TO A FANCY VEST.

TWELVE months agone (I told the tailor "nrgent")
You clasped my palpitating bosom first,
And now once more, like Proserpine resurgent,
After your winter's sleep to life you burst;
Time has not dimmed your buttons' starry brightness,
Fair as the South but steadfast as the North,
Though possibly there *is* a hint of tightness
About the fourth.

With clearer skies, perhaps, we might have traced where
That woeful mellay in a garden green
Projected on her suitor's summer waist-wear
An ice intended for the tourney's queen;
I mind me, too (it happened at "The Larches"),
A strawberry, debouching from its mash,
Left a red trail of ruin round your marches,
And I said, "Dash!"

But either Sol is kind or else the laundress;
You look, my yearling fancy, much the same
As when the nymph Neaera (in a fawn dress)
Refused to gratify the heart you frame:
Little they thought, who plied on you the needle,
Or dowered you with that tender tint of dove,
That such a classy line could fail to wheedle
A woman's love!

Still, as I say, you have not lost your beauty:
And (like the breast beneath it), barely frayed,
Your shining envelope must now do duty
For courting Amaryllis—in the shade;
I cannot think she too will turn her nose up
At knightly adoration in a shell
Whose shade is so romantic and that shows up
The tie so well.

But if she does—for all the sex is fickle—
Can we but 'scape the hazards of the storm,
The sudden cream-drop and the icy trickle,
Another June may see you yet in form;
Close comrade as of yore, and even closer,
I swear that you shall do the business when
I trot you out against my heart's engrosser
Of 1910.

"Kind home wanted for tiny crossbred female, black with tan markings."—*Advt. in "The Lady."*

We are afraid that the poor girl had a bad time in her last situation.



COLD STORAGE.

MR. ASQUITH (*to Welsh Rabbit*). "AFRAID YOU MUST BE HUNG UP, BUT YOU SHALL COME OUT FIRST THING NEXT YEAR, IF YOU'RE GOOD!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 14.—"Parliamentary life would be endurable but for its deputations."

Thus the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, mopping a harrowed brow. Certainly



ENOUGH TO SPOIL THE TEMPER OF AN ANGEL.

Mr. William Jones. "I shall haf to be fery cross, look you! I shall be giffing you a g ot hard knock, whateffer!"

(Welsh Disestablishment Bill postponed till next year.)

had rather a hard day. First of all there were the Irish distillers insisting upon special terms in the Budget. Then came the Welsh Members, pistol in hand, demanding instant passage of Church Disestablishment Bill. Worst of it is these chaps have votes. Last week the Irish Nationalists plumped against Second Reading of Finance Bill. As it happened, didn't matter much. Specific reason for defection plainly stated. But if Wales joins hands with Ireland, passage of Bill through Committee might prove a thorny one.

Accordingly PREMIER "turns on" his persuasive colleague; bids him see the Irish and the Welsh malcontents in succession; to both playing the part of the Friend of Humanity.

Meeting the Irish distillers, LLOYD-GEORGE'S tongue lingers lovingly over a memorable line in his prototype's address to the Needy Knife Grinder:

"*I* give thee sixpence! I'll see thee d—— first."

Restrained himself. Played the part so well that he brought salt tears to eyes of hardened distillers from Dublin and Cork. Sent them away murmuring benedictions. Not a dry eye in the room when in voice trembling with honest emotion he protested that he "would consider the matter as a whole with as deep a sympathy, as warm a friendship for Ireland, as any gentleman present."

And yet, as he reflected when the deputation withdrew, he had not done more than promise "consideration."

With his own countrymen he was, naturally, more at home and not less successful. On entering the room he found them upstanding, singing "*The March of the Men of Harlech*," led from the Chair by ALFRED THOMAS (Knight). There was that in the stern regard turned upon him that betokened seriousness of the situation. It meant war. The Welsh Members want Disestablishment and they won't wait. (No rhyme possible about the declaration, wherein it falls short of the attraction of GEORGE WYNDHAM'S immortal couplet. What it lacks in rhyme is made up for in reason.)

Task of reconciliation seemed hopeless. WILLIAM JONES especially turbulent in his attitude towards a PRIME MINISTER who had broken faith with honest Welshmen. Almost blood-thirsty in his denunciation of that Minister's emissary. His sardonic suggestion that "in the absence of a lamp-post they might hang the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER on the Member for Pembroke" was received with roar of approval chilling to the stoutest heart. From his altitude of 6 feet 7 OWEN PHILIPPS looked down assenting. Not pleasant to go about suspending a limp CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. But with Welsh Members personal convenience is never permitted to clash with patriotic purpose.

Patience and plausibility work wonders. At the end of address that did not exceed a quarter of an hour in delivery, the mutineers were won over. In an eloquent passage spoken in their native tongue LLOYD-GEORGE promised if they would say nothing more about Disestablishment Bill this Session it should be made the first measure in the programme of next year.

Thus in the course of an afternoon the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER allayed the passions of two nationalities, warding off the immediate stroke of adversity by pleasing promises for the future. As he says, translating a familiar Welsh



A SNAP-SHOT OF MR. GOOCH IN ACTION.

proverb, "Take care of to-day; to-morrow will take care of itself."

Business done.—In Committee of Supply. By nine o'clock appointed work accomplished and House adjourned.

Wednesday.—JAMES FITZALAN HOPE, J.P., author of *A History of the 1900 Parliament*, cannot make out what the House is laughing at. Asked a simple question. Wanted to know what, in the opinion of the Admiralty, are the relative values, for the purpose of computing the two-Power standard, of battleships of identical fighting power at Kiel, Toulon, Pola, Nagasaki, San Francisco, and New York?

Nothing could be simpler, nor anything more subtly calculated to cover the FIRST LORD with confusion.

"The relative value of battleships of identical fighting power in their respective ports would," ADMIRAL MCKENNA gravely answered, "be one of equality."

Then came the burst of laughter; began below Gangway opposite, ran round benches like train of gunpowder on which a lighted match had fallen. What were they laughing at? JAMES FITZALAN'S question had cost him thought and research. It meant a study of those big maps in the necessity of consulting which the late MARKISS found compensation for devastating war. Mere spelling of the names a matter of responsibility.



Study of an interesting performance, the frequent repetition of which seemed to afford Lord Robert Cecil infinite satisfaction. It was probably a symptom of reflective enjoyment of the so-called slump in Tariff Reform."]

Expected to see FIRST LORD heave to, lower his bunkers, ship his mizzen forrard, and display other signs of trepidation familiar to those who go down to the sea in ships. "Instead of which," there he was coolly offering enigmatical reply of which FITZALAN couldn't make head or tail, and the House was roaring with laughter—apparently at him (JAMES HOPE).

However, being a practical man, he determines to turn incident to account. Makes a note of it. In forthcoming book, *A History of the 1906 Parliament*, a chapter will be devoted to the distorted sense of humour that sometimes causes the Mother of Parliaments to sink in the estimation of intelligent men.

Business done.—Labour Exchanges Bill read a second time without division. Immediately after, in spite of BALCARRES' magnanimous effort, House resolved that WINSTON shall be specially excluded from benefits of increased salary of PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF TRADE.

Thursday.—Amurath to Amurath succeeds. When present House first met, a LUNDON represented East Limerick. To-day the name of LUNDON again figures on the roll of Parliament; but another bears it. Even Ireland, mother of marvels among mankind, could produce only one WILLIAM LUNDON, and he died before May was out.

The present House knew nothing of him. Its predecessor not much. He spoke rarely, but his speech was memorable as his appearance was striking. A farmer by occupation, there were few, if any, in the House who equalled him in the extent and intimacy of his classical knowledge. Greek and Latin were more familiar to him than the English tongue, which as a true patriot he despised. To lack of familiarity with it he added the habit of addressing the SPEAKER or the CHAIRMAN OF WAYS AND MEANS as if he were hailing him across the breadth of the Thames. He made amends for this by occasionally dropping his voice to inaudible whisper, in which such point and coherency as might lurk in the particular passage were utterly lost.



"We shall take a man at his 'face value.'"
Mr. Churchill's speech on Labour Bureaux.
(Mr. Renwick, M.P. for Newcastle-on-Tyne.)

One would have given much to have been the confidant of Mr. LUNDON'S thoughts as he sat on a back bench below the Gangway and regarded hon. gentlemen opposite and on the benches to his right. A man not given to boasting, he was proud of the fact that he was an early pioneer of the Fenian movement, in connection with which he served three years' imprisonment. When the Land League was started he regarded it as better than nothing and, plunging into its wildest doings, found himself again in prison.

It was during one of his missionary efforts in connection with the League that he succeeded in baffling the myrmidon of a Saxon Government. Addressing a roadside meeting, he observed a constable, note-book and pencil in hand, ready to take down his words, which it was shrewdly suspected would be treasonable. After a few introductory remarks, he began to declaim in the original tongue the names of the ships catalogued in *Homer*. The constable was puzzled. All he knew was that the language was not English nor even Irish. But he was told off to take verbatim report, and he was not the man to shirk duty. So as the stately roll was recited he struggled on, covering sheets of his note-book with hieroglyphics.

The best part of the story, a conclusion possible only in Ireland, was that when his notes were transcribed and sworn to in Court, Mr. LUNDON was summarily convicted under the Crimes Act and sentenced to two months' imprisonment with hard labour.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply on Local Government Estimates.



SOME MORE "FACE VALUES."

Sir H-nry C-tt-n, Dr. R-th-rf-rd, and Mr. M-ck-rn-zi (who have taken such a touching, sympathetic interest in the sequestration of those dear "gentlemen" who have been prevented from promoting sedition in India) during their well-merited castigation by the Prime Minister.

["By constantly calling into question in this House the action of the Government of India they are only encouraging a revival in India of the elements of mischief that the deportations of last September have done so much to abate."—*Mr. Asquith.*]

"In a case at Kingston in which a boy complained that three teeth were knocked out of his mouth when he was assaulted, Mr. A. Higgs, one of the magistrates, who is a dentist, took the boy over to a window, and after a careful examination was able to pronounce that the teeth were only broken off and not dislodged by the roots."—*Daily Telegraph.*

This of course greatly mitigated the alleged offence.

A "well-known physiologist" has let out to *The Daily Mirror* the secret of the way to avoid depression. "Be cheerful," he says. As secrets are being given away, *Mr. Punch* does not mind giving his clients a golden rule for avoiding poverty. It is as follows: "*Be rich!*"



HINTS TO YOUNG ANGLERS.—No. 3.

IN CASE OF ACCIDENT WHILE SALMON FISHING, WADING TROUSERS, IF FASTENED BY A BELT, AS LONG AS THEY REMAIN AIR-TIGHT, CAN BE DEPENDED UPON TO PREVENT YOUR SINKING.

THE NEW GAOL.

THE Governor received me with that dignified courtesy which has ever gone with the control of such institutions. "I think," he said, "you will agree that it is well conducted."

He took a huge bunch of keys from its nail and led the way.

"Here," he said, unlocking a cell, "is a very old offender."

I peered into the gloom and saw an Aberdeen terrier in the corner.

"Sandy's his name," said the Governor. "A destructive maniac. He tears up everything he sees—clothes, papers, work-bags, carpets, hearthrugs, even books. His last offence was to chew half a presentation copy of BRYCE'S *American Constitution*. He is here for a week. We cover articles with Eau-de-Cologne, whisky, and tobacco-juice to disgust him."

In the next cell was a bulldog.

"Disobedience," said the Governor. "Won't go out for walks without a lead, and then pulls at it like a salmon. We fasten him to a crank, and he has to trot with it or be half choked for hours."

In the next was a little black spaniel.

"Refuses to be broken to the house," said the Governor. "A stubborn case. Otherwise a charming character. Systematic lashings regularly was the sentence."

"Do you find that punishment is a deterrent?" I asked.

"Undoubtedly," he said; "but they learn slowly. One sojourn here is rarely enough. Here, for example, is a frequent visitor," and he showed me an Irish terrier. "A cat-worrier. We deal with him by pushing stuffed cats charged with electricity into his cell. In the way they cure crib-biters, you know. But his spirit is stronger than his sense of pain."

"Good dog!" I involuntarily said.

The Governor was scandalised, and led me away. "Had I known you would so forget yourself," he said, "I should have refused you the interview."

Testimonial Candour.

"Please send me two more Army Field Glasses with separate receipts. Whoever sees mine wants another."

THE PEN IN THE SLIPS.

"Maclaren caused loud cheers by cutting one from Armstrong away to the leg boundary."—*Bournemouth Daily Echo.*

"Tyldesley took seventy minutes to get his first 16, and 15 of these were singles."—*Daily Express.*

Query: What was the other?

"The former, in an effort to bring off a catch, fell full length in the slips, and just secured the ball left handed from a fine high drive."—*Surrey Mirror.*

"Mr. Jones then joined Hirst, who had scored three pretty 4's to leg through the slips."—*Daily Mail.*

"McLaren followed with a nice late cut for 36 from Laver."—*Bristol Evening News.*

"Noble is a past-master in placing the field to suit his bowlers, and he is backed up by eleven men of rare cricketing intelligence."—*Morning Leader.*

Twelve Australians! That explains our defeat.

A Glasgow paper publishes the following curious example of renaissance:

"He was born in Edinburgh 66 years ago, and afterwards, with his lifelong friend John Wyllie, at Paris."

SIC TRANSIT.

(On the passing of the Senior Wrangler.)

O UPPERMOST Wrangler!
O greatest of nobs!
Thou deft disentangler
Of intricate probs.—
To whom surds are as simple as underhand bowling to HOBBS.

Henceforth thou art banished,
Thy kingship is o'er,
The halo hath vanished
That ringed thee of yore;
And even the spoon that was wooden
is not any more.

How journalists loved thee!
What copy thou wast!
How gladly they shoved thee—
Ay, free of all cost!—
By the side of HALL CAINE and the KAISER!
. . . And now thou art lost.

No more will they tell us
The tales of thy skill:
How tutors grew jealous
(As pedagogues will)
When, clever as *they* were, their pupil
proved cleverer still.

No more will the pressmen
In ecstasy note
Thy craft as a chessman
And hasten to quote
"Mens sana in corpore sano" (as somebody wrote).

Farewell to thy fame—
And to Father's and Mother's!
Henceforth will thy name
Be no more than another's;
For thou, in the future, must wrangle
along with the others.

PRAISE TO THE FACE.

MR. HAROLD BEGBIE concludes a descriptive article in *The Daily Chronicle* on the great Naval Review by expressing the modest hope that the critics of the Admiralty may one day come to suggest that "our greatest battleship should be named the *Kingfisher*," adding that "it would be a graceful amend to the creator of the modern Navy."

The extreme modesty of this proposal has naturally disappointed the admirers of "the greatest of sea-lords since NOAH," as he has wittily been styled, and *Mr. Punch* has been positively bombarded by suggestions as to how this culminating point in Sir JOHN FISHER'S career should be fitly commemorated.

Mr. Rugby Pink, the famous naval correspondent, writes: "Mr. BEGBIE suggests that one battleship should be called the *Kingfisher*. Could anything be more miserably inadequate or ungenerous? My proposal, which I am convinced will be hailed with general acclamation, is that England should henceforth be called 'Fisherland,' and the Isle of Wight the 'Isle of Arnold White.'"

Mr. Yello Pearyard, the renowned nautical publicist, opens his communication by very properly calling attention to the superb and gorgeously poetic metaphors of Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE'S article. He says, "Has anyone since RUSKIN come within a measurable distance of the majestic sonority of this adorable exordium?—

"'On Saturday there was something new. Britannia's flesh did not creep. It glowed.

Sea and Sky were like two prize-fighters retired to their corners after a round of hard pounding. Every shade of bruise was in the clouds, which were puffed and bagged and swollen; every shade of sick green was in the sea, which suggested a winded body and a sinking stomach. These two antagonists regarded each other. They appeared to be waiting for the next round. The sound of the wind was like the murmur of conversation round the ring.

Every now and then the rain fell; every now and then a pale sun, like a hammered eye, peered out of the brown-paper sky and produced the tinge of thunder in the green sea; always the wind blew. It was cold, melancholy, depressing. But—you could almost see Britannia's flesh glow with pride.'

"Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE suggests how a fitting amend could be made by the detractors of Sir JOHN FISHER. May I be permitted to suggest that the magnificent services of Mr. BEGBIE to the English language, to Britannia, and to Sea and Sky also deserve recognition. Why should we not found a Chair of Ichthyolatry at Birmingham University, with Mr. BEGBIE as first Professor? Or failing that, let him be created Honorary Admiral of the (Arnold) White, or Controller of the Boom."

The foregoing letters adequately represent the spirit of enthusiasm evoked by the lyrical outburst of Mr. BEGBIE. It is painful to add that a jarring note is struck by one correspondent, who writes: "I am not a superstitious man, but when people write in this rancid strain of fulsome complacency I want to propitiate Nemesis by a wholesale holocaust of professional gushers and gupmongers."

We are sorry that the two following paragraphs should have appeared consecutively in *The Manchester Guardian*:—

"The Canadian Minister of Finance, the Hon. W. S. Fielding, who was accompanied by his daughter, Miss Fielding, was also a passenger by the Empress of Ireland."

"It was also alleged that they took a number of hens, valued at £2, from an adjoining hen-run."

"WANTED, MAN or LADY to prepare and fry fish and chips from 4 to 10 A.M."—*Southern Daily Echo.*

But what objection can there be to a real gentleman for this kind of work?

THE MIDGES' SONG.

MAIDEN like a tinted rose,
Clad in muslin thin and chaste,
Your embroidered net-work hose
Absolutely suits our taste.

Youth, whose pulse with rapture stirs,
Agitated by her charm,
While your eyes are wooing hers
We are creeping up your arm.

Military-looking gent,
Clad in suit of shepherd's check,
We salute you with content
As we titillate your neck.

Ample dame, whose kindly face
Lifelong charity reveals—
Tender also to our race—
You are good for many meals.

Cordially we greet you all,
Comradeship we cultivate;
Though in person we are small,
Yet our influence is great.

If our ways are not polite,
Your behaviour seems to match;
Though we little midges bite,
In return you mortals scratch.

From *The Visitor*, a journal which serves the needs of Bridge of Allan, Dunblane, Doune, and Callendar, we extract the following advertisement, which appeared in the issue of June 9th:

"Dunblane Habitation Primrose League.

A GARDEN PARTY,
at the kind invitation of
Mr. Arthur Hay Drummond,
will take place at Cromlix
on SATURDAY, the 26th JUNE.

Those who intend going should do so at once."

No reports have yet reached us from Cromlix, but we imagine that Mr. HAY DRUMMOND has had very little leisure for correspondence.

The Unpardonable Sin.

"The majority of the Ladies, however, were the usual evening gowns, and as many of their costumes were noted when I wrote an account of the Infirmary Ball, it will not be necessary to describe them here again."—*Local Paper.*

The Editor's fate is not known.

"Yesterday a few American visitors, who had only reached Liverpool this morning, put in an appearance late in the afternoon, but to-day their number was strongly reinforced."—"*Westminster Gazette*" (*on Ascot*).

The new lot would be those who only reached Liverpool to-morrow.

"There is a probability that St. John's (Oxford) will send a four as well as an eight, but at present nothing has been definitely decided. Should they, if they are content with the latter, the Thames will be their goal."—*Paris Daily Mail.*

Always the best river to aim at when you go to Henley.



Mother (telling the history of our first parents). "AND EVE ATE OF THE FRUIT AND SHE GAVE SOME TO ADAM."
Dolly. "OH, MUMMIE! HOW *kind* OF HER!"

A TARDY PROPOSAL.

[In the course of an article on "The Bride" a daily paper points out that in respect of their chances of getting married, waitresses come before clerks, and clerks before teachers and nurses.]

SOME years ago I saw her first,
Her homely face suffused with frowns,
As she (professionally) nursed
That beastly brat of Brown's.
She pleased me then, I must confess;
To her I smiled my silent thanks,
Who curbed the cub's effusiveness
With surreptitious spanks.

His governess when next we met,
She led his youthful footsteps through
The mazes of the alphabet,
The path of two times two.
'Twas not to find her still unwed
That filled me with unholy joy,
But that I knew she slapped the head
Of that unpleasant boy.

On teaching tasks she turned her back,
Her labours graced another scene;
For want of something else to smack
She smacked a type machine.
Then once again she changed her post;
Since marriage comes to her who waits,
She served out dubious eggs on toast
And so called ham on plates.

At last my laggard heart awoke
(The cap and dress became her well),
I ate the eggs, but barred one yolk,
Then softly rang the bell.
Her face, I hastened to decide,
Though plain, was not unpicturesque.
"Be mine," I said, and she replied:
"I will. Pay at the desk."

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MR. LONG JANE'S NEW POET.

MR. LONG JANE begs to announce that he will publish shortly a volume of poems by the new poet, Mr. Morrell Haggis, with an introduction by Mr. G. K. Jesterton. The co-operation of Mr. Jesterton and Mr. Haggis in the production of this book is eminently Jestertonic. The two men met as strangers to each other on the stairs of a Battersea flat. The new Poet introduced himself. "Mr. Jesterton, I presume?" he said. "It would be impossible," replied the great commentator, "to state anything more tremendously true." "I," said the other, folding his hand in that of his new friend, where it lay like a sleeping camel in the Sahara, "I am Morrell Haggis." An hour later two figures of strangely contrasted appearance might have been seen steadily circumambulating Battersea Park, one shouting the other's verses to the astonished heavens and a following of feckless youths. The book containing these wonders is only 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

MR. WELKIN MARK'S NEW POET.

Mr. Welkin Mark (exactly opposite Long Jane's) begs to announce that he has secured for the English market the palpitating works of the new Montana (U.S.A.) poet, Mr. Ezekiel Ton, who is the most remarkable thing in poetry since ROBERT BROWNING. Mr. Ton, who has left America to reside for a while in London and impress his personality on English editors, publishers and readers, is by far the newest poet going, whatever other advertisements may say. He has succeeded, where all others have failed, in evolving a blend of the imagery of the unfettered West, the vocabulary of Wardour Street, and the sinister abandon of Borgiac Italy.

Commercial Candour.

"'BARBED WIRE CLOTH' for Youngsters' Suits; almost unwearable."—*Advt. in "Ladybrand Courant."*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Story of Thyrza (CONSTABLE), by ALICE BROWN, is really the story of two *Thyrzas*, with little else but the author's own word to guarantee their identity. In the first part of her book she sketches, with a very sympathetic humour, the childhood of a girl of high-strung and consciously romantic temperament, brought up in the most primitive surroundings. In the second part we are shown a rather colourless woman of middle-age, absorbed, after a brave struggle against poverty and shame, in the career of her unfathered son. The bridge that spans the yawning gulf between these two existences may be strong enough to bear the author's feet skimming airily along by aid of the winged sandals of imagination, but is not meant to support the gravity of the critic. Even under my frail weight it quivered perilously. She has asked too much of us when she wants us to believe that she has provided an adequate motive, on *Thyrza's* side, for the act that was to ruin her life. The credulity which allows the girl to idealise a coarse nature whose loyalty she has had good reason to suspect, cannot account for her lapse. True, she had always had a morbid craving for self-sacrifice, and would certainly have laughed at convention and run clean away with a lover if there had been a bar to their formal union. But here there was no such bar; and the circumstances—it is the old story of a last train missed—are of the most banal. To make them serve as excuse for such a tragedy is to set too low a value both upon the instinctive purity of the girl's heart and the healthy influences of her simple country training. All this, however, may be a matter of personal opinion; but, for the rest, there cannot be two opinions about the charm of the author's work, her freshness and spontaneity, her feeling for what is noble in character, her sense of the laughter that lies close to tears. If her vision is, perhaps, rather clear than wide, she always sees the things worth seeing. And I am glad to make the acquaintance of *Barton Gorse*, and to be given once more, as in *Rose Macleod*, so pleasant a picture of love between two people well past their youth. I cannot change my belief, already expressed in these columns, that of all the novelists whose work comes to us from America ALICE BROWN is the most delightful.



IT IS DISCOURAGING TO REFLECT THAT THE OLDER METHODS OF AERIAL NAVIGATION, SUCH AS THE BROOM,



THE SEVEN LEAGUE BOOTS,



AND THE MAGIC CARPET,



WERE MUCH SIMPLER AND MORE EFFECTIVE THAN THE MODERN AEROPLANE.

"Out of the intermingling of those two lives—the one fundamentally of the earth, the other of the spirit"—what character would result? This is the problem in heredity that Mrs. PERCY DEARMER set herself to answer in *Gervase* (MACMILLAN), and she has done it with remarkable originality and success. *Gervase Alleyne* is as cleverly drawn a figure as I remember to have met with in recent fiction. Introduced to us as a contemplative Baby (in a first chapter of which the delicate charm would alone make the book worth reading), his career as school-boy, undergraduate, and grown man is developed by the author in a way that is always convincing, because it is always the logical outcome of the two opposing influences that directed it. There are other characters also in the book that impress one as truly observed: *Mark Hassall*, the ascetic young Oxford tutor, whose friendship with *Gervase* was so strong a force in bringing about the tragedy of the latter's life, is one; another is *Miriam Souls*, the girl whom *Gervase* marries through a strange mixture of passion and altruism. *Kate*, her sister and the heroine of the story, is a figure of whose reality I am less sure; nor can I resist a suspicion that Mrs. DEARMER was herself not quite certain about the remaining important personage, *Jack Denham*, whose villainy ruined the marriage of *Miriam* and *Gervase*, but who plays only a shadowy part in the events that followed its discovery. Still *Gervase* alone is an achievement upon which I tender Mrs. DEARMER my hearty congratulations; she should also be credited with the discovery of a striking novelty in "curtains," as I remember no other story of which the psychological crisis turns upon its hero's choice of a Division Lobby in the House of Commons.

It is probably prejudice which makes me object to a novel in which all the characters are in love with other persons' husbands and wives. One such domestic difficulty in one book may be defensible; but three is rather strong meat, even for seasoned readers. Yet that is what Mrs. VERE CAMPBELL gives us in *Render Unto Cæsar* (MILLS AND BOON). One cannot help thinking that it would have been so very much simpler for the parties to have sorted themselves out correctly in the first place. Of course we might in that case have had to do without the story altogether. But would that have mattered so greatly? The book ends weakly and inconclusively, most of the characters apparently being still uncertain whether to continue rendering a nominal obedience unto Cæsar or to repair to the Divorce Court as the shortest way of straightening out the tangle.

A Good Target.

"At the first cry the enemy stop short; at the second huddle together, looking fearfully round."—*English Church Pageant programme.*

Talking of rotundity, it will be remembered that Mr. CHESTERTON had a part in this spectacle.

Commercial Candour.

From a housekeeper's application: "I have some testimonials from good people who have put up with me at various times."

CHARIVARIA.

"I ONLY want to tax unearned increment," said Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE in the course of the Budget debate; "but the simple way is to exclude anything in the nature of improvements." This would seem to be Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE'S attitude to the entire Budget.

***

The British Association of Teachers of Dancing has been concerning itself with the question of how to put a stop to romping and kitchenish behaviour at dances. An attempt is to be made to popularise "The Athenæum Waltz"—as performed, we take it, by the less frivolous of the members of the stately Club of that name.

***

A certain Reformer must be getting alarmed at the results of his anti-face-hair propaganda. Some of his disciples are becoming *plus royalistes que le roi*. A communication received by the Congo Reform Association mentions the case of a native who was compelled to swallow his beard after it had been cut off, chopped up, and mixed with leaves.

***

While two bicyclists were looping-the-loop at Orleans the other day, over a cage in which there were half-a-dozen lions, one of the performers broke his handle-bar and fell into the cage. The lions, however, did not touch him. The king of beasts is nothing if not dignified, and he will not take his food if it is thrown at him like that.

***

We are sorry to hear that Consul and Peter, the two talented monkeys and footlight favourites, have been sulking because they were not invited as guests of honour to the DARWIN celebrations.

***

"Little PEPITO ARRIOLA, the marvellous child pianist, will receive in America," we read, "1,000 dols. for each recital he gives." The printer seems to have left out an *l*.

***

A motor omnibus caused some little excitement last week in New Oxford Street by entering a tobacconist's shop. The fondness of some of these vehicles for smoking is an undoubted evil.

***

As a rule when two vessels collide at sea there is a dispute as to which is to blame, but the Dungeness accident was plainly the fault of *Sappho*.

***

A Post Office customer, in a letter on the subject of the writing materials supplied for public use, complains that "the blotting-paper will not blot." Our experience is that this is just what it does.

***

It is not only in America that one finds capable journalists. A French newspaper informs us that, during a recent storm at Clermont, a man was caught in the rush of the wind and blown six miles out of his way, and only then was able to stop by using his face, on which he fell, as a brake.

***

The difficulty of finding an apt title for a play is well known. For example, *What the Public Wants* has just been withdrawn after a short run.

***

In a Chicago hospital a patient whose shin-bone had been shattered has had a portion of bone from the leg of a young sheep grafted in its place. The man is doing well, and is wondering whether he will now be accused of cannibalism when he has lamb for luncheon.

***

As there have been several instances recently of cars falling into rivers and sinking, the "Thames Motor Carriages" which we see advertised should supply a want.

***

An enlarged Clement airship—No. 2—is now being constructed, and a suggestion (which, we imagine, emanates from an admirer of *The Sphere*) reaches us to the effect that No. 1 and No. 2 should be known in future respectively as "Clement Shorter" and "Clement Longer."

***

Surprise has been expressed by many persons that so much as £13,125 should have been given for TURNER'S *Burning of the Houses of Parliament*, but a Liberal friend of ours is of the opinion that the destruction of the Upper Chamber alone would have been worth that sum.

It is exceptional to find a tobacconist who supports Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE'S Finance Bill. We therefore derive a rare pleasure from the following announcement of a cigar firm:—

"IMPORTED HAVANAS
(1905 Crop)
OFFERED AT PRO-BUDGET PRICES."

A Conservative correspondent has discovered in a French Encyclopædia a short outline of what he takes to be the career of Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE (under the *nom de guerre* CHARLES ALEXANDRE DE CALONNE.) It runs as follows: "Contrôleur-général et l'un des hommes d'état les plus célèbres de l'ancienne monarchie dont il accéléra la chute pas ses opérations financières. Il n'avait aucun plan. . . ."

The Stronger Sex.

The Sunday Chronicle, in an account of a fencing match between teams of ladies from Manchester and Liverpool, says:

"The Manchester ladies won five bouts out of four."

It is very doubtful whether a team composed of mere men could have done as well as this.



SIR "TOBY, M.P." APPEARETH IN YE (BIRTHDAYE) LISTES.

THE QUARREL.

Mr. Charles Hapgood to Mr. Travis Pullman.

DEAR OLD MAN,—You have always been such a brick, I wish you 'd do me another favour. I wish you 'd lend me your aeroplane for the next week-end. I am going to Dartmoor, where practice should be easy, and I feel sure that I understand the whole business. Then later I might have a shot at the Cross-Channel prize. Yours as ever,

C. H.

Mr. Charles Hapgood to Sir Henry Ferney, M.P.

DEAR SIR HENRY,—I am taking an aeroplane down to Dartmoor on Friday, and shall be delighted to show it to you and to Miss Ferney, to whom please give my kind regards.

Yours sincerely,
CHARLES HAPGOOD.

Sir Henry Ferney, M.P., to Mr. Charles Hapgood.

DEAR HAPGOOD,—We are delighted to think that we shall so soon see an aeroplane at close quarters. You will, of course, secure an accomplished aviator. Evelyn declares her intention of going up; but I doubt if I should allow that. You will, of course, stay with us. We shall take no denial. Yours sincerely,

HENRY FERNEY.

Miss Ferney to various friends and neighbours.

DEAR — —,—It will give my father and myself great pleasure if you will come to Tor Castle to lunch on Saturday to witness an aviation display under the control of my friend, Mr. Charles Hapgood. Yours sincerely,

EVELYN FERNEY.

Mr. Travis Pullman to Mr. Charles Hapgood.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—You seem to have gone clean off your head—unless, of course, your letter is an elaborate joke. How on earth do you think I'm going to lend you my aeroplane? I've only just got it, and haven't mastered it myself yet. How could you manage it when you 've never been in one in your life? Besides, there are certain things a man doesn't lend. Aeroplanes come nearly first. Yours always

TRAVIS.

Mr. Charles Hapgood to Mr. Travis Pullman.

MY DEAR TRAVIS,—Your letter was a great surprise to me, and a great shock too. I always looked on you as a generous man. This Channel prize would just have put me right, and now I don't know where to look for the money. As for not having any experience, I've read all about WILBUR WRIGHT, and I've seen him on the bioscope, and I'm a first-class driver of a car, as you know. Half-an-hour's examination of the engines on the ground would be all I should want. Why, you 've often said what a genius for mechanics I have. In any case one must begin some time, and that 's where an old friend should come in. If anything goes wrong with the thing I'll buy you another, if you don't mind waiting for the money. A pal couldn't say more than that.

Yours, C. H.



Lady. "BUT POVERTY IS NO EXCUSE FOR BEING DIRTY! DO YOU *NEVER* WASH YOUR FACE?"

Tramp (with an injured air). "PARDON ME, LADY, BUT I 'VE ADOPTED THIS 'ERE DRY-CLEANIN' PROCESS AS BEIN' MORE 'EALTHY AND 'I-GEENIC."

DEAR HAPGOOD,—It 's quite out of the question. I refuse to lend it. Why, it would be only one remove from murder.

Yours, T. P.

DEAR PULLMAN,—Your astonishing letter puts the lid on it. That 's the end. I did think I had one pal I could trust; but now I know better. You may trust me never to ask you for anything else, or anyone else either.

Yours faithfully, C. H.

Mr. Charles Hapgood to Sir Henry Ferney, M.P.

DEAR SIR HENRY,—I am sorry to have to say that I shall be unable to come after all. There is a hitch with the aeroplane, and it will be impossible to bring it. I shall however come alone. With kind regards to Miss Ferney, believe me,

Yours sincerely,
CHARLES HAPGOOD.

Sir Henry Ferney, M.P., to Mr. Charles Hapgood.

(Telegram.)

Sorry this week-end impossible.

FERNEY.

Miss Hapgood to Mr. Travis Pullman.

MY DEAR MR. PULLMAN,—I don't know what it is that Charlie wants from you, but if you could possibly see your way to lend it I should be so happy. The poor boy is a wreck of disappointment, and it affects all of us. He says you are the only man who can do him this little favour, whatever it is. Please do it.

Yours sincerely,
IRENE HAPGOOD.

A Fellow-Clubman to Mr. Travis Pullman.

DEAR PULLMAN,—I thought you might like to know that at the Club to-day Hapgood was abusing you like a pickpocket. He says that you, one of his oldest friends, refused to do some simple thing for him—lend him a fiver or something. As the friend of both this is rather painful to me, and I should like a word from you to enable me to meet him squarely next time he talks like this. Yours, X.

Old Ireland for Ever.

"As long as he was rector of St. Augustine's he would do his best to put a stop to anything of that kind (hear, hear), not because it existed, but because it never should arise in that parish (hear, hear)."—*Report of Father Rathe's remarks ("Liverpool Echo.")*

The Two "Sapphos."

"When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of" Dover.

There 's nothing like leather still.

"Under these circumstances, Commander Christian gave orders for the men to lower the boots."—*Leeds Mercury.*

No shoemaker will be surprised to hear that not a soul was lost.

Chivalry.

"Robin a 14·2 Bay . . . perfect manners . . . safe with a lady and children and all road nuisances."—*Morning Post.*

A little Hermaphrodite?

"Birth.

On June 13, to Rev. and Mrs. ——, a son (née Mabel Lees)."—*Wolverhampton Express and Star.*



"AT HOME" TO THE FLEET.

FATHER THAMES. "PITY I HAVEN'T GOT MY OLD FLOTILLA OF PADDLE-BOATS IN COMMISSION. I SHOULD HAVE LIKED TO SHOW MY GUESTS WHAT *I* COULD DO."

MORE BUDGET GRUMBLES.

SIR,—May I ask all your readers to join me in a non-political league against the Budget? I am not a politician myself. I have not the least animus against the present Government. It would pain me if they were to be turned out of office. My object is simply to secure the alteration of financial proposals which I believe to be detrimental to the public interest. Let me ask all your readers of all parties to support this non-political movement, and to send their names and addresses to

Yours impartially,
WALTER LONG.

P.S.—I have already been surprised and gratified to secure the adhesion of Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN.

SIR,—I recently inherited from a relative a small legacy—amounting approximately to the sum of one million sterling. As I frequently receive requests for subscriptions from charitable societies, I wish to state that I have had to pay in death duties the sum of £100,000. This is the income for three years of a million invested at 3½ *per centum*. Therefore you will see that for three years I am absolutely without any income whatever and shall be unable to subscribe a farthing even to the most deserving charity. It wounds me deeply that the rapacity of a Chancellor should check the stream of benevolence.

Yours practically
A PAUPER.

P.S.—I am taking legal opinion as to whether, considering the fact that I possess no income, I am not eligible (during the next three years) for an old-age pension.

SIR,—From my landed estates I derive a gross income of £80,000. Of this no less than £40,000 is paid away in income tax, local rates, insurance against death duties, repairs, allowances, subscriptions and other charges. Thus I already lose half of my income, and am left the miserable pittance of £40,000 a year. Were it not for certain investments apart from land I could not make both ends meet. And now a super-tax of 6*d.* in the £ is to be levied on my income. This means that I must economise. I shall therefore discharge one plumber, one mason, one bricklayer and one carpenter from my estate staff. Perhaps this will teach the democracy that it is dangerous to lay hands on capital.

Yours truly,
STRUGGLER.

SIR,—I happen to be a millionaire—a bare millionaire—that is, the value of my landed property just exceeds a million. Now, apparently, this Budget merely takes away one-tenth of the property in case of my death. But I intend to prove that circumstances may arise under which the Government may confiscate not a mere tenth but two-thirds of my property.

Let me suppose that I am walking on the seashore in company with my ten sons. There is nothing improbable in that. We are cut off by the tide and take refuge on a rock. A breaker sweeps me away, to the infinite regret of my offspring and the fiendish delight of the Chancellor, who rakes in a cool hundred thousand. The next breaker carries off my eldest son, and with him £90,000. The others follow in order. By the time the lifeboat rescues my youngest son the estate has been reduced to £350,000—roughly two-thirds of its value confiscated.

I ask you, shall such things be? I say never. To show my determination I am sending a subscription of 10*s.* 6*d.* to the Budget Protest League, and I ask all millionaires to follow my example.

Yours truly,
AN ANXIOUS PLUTOCRAT.

SIR,—My landed property consists of one cliff and its adjacent foreshore on the Eastern coast. At present its rental value as a goat pasture is 7*s.* 6*d.* per annum. But I can see possibilities for its development. I am working strenuously for and giving largely to the Tariff Reform League. When Tariff Reform comes the ample cave accommodation for smugglers in my cliff will let readily at fabulous prices. Am I to be taxed on this wealth which I am labouring to create?

If so I shall refuse the use of my caves to smugglers and hold out for higher prices still. Reluctantly I should be compelled to offer my cliff and foreshore to foreign Governments as a highly eligible invasion site.

Yours truly,
PATRIOT.

SIR,—I own a few acres of agricultural land of poor quality, which till this year let at ten shillings an acre. However it has this advantage—it borders the private golf course of a Cabinet Minister. Consequently I have let it at twenty pounds an acre to the Women's Social and Political Union. Deputations daily throw bottles, fly kites, and shout through megaphones over the dividing wall. Is it fair that I should be taxed on the betterment of my property? If so, is it not also just that I should receive compensation for worsement when the members of the Social and Political Union get married, or get the vote—or, what is even more probable, when the Cabinet Minister goes out of office.

Yours truly,
AN ARDENT GOVERNMENT SUPPORTER.

LATEST NEWS FROM THE ROADS.

(By Our Motoring Expert.)

BATH ROAD.—During the re-tarring operations yesterday a child named Albert Burdekin, aged 4 years, fell on a patch of still warm tar and became so firmly imbedded in it that it took several navvies to extricate the little sufferer, whose clothes were completely destroyed. Sir Leon Guggenheimer, however, who was passing by at the time, kindly proffered an old fur coat, in which young Burdekin was removed to the Hounslow Cottage Hospital.

BARNES AND DISTRICT.—Tarring operations are in full swing on the Barnes—Richmond road. Special accommodation is now provided for tar babies at the Nurseries, Upper Richmond Road.

BRIGHTON ROAD.—Every Sunday this popular highway grows more and more reminiscent of the Red Sea during the Exodus. On Monday the 21st a remarkable experience was enjoyed by a well-known motorist in the neighbourhood of Handcross. Having been obliged to stop in order to execute some trifling repairs, this gentleman became nearly faint owing to the strong scent of clover from an adjacent field.

COVENTRY ROAD. Tarring operations concluded on Saturday between St. Albans and Markyate. The surface is now being treated with lavender-water at the expense of the firm of Schmöller.

EASTBOURNE ROAD.—The neighbourhood of Frant is still convulsed by the witticism of a well-known motoring nobleman who observed that the process of re-tarring the road was apt to retard his progress.

GREAT NORTH ROAD. On Friday last an obelisk was unveiled about four miles from Welwyn to commemorate the escape last year of Lord George Bostock, who had the misfortune to collide with a steam-roller at this spot.

SOUTHAMPTON ROAD.—The re-tarring of the road between Sunningdale station and Bagshot has been the subject of some interesting comments by the Editor of *The Westminster Gazette*.

A Government Washhouse.

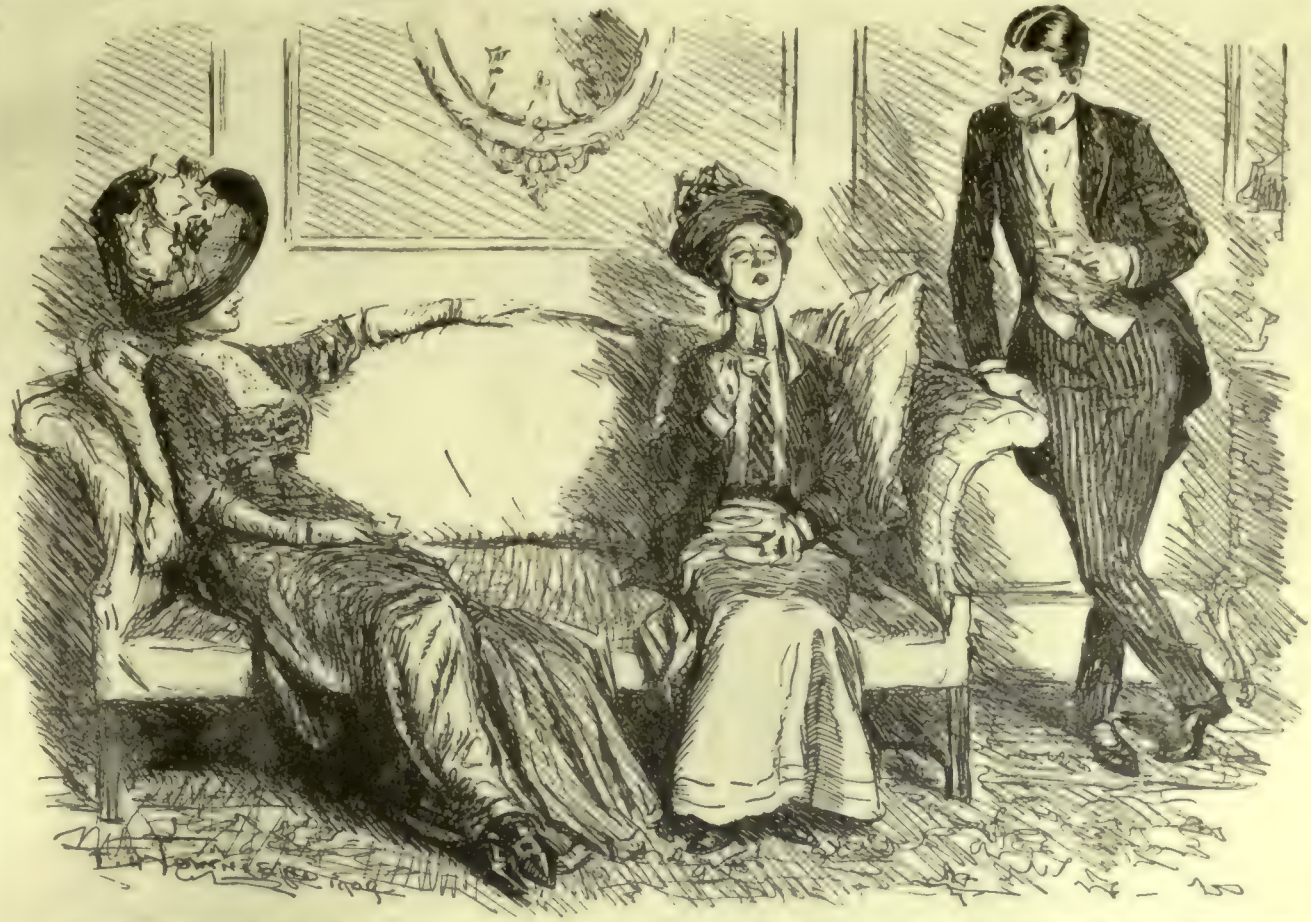
The Upper Burma Gazette announces Mr. CHURCHILL'S Labour Exchange Bill, which, it says, "will form a national system of exchanges with a central cleaning (*sic*) house."

Many a true jest is spoken in earnest.

Budgen's Hard Luck.

"H. Budgen b Hurst b Le Couteur 25. The innings closed for 191, Budgen just failing to reach his century."—*Globe*.

No wonder he could not make those needed 75 runs, with two bowlers at him at once.



Male Trifler. "BY THE WAY, SPEAKING OF THE S.P.C.A., MISS GIBBS, I'M TOLD THERE'S A SIMILAR SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHEESE-MITES—AT LEAST, I SAW IT SUGGESTED IN *PUNCH*."

Superior Female. "AH! BUT *PUNCH* IS SELDOM RELIABLE."

A DAY IN JUNE.

Oh, the sunny month of June,
When our hearts are keeping tune
With the whisper of the breezes and the murmur of the stream,
When the girls are making posies of the pansies and the roses,
And the gardens have the glory and the freshness of a dream.

Oh, the leafy month of June!
It will vanish very soon,
With its hours of light and beauty and its flowers and its play;
With the joyous trills and gushes of the blackbirds and the thrushes,
And the laughter of the children as they tumble in the hay.

* * * *

I had rhymed so far with rapture when the sky grew black as ink,
And before I had a moment to collect myself and think,
With a flash
And a crash
Came a sound of awe and wonder;
Came a summer-burst of thunder;
And the rain, a rushing river,
Drenched me through and made me shiver;
And I hurried helter-skelter
To the very nearest shelter;
And the song-birds ceased their singing
In the branches bleak and wringing;
And the gardener, crouching closely
In his shed, spoke up morosely.
He and I had one desire—
To get home and light a fire
In the wet and freezing noon
Of a jolly day in June.

Our Maritime Nation.

"The Board of Trade has received, through the Foreign Office, gold watches and chains for Captain George William Muir (Master) and Mr. Jesus de Echevarria (Chief Officer), gold medals for Tomas Dominguez (boatswain), Juan Santos, Manuel Gonzalez, and Secundino Santamaria (quartermasters), and Antonio Vinagre and Vincente Erecacho (seamen), of the British steamship *Mercedes de Larrinaga*, of Liverpool, which have been awarded to them by the President of the United States in recognition of their services in rescuing the shipwrecked crew of the American schooner *Edward J. Berwind*."—*Morning Post.*

There is a true British ring about all this.

The tendency of many released Suffragettes to resort in London to a vegetarian restaurant for breakfast seems to have spread to Liverpool. The local *Echo* tells how a certain "Holloway heroine," on her return to that centre of activity, "was presented with a banquet of flowers."

"At the annual convention of the British Undertakers' Association Mr. Porter, the president, said that good would result in every way if women took more part in business."—*Daily Mail.*

A pretty compliment, which would, however, have come better, perhaps, from the president of some other association.



Boy. "WELL, ALL I CAN SAY IS, MOTHER, IF THAT'S WHAT THEY DO AT UMBRIAN SCHOOLS I'M JOLLY GLAD I BELONG TO AN ENGLISH ONE."

OUR NATURALISTS' CORNER.

(With acknowledgments to "The Captain.")

"HOPPY" (Hammersmith).—It is nothing exceptional that your tame beetle should have a sore throat. Administer a teaspoonful of glycerine every half-hour. No, Keating's Cough Lozenges are for humans, not insects; the name is certainly misleading.

"MABEL" (York).—You cannot use your tortoise as a comb while it is alive. But don't kill it for that; wait until it dies.

"TINY" (Tottenham).—Very sorry, dear, to hear that one of your pet elephants has died. No, do not send me the body, I am busy. If you care to dissect it yourself you will probably find its diaphragm covered with small pink spots about three inches in diameter. If so, you may be certain your pet died of neurasthenia. Be careful of the one elephant you have left. I don't think you ought to keep it in the house, but in order to prevent its catching cold you might let it sleep in the conservatory.

"CHARLIE" (Chelsea).—If your newts' tails keep dropping off, try seccotine—or steel rivets.

"GRACE" (Sheffield).—You may have been deceived about your canary. If you really think it is a sparrow immerse it in a strong, hot solution of soda for five minutes, and then scrape the plumage with a file. If the paint comes off, it is not a canary.

POET AND PENGUIN.

[One of the photographs of Lieutenant SHACKLETON'S Expedition shows a group of antarctic penguins being entertained with selections from a gramophone].

WHEN the sun has finished setting
And the light begins to wane,
And the fly has ceased coquetting
With his image on the pane;
When the timid batling hovers
Round the lonely country barns,
And the myriad race of lovers
Spin their yarns;—

When the babe is hushed to by-by,
Cradled in her tiny cot,
And the little fairies fly by,
Smiling on the tender tot;—
Then, in short, beneath the crimsoned
Skies of eve, I take my chair,
Gently stretch my weary limbs, and
Sniff the air.

Twilight! bashful hour when Cupid
Makes the lips of those that love
Utter things intensely stupid
(As I've hinted up above);
Twilight hour! when man is smitten
With a liking for his lot,
Hour of which the bard has written
Lots of rot!

Here I weep no tears of sorrow
O'er my oft rejected rhymes;
Here I feel no need to borrow
Money, as I've felt at times;
Here I muse upon the mystic——
Hark! is that the Thing that moans
Nightly *chez* my inartistic
Neighbour Jones?

Woe is me! is this my reverie
Thus to end at his caprice?
Must I bear with him whenever he
Chooses to disturb my peace?
Can I never soothe my forehead,
Never calm my restless brain?
Why must I endure this horrid
Noise again?

True, I've heard that in the freezing
Regions round the Southern Pole
This insufferable wheezing
Soothes the penguin's puny soul;
But a penguin and a poet
"Married to immortal verse"
Differ vastly; and I know it
Makes *me* curse.

Yes! I have a finer feeling
Than a bird can ever know;
And my higher brain is reeling
With the row, and I must go.
Jones! I'd drown you, were it lawful—
Laugh to hear *your* bubbling moan—
Lashing round your neck that awful
Gramophone!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 21.—"Having disposed of the Instructions, I will now leave the Chair."

As he said this, looking round the benches with regard of wholly kind, partly pained sympathy, there was in the SPEAKER'S voice a note of manly pathos that went straight home to the hearts of the audience addressed. Occasion momentous. After days and weeks of talk round the Finance Bill, House now about to get into Committee. Real business beginning. How long it will last who can say? Already on this our opening day over one hundred pages of solidly printed amendments circulated. Every day will bring its sheaves with it. For three days a week through the sad summer time the House, getting into Committee not later than four o'clock in the afternoon, will sit through long evening into the young fresh morning. And the SPEAKER will take no part in the grinding of a mill whose slowness is upon occasion unparalleled among the legislative machinery of the world.

It is not *his* funeral. It may literally prove to be that of the CHAIRMAN OF WAYS AND MEANS and his Deputy. Day after day, when the House resolves itself into Committee of Ways and Means to take in hand the Finance Bill, the SPEAKER will retire to the learned leisure of his library. Some would have gone off jubilant, happy in the good fortune that befell them. Not so Mr. LOWTHER. He stood for a moment gazing upon the throng, then turned, and with audible sigh of sympathy slowly strode forth. Mr. EMMOTT hopped into chair at the Table and forthwith ruled a batch of amendments out of order with decision and energy that did something to relieve a painful situation.

MEYSEY-THOMPSON put first block in wheel of progress. Moved to postpone Clause 1. Proceeding to enlarge on principle of unearned increment, was pulled up by CHAIRMAN.

"The hon. Member must speak to his motion," said Mr. EMMOTT.

"I do not quite understand," said MEYSEY-THOMPSON, naturally amazed at this ruling. "Am I to speak only as to postponement?"

"Most certainly."

"What am I to say then?" he gasped.

Here was chance for kind souls opposite. Full muster of legal talent on Treasury Bench. ATTORNEY-GENERAL, SOLICITOR-GENERAL, LORD ADVOCATE, SOLICITOR-GENERAL FOR SCOTLAND—any one could have told the distraught Member what to say in support of his motion. They sat dumb, unsympathetic.

Then, "Sir, I beg to move," murmured MEYSEY-THOMPSON, and dropped into his seat.

This the solitary instance during sitting where Member had amendment on paper and no speech in support of it. At midnight two amendments disposed of with assistance of Closure. WILLIE PEEL rose and protested against "the headlong hurry with which we are rushing through this Bill."

Not hitherto suspected of being a humorist, his reputation established at a stroke.

Business done.—First night in Committee on Budget Bill.

Tuesday.—Sultry atmosphere outside. Lowering clouds threaten thunderstorm. With quick sympathy the House discloses similar atmospheric characteristics. Rumbles of thunder, spluttering of rain, sudden flashes of lightning, mark course of proceedings.

Half-an-hour before midnight storm burst in full fury. Opposition elated by result of division on PRETYMAN'S amendment exempting agricultural land from increment tax. Irish Nationalists going in body into the Lobby with their hereditary allies, the country gentlemen of England, majority dropped to a trifle over 100. When burst of hilarious cheering from Opposition died away, CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER moved Closure on portion of Clause dealing with increment. This meant wiping off the slate two and a half pages of amendments.

Instantly hilarity blazed into fierce resentment. The old familiar cry, "Gag! Gag!"—precursor of many violent scenes—filled the Chamber.

"Put the whole Bill," cried a Unionist, metaphorically emptying his pockets in face of ruthless highwayman.



"THE NIMBLE GALLIARD."

(After the picture by J. Seymour Lucas, R.A.)

["Mr. Lloyd-George has shown much humour and extraordinary intellectual nimbleness and agility during these discussions (on the Finance Bill)."—*Daily Paper.*]

What would the CHAIRMAN do? Would he grant Closure and so establish momentous precedent in dealing with Bill, or would he withhold assent? MR. EMMOTT, master of himself though amendments fell, walked on both sides of the highway. Among threatened amendments stood one in name of LAURENCE HARDY dealing with minerals. If that were moved and Committee disposed to discuss it, opportunity should be found. Otherwise CHAIRMAN would forthwith put the Closure.

HARDY, declining the overture, moved to report progress. CHAIRMAN counter-checked by submitting Closure. Uproar rose to stormier heights. Members bobbed up on Opposition benches like corks in a maelstrom. Division bell clanging through all the corridors, anyone desiring to address the Chair must, according to hoary etiquette, do so seated, with his hat on. RUTHERFORD, disregarding the rule and lustily hailing the CHAIRMAN, was pulled back by the coat tails and somebody else's hat jammed on his head. Sudden movement had effect of literally extinguishing him. He sat motionless, dumb, gaping at the Chair.

Louder grew the cry, "Gag! Gag!" Interpolated rose anguished cries for the SPEAKER. He was, so to speak, the straw at which drowning men convulsively clutched. Amid uproar, CHAIRMAN put question of the Closure. Opposition, washing their hands of the whole business, refused to appoint tellers. Motion accordingly carried without division. While House was still cleared for division that never came off PRINCE ARTHUR interposed. Necessary in his case, as in others, that he must keep his seat and put on his hat. Hadn't got a hat. It was reposing in sanctum of his room. Several were proffered. Accepting SON AUSTEN'S, he flopped it on his head. At least a size too small, he deftly balanced it whilst he asked the CHAIRMAN to oblige Committee by telling them where they were?

Thus did history repeat itself. Twenty-eight years ago, amid similar scene of uproar, so sat Mr. G., balancing HERSCHELL'S hat on bridge of his nose whilst he submitted point of Order to CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES.



THE HARDEST-WORKED MAN IN THE KINGDOM.
"Master of himself though amendments fell."
(Mr. Alfred Emmott, Chairman of Committees.)

LLOYD-GEORGE came to assistance by moving to report progress. This declared carried, the SPEAKER entered, with provoking air of imperturbability; had effect on heated House of spray of cold water shot into cauldron of steam. By midnight all was over. Members went home proudly reflecting that, say what you will about dulness of present House, it is still able worthily to maintain traditions of former assemblies. True, it stopped short of fisticuffs; but the night is still young.

Business done.—In a rage and Committee on Finance Bill.

Thursday.—House much interested in statement made by WILLIE PEEL. Discussing probable influence of Budget Land Taxes on yeoman farmer, he, elate with his success of Monday night, alluded to "these small men who have lived their lives on the land for hundreds of years."

Burst of ribald laughter breaking in, he turned upon gentlemen below Gangway opposite and remarked, "I know one case in Warwickshire where father and son have lived on the land for 800 years."

More laughter at the moment; upon reflection there is general disposition to hear further of this remarkable case. From data supplied, the father must have lived and laboured under Norman dynasty. HENRY THE FIRST was on the throne; Crusades were in full fling. Dividing the time equally between the couple, the son would have been born during the reign of HENRY THE EIGHTH, living during Tudor and Stuart times into and past the Victorian era.

On face of it story seems incredible. With responsibility of a great name and prominent position, WILLIE PEEL not the man lightly to commit himself. When next Monday House resumes Committee on Budget Bill attempt will be made to obtain further, more precise, particulars of a case beside which modern centenarian allegations pale their ineffectual fires.

Business done.—Irish Votes in Committee of Supply.



AN "OUT-SIZE" IN BREAST-PLATES.

Major Anstruther-Gray (of the Royal Horse Guards Reserve) takes a lively interest in Armourer-Sergeants. Can he be contemplating a new outfit?

According to *The Dublin Evening Herald's* account of a cab accident—

"Police C nstable — — went to the assistance of the occupants, who unfortunately escaped with a severe shaking."

Our sympathies are with the Editor.

FALSTAFF'S OFFENCE.

SIR JOHN, I've never yet attacked
Your taste for taverns and for tippling,
Or rated you because you lacked
The lithe proportions of the stripling;
Your braggadocio irks me not,
I rather like a brawl's excitement –
And yet against you I have got
A strong indictment.

'Tis that you pestered *Mistress Page*
With clumsy and unwelcome wooing,
Until she threatened in her rage
To draft a Bill * for man's undoing;
That threat has filled our days with strife,
Our docks with many a fair defendant,
And each is of that merry wife
A true descendant.

Should *Mistress Page's* Bill go through,
And woman snap her final fetter,
The blame, old *Jack*, will rest with you,
The measure's only true begetter.
Meanwhile, I trust your sprite will squirm
(I am not troubling where your sprite is)
For having loosed on us the germ
Of Suffragitis!

* *Mistress Page.* Why, I'll exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting down of man.—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act II., Sc. 2.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

ON the eve of the third Test Match we feel bound to give publicity to the following illuminating advice and suggestions that have reached us with regard to England's representatives.

"PAX" writes to say: "Would it not be a good idea if separate private pavilions were erected for all amateurs consenting to play for the Old Country, and if a rule were to be passed that all communications between these gentlemen on the field of play should be made through the umpires?"

[Poor "PAX" has been swallowing some silly rumour.—ED.]

"CONEY," writing from an address in the Midlands, suggests that in order to make the Australians look a little more like rabbits than they did at Lord's, England's fast bowlers in the forthcoming Tests should be BURROWS of Worcestershire and WARREN of Derbyshire.

An anonymous writer suggests that, to ensure a sticky wicket at Leeds, GEORGE HIRST might be requested to furnish the groundsmen with a gratis supply of his health toffee.

"MATHEMATICUS" writes to ask whether Triangular Tests will be possible on the Oval.

In pursuance of the theory that dour determination and desperate doggedness are what do it, "Devonian" has selected an eleven (which we have not the space to print here) entirely beginning with capital D's.

Later. A report reaches us that if the worst comes to the worst Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON has promised to don an M.C.C. cap and a false black beard and lead the field against the Australians.



THE PITY OF IT.

Little Girl (in agonised tone). "OH, MUMMY, WHY DIDN'T *I* HAVE CHERRIES AND CREAM?"

DRUGS FOR VEG.

THE success of the fruit grower who has brought on his strawberries ten days earlier by giving them ether has set the gardeners of England busily engaged in experimenting with drugs for fruit and vegetables.

Green peas, in order that they may be green, are now being freely drenched with a solution of arsenic, and the tonic blood-making properties of the beetroot are vastly increased by an injection of iron into its veins. The eyes of potatoes can be made, it has been observed, vastly more attractive by a few drops of belladonna; while the sensitiveness of the sensitive plant is dulled by judicious doses of cocaine or morphia.

Pears, as our fruitarian readers need not to be reminded, are peculiarly liable to the sleeping sickness, but it has now been discovered that if hot coffee is supplied to the fruit during its growing stage, complete immunity from this complaint is secured.

But perhaps the greatest triumph of all is the "New Way of Life for Onions," as devised and carried out by the famous Russian scientist, Professor Vejnikoff. The onion, though one of the noblest of vegetables, has unfortunately long been regarded as suspect in the best circles owing to its peculiar aroma. The Professor, however, by spraying it with a solution of eau-de-Cologne, patchouli and opoponax, has succeeded in completely deodorising this entrancing vegetable, which can now be eaten with impunity by the most fastidious members of the plutocracy.



Housemaid. "PLEASE, SIR, WILL YOU COME AT ONCE, THE DROING-ROOM 'S ON FIRE."
Master. "WELL, GO AND TELL YOUR MISTRESS; YOU KNOW I NEVER INTERFERE IN HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

IN THE AIR.

THE offer to the nation of an air-ship, to be paid for by the readers of *The Morning Post*, and a garage by *The Daily Mail*, has naturally spurred other papers (never contemptuous of hints) to acts of similar patriotic generosity.

The Daily Telegraph has placed at the disposal of the Government a colossal balloon in the shape of Mr. HALDANE for any purposes that may be required, the only condition of acceptance being that the name of the journal shall be prominently emblazoned upon it.

The Daily Express offers to start a Fresh Air Fund to supply the vapour with which the airships are filled.

The Daily News does not see its way to support the War Office in any way, but rather than do nothing it offers to subsidise Mr. CHESTERTON sufficiently handsomely to make it worth his while to engage any or all of England's enemies in argument on any subject whatever immediately they land, and to do it so successfully as to blow them into thin air.

The Pall Mall Gazette solicits subscriptions for the purchase of a Bellairship to present to the Board of Admiralty.

The Spectator will gladly provide the country with a sufficient number of trained pigeons (each one the hero of a touching anecdote illustrating the intelligence of birds) to act as news-carriers in time of war.

The Guardian volunteers to provide a dovecote to harbour *The Spectator's* war pigeons during their periods of pacific inactivity.

The Globe offers no airship proper, but promises that when that portion of the millennium arrives which provides for the flying of pigs it will present the Admiralty with rashers of aerial Bacon.

The current issue of *The British Weekly* contains a brilliant article from the pen of "CLAUDIUS CLEAR," appealing in clarion tones to the supporters of that renowned periodical to come to the rescue of their distressed Fatherland. He confidently demands from them the sum of £50,000, with which to purchase and place at the disposal of the nation a Nicoll-plated airship, to be called *The Kailyard*, as well as a Kentish Fire balloon, with a crew exclusively composed of Men of Kent.

The enterprise of *The Sphere* takes the form of a passionate appeal from Mr. SHORTER to his readers to provide funds enabling him to present the nation with an accordion-pleated *Jane-Eyre*-ship, and a parachute for making descents from *Wuthering Heights*.

Charity under Arms.

Mr. Punch has pleasure in quoting the following extract from a rival publication, entitled, "Field Service Regulations," and issued by the War Office: "A Contribution is a forcible collection in money or in kind . . . and is generally inflicted as a punitive measure, and as a matter of policy."

A Yorkshire contemporary relates how "a street organ, manipulated by three men who professed to be unemployed, was suddenly pounced upon by the police and charged with stealing eggs." This instrument must be one of the many Radical organs which support the great robber of hen-roosts.



CONSTITUTIONAL DESPOTISM.

THE DESPOT (*to* JOHN BULL). "HERE 'S A VISITOR COME TO SEE YOU. WON'T YOU SAY A FEW WELL-CHOSEN WORDS OF GREETING?"

JOHN BULL (*to the* PRESIDENT OF THE RUSSIAN DUMA). "WELCOME, SIR, TO THE ANCIENT HOME OF LIBERTY!"

["Lord Rosebery's diagnosis . . . is perfectly correct. . . . We are relapsing into the condition from which the Duma is trying to extricate Russia."—*The Times.* Representatives of the Duma are now on a visit to England.]



HINTS TO YOUNG ANGLERS.—No. 4.

IF, WHEN ONLY PROVIDED WITH A LICENSE TO FISH FOR TROUT, YOU SHOULD CHANCE TO CATCH A SALMON, BE SURE THAT YOUR COAT IS LONG ENOUGH BEFORE YOU DECIDE TO TAKE YOUR FISH HOME.

THE MUTINY YEAR.

In the lumber-room I rummaged for some papers out of place,
When I came—among the cobwebs—on a small morocco case,

Raised the lid and saw a medal, on its upturned side a date,
"1857" graven on the tarnished laurelled plate.

'Twas enough; and ere I turned it in its faded velvet bed
Quite a host of recollections ran in riot through my head;

And from out the musty boxes, loved of spider and of mouse,
Came a half-forgotten story of an owner of the house.

Thus: A dusty roadway rises and an Indian sun beats down
Where an English scouting party gallop in from Delhi Town.

On their flank the rebel rifles rattle out in sudden storms,
One full mile in front is shelter, where a sweating battery forms.

On they come in open order, through the danger zone they sweep,
Save the last, whose wounded charger pecks, and pitches in a heap,

Struggles, shivers and lies quiet, while the trooper makes a run,
Tries to join his comrades halting under cover of the gun,

Where they breathe their sobbing horses, and the boy who 's in command
Knocks the dust from off his tunic, numbers off his tattered band,

Throws a glance along the roadway where the bullets flick and bound,
Sees the distant, limping figure, swings his reeking Arab round,

Swears, and, sitting down to gallop, sends him racing back again,
Gets the trooper up in safety, spite the raking leaden rain,

And again defies the gauntlet of the glaring shot-swept road,
Till the Arab rocks and staggers into cover with his load!

* * * *

This the story I remembered of those days by Delhi's gate,
As I read the magic figures of the medal's famous date.

Then it seemed to my romantic and unmilitary mind
That some record of his riding might be found engraved behind.

So I turned it, and discovered that, some fifty years ago,
His Aunt Jane had scored with butter at the local county show.

"Mr. Ditchfield, playing at Knebworth, struck a lark with his drive from the tenth tee. This splendid sporting course promises," &c., &c. *Daily Mirror.*

This kind of sport might satisfy some of our Continental friends, but what *we* want to know is—how is the gamekeeper doing with his pheasants' eggs?

From a report in *The Irish Times* of the race for the Little Breeders' Plate (five furlongs) at the Cork Park Meeting:—

"Won in a canter by two and a-half miles; one and a-half miles separated second and third."

We think the misprinter made an error of judgment in repeating his joke so soon.

News from the Concert Room.

"Mr. —— sang with great feeling, 'Relieve me of all those endearing young charms.'"—*Local Paper.*

"Song: '*When Celia sings*' . . Mr. P. J. Dams."—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

But what does Celia do when Mr. P. J. sings?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ONE can guess what started Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD on the scheme of her *Daphne, or 'Marriage à la Mode'* (CASSELL). One pictures the author on her visit to the States, and a New Englander saying to her, "Our divorce laws are a scandal to civilisation; why don't you, dear Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD, with your powerful pen, write a novel exposing these iniquities?" On the other hand, she may have undertaken the voyage with this set object before her. Anyhow, it is a pity that, even from so heterogeneous a race, Mrs. WARD should not have selected for her excellent purposes a purer type than this daughter of an Irishman and a Spanish South American woman. A pity too that she complicates her case by marrying *Daphne* not to another American but to the native of a country (England) whose divorce courts take no cognisance of the vagaries of Nebraska jurisdiction. But Mrs. WARD'S strength lies in the portrayal of the things which her eyes have seen most closely; and she naturally preferred familiar English backgrounds for the main development of her social drama. Even so, she is hampered by the exigencies of her moral purpose; the plot, never her strongest point, is at times perfunctory, and the rather crude devices by which *Daphne* is allowed to secure evidence to support her case for divorce seem, if I dare hint it, to savour a little of Palais Royal farce.

I notice that the publishers' announcement states that "the whole story leads up to the scene in the last chapter between the divorced husband and wife, and by it Mrs. WARD is content that her book should be judged." And well she may be, for it is certainly a very strong and moving chapter, and we are most of us content to be judged by our best. But the critic is less easily satisfied; and it must be confessed that, though the book opens well and ends very well, and throughout offers many proofs that the old craftsmanship has not been forgotten, Mrs. WARD has done better work.

I must end with a sincere compliment to the tact she has shown in handling a difficult subject without offence to the feelings of the nation whose laws (and some of their manners) she assails. Americans are notoriously sensitive of criticism; but the best of them are bound to welcome this attack upon a condition of things from which they are the chief sufferers. A postscript of praise is due to Mr. PEGRAM'S delicate illustrations in colour.

Sixpenny Pieces (JOHN LANE) takes its name from the practice of that most amiable physician, *Dr. Brink*, of Bovingdon Street, who prescribed for the dwellers in his neighbourhood on what is called the spot-cash system at sixpence a consultation. Fortunately the patients were unaware that Mr. A. NEIL LYONS was watching them all the time through the little window above the gas-stove in the kitchen; and those who remember *Arthur's*, by the same writer, will not need to be told what excellent use he makes of his opportunities. The result is a book of which every page is a delight, written with humour and sympathy, and a gentle satire none the less biting for its restraint. Especially does the figure of practical *Dr. Brink* himself dwell in the memory, with his kindness, his steady disclaimers of philanthropy, and above all his very human enjoyment of the good Burgundy that his work enables him to afford. Perhaps the chief charm of the book is its entire avoidance of sentimentality. The tragi-comedies of Bovingdon Street call forth their own tears and laughter without any apparent manipulation by the author. In short, Mr. LYONS' *Sixpenny Pieces* have the ring of true metal, and I for one shall eagerly anticipate another issue from the same excellent mint.

Jack Gell, the victim of *A Comedy of Ambition* (MELROSE), is a new variety of the Stickit Minister. He had plenty to say for himself in the pulpit, but his flow of oratory was checked by a course of Higher Criticism made in Germany, so he threw up his Orders to plunge into a politico-journalistic life in London (where all good Scotsmen come at last). And of course, being a Scotsman, he was a triumphant success, and his career as paragraph writer and secretary to a Member of Parliament makes very good reading, though I hope that the tactics of party newspapers are not quite so black as Mr. A. GOWANS WHYTE paints them. All the same, it is not his politics but his love affairs, and his relations with the three women who influenced him most, that make one really like the book. There are certain passages in his friendship with one of these ladies through which I wish Mr. WHYTE had drawn his pen. But the story of his unconsciously-growing love for the woman whom he eventually marries is idyllic in its earlier moments, and marked in its climax by all the ruggedness proper to the course of true love. The impediment to their happiness was a dark chapter in her previous life, which made her, as she thought, not good enough for him. However, a still darker chapter in his mother's life, which he chanced to discover, put the lovers more nearly on a level. And so two blacks made a white, and Mr. WHYTE made a good ending to a good book.



ENTERPRISE.

In *An Honest Man* (METHUEN) the reader may study the curious operation of a stone trying to draw blood from itself and, supposing stones to have families, from its wife and children. Honest *Milsom's* dishonest partner defaults with most of the firm's assets, but the firm's creditors, disregarding the etiquette of fiction, temper justice with mercy and are not the less true to life for that. They allow the firm's debts to stand over indefinitely; but *Milsom's* pride is not to be so easily put off. It drives him to play the martyr to the gallery and the brute to his family, even to abuse his sweet wife to his miserable ledger-clerk and to do other detestable things, the pecuniary advantage of which is sometimes obscure. There is, indeed, a striking and possibly a sound idea at the back of the author's mind, that a man's sense of honour is often a nuisance and occasionally a positive curse; but the next time Mr. R. H. BRETHERTON has a striking idea, he should invite some expert novelist to teach him the art, or undertake for him the business, of its proper exposition.



"MEN OF PUDVILLE!" concluded the Orator, "the eyes of England are upon you! Vote for Spinks and Free Trade! Vote for Spinks and the sacred principle of One Man, One Vote! Vote for Spinks and the triumph of a Socialist Budget!"

As he descended from his *al fresco* hustings, the Orator was approached by a gentleman of philosophic aspect. "Pardon me, Sir," said the Thinker, raising his hat, "but I have had the ill-luck to miss all but your excellent peroration; and I should take it as a peculiar favour if you would kindly define for me the exact meaning of a 'Socialist Budget.' Is it one, as the term would seem to imply, in which all men are equal in the eyes of its framer?"

"By a Socialist Budget," replied the Socialist Orator (it was his proud boast that he had never said "Sir," or raised his hat, to any man), "I mean one by which the bloated Capitalist is compelled to pay for the down-trodden Masses from whose sweated labour he has piled up his iniquitous accumulations of filthy and unearned lucre."

"Yet I take it," said the Thinker, "that you have sufficient self-respect to desire to contribute your fair proportion toward the maintenance of the Empire?"

"I get all the self-respect I need," replied the Orator, "from the fact that I belong to the ranks of Labour. My contribution to what you call 'the maintenance of the Empire' is moral rather than pecuniary. I earn a starvation pittance of £150 a year as a Labouring Man, and therefore pay no income-tax. I am a lodger. I allow myself no luxuries, being a non-smoker and a total abstainer from intoxicating beverages. My doctor forbids me tea and sugar. As I suffer from gout—'poor man's gout,' need I say?—I drink imported mineral waters, and these are not taxed by a Free Trade Government."

"And I may assume that you subscribe to the gospel of Free Food?"

"Would you tax the poor man's bread, his staff of life?" protested the Orator.

"It seems the only way of getting at some of you. Unless the necessities of life are taxed, how can men like you be expected to have a proper sense of the responsibilities of citizenship?"

"We get that by exercising our right to vote."

"To be sure. Which reminds me that I just now passed a sandwichman carrying the legend, 'No TAXATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION'; and since we began our conversation I am more than ever impressed with the belief that there is quite

as much to be said for the converse doctrine—No REPRESENTATION WITHOUT TAXATION. Yours, of course, is an exceptional case. You are peculiarly abstemious. But even the average labourer who has a vote does not pay anything like his share of the State's expenses. How do you reconcile this condition of things with your principle of 'One Man, One Vote'?"

"All men are equal in the sight of Heaven," replied the Orator.

"But not in the sight of Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE. Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE wants us to believe that the Landowner and the Publican and the Millionaire (especially the dead Millionaire) are much bigger and better fellows than the rest, and that he ought to do them the honour of making them pay the lion's share of the cost of Empire. Very good, I say, if only he gives them a proportionate voice in the disposal of their contributions. Your doctrine of 'ONE MAN, ONE VOTE' is directed against the pluralists, men who just happen to have voting qualifications in more than one constituency. But I would carry the system of pluralism much further. I would say, 'NO TAXATION WITHOUT CORRESPONDING REPRESENTATION.' If I subscribe ten times as much in taxes as my neighbour, and if these taxes are honestly imposed, it must mean that I have ten times as much interest as he in the disposal of the State's revenue; therefore I ought to have ten votes to his one. Who pays the piper most has the right of calling the greatest number of tunes."

A spasm of indignation played across the face of the Orator. "You would be throwing the power of Parliament," he said, "into the hands of the Capitalists, and they would bring in Budgets which would lay the burden of taxation on the Labouring Classes."

"And an excellent thing for you," replied the Thinker. "You would then get a corresponding increase of votes, and be able to turn the Capitalists out at the next election and produce the kind of Budgets you like best. The pendulum would swing for a little, but would soon reach a state of millennial repose."

"I don't like your millennium," said the Orator, "and I disagree with you in every particular."

"Then," said the Thinker, "let us put the case to arbitration. Yonder I observe, alighting from his car, a gentleman of a wise and judicial countenance. Let us appeal to him."

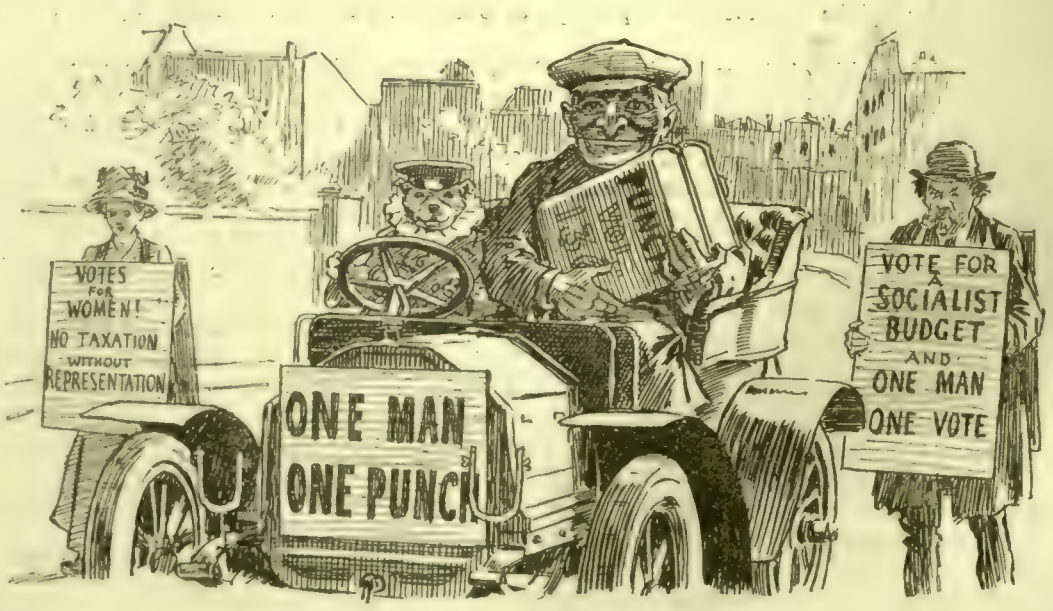
* * * * * *

Scarcely had the benign old Sage caught the gist of their argument when he politely interposed.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am no party politician. I have a habit of smiling at various forms of folly, but I make it a principle not to attempt to assign to them any order of merit, saying, 'This is foolish, but that is more foolish still.' On the contrary, I have with me a soothing compound for the composure of all differences. Permit me to hand you a couple."

And with that, and a courtly bow, MR. PUNCH (for it was he) bestowed on each a sample of his

One Hundred and Thirty-Sixth Volume.





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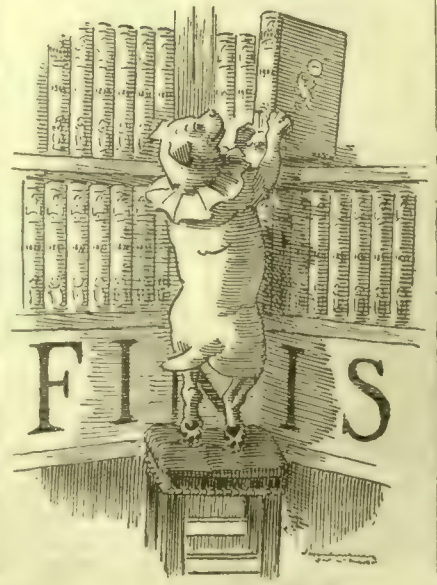
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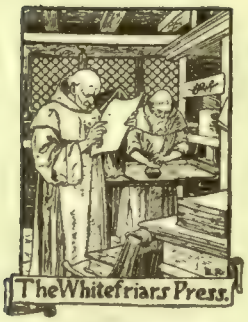
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Punch

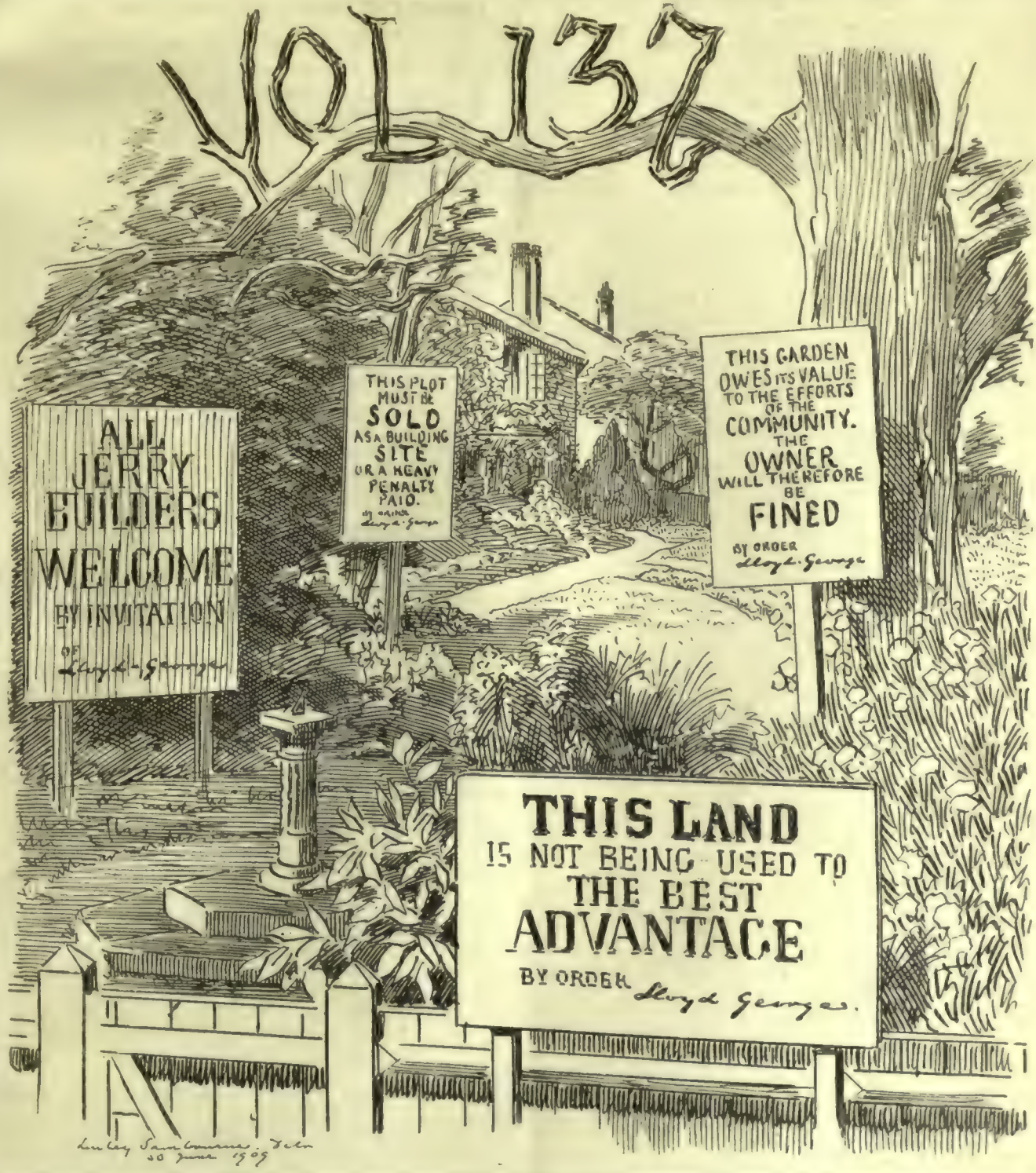


Vol. cxxxvii.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 10, BOUVERIE STREET.
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.
1909.



Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Ld.,
Printers,
London and Tonbridge.



Sporting Combines.

To the list of established hybrid games—Ice-Hockey, Bath-Handball (sometimes called Water-Polo), and Pony-Hockey (sometimes called Polo, *tout court*)—it is now proposed to add the sport of Roller-Tennis. Other attractive combinations have occurred to us, such as Airship-Golf, Submarine-Football, Jujitsu-Curling (with humans for stones), Motor-Cricket (petrol interval at 4.30), Express-Patience (for Messenger Boys), Polo-Bridge (like ordinary Bridge but with a mounted dummy), Croquet-Billiards (played on the usual billiard-table and highly recommended by the manufacturers of the same), Antarctic-Marathon (to find the Pole, then once round and back), Lacrosse-Badminton, and Looping-the-Caber.

"The rejection of the measure would still leave Radicalism committed to Socialism, but in the trough of a wave in which it would be in peril of ploughing the arid sands of Opposition."—*Belfast Newsletter.*

Not arid, surely.

THE GERM-CARRIER.

IN U.S.A. (across the brook)
There lives, unless the papers err,
A very curious Irish cook
In whom the strangest things occur:
Beneath her outside's healthy gloze
Masses of microbes seethe and wallow,
And everywhere that MARY goes
Infernal epidemics follow.

Herself immune and full of beans,
A state her ruddy cheek confirms,
They say she runs, behind the scenes,
A toiling factory of germs;
Wherever, rosy and robust,
She was engaged to boil the victuals,
The family would bite the dust,
Falling about her path like skittles.

What latent seeds of typhoid lurk
In ambush near her every pore,
You 'll see in Dr. SOPER'S work—
"A Chronic Germ-Distributor;"
A statistician gives his view
That, if she kept a dairy farm, he
Reckons that on her own she 'd do
More damage than a German army.

Our MARY, being shut away
For two whole years to get her clean,
Is just as germy as the day
On which she went in quarantine;
And now the Court that tries her case
(Her chance was but the merest cipher)
Sprinkles aseptics round the place
And says she ought to have a lifer.

And yet she 's not the only one
That flings destruction far and wide,
And still contrives somehow to shun
The horrid poison housed inside;
I know a man, with health as rude,
Whose lightest word and simplest wheeze 'll
Throw off a germ you can't elude—
Either a mump or else a measle.

As blooming as a perfect peach,
And hard as is the camel's hump,
LLOYD never learned, by sampling each,
To tell a measle from a mump;
Yet where he goes the microbes spread;
You mark, though *he* is never ailing,
Horror that vainly scoots ahead,
And pestilence behind him trailing.

Among his hundred books (the best),
Lord AVEBURY, counting up his cash,
Was shocked to find his noble chest
Break out into a measly rash;
"Nathaniel," too (that's not his name,
But let it serve for Budget humour),
Secured a brace of mumps that came
And caused a nasty facial tumor.

How deal with one who bears about
These germs of Socialistic rot?
Some would employ, to snuff him out,
A lethal chamber. I should not.
I recommend a happy mean,
A more humane and temperate measure:
I 'd have him clapped in quarantine,
There to abide the country's pleasure. O. S.

CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME;

OR, LITTLE ARTHUR'S ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.

(*Little Arthur, aged* 12; *Papa, aged* 48.)

Little Arthur. Papa, you 're a Conservative, aren't you?

Papa. Yes, my boy, of course I am.

L. A. Why do you say "of course," Papa? Couldn't you have been a Liberal?

Papa. Certainly not. Quite impossible.

L. A. Why not, Papa?

Papa. Oh, ah, well, they 're a wretched lot, you know, confiscators and all that. They 're never happy unless they 're upsetting everything, and undermining the Church and the Constitution.

L. A. Yes, Papa, I 've heard you say that before, and I 'm sure it must be very dreadful. But, Papa.

Papa. Well, what is it? Speak up, you know. I 'm only too glad you 're showing an intelligent interest in politics.

L. A. Yes, Papa, I 'm trying to do that. I was going to ask you if you thought all Liberals were bad men?

Papa. Oh, I don't go so far as that.

L. A. But if they 're robbers, Papa, and disloyalists, and if they mean to abolish the King and destroy the Army and ruin the Navy, and if they 're revolutionists actuated only by sordid greed and envy——

Papa. Who put all those long words into your head?

L. A. You did, Papa.

Papa. I?

L. A. Yes, Papa. I took them all from your speech at the meeting last week. You said (*reading from a newspaper*): "If you desire to have in power men who are disloyalists steeped to the lips in treason, if you wish the Government of this great country to be carried on by those who would uproot the throne, rob the rich, destroy property, tax the poor man's beer, and place our navy at the mercy of foreign powers; if ——"

Papa. Yes, I remember.

L. A. That was what you said, Papa, and a good deal more, too, and then there was loud and long-continued applause.

Papa. Yes, the speech seemed to please them. It was what they 'd all been thinking, you know, and when I said it for them they cheered.

L. A. Yes, Papa. William thought it was a good speech, too. He said, "Master did let 'em have it proper."

Papa. You shouldn't listen to what a footman says.

L. A. I couldn't help it, Papa. He said it quite loud, you know, the next morning in the breakfast-room, before you came down. But he said he was a Liberal himself, and he wasn't going to change.

Papa. Oh, he said that, did he?

L. A. Yes; and isn't Mr. Hopwood a Liberal too, Papa?

Papa. Yes, Hopwood 's one of the worst Radicals I ever met—not far short of a Socialist, I fancy.

L. A. Oh, Papa, don't say that. That would be too terrible.

Papa. I 'm afraid it 's true.

L. A. But, Papa, Mr. Hopwood was dining here only two days ago.

Papa. Well, what if he was?

L. A. And after dinner, Papa, when I came in to dessert, you and Mr. Hopwood were talking, and Mr. Hopwood spoke about reform and the land and unearned wealth and the Budget, and you said there was a good deal to be said for it from his point of view, and he 'd put it very well.

Papa. Yes, I know; he 'd argue the hind leg off a donkey.

L. A. I should like to see him do that, Papa. And then you said the House of Lords wouldn't have it, and he said you were trying to break up the Constitution; and you said,



THE LAST RIDE TOGETHER.

PRINCE BUELOW. "AT THIS POINT, SIRE, WITH YOUR AUGUST PERMISSION, I PROPOSE TO RESIGN MY HIGH FUNCTION."

THE KAISER. "NAY, NAY, EXCELLENCY; WE WILL BEAR WITH YOU A LITTLE LONGER."



Hostess (who has told her schoolboy visitors to help themselves to strawberries). "WELL, HAVE YOU FOUND SOME NICE ONES?"
Lionel. "OH, YES, THANKS VERY MUCH—AND I'M AFRAID WE'VE TAKEN RATHER A LOT; BUT THEN, AS I SAID TO HERBERT, IT'S THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME."

No, you weren't, and he said, Yes, you were; and then you said in a crisis like this the Constitution didn't matter. I thought it was most interesting.

Papa. Come, that 's very kind of you.

L. A. And then you drank a glass of port together, and he said, "The Budget," and you said, "The House of Lords," and you both laughed. You seemed to be rather pleased with him.

Papa. Yes, he 'd argued well, but I rather think I got the best of it.

L. A. He didn't think so, Papa. I heard him say afterwards that he thought he 'd taken a point or two off you. He said it to Mr. Hammerton.

Papa. Another Radical.

L. A. Yes, Papa, he 's a Liberal too; so you had two Liberals to dinner.

Papa. Shows how broad-minded I am.

L. A. Oh, Papa, you 're joking now. How *can* you make a joke of it?

Papa. Why shouldn't I?

L. A. But if they 're such bad men, you oughtn't to give them dinner or be pleased with them. You ought to call the police and have them put in prison.

Papa. You think so, do you?

L. A. Yes Papa. They oughtn't to get off because they 're rich men. You said yourself in that speech that the beauty of the law was that it was the same for the rich as for the poor.

Papa. So it is; but it won't hit Hopwood and Hammerton for being Radicals.

L. A. Well, all I can say is it ought to, if they 're robbers and disloyalists and all that. But perhaps you didn't mean it, Papa. Perhaps you were joking.

Papa. Nothing of the sort.

L. A. Then you ought to tell the King about them and their Government.

Papa. The King?

L. A. Yes, because I read the other day that the King appoints the Government, so the King ought to know that his Government are robbers.

Papa. Oh, the King knows all about them right enough.

L. A. Then I can't understand it.

Papa. No, you can't; and you'd better be off now. I'm busy.

"Until the second hole was reached the game was one of give and take, neither side holding any advantage."—*Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.*

It almost looks as though the first hole must have been halved.

"The Victoria and Albert Museum was considerably enriched on Saturday for the opening ceremony by many splendid loans. A considerable number of highly distinguished people lent their presence."—*Manchester Guardian.*

This is indeed doing it on the cheap.

A Monopolist.

"This," says *The Irish Times*, "was the fourth outing of the Jersey Lily filly, and she has been first, second and third every time."

This gives you some idea of what women would do in the way of place-hunting if they got into Parliament.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—My hay-party went with a bang, and was voted quite the newest and prettiest function in town this summer. I see the sincerest form cropping up already in several directions. I commandeered Mayfair Square for the occasion, and had ever so many loads of hay brought up from the country; I'm afraid it was a bit damp—several people say they caught cold—pigs! The dancing and supper marquees were made like big barns, and the cards I sent out were things of sheer joy, with the dearest little crossed rakes and pitchforks on them, and "Come and make hay while the moon shines." We were all *en paysanne*, of course, and as the men are so obstinate about dressing up I simply laid in a big store of smock-frocks, and *made* them put them on when they came. Pompom and my newest little darling (an Antarctic spaniel, my dear, a *dream* of doghood, with the sweetest, *weeniest* leggy-legs!) both wore *teeny* smock-frocks, and everyone was raving about the little thingy-things.

The moon put in a disappointing performance; however, we'd lots of lamps to support her, and the rain kept off, for that occasion only. I took care to have all the proper rustic dishes, syllabub, posset, junket, as well as things people really can eat and drink, and we did country dances, and played kiss-in-the-ring and threading-the-needle, and dancing-down-the-hay, and all the things rustics do, even to saying "ee" and "zee." People brought their own rakes and pitchforks, and some of them were certainly very chic; but mine were easily best—ivory with silver teeth. Norty, who looked awfully snappy in his smock-frock, said he believed it was "alien hay." Wasn't it a shame? I said it wasn't, but he persisted. He declares that even our *hay* isn't *made in England* now! For a touch of local colour I had two cows put in a corner of the square, to graze or chew, or whatever it is they do; but unluckily one of them ran at Aunt Goldie—(I'm not a bit surprised; it only shows what a lot of sense animals have!)—and she fainted. *Entre nous*, my dear, she looked most utterly and completely ricky in a short, flowered skirt with panniers, a sunbonnet, and buckled shoes. Isn't it *quaint* that she should care to come to a hay-party?—at *her* age, you know, when, as the Psalmist says, "The grasshopper is a failure."

Of course I managed to secure the dear Empire Editors for dinner while they were in London, and every one said it was *extremely* well done and struck the right note, and all that sort of thing. The menus were in the form of proofs. There was "Consommé à la Rédacteur" and "Soles à l'Imprimerie," and the chief dishes were called "Leading Articles." Of course I'd no "canards" in the bill-of-fare, and no "marrons glacés" among the sweets. My own toilette was very carefully thought out, its *leitmotif* being *intellect*:—plain white satin, cut *princesse*, with no trimmings, and only diamonds for ornaments. I felt perfectly at home with the dear, clever things, for, you know, literature and journalism are quite a fad of mine, and I should devote myself to them a good bit if I could spare time from things that matter more. I don't profess to be among the "Got-theres," or to be anything, *at present*, but a "Not-yet;" still, some *enormously* kind things have been said about two little signed articles of mine, "What to Wear and What to Say when Aeroplaning," and "Ought Young Girls to run without Blinkers or not?" in *The Sideylancer* and *The Peeress*.

I developed some of my views and ideas about the Press of the Empire to the dear Editors, and one or two of them said they'd never heard of any views or ideas at all like them before! Wasn't it flattering?

The most important piece of news this season is that *ears* are *out*—quite, and *quite démodé*. As SHAKSPEARE says, "If you have ears, prepare to shed them now," or, if shedding them outright is too diffy, at least hide them, for they're most unpopular features just now—(by the way, *would* ears be called *features* or *appliances?*)

Ears being out, it naturally follows that voices are worn loud and screamy; which reminds me of a little *tragedietta* people are telling each other. You must understand, to begin with, that Winnie and Cuckoo Delamont have been in the first flight of the earless brigade (they both have the typical Delamont ear—an ear *obviously* intended to lead a very *retired* life!). The Duchess of Dunstable, with these two girls in tow, was one of the most persistent of the maternal *sports*, who, for a long time, have been patiently stalking Lord Orebright (rather a new creation, but *immensely* pecunious, my dear!). Well, whether old Dunstable at last wore him down, or whether he really did begin to see more in Cuckoo than anyone else has ever been able to see, one can't say, but the affair began to move and get some way on it, and finally came to a head at the Flummerys' garden-party, where, it seems, he proposed while he and Cuckoo were sheltering from the rain under some trees. Mrs. Jimmy Sharpe happened to be passing behind them at the time, and says she heard the offer made in the most *formal* terms—"I say, look here! What d'you say to you and me toddlin' to church together? I'm willin', if you are." And that unlucky Cuckoo had a heavy bunch of silk cherries over one ear and a great chiffon *chou* in the other, and never knew she'd had an offer! She spoke immediately of something quite irrelevant, and young Orebright thought he was refused; and now, they say, he's quite likely to be Clytie Vandollarbilt's fifth! When the story got round at last to the old Duchess, I hear she tore her transformation, boxed Cuckoo's peccant ears (there's a lot to box in the Delamont ear!), and went to bed for a week to do a rest-cure. The two girls go everywhere now with their ears severely unadorned and very much in evidence; but too late! too late! "After the stable-door is stolen—" you know the proverb.

Beryl Clarges and Babs St. Austin



Wife of Unemployed. "MY 'USBAND FINDS IT VERY 'ARD—VERY 'ARD INDEED, SIR, TO GET ANY WORK AT HIS TRADE."

Facetious Gentleman (getting off old joke). "I SUPPOSE HE 'S A SNOW-SHOVELLER."

W. of U. "INDEED NO, SIR! NO SUCH LUCK! 'E'S ONLY A SNOW-SHOVELLER'S LABOURER!"

are at daggers drawn, and have spoken a good deal *of* but not at all *to* each other since they met at the International Match at Hurlingham *dressed exactly alike!* *Wasn't* it a ghastly business? One likes one's frocks to be admired and applauded, but fancy the horror of having them *encored!*

They both wore Achille Frou-frou frocks (the new man, you know, who was over here a short time ago as the guest of our Government, and boasts that he *dressed Ascot entirely*, this year!) of *ninon de soie*, in that sweet, undecided, indescribable shade called "Perhaps," *precisely* alike in every detail, even to the placing of the little touches of fringe that Achille signs *all* his gowns with. Each accuses the other of hanky-panky in the matter, and they both mean to bring an action against Achille, and apply to the French Government for extra something.

The latest about the Bullyon-Boundermere people is that *she* has engaged a clever little secky, who writes her out short, snappy conversations on "topics of the hour," which the B. B. woman proceeds to "get by heart," and that when they were dining with Bosh and Wee-Wee the other night, the masculine B.-B., having, Bosh says, rather mixed his liquors, called out to his wife, just before the women left the table, "I say, M'ria! Not *one* of your subjects has been mentioned. Ain't it a pity?"

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

SRERBERT.

ENTERPRISE being ever the badge of *The Eastminster Gazette*, a representative of that journal was in Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE'S dressing-room within at least four days of his acquisition of the coveted honour of knighthood which HIS MAJESTY has just conferred upon the Lessee of His Theatre. The following is a short summary of the interviewer's experiences:—

Sir HERBERT—or SRERBERT, as the man in the gallery fondly calls him—was found mopping his brow after his exertions at *Cæsar's* bier and the repeated calls which almost automatically follow them. Mindful of MARK TWAIN'S recent volume, I asked him, "Is SHAKSPEARE dead?"

"Dead!" he replied with fine emphasis and a lifting of the mobile brow which said as plainly as words—"Have you not just seen the completest contradiction? SHAKSPEARE, aided by histrionic genius, can never die."

"And what," I asked, "does it feel like to be Sir HERBERT?"

"As natural," replied the great mimic, "as—as nature. To the manner born."



Late Arrival. "HOW'S AUSTRALIA DOING?"

Patient Enthusiast. "WELL, I SHOULD THINK THEY MUST BE HAVING TEA. IT'S SOME TIME SINCE I HEARD ANYTHING."

"SHAKSPEARE," I ventured, "had no such distinction. Do you think that he would have written better had he been SIR WILLIAM?"

"Ah," said Sir HERBERT, "there you pose me. He might, and," he added thoughtfully, "he might not."

"May I record those words?" I asked, drawing out my pad.

"Surely," replied my host; "is not that what you came for?"

I wrote them down and here they are. There would doubtless be more like them but for the sudden appearance of the call-boy, in response to whose summons the knight vanished with a courtly farewell.

"Ah!" said I to myself, "if only all those whom the KING delights to honour were like that! *O si sic omnes!* Such *aplomb!*"

Quick Scoring.

"Davis was batting an hour and 75 minutes for his brilliant display, which only contained one very difficult chance. Just before his dismissal he hit 22 fours."—*Manchester Evening News.*

It seems to have been a sort of afterthought.

THE RABBITS.

CHAPTER III.—GOOD SHOOTING.

"WILL somebody give me a cigarette?" said Myra, stretching out a hand.

"I fancy not," I said, "Thomas and I both feel that you are too young."

"I don't really want one, but when I'm locked up in the billiard-room with two dumb men —"

"We were reflecting on our blessed victory."

"Were you thinking of Archie's century or John's bowling?"

"Neither, oddly enough. I was recalling my own catch which won the match. Poetry; let's go and tell Simpson."

"It *was* a skier," said Myra. "I thought it was never coming down. What did you think of all the time?"

"Everything. All my past life flashed before my eyes. I saw again my happy childhood's days, when I played innocently in the—er—pantry. I saw myself at school, sl—working. I saw——"

"Did you happen," interrupted Thomas, when we both thought he was fast asleep, "to see yourself being badly taken on by me at billiards?"

"Thomas, you're not properly awake, old friend. I know that feeling. Turn over on the other side and take a breath."

Thomas rose and stretched himself, and went over to the cue rack. "You should have heard him siding about his blessed billiards this morning," he told Myra.

"I didn't side. I simply said that anybody could beat Thomas. Do they play billiards much at the Admiralty? I should have thought the motion——"

"Take a cue. Myra will mark."

"Rather; I can mark like anything."

"Once upon a time," I said, "there was a lad who wanted to go into the Admiralty. But his mother said, 'Not until you have learnt to swim, Thomas.' So he had a set of six private lessons for one guinea before he went in for the examination. He came out thirty-eighth, and was offered a lucrative appointment in the Post Office . . . Hence his enormous skill at billiards. Thick or clear?"

"I will adventure half-a-crown upon the game," said Thomas, giving a miss.

"Right O Rothschild. Now, are you ready, marker? I'm spot. Hadn't you better oil the board a bit? Well, as long as you can work it quickly enough."

I took careful aim, and my ball went up the table and back again, with the idea, I imagine, of inspecting the wicket. It seemed quite fast.

"One all," said Myra, and Thomas kindly brought his ball and mine to the top of the table.

"I fancy I shall be able to swerve from this end," I said. I tried a delicate cannon, and just missed the object ball. "I shall find a spot directly—there's one under the red ball, I believe."

"Do try and hit something," said Myra.

"The marker is not allowed to give advice," I said sternly. "What's the matter, Thomas?"

"I'm not quite sure what to do."

"I think you ought to chalk your cue here," I said, after examining the position.

"I've done that."

"Then ram the red."

Thomas rammed and all but sank it in the left-hand pocket.

"I am now," I said, "going to do a cannon off the cushion. Marker, what is my score?"

"One, Sir."

"Then kindly get ready to put it up to three . . . Rotten luck."

"Wrong side," said Myra judicially.

"No, I meant to hit it that side."

"I mean you wanted a little check side."

"Hang it, this isn't chess. Go on, Thomas."

Thomas, who had been chalking his cue, advanced to the table. "Hallo," he said, "where's the other ball?"

I looked at the table, and there were only two balls on it!

"That's an extraordinary thing," I said in amazement; "I'm almost certain we started with three."

"Did you put me down?"

"Certainly not; I shouldn't dream of doing such a thing. I don't say but what I mayn't have slipped down myself when nobody was looking. Myra, did you notice which pocket I was trying for that time?"

We felt in all of them and at last found my ball in one of the bottom ones. It must have gone there very quietly.

"Score, marker?" I asked confidently, as I prepared to continue my break.

"Oh, you're going over the crease," cried Myra.

I took my ball back an inch. "*Will* you tell me the score?" I said.

"STEVENSON (in play), three; INMAN, two. INMAN'S two were both wides."

Barely were the words out of her mouth when INMAN'S score was increased by a no-ball. A miss-cue they call it technically.

"Three all," said Myra. "This is awfully exciting. First one is ahead, and then the other."

"By the way, how many up are we playing?"

"Five, aren't you?" said Myra.

This roused Thomas. He had played himself in and now proceeded to make a pretty break of seventeen. I followed. There was a collision off the middle pocket between spot and red, and both went down. Then plain was unintentionally sunk as the result of a cannon shot, and spot and red sailed into harbour. With Thomas's miss I scored eleven. Unfortunately, off my next stroke Thomas again went down.

"Billiards," he said.

"You don't think I want to put the rotten thing down, do you? It's such a blessed rabbit. Directly it sees a hole anywhere it makes for it. Hallo, six more. I shall now give what they call a miss in baulk."

"Oh, good miss," cried Myra, as spot rested over the middle pocket.

"That was a googly. You both thought it would break the other way."

The game went on slowly. When Thomas was ninety and I was ninety-nine there was a confused noise without, and Archie and Miss Blair burst into the room. At least only Archie actually burst; Miss Blair entered sedately.

"Who's winning?" cried Archie.

"What an absurd question," I said. "As if we should tell you."

"All right. Dahl—Miss Blair, have you ever seen billiards played really well?"

"Never."

"Then now's your chance. Ninety, ninety-nine—they've only just begun. This is Thomas's first break, I expect. There—he's got a clear board. You get five extra for that, and the other man is rubiconed. Ninety-nine all. Now it is only a question of who misses first."

I put down my cue.

"Thomas," I began, "we have said some hard things about each other to-night, but when I listen to Archie I feel very friendly towards you."

"Archibald," said Thomas, "is a beastly name."

"So I told Miss Blair. For a man who was, so to speak, born with a silver billiard-table in his month, to come here and make fun of two persevering and, in my case, promising players, is——"

"You'll never finish that sentence," said Myra. "Try some more billiards."

"It was almost impossible to say what I wanted to say grammatically," I answered, and I hit my ball very hard up the table at the white . . .

"It's working across," said Archie, after the second bounce; "it must hit the red soon. I give it three more laps."

"It's going much more slowly now," said Miss Blair.

"Probably it's keeping a bit of a sprint for the finish. Wait till it gets its second wind . . . No, I'm afraid it's no good; it ought to have started sooner. Hallo, yes, it's—— Got him!"

"It hasn't finished yet," I said calmly. "Look . . . there!"

"Jove," said Archie, shaking my hand, "that's the longest loser I've ever seen. My dear old man, what a performer. The practice you must have had. The years you must have devoted to the game. I wonder—could you *possibly* spare an hour or two to-morrow to play cricket for us?" A. A. M.



The Beauty (*turning from long gaze in mirror*). "I DO ENVY YOU!"
The Friend (*pleased but incredulous*). "*YOU* ENVY *ME*, MY DEAR! I WONDER WHY?"
The Beauty. "BECAUSE *YOU* CAN SEE THE *REAL* ME. I CAN NEVER SEE ANYTHING BUT THE MERE REFLECTION."

QUID PRO QUO.

GEOFFREY LOVATT, when we fed
Late together (with respect)
Of the many things you said
One alone I recollect:
"I, dear Bard, would give the Mint . . ."
("Blooming Mint," to be correct)
"For to see my name in print."
Geoffrey Lovatt, Geoffrey Lovatt,
See how well I took the hint!

As it happens, I've a bone;
Let us pick it clean and dry.
All along you must have known,
Neither can you now deny,
It was only when I saw
That you wore low collars, I
Overlooked your every flaw,
And agreed to take you for a
Brother- (woe is me!) -in-law.

Collars always should be low.
She, your self-inflicted wife,
Thinks they should be high, and so
Made a burden of my life;
Raised an everlasting blister;
Pricked it with a ceaseless knife.
So I murmured, when I'd kissed her,
"Geoffrey Lovatt, Geoffrey Lovatt,
Take (and tame) my little sister."

Out I went and bought a gift,
Even came and helped you wed,
Thinking, "Here's the man to shift
All the nonsense from her head.
Let the champion take the floor,
And, whenas the foe is fled,
I will share the spoils of war,
And in peace and one-inch collars
Live at ease for evermore."

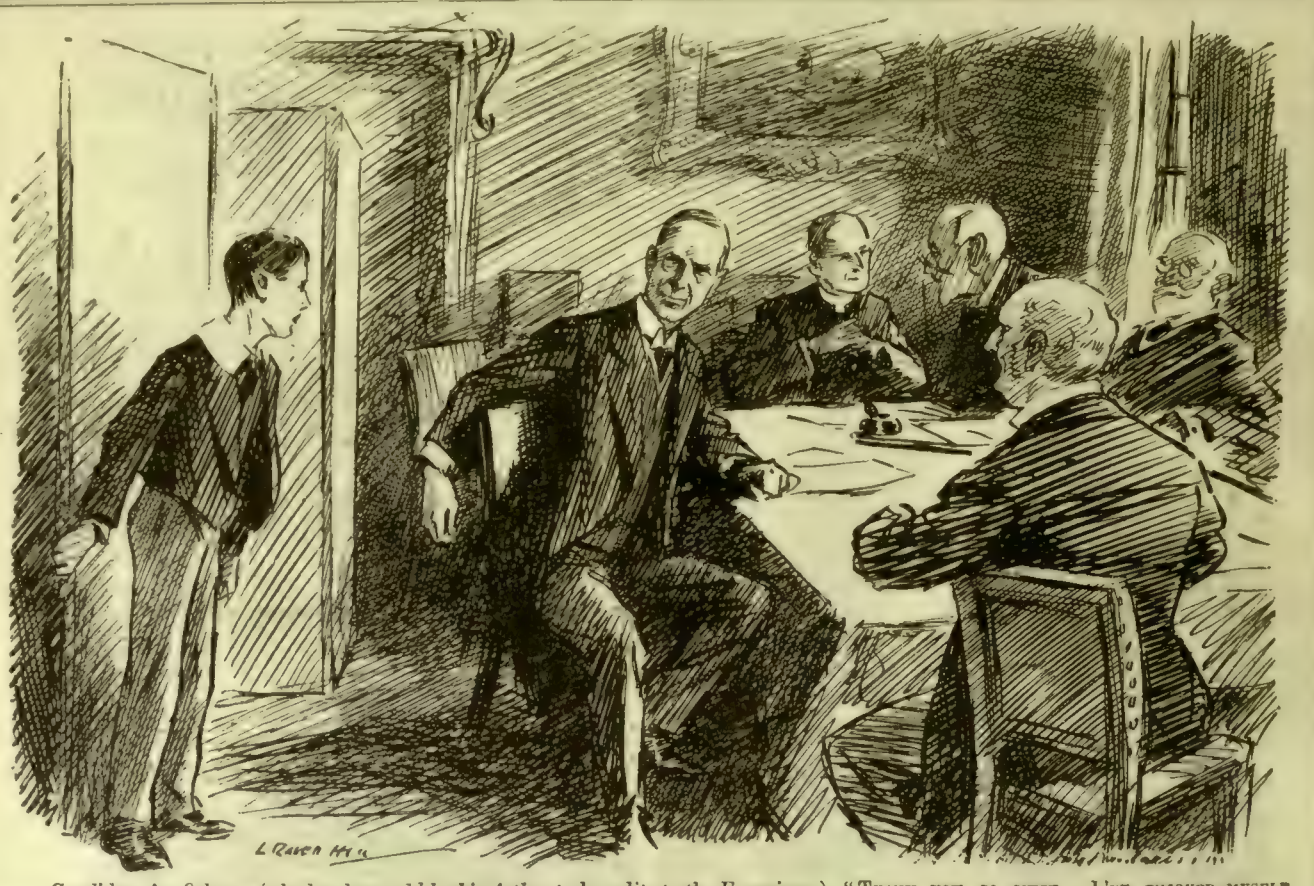
You have cheated all my hope,
And (indictable offence)
Have obtained two Silver Soap-
Dishes by a false pretence.
Oh, to see you sitting there,
Throttled by a stiff, immense
Stretch of linen, which you dare
(Geoffrey Lovatt, Geoffrey Lovatt)
To pretend to like to wear!

Knowing what a woman can,
Guessing what this woman would,
Do to intimidate a man
On his honeymoon, I could
Bring myself, perhaps, to see
Some excuse for you, and should
Almost let the matter be;
But you've got the brazen cheek to
Join her in abusing me.

Geoffrey Lovatt, that is eight
Times you've seen your name in print.
Can you, for it's not too late,
Do as I and take a hint?
Though I feel I cannot quite
Offer, as you did, the Mint,
If you'll show a decent fight
"Geoffrey Lovatt" shall occur in
Every article I write.

Butchered to Make an English Holiday.

"Save a 'chop' which Tyldesley valiantly attempted to hold, Gregory was the backbone of his side."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.



Candidate for Osborne (who has been told by his father to be polite to the Examiners). "THANK YOU SO MUCH I'VE ENJOYED MYSELF IMMENSELY!"

"NATHANIEL'S" OPERA.

FIRED with enthusiasm to emulate the artistic successes of Lord HOWARD DE WALDEN, who has been felicitously described by *The Daily Chronicle* as "one of the few millionaires who, in addition to being keenly interested in classical literature, is also a poet of no mean ability," Lord ROTHSCHILD is hard at work upon the book of an opera the music of which is by Mr. Allbroke. It may be remembered that Lord HOWARD DE WALDEN'S opera, which was performed in selection a few nights ago, deals with the romance of "Dylan, the Son of a Wave." Lord ROTHSCHILD'S opera is devoted to "Davy, the Son of a Gun," and is, his Lordship wittily remarks, the only thing that is devoted to him.

Davy is a Welsh freebooter of audacity and address, whose delight it is to rob not only hen-roosts but the English people generally. The First Act rises upon him in his youth as a reputable member of society, paying his taxes like the rest of us. The injustice of them—the year is not given, so that the framer of the particular Budget cannot be identified—excites him to fury. Some day, he vows, he will get some of his own back, or, in Lord ROTHSCHILD'S mellifluous and scholarly verse—

A day will surely dawn,
Not this, perchance, but some not distant morn,
When I will frame
An instrument to harass and inflame!
The British border
Shall know no worse marauder.

In the Second Act *Davy* is himself the hero of the Marches and the subject of a thousand songs. He it was who scaled the castles of this lord and that, and took from them all they had and more; he it was who, winning his way even to Blenheim—but the episode is so graphically managed by the noble librettist that we must quote it in full:

Davy. Here, here at last,
All difficulties past!
The broad lands bide
Our whelming coming, far and wide.
The fenced fields our favours wait,
We know no check, we conquer fate!
Trouble us not, for we go free,
Friends of the stars and the boundless sea.
We are the tax-collectors,
The gartered nobles' hectors.
[He forces his way through the gates, followed by his henchmen.

SCENE II.—*The Blenheim Ball-room. A revel is in progress. Enter Davy.*

Davy. Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
But recollect there comes a reckoning day. *[Panic.*

The Duke of Marlborough.
Who are you, tell me, pray?

Davy. Know'st thou me not? But I, O Duke, know thee.
'Tis Davy, Son of a Gun, that you now see.
[Draws Budget, and advances on the Duke.

The Duke (tenor solo).
My hour has come, alas! that it is so,
That I must quit for ever all this show!
Farewell must say to storied towers,
To lordly oaks and flowery bowers;
But when stern Davy standeth by,
There's no alternative! I needs must die. *[Commits hara-kiri.*

Davy. Robbed of his living taxes! Yet, my beauties,
We'll have our satisfaction in death duties.

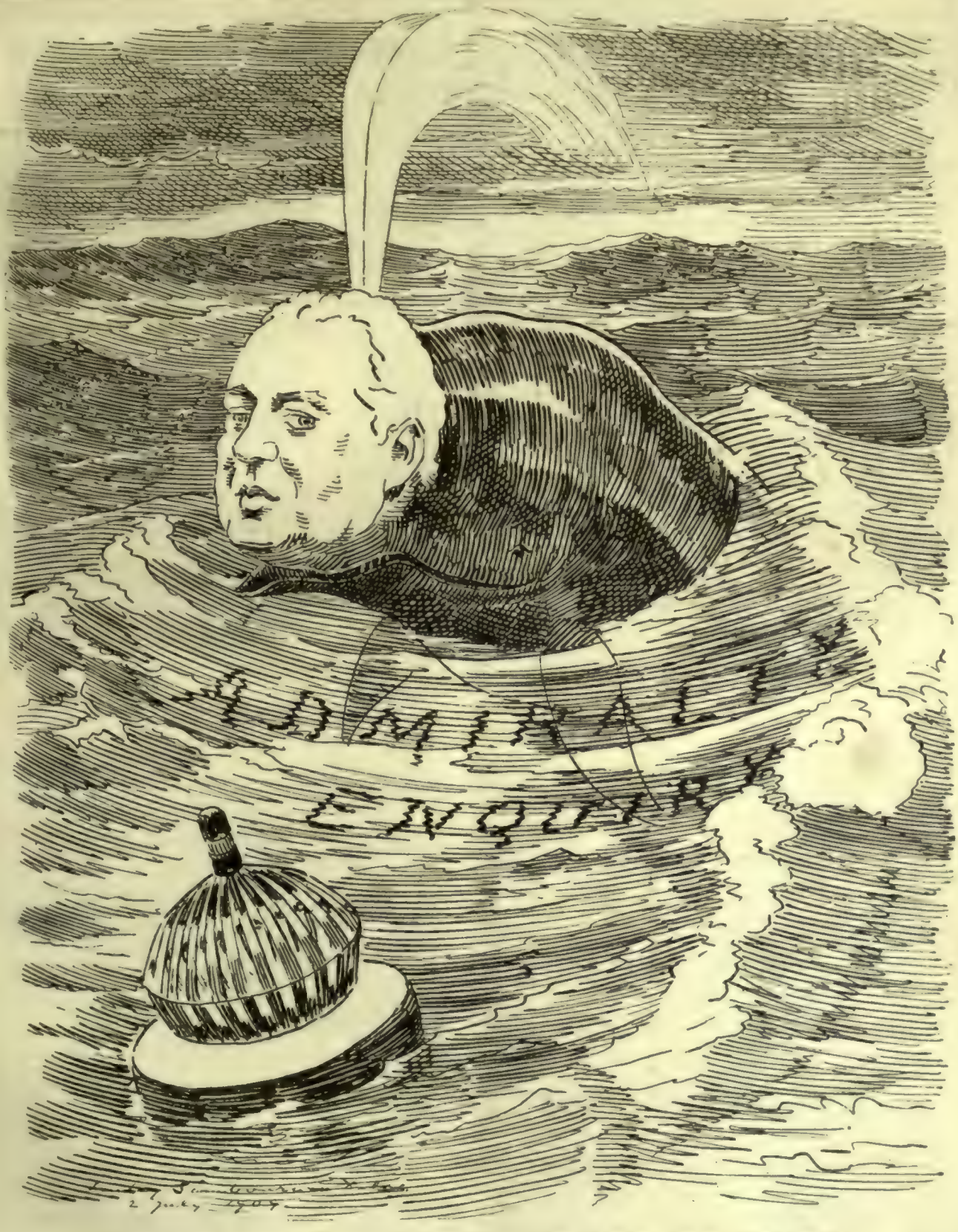
A very near Thing.

"June 21 is the longest day. The sun rises at 3.44 and sets at 8.18, whereas on the following day the sun rises at 3.45 and sets at 8.19."—*Manchester Evening News.*

In decent June weather one might have called it a dead heat.

"The attention of the Emigrants' Information Office has been called to cases of hardship and destitution among shepherds who have emigrated to Chili and other parts of the United Kingdom."—*Isle of Wight Mercury.*

We should be glad to know of any part of the United Kingdom to which the word Chili has not applied during the recent cold snap.



WHEN THE STORMY WHALES DO BLOW.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD. "OF COURSE I KNOW ALL ABOUT *SUB JUDICE*, BUT, HANG IT, I MUST COME UP NOW AND THEN FOR A BIT OF A SPOUT."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

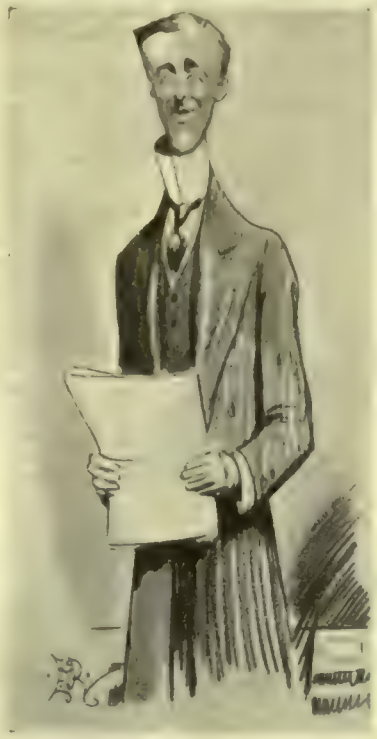
EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 28.—Nothing more touching in modern Parliamentary life than the relationship between Irish Nationalists and Ulster Members. Separated by the narrow gulf of the Gangway they prove afresh that blood is thicker than water. Demonstrations of affection lose nothing by reason of their spontaneity. Should Captain CRAIG or WILLIAM MOORE rise to offer contribution to current enquiry or debate, their brethren below the Gangway instantly break forth in a shout in which appreciation for intellectual supremacy is mingled with note of personal affection. On the other hand, when a Nationalist Member speaks, Ulster uplifts its voice in shrewd suggestion designed to flash a clearer, more kindly light on his purpose.

An instance forthcoming this afternoon. It appears that Miss COLENSO from her personal resources contributed certain sums of money to the defence of DINIZULU. For any person in any quarter of the Empire to have associated himself or herself with revolt against the Crown suffices to secure sympathy of Irish Nationalists. They suggest that the Treasury should reimburse the lady. UNDER-SECRETARY FOR COLONIES, impregnably polite, points out that the Government contributed out of the public purse funds necessary for the defence of the Zulu Chief. They really cannot extend their bounty to cover the case of Miss COLENSO. Irish Nationalists insist. SEELY shakes his head.



Dinornis ingens Ulstralis, or Moon Bird (found in North Armagh, otherwise extinct).
(Count W-ll-m M-re.)



"IMPREGNABLY POLITE."
(Col. S—ly, D.S.O.)

It was here that Mr. MOORE stepped in with suggestion calculated to meet difficulty.

"Will the UNDER-SECRETARY," he suavely asked, "consider the propriety of obtaining a grant from the United Irish League Fund for Miss COLENSO?"

The consideration of the Nationalists for the comfort and convenience of a countryman from Ulster was forthwith testified.

"Sit down! Sit down!" they shouted.

Parliamentary week only just commencing. Mr. MOORE'S remarks not lengthy. They had, for example, fallen short of the exposition of the Budget which kept CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER on his legs for four hours. Yet so motherly in its tenderness is the concern of the Southerners for the health and comfort of a brother from the North that they insisted, almost with turbulence, upon his not endangering his health by undue physical effort.

"Sit down! Sit down!" they roared again. Having shot his dart, Mr. MOORE obeyed injunction.

Business done.—Fourth night in Committee on Budget Bill. FITZALAN HOPE propounds conundrum dealing with property let on lease expiring at death of the last survivor of three. A friend of his holds such a lease, the remaining life being that of a virgin of seventy.

"Now," he said, fixing inquiring eye on CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, "what formula has the right hon. gentleman for establishing the exact relations between the value of the property and the life of the old lady?"

LLOYD-GEORGE moved the Closure.

Tuesday.—Transference of the MASTER OF ELIBANK from Lobby to Treasury Bench on promotion to place vacated by BUCHANAN deprives the House of a useful and attractive study in deportment. In addition to his duties as Whip, ELIBANK was Comptroller of His Majesty's Household. From time to time it fell to his lot to bring messages from a gracious Sovereign to the faithful Commons. Arrayed in Court uniform, carrying the white wand of office, he advanced to the Table with due obeisance to the Chair. That comparatively easy. Where natural grace came in was in the retreat, each step taken backward with halt at the precise spot proper for the thrice-made salutation.

Seems easy enough till tried. Many a dauntless Admiral who has blithely trod the quarter-deck in hours of danger, and has subsequently been made Black Rod, has been conscious of the fearsome sinking of the heart that accompanies this expedition. At least one in modern times halted speechless at the Table. MASTER OF ELIBANK took to ceremony from the first as a duckling takes to the water.

To-day, making first appearance as



YOU SHOULD SEE HE "REVERSE"!
(Master of Elibank—and of walking backwards.)

Under-Secretary for India, displayed fresh qualities that compel esteem. Each of the half-dozen enquiries on the paper, for which he was prepared with written answer, was followed by what is known as a supplementary question. Other Ministers, weakly yielding to pernicious habit that sometimes leads to ruffled temper and always involves unredeemed waste of time, make answer. MASTER OF ELIBANK, apparently unhearing, certainly unheeding, stared vacantly into space as if he were on the blasted heath (quotation) once visited by *Macbeth*, also as it happened charged with a batch of supplementary questions.

The querist sat dumbfoundered, staring at the new Minister as if his silence were due to sudden development of trance. Nothing happening, SPEAKER called next question on paper; there followed another supplementary question, another glacial silence; next question was called, and so business briskly proceeded.

Possibly this remarkable state of things was due rather to necessity than to deliberate design. Having been but a day at the India Office, the UNDER-SECRETARY could hardly be expected to answer off-hand questions sprung upon him as to the population of the Madras Presidency, the code of regulations for European schools in Bengal, or the domestic circumstances of "one Gulab Bano," alleged to have made short work of her husband.

However it be, the value of example remains. If all Ministers would follow it, a practice that deprives the Question hour of much of its usefulness would disappear.

Business done.—Worrying away at Budget Bill.

Wednesday.—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY has made rich discovery of ungotten minerals and promises CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER great haul. Talk about the ordinary hen-roost, what is it compared with the vision discerned by thy mind's eye, HORATIO? Deep down in the cellars of bankers, public and private, there is stored treasure in price far exceeding what the deep unfathomed caves of ocean bear. Bank-notes issued and never presented; balances standing in the name of men and women long since dead and turned to clay; piled up securities representing hundreds of thousands of pounds, not to mention brass-bound boxes bursting with priceless jewels and precious stones.

HORATIO, if pressed, could name twelve banks where there are secured at this moment unclaimed securities worth two million sterling. All this he proposes to pour into the lap of CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER.

To that end brings in Bill compelling bankers to make disclosure of their dormant balances and other treasures as preliminary to handing them over to service of the State.

Business done.—Clause 1 of Budget Bill passed with trifling amendments.

Thursday.—The INFANT SAMUEL has been "called" again, this time to the Cabinet with rank of Chancellor of Duchy of Lancaster. The promotion, for a still young Member rapid and considerable, is hailed with approval on both sides. As Under-Secretary for Home Department he impressed an assembly, the keenest judge of character in the world, with sense of his capacity. Is, withal, free from that pushfulness not ever absent from exceptional cleverness. It was he who carried, practically without division, the Children's Charter, declining promotion rather than abandon an incompleted task.



"ABER-R-DEEN GRENNUT" (*v.* NORWEGIAN).
Rubbing it into *The Morning Post*.

["*The Morning Post*, while preaching the doctrine of keeping out the foreigner and giving work to our own people, employed a French architect, an American builder, and used Norwegian granite." (*Loud laughter.*)—*Mr. J. Macdonald Henderson.*]

This Government is exceptionally fortunate in its young men. The INFANT is not the least brilliant star in the galaxy.

Business done.—Report of Supply.

Where (nearly) every Prospect pleases.

"NAPLES. ——— HOTEL First-class. Situated in finest and most select part of Naples. Magnificent view of town, Vesuvius and Proprietors."
Hotel List.

The best view of the Proprietors is to be had when you refuse to pay the bill.

CHARIVARIA.

AUSTRIA, we are told, has informed the Italian Government that the strengthening of the Austrian Fleet is not directed against her friend and ally. This is quite as it should be.

***

The new Sultan of TURKEY is to pay a series of visits to the capitals of Europe. ABDUL HAMID'S offer to act as *locum tenens* during his successor's absence has, we hear, been declined.

***

Many persons have been expressing surprise at the fighting power of our modern women. These have evidently never seen them training at clearance sales.

***

The Smoke Abatement Society reports a steady improvement in the nuisance to which it devotes its attention. It would be interesting to know how far this is due to the Children Act.

***

Only 150 out of 1,500 miners employed by the Fife Coal Company have accepted the company's proposal to provide bathing accommodation for its employees at a cost of one penny each per week. We can only suppose that under the new eight-hour system you haven't time to get really dirty.

***

While it is true that one of the exhibits at the annual show of the Pekin Palace Dog Association was valued at £40 an ounce, we are informed that it is impossible to buy a smaller quantity than the entire dog.

***

Says an advertisement:—"For Sale, exceptional residential property in Northern Europe, of 3,750 English acres." But what we would like to know is this: How did these English acres get there? Probably they emigrated in fear of being mistaken by Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE for a building-site.

***

American visitors who love everything old will be interested to hear that, according to the statement of Counsel at the Stratford Police Court the other day, "there is no such thing as new milk in London."

***

The way we encourage patriotism in this country! A taxi-cab driver was fined last week for keeping the flag flying.

***

After all, the ballet dancers of the Paris Opera House are not to strike, although there would appear to be good reason for their doing so, for on the pay that they receive they cannot even clothe themselves adequately.

***

"What's the meaning of that dirty and dilapidated tyre hanging on the



New Tenant. "TURNING OUT THE PIGS, ARE YOU? WELL, WE DON'T TURN OUT NO PIGS. WE EATS 'EM UP QUICK IN THE STY, AND SAVES TIME."

Old Pig-keeper. "LAW BLESS YE, MASTER! WOT'S TOIME TO A PIG?"

door of your room?" we asked. "Oh, that 's for luck," she said. "We found it in the road. It 's the modern horse-shoe."

* * *

From America comes news of what is described as the strangest psychic case on record. The spirit of the late Mr. SWAIN GIFFORD, it is said, now inhabits the body of a man who never painted before, but is suddenly producing masterpieces in the style of the deceased artist. The opposite phenomenon—painters with the souls of Philistines—is unfortunately distressingly common.

* * *

A wedding took place last week in the Scottish Village at the White City, and Mr. IMRÉ KIRALFY "presented the wedding ring and a keeper." This frank insinuation that Marriage spells Madness is surely the last word in cynicism.

The Budget and "The Profession."

(Not to be confused with "The Trade.")

The drama is said to be heavily hit, not only by the "super tax," but by the "property tax."

THE LIGHT THAT FAILED.

["The average man in the street is as much attracted towards the actress as the proverbial moth to the candle. He is firmly convinced that she is sure to be 'a little naughty,' and not only surprised, but often much annoyed, when she is not."—*Daily Chronicle.*]

WHEN first across the footlights, Flo,
Your glances found my stall,
I felt the magic of their glow
And fell beneath their thrall.
No prudish pride is here, I cried,
No ultra-virtuous haughtiness,
But smiles that flash with just a dash—
The tiniest dash of naughtiness.

Henceforth the moral orb of Nance
Shall pass unheeded by,
Unmoved I 'll meet the pious glance
Of Susan's fireless eye.
Such tasteless stuff is good enough
For those that find no fault with it,
But as for me, it seems to be
An egg that has no salt with it.

But in your twinkling, roguish eye
There lurked I know not what
That lured me, as the spell-bound fly
Must seek the honey-pot.

A dash of spice I thought was nice,
And as I hadn't got any,
I longed to go to you, dear Flo,
To save me from monotony.

Methought I saw you in the Park;
Right well you queened it there,
While many a gay and dashing spark
Did homage round your chair.
Cars stood before your magic door,
Their noble chauffeurs called for you,
While love-sick Guards and long-haired bards
Grew prematurely bald for you.

Such was my dream. How strangely Truth
Imagination mocks!
You do not care for gilded youth—
You 'd rather darn the socks.
You ply no arts to wile young hearts
And coroneted craniums;
In dull content your days are spent
In snipping your geraniums.

"Now that our ears are so hungry for the novel point of view. . . ." *Sunday Chronicle*

"Ears, hungry ears, I know not what they see," as TENNYSON said.

MUSIC IN EXCELSIS.

The public-spirited announcement of an eminent pianist that he proposes to devote the proceeds of a concert to aeronautical purposes, has, we are glad to learn, been fraught with wide-reaching consequences throughout the entire domain of the youngest of the Arts.

Turning to *The Daily Bamberger* of last Saturday we are confronted with the soul-shaking statement that Mr. Bamberger, accompanied by his wife and their triplets (Mozart Skibo Bamberger, Beethoven Rockefeller Bamberger and Rosebery Glinka Bamberger), will shortly start for Moscow, where it is his intention to carry out a series of experiments with a new flying grand piano of his own invention. On calling at the house of Sir Pompey Boldero, Mr. Bamberger's father-in-law, our representative was assured that the announcement was only too true. But Sir Pompey, who was deeply affected, added that he had extracted a solemn pledge from his son-in-law that he would never take his wife with him on one of his flights, or more than two-thirds of the triplets. The object of the flying piano, the amiable baronet went on to explain, was to intimidate the Nihilists and Anarchists, over whom Mr. Bamberger has long exerted a remarkably sedative influence, and when this aim has been accomplished he proposes to give a series of cross-Channel recitals, in which the audience will be attached in cars to the legs of the piano. Further inquiries from Sir Pompey elicited the interesting fact that Mr. Bamberger intends to present to the National Gallery a colossal equestrian statue of himself, recently executed by Professor Sir Hugo von Erkimer, for which Mr. Frick, the famous Chicago millionaire, vainly offered £100,000.

The Manager of the Crystal Palace confirmed the report which had already appeared in *The Daily Gale*, to the effect that at the next Handel Festival all the performers would sing from balloons or aeroplanes. "Madame Clara Butt, he went on, had already commissioned the firm of Boulger to build her a huge dirigible, to be called *The Hope and Glory*, in delicate compliment to Sir Edward Elgar's famous march tune. The Manager added that it was intended to lend realism to the performance of the "Hailstone Chorus" by a discharge of several million peas on to the heads of the audience from the superincumbent balloons.

A telegram from Bayreuth conveys the welcome intelligence that, yielding to the urgent appeals of Count Zeppelin, Mr. Wilbur Wright, Mr. Latham, and others, Herr Siegfried Wagner has kindly consented to re-write his father's early opera, *The Flying Dutchman*, so as to meet the requirements of modern aeronautical science. In the new version the special torment of *Vanderdecken* will consist of his never being able to find a proper garage for his airship. The *dramatis personæ* remain practically unaltered, except that *Senta* becomes *Petrola*—a very happy emendation—and the famous Spinning Chorus is cleverly adapted so as to suggest the whirring of the engines of the airship.

M. Paderewski, so we learn from *The Warsaw Inventor*, a scientific periodical of remarkable ability, has patented a new form of musical parachute, constructed like a concertina, which plays during the descent, and thus warns the denizens of *terra firma* of the approach of the aeronaut. Mr. Spencer is much struck with the invention, and thinks of having it attached to his new balloon, *The Airy Queen*.

A FILLIP FOR FICTION.

[The following lines are supposed to represent an optimistic author's view of the proposal to publish new novels at a shilling or even sevenpence apiece].

All the charms of all the Muses—
Plots to make you smile or weep,
Love that wins and love that loses—
Even now are fairly cheap:
Comic interludes or killings,
Tragic tears and knavish tricks,
Priced at half-a-dozen shillings
May be had for 4*s.* 6*d.*

Ah, but on your eager purses
Come, we know, a thousand calls,
Charitable zeal amerces,
So do cabs and music-halls;
Oft enough a decent dinner
Might be purchased with the sum
Authors ask you for the inner
Soundings of a cerebrum.

"Buy your books?" you argue; "no, Sir!
Waste our cash on works of art?
Wherefore, when the nearest grocer
Keeps a fiction-lending mart?
When from bakers we can borrow
Tales that educate the home,
Tales of mirth and tales of sorrow,
Paying 2*d.* down per tome?"

That is why, to save our calling
(Never flush about the fob),
We've reduced our world-enthralling
Masterpieces to a bob;
Fancies of the fairest tissue,
Radiant as the evening star,
Publishers propose to issue
At the price of a cigar.

Then, perhaps, some Crœsus, smitten
By the smart reviewer's mem.—
"Not since *Waverley* was written
Have we seen so rare a gem,"—
Rashly from his pocket raking
All the pence (the damage blown)
May secure that epoch-making
Novel for his very own.

THE HIGH ART OF WALKING.

The view expressed by Sir Victor Horsley that swinging the arms while walking is quite unnecessary has attracted widespread attention in stockbroking and other circles. We append a few of the representative opinions elicited by this momentous pronouncement.

Mr. H. A. Miles, of the Engineering Department of the Post Office, writing to *The Daily Mail*, observes that a rapid walker uses his arms in the same way as a greyhound uses its tail.

The Poet Laureate lays no claim to be considered an authority on pedestrian progress. "A poet," he remarks, "can not altogether dispense with feet, and, if he is a patriot, must be prepared to use his arms, or, to be more precise, his barrels. Personally, in moments of lyrical ecstasy I am only conscious of wings."

Mr. Stephen Coleridge, in a genial interview, expressed full concurrence with Sir Victor. Personally, however, he was inclined to go a good deal further. It was not merely the swinging of the arms that was unnecessary while walking, but the arms themselves. People did not walk with their arms unless they were acrobats. The great object in locomotion was to carry as little weight as possible, and for fast walking the best thing was to remove the arms altogether by a surgical operation.

Miss Orde Malan, the renowned votary of Terpsichore, strongly dissents from the view of the illustrious specialist. Rapid walking is of the essence of dancing, and dancing without the serpentine arm ripple is unthinkable. Miss Malan's view is also supported by Mlle. Karsavina, the famous Russian *ballerina* now performing at the Coliseum, by Mr. Pélissier and Inspector Jarvis. As the Inspector put it, "The Venus of Milo may have been armless, but it seems impossible for a modern woman to advance rapidly without swinging the arms," and here he rubbed his ear ruefully.

Mr. Bernard Shaw writes to say that the connection of arms and the man is not essential, but only dramatic. The most famous statue of Victory, he adds, was wingless.

"Lucas Malet," the illustrious author of *Sir Richard Calmady*, gives it as her opinion that if, as she has herself triumphantly shown, a legless baronet can be a hero of romance there is no reason why an armless stockbroker should not win the annual walk to Brighton.

"He apparently does not accept the maxim *nemo fire repente turpis sinnas*."—*Allahabad Law Journal*.

A man that would accept that would take anything.



"YUS, BILL, MARK MY WORDS, THE THING WOT 'S GOIN' TO MAKE ENGLAND IS TARIFF REFORM—AN' NO MISTAKE."
"WOT BE TARIFF REFORM, 'ENERY?"
"WHY, TARIFF REFORM IS—ER—WELL, IT 'S—ER—WHAT THEY TELLS YER AT THE MEETINGS."

THE FAILURE.

IT was when we were leaving Oxford that I first noticed him, the little pale thoughtful man in the far corner. I had ordered a tea-basket, and as I lifted the pot the tea was beginning to overflow into the saucer and everywhere else in the usual way. What I said myself I forget, but there are forms of speech for this occurrence, and doubtless I used some of them; but the little man's groans I still distinctly remember. He writhed and wriggled, and at last he spoke.

"Isn't that an iniquity?" he asked.

"This spilling over?" I said. "Yes."

"And it's no new thing to you, I suppose?" he exclaimed.

"Unhappily, no," I said. "It generally happens."

"And you've seen it in other people's houses? Your hostesses have no better teapots?"

"Seldom," I said.

"'Seldom!'" he replied. "You might, I think, say never, unless by accident. Do you know, Sir, there is only one house in England where the teapot cannot do that?"

"Indeed," I said; "and whose house is that?"

"Mine," he answered.

I congratulated him.

"No need," he said. "It is a source of very little pleasure to me; but it ought to be a means of immense profit, if only human nature were different."

I composed myself to listen.

"I am an inventor," he said. "Years ago, when I was a young and active and healthy man, I invented a teapot which would not spill. Could not spill. It was quite simple, just a matter of arranging the angle of the spout, and so forth. I took this quite confidently to a great earthenware and china factory. But would they have it? No. They said that their customers expected tea to be spilt, and would be disappointed if it was not. I was thunderstruck, but I persevered. I went to others, with the same result. I went to the makers of metal teapots, and they also declined. England, they said, is a conservative country, and a woman liked what her mother had liked before her. If her mother's teapot would not pour properly she would see to it that her own did not. One firm introduced a second objection, and said something about a probable strike among laundries if I persisted. That was years ago, and I have continued the crusade ever since, but with no better success. I am getting old and grey, but I shall not give in.

"But I shall never do any good," he added wearily. "England will continue to be drowned in tea until the end.

"To make an old joke," he concluded, "nothing that I can do will put Britannia on her mettle. I am a failure."

The Descent of Man.

"Darwin was only at Cambridge about three years, but he has left to the present generation three sons, who are resident and hold official positions at the University. Amongst them is a monkey alleged to have been let down in the Senate House when Darwin was given the honorary degree of LL.D. in 1876."—*Eastern Daily Press.*

"I could produce dozens of young men who would pass in the first ten on the Sandhurst list."—"*Times*" *Letter.*

But how thrilling if they all entered in the same year.

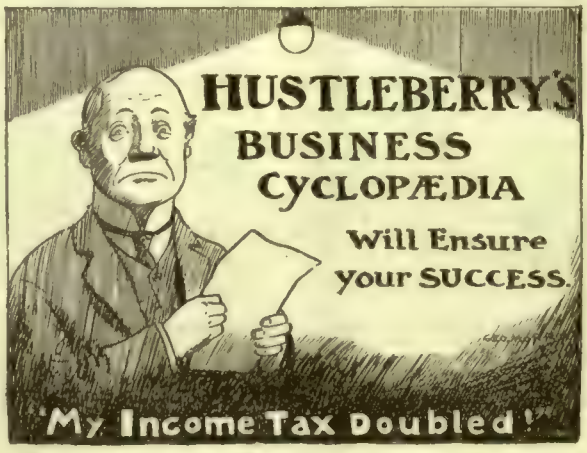
OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

"THEY'VE etten the maist of the wuts in a neet," said old *Mr. Whinnery*, referring to the slugs, and the common bookworm will easily devour *The Story of Hauksgarth Farm* (SMITH, ELDER) in that time. Its scenes are laid on the Lancashire and Westmoreland border (the Red Rose shire, by the way, is rather low down in the county fiction championship just now), and EMMA BROOKE has depicted them remarkably well. There is no great subtlety about the plot, or the characters either, but I feel so absolutely certain that they really lived on a real farm (not a literary nor even a newspaper model), and that the farm was exactly where the authoress puts it, that I am glad the date is 1830 or thereabouts, so that nobody is likely to prove me wrong. *Silver Whinnery* was brought up in the same home with *Silence* and *Nanna*, neither of whom was related to him by blood, and having quarrelled with his father went to sea: on his return, finding that *Nanna*, whom he had always loved, was gone, and concluding that she was married, he made *Silence* his wife. *Silver* was a sterling fellow, and *Silence*, as her name implies, was as good as gold, but *Nanna* could have spared an 'n' from the middle of her prænomen without loss to her reputation. So when she came back there was naturally trouble, or "sic a scrowe as niver," perhaps I should have said. The sequel is thoroughly exciting and romantic in the best sense. Two miles north of Arinseat is where Hauksgarth farm lay: I daresay it is gone now, but it doesn't really matter, for I have been inside it all the same.

I fancy that when Miss SHEILA KAYE-SMITH set out to write *Starbrace* (GEORGE BELL) she was actuated, in part at least, by a wish to describe the eighteenth-century highbyman in his habit as he really lived, and stripped of that romance with which the foolish chroniclers of a later age have loved to invest him. For the better attainment of that end, I can see her at pains to make such a study of the idiom of the class and time as should secure at least accuracy of conversation. The result is interesting, if a little overwhelming. When one of Miss KAYE-SMITH'S ruffians observes to another, "The lad 's a rum cull: let's keep our snappers and gaffs for the hornies, and hop a flash wag on the road," most readers will incline to wish that she had supplied her book with a glossary. This, however, is but a slight defect in an unusually clever tale. In many ways indeed this story of the lad *Miles Starbrace*, driven to the Road by circumstance and by the tragedy of his own warped character, half animal, half child, is a remarkable piece of work, one that for a beginner in the novelist's art seems to me extraordinary. The last chapters especially are haunting in the poignancy of their analysis. I hardly know how Miss KAYE-SMITH can have endured the writing of them, and I am not at all sure that I owe her any gratitude for having done so. Powerful the book undeniably is, but I hope that next time the author will devote her strength to some less pitiable theme.

Dead men are supposed to tell no tales, but there is nothing to prevent novelists from digging them up to form characters for their stories. The writer, who calls herself "Handasyde," has exhumed Lord GEORGE BENTINCK for the purposes of *Other Things than Love* (HUTCHINSON), and projected him into an era of motor-cars and modern Tariff Reform. So little, indeed, has she troubled to veil her necromancy, that she only alters the name of the horse with which Lord GEORGE would have won the Derby in 1848 (if he hadn't sold his stud) from *Surplice* to *Surface*. When the book opens, its hero, having just lost his wife, decides to devote the remainder of his life to the cause of Protection, and, considering the title of the story, it might fairly have been expected to be entirely political. As a matter of fact, however, it deals with the gradual consolation of Lord GEORGE by the one infallible remedy known to romance. There are some cleverly drawn characters, notably those of *Sinclair of Sinclair* and his daughter *Betty*, who is charming; but the self-made man to whom the heroine is at first engaged is far too much of a bounder. I must be permitted to hope that *Lord Gee-Gee* (as his friends called him), having found that he could love again, also repurchased his stud, and won the Blue Riband of the Turf in course of time, with, let us say, *Top Dressing III.*



I do not think that the anxiety which *Mrs. Dorrien's* relations showed about the disposal of her property will be shared by the readers of *The House of Intrigue* (HURST AND BLACKETT). In a book of this kind a favourite for the stakes is needed whose chances can be supported through thick and thin. Mr. PERCY WHITE, however, has been at such pains to make the competitors clever that he has neglected to make any one of them attractive. Among so many artful and avaricious people my sympathy goes out to *Mrs. Dorrien*, and if she had left her property either to a society for abolishing caviar (a delicacy which gave her indigestion and psychic experiences) or to one which would teach her relations the value of straightforwardness I should have rejoiced. Mr. WHITE could not write dull dialogue if he tried, but in *The House of Intrigue* he has chosen a subject dull enough to have a depressing effect upon his wit. And surely *Herbert Dorrien*, who was captain of his county cricket eleven, forgot himself when he said, "In case they should knock down our wickets before we are back in block!" The note of exclamation is not mine, but I should be sorry to remove it.

From a letter in *The Times*:—

"Sir,—Will you allow me a small space to, as a courteous Englishman, give my warm thanks to those ladies who attended the pageant and who responded to my appeal to remove their hats with a unanimity which was simply wonderful considering the unfortunate weather we began the pageant in and the still more unfortunate weather that we ended it in, who without a single exception removed their hats so that every other visitor should have that perfect view of the pageant which as a steward was my great aim?"

A lesser stylist would certainly have forgotten the question mark at the end.

"I hit it!" (from Tarrant's Obiter Dicta).

"Dipper was given out leg-before to a ball which first struck his bat. He was the eighth man to be dismissed in that way." *—Evening News.*

How they must long to have ROBERTS back at Bristol.

CHARIVARIA.

MR. JOSEPH BEECHAM, of St. Helens, it is announced, is about to endow a theatre for the production of English opera. It is rumoured that popular prices will be the rule there, and that it will be possible to obtain for a shilling a "box worth a guinea."

***

"The knighting of an actor," *The Stage* points out, "no longer sets a precedent, but A. W. PINERO is the first serious dramatist to meet with this recognition." There is, we believe, a growing feeling outside the stage that the playwright is almost as important a person as the actor.

***

Two of the L.C.C. steamboats, which have been purchased by a foreign company, have been steaming down the Mediterranean. By a curious coincidence the Turkish Navy is also undergoing the novel and healthy experience of a cruise on the sea.

***

The price of beer has now been raised, and this experiment in taxing the food of a large section of the population is being watched carefully by the Tariff Reformers.

***

Mr. ASQUITH is to address a meeting in the City on the subject of the Budget. Precautions, we understand, will be taken to prevent Lord ROTHSCHILD and Lord AVEBURY from disturbing the gathering disguised as Suffragettes.

***

"Dramatic art in this country," we are constantly being told, "is going to the dogs." And worse things might happen to it, to judge by the clever quadrupeds who are now appearing at the Palace Theatre.

***

It is often said that the boys at our public schools are sadly lacking in manners. Some colour is lent to this allegation by the fact that the *Eton College Chronicle* publishes an article on "The Eton Manner." It seems deplorable that the boys of our noblest school should admittedly have only one manner between them.

***

A man has been charged at Marlborough Street Police Court with the curious offence of clipping off the tails of women's coats. The temptation to the Magistrate to let the fellow off if he would promise to transfer his activities to ladies' hats must have been immense.

***

"Get a good big cage and put the child in it," suggested the Southwark coroner, last week. "Then if you go out, the child cannot get to the fire." Suspended from a chain in front of a window a cage containing a plump baby would make a pleasing change from the hackneyed canary.

***

Lord LUCAS has admitted in the House that the Territorials are, at the present moment, inferior to an equal number of trained Continental troops, and that it is impossible to say what would happen if an invasion came when our striking force was abroad. No doubt a polite note would be sent to the enemy stating that it was inconvenient to receive him just then, and, if that failed, a really sharp letter would have to be despatched.

***

A German is to attempt to reach the North Pole in a Zeppelin air-ship, and plant the German flag there. It is a nice question whether this is altogether desirable. Germany's treatment of the Poles in the past has been open to comment.

***

He was certainly a very small officer; still it was just as certainly very rude of the young lady to say to him, "And what are you in? The Miniature Rifle Brigade?"



"BY ANY OTHER NAME——"

Voice through the Fence. "IS ROSE VI'LET THERE?"

Small Boy (shouting). "'ERE, CARROTS, YER MUVVER WANTS YER!"

"N. G. HILL.—(1) Odalisque, a female slave in the harems of the East, especially in that of the Sultan of Turkey. (2) You should apply to the Inland Revenue authorities."—*Manchester Guardian.*

We're afraid it won't be much good, though.

THE DETACHMENT OF PRENDERBY.

THE LAND CLAUSES OF THE BUDGET.

I FOUND him seated in an exquisite Louis Quinze chair, absorbed in contemplation of one of the many masterpieces of art which adorn his spacious chambers.

"And what do you think of the Land Clauses of the Budget Bill?" I asked.

"I thank Heaven," said Prenderby, "that I had the good sense, years ago, to sell my land, and spend the proceeds upon the works of great artists. Happily LLOYD-GEORGE doesn't bear the same resentment to an Old Master as he bears to what is known as real estate. If he did, I should now have the prospect of paying separate and distinct taxes on the canvas of my pictures; on their materials—oil or water colour; on their foregrounds, their backgrounds, their middle distances; on their figures, human or animal; on their frames; on the wall-space they occupy. As it is, they are exempt from all taxation in my lifetime; and meanwhile I could sell them to-day at an enormous profit, especially if I wrote to the papers and appealed to the public's patriotism to prevent their going abroad. And all this unearned increment is due to the efforts of the community."

"But I don't see," said I, "what the community has got to do with it. It is the result of your own cleverness of selection."

"No more, or very little more, than if I had selected a piece of land in a neighbourhood which gave promise of improvement. The intrinsic worth of my pictures remains where it was. It is the taste of the community that gives them their enhanced market-value; just as the taste of the community might, by the erection of a sausage factory in a rustic suburb, enhance the value of my neighbouring land as a site for artisans' villas. Perhaps I needed a shade more intelligence in the case of my pictures, but only a shade."

"Anyhow," I argued, "you have sunk your talents in a napkin; your pictures yield you no interest."

"On the contrary," replied Prenderby, "they yield me a well-secured interest of at least five per cent. in the form of luxury—the pure joy I get from regarding them. And I pay no income-tax on that."

"Still," I said, "your sophistries will never persuade me that land has not got a special claim to taxation. There's something peculiar about land."

"There is, indeed," he said. "For one thing, you can't move it."

"That's my point," I cried triumphantly. "Land is the country itself; and the nation is its only rightful owner. I'm a bit of a Socialist on this subject."

"But it already exercises the rights of ownership," replied Prenderby. "Apart from existing rates and taxes for which this particular class of property is selected, the community reserves to itself the privilege of running railroads and new streets across your land, and chopping it up into allotments. It doesn't do that kind of thing with other forms of property—your furniture, for example. It doesn't give the proletariat the run of your bath, or commandeer your grand piano to serve as panelling for its municipal slaughter-houses."

"Dear Prenderby," I said, with a touch of pity, "I am sorry that a person of your gifts should not yet have been emancipated from the old feudal spirit."

"'The old feudal spirit?' Ah, there you touch the Higher Socialism," he replied, in what I carelessly assumed to be his best vein of paradox. "Let the State," he continued, "instead of levying fresh pecuniary burdens on the land, demand feudal service—military service—of every man that holds its soil in fief, and we shall be taking one right step backwards in the direction of national self-respect."

"This is a free country," I said, but not very assertively.

"It is nothing of the sort," snapped Prenderby, "or you, for one, wouldn't be paying taxes on anything.

"I should pay them voluntarily," I said, but without conviction.

A touch of affectionate anxiety betrayed itself in Prenderby's eye. "You have been overworking," he said. "You should see a brain-doctor and take a rest-cure."

"You think," I said, "to distract my attention from the weakness of your arguments by an affectation of solicitude for my health. But I ignore your red herrings. Let us get back to the land."

"We shall be the only people there, if we stay long enough," said Prenderby. "But, to be serious——"

"Do I understand that we have been having humour up to this point?"

"Humour," replied Prenderby, "is like Truth; it takes two for its achievement—one to speak and one to hear."

"Well, try being serious," I said.

"To be serious," resumed Prenderby, "you said just now that there is something peculiar about land, and I agreed with you. For one thing, I said, you can't move it. For another thing it is a form of property which, more than most luxuries, demands the employment of labour. Even a pronounced Free Trader like yourself would be permitted to encourage this form of Home Industry."

"Go on," I said, "don't mind me."

"Well, if you *must* treat the owner of land as if he were a moral pest, why not make allowance for his redeeming qualities, and let him have a rebate on every labourer he employs?"

"Is that your own idea?" I asked.

"Better than that," said Prenderby. "I got it in conversation with a soldier who thinks."

"'A soldier who thinks!'" I exclaimed. "What business has he to do that? Why doesn't he stick to his soldiering?"

"Because he has none to stick to," replied Prenderby. "He happens to be one of those keen and distinguished soldiers to whom the War Office is just now giving a rest. This leaves him leisure for thinking out other things."

"I am not sure," said I, "that Mr. HALDANE would approve of your friend's line of thought if it came to his ears. Anyhow, I can't take two of you on single-handed. Perhaps I'd better go off and consult a sailor."

"Try CHARLIE BERESFORD," said Prenderby; "I hear he's at large. And the Admiralty might be glad for him to have a little quiet occupation—something connected with theories about the land, instead of the sea." O. S.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

"ROSES I bring, and lay them at thy feet,
But what rose ever bloomed that could compare
With thee, my Queen of Flowers? Thou art more sweet
Than roses, and than lilies even more fair;
Oh, say my gift within that golden heart has stirred
Some answering thrill!" He paused, but she spake never a word.

Falling upon his knees, he sighed again:
"When thou dost speak the very birds are still;
Thy smile is summer sunshine after rain,
And the whole world with happiness doth fill!
Wilt thou not smile on me, Love, and dispel my care?"
Still she was silent, and he groaned in sheer despair.

"Thine every look, a sunbeam from the skies,
Pierces my heart like Phœbus' burning ray!"
But she was smiling into other eyes;
Therefore he rose and cast his book away,
Addressing her in righteously indignant tones:
"This is the third time you have missed your cue, Miss Jones!"



THE BATTLE OF THE BUDGET.

BELLICOSE PEER. "MY LORD, THESE PLUNDERING BUDGETEERS DRAW NIGH. IS IT YOUR WISH THAT WE SHOULD UTTERLY ROUT THEM, OR SHALL WE CONTENT OURSELVES WITH CUTTING UP THEIR ADVANCE GUARD?"

GENERAL LANSDOWNE. "WELL, DO YOU KNOW, I REALLY HAVEN'T QUITE MADE UP MY MIND WHETHER TO HAVE A BATTLE AT ALL."



Customer (trying on mackintosh). "GOOD WEATHER FOR YOU—AND MACKINTOSHES."
Salesman. "YES, SIR. BUT, ON THE OTHER HAND, TRADE IN GARDEN-HOSE IS ABSOLUTELY AT A STANDSTILL."

SCOTTISH SUPERIORITY.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Have you ever brought your massive intellect to bear on the solution of that eternal riddle—Why do Scotsmen always succeed? I think I have discovered the clue in a question which was put in the House of Commons last week—on Monday the 5th, to be precise:—

"Sir John Jardine asked, as regards the incidence of the increment tax on land feued in superiorities in Scotland, whether the tax would become exigible under the Finance Bill from the date of sale by a vassal or only after the feu had ceased to be full and infeftment had taken place, and whether it would be exigible on an intermediate sale by the purchaser from the vassal and before any infeftment."

People have a stupid way of asking from time to time, "Stands Scotland where she did?" My answer is, "Of course she does, and, if possible, more so," and I think no reasonable person can possibly dissent after this soul-shaking question of Sir JOHN JARDINE'S. In the first place it is the only division of the United Kingdom in which superior vassals exist. But above and beyond all it is in Scotland and in Scotland alone that infeftment takes place, and I have no hesitation in ascribing the extraordinary talent for success shown by the Scot, as compared with the Englishman, the Irishman, or the Welshman, to his enjoyment of this unique advantage. The Englishman has some great qualities—solidity, doggedness, reserve—but he is never lifted to the higher plane of achievement which results from that magic process. And so with the nimbler Western Gael. You have only to look at the Houses of Parliament to realize the difference. For example, what is it that lends fascination to the discourses of Mr. WEIR on immature fish? Infeftment. What enables Lord PENTLAND to hold the gilded chamber in the hollow of his hand? Infeftment, and nothing else. To define this extraordinary and magnetic quality is no easy task. It is implicit in the "superiorities" of Scotland. But unless and until the Southron contrives to inoculate himself with it he will always fight a losing battle in every walk of life with the unconquerable, because infefted, Scot.

Infeftionally yours,
A WEAKER VASSAL.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

THE Independence Day Celebration statistics have caused a painful sensation throughout the States. It had been hoped that the average would be well maintained, but as a matter of fact the figures show a decided falling off when allowance is made for the increased population of the country. In New York only two persons were killed, six seriously and fifty slightly injured. New York is certainly the second biggest city in the world, and this grudging attitude on the part of her citizens, this disinclination to offer an adequate annual tribute to the Goddess of Liberty, can only be regarded as a sign of decadence and degeneracy.

Without Honour in his own County.

"Blythe Kent's fast bowler, took his hundredth wicket on Monday."

This from, of all papers, *The Kentish Observer*.

Really Slow Bowling.

"Lubbock was bowled by one that kept low in the last two minutes."—*Daily Mirror*.

THE RABBITS.

CHAPTER IV.—A FEW WIRES.

A HUNDRED and eighty for none. The umpire waved his lily hand, and the scorer entered one more "four" in his book. Seeing that the ball had gone right through a bicycle which was leaning up against the pavilion, many people (the owner of the bicycle, anyhow) must have felt that the actual signalling of a boundary was unnecessary; but our umpire is a stickler for the etiquette of the game. Once when—— But no; on second thoughts, I shan't tell you that story. You would say it was a lie—as indeed it is.

"Rotten," said Archie to me, as we crossed over. (A good captain always confides in his wicket-keeper.)

"Don't take Simpson off," I said. "I like watching him."

"I shall go on again myself soon."

"Oh, it's not so bad as that. Don't lose heart."

The score was two hundred when we met again.

"I once read a book by a lady," I said, "in which the hero started the over with his right hand and finished it with his left. I suppose Simpson couldn't do that?"

"He's a darned rotten bowler, anyway."

"His direction is all right, but his metre is so irregular."

At the end of the next over, "What shall I do?" asked Archie, in despair.

"Put the wicket-keeper on," I said at once.

The idea was quite a new one to him. He considered it for a moment.

"Can you bowl?" he said at last.

"No."

"Then what on earth——"

"Look here; you've tried 'em with people who *can* bowl and they've made two hundred and twenty in an hour and a half; somebody who can't bowl will be a little change for them. That's one reason. The second is that we shall all have a bit of a rest while I'm taking my things off. The third is that I bet Myra a shilling——"

Archie knelt down and began to unbuckle my pads. "I'll 'keep' myself," he said. "Are you fast or slow?"

"I haven't the faintest idea. Just as it occurs to me at the moment, I expect."

"Well, you're quite right; you can't be worse than some of us. Will you have a few balls down first?"

"No, thanks; I should like to come as a surprise to them."

"Well, pitch 'em up anyhow."

"I shall probably vary my length—if possible without any alteration of action."

I am now approaching the incredible. The gentle reader, however (the boisterous reader also for that matter), is requested to touch wood with one hand and to listen very carefully with the other to what follows. When he has heard my explanation he will perhaps understand.

Bowling is entirely a question of when you let go of the ball. If you let go too soon the result is a wide over the batsman's head; if too late, a nasty crack on your own foot. Obviously there are spaces in between. By the law of averages one must let go at the right moment at least once. Why not then at the first ball? And in the case of a person like myself, who has a very high action and a good mouth—I mean who has a very high delivery, such a ball (after a week of Simpsons and Archies) would be almost unplayable.

Very well, then; I did let go at the right moment, but unfortunately I took off from the wrong crease. The umpire's cry of "No-ball" and the shattering of the Quidnunc's wicket occurred simultaneously.

"Good ball," said Archie. "Oh, bad luck!"

I tried to look as though, on the whole, I preferred it that way—as being ultimately more likely to inspire terror in the batsman at my end. Certainly it gave me confidence; made me over-confident, in fact, so that I held on to the next ball much too long, and it started bouncing almost at once.

The Quidnunc, who was convinced by this that he had been merely having a go at the previous ball, shouldered his bat and sneered at it. He was still sneering when it came in very quickly and took the bottom of the leg stump. (Finger spin, chiefly.)

Archie walked up slowly and gazed at me.

"Well?" I said jauntily.

"No, don't speak. I just want to look, and look, and look. It's wonderful. No elastic up the sleeve, or anything."

"This is where it first pitched," said the Major as he examined the ground.

"Did you think of letting in a brass tablet?" I asked shortly.

"He is quite a young man," went on Archie dreamily, "and does not care to speak about his plans for the future. But he is of opinion that——"

"Break, break, break," said Simpson. "Three altogether."

"Look here, is there anybody else who wants to say anything? No? Then I'll go on with my over."

Archie, who had begun to walk back to his place, returned thoughtfully to me.

"I just wanted to say, old chap, that if you're writing home to-night about it you might remember me to your people."

Blair was about the only person who didn't insult me. This was because he had been fielding long-on; and as soon as the wicket fell he moved round about fifty yards to talk to Miss Fortescue. What people can see in her—— Well, directly my next ball was bowled, he started running as hard as he could to square leg, and brought off one of the finest catches I've ever seen.

"The old square-leg trap," said Archie. "But you cut it rather fine, didn't you? I suppose you knew he was a sprinter."

"I didn't cut it at all—I was bowling. Go away."

Yes, I confess it. I did the hat trick. It was a good length half volley, and the batsman, who had watched my first three balls, was palpably nervous. Archie walked round and round me in silence for some time, and then went over to Thomas.

"He's playing tennis with me this evening," he began.

"I played billiards with him last night," said Thomas proudly.

"He's going to let me call him by his Christian name."

"They say he's an awfully good chap when you know him," replied Thomas.

I got another wicket with the last ball of the over, and then we had lunch. Myra was smiling all over her face when we came in, but beyond a "Well bowled, Walter" (which I believe to be BREARLEY'S name) would have nothing to do with me. Instead she seized Archie, and talked long and eagerly to him. And they both laughed a good deal.

"Arkwright," I heard Archie say at the end. "He's sure to be there and would do it like a shot."

Like a wise captain Archie did not put me on after lunch, and Simpson soon began to have the tail in difficulties. Just after the eighth wicket fell a telegram came out. Archie took it, and handed it to me. "From MACLAREN, I expect," he said with a grin.

"You funny ass; I happen to know it's from Dick. I asked him for a wire about the Kent match."

"Oh, did Kent win?" said Archie, looking over my shoulder. As I opened it the others came up, and I read—

"*Please be in attendance for next Test Match.*—HAWKE."

* * * * *

I got three more that afternoon. One from FRY, one from LEVESON-GOWER, and one from MACLAREN. They all came from Lord's, and I've half a mind to take my telegrams with me and go. Then Myra would probably get six months in the second division.

"I shouldn't mind *that*," said Myra. "You could easily bowl—I mean bail me out."

A silly joke, I call it. A. A. M.

SERIOUS SHORTAGE OF ARMY HORSES. THE NEW SUBSTITUTE.



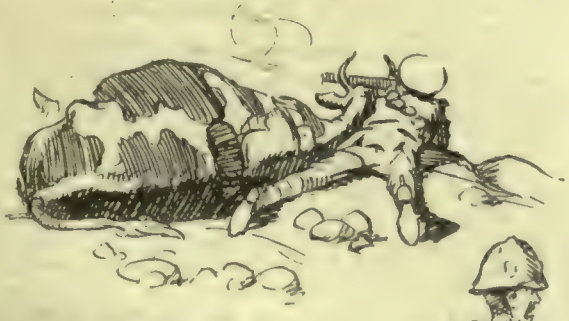
The new Cow-gun—"Action Front!"



Shock tactics—Charge of the Bullock Brigade.



Great draw at the Military Tournament. Musical Ride of the Royal Cow-Guards, to the air "*Where* are you going to, my pretty Maid?"



As good cover as the horse, and a better rifle rest.



And on service the active soldier could generally be sure of a drink.

CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME;

OR, LITTLE ARTHUR'S ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.

(*Little Arthur, aged* 12; *Uncle John—Captain John Lambert, late 28th Hussars—aged* 44.)

Little Arthur. What were you talking about to yourself, Uncle John, when I came in just now?

Uncle John. Singing a bit of a hymn, wasn't I?

L. A. No, Uncle John, I don't think it was a hymn.

U. J. Sort of hymn, I think, wasn't it?

L. A. Well, Uncle, it wasn't like any hymn I've ever heard.

U. J. Wasn't it, old man? But perhaps you don't understand my way of singing 'em.

L. A. I don't think it was that, Uncle John. And, besides, you weren't singing at all.

U. J. That's just it: everybody says that about my singing. It's not having an ear that does it.

L. A. Oh, but, Uncle, I've heard you sing splendidly; and Mamma says you used to sing *Tom Bowling* and *Sally in our Alley* so as to make people cry.

U. J. Ah, well, that was long ago. I've lost the hang of it now. It's the hard life I've had that's driven it out.

L. A. But, Uncle, when you said that to Papa the other day he said it wasn't the hard life but the hard living that had bowled you over. Papa thought that was funny, because he laughed.

U. J. So he did; but then your father and I never quite agreed about jokes.

L. A. No, Uncle; and I don't always agree with Papa about jokes myself.

U. J. The deuce you don't; but you ought to, you know. Must respect your father's jokes, Arty, or things 'll happen to you.

L. A. Well, Uncle, if you think so I'll try. But what *was* it you were talking about when I came in?

U. J. Can't think, old man. What did it sound like?

L. A. Well, you 'd got a pencil in your hand, and a bit of paper—there it is—on the table in front of you, and you were saying that Bandersnatch had been forced up far beyond his proper price and he was a wrong 'un anyhow, and if French Mustard got home you 'd paint the town red.

U. J. Oh, I said that, did I? Funny thing I should be talking to myself, but I was always the boy for doing sums out loud. Comes easier, you know.

L. A. Yes, Uncle, it does; but it didn't sound like sums. I haven't got Bandersnatch or French Mustard in *my* arithmetic book.

U. J. Ah, but you ought to have. If a Bandersnatch and a half can eat one pint of French Mustard in a week, how many gallons of beer will a Dutchman drink in a fortnight? That's rule of three.

L. A. Well, it's not like my rule of three; but I'll try to work it out if you like, Uncle.

U. J. I wouldn't worry about it, Arty. It's a regular teaser, and I'm not dead sure I know the answer myself. However, if you 'll promise not to let it go any further, I'll tell you a secret. They 're horses.

L. A. Who are horses, Uncle?

U. J. Bandersnatch and *French Mustard;* and very disappointing horses I'm afraid they'll turn out.

L. A. (*in a tone of great pain*). Oh, Uncle John! Then you were betting!

U. J. No, sonny, not at that precise moment. Just running through my book to see how I stood.

L. A. But does that mean that you do bet sometimes, Uncle?

U. J. An occasional sixpence, old man—never more.

L. A. But why do you do it, Uncle?

U. J. Born so, I expect.

L. A. But may I bet, too, Uncle?

U. J. Certainly not, you young dog. You keep clear of the pencillers or I'll know the reason why.

L. A. I don't know what pencillers are, but Mamma says betting is a great curse.

U. J. And she 's dead right.

L. A. But if you think she 's dead right, Uncle, you oughtn't to bet yourself, ought you?

U. J. Oh, I don't know. I don't think I could quite make a *habit* of not betting. Only sixpence, Arty. Hardly counts, you know.

L. A. But Mamma says men always begin with sixpence and——

U. J. End with a monkey. I suppose that 's what she said?

L. A. No, Uncle, she didn't say anything about monkeys. She said they ended by losing all they had.

U. J. I always said your mother was the most sensible woman I knew.

L. A. Thank you, Uncle, I 'm sure she is. But, Uncle!

U. J. Well, what 's up?

L. A. I remember now you 're a Vice-President of our branch of the Anti-Betting League.

U. J. What!!!

L. A. Yes, Uncle, Mr. Harding, the Vicar, is the President, and Papa and you and Mr. Mortimer, the Curate, are Vice-Presidents.

U. J. It 's a fairy tale.

L. A. No, Uncle, I don't think it is. There 's the card on the mantelpiece.

U. J. (*taking card and reading it to himself*). Yes, there I am, sure enough, "Captain John Lambert, late 28th Hussars." It 's enough to make a cat laugh. Rule I. "All members of the League pledge themselves—" the dickens they do. I see what it is. Mary put my name down and never told me: a bit steep. Must make the best of it. (*To Little Arthur*) Yes, there 's my name, Arty; you 're quite right. I suppose it slipped my memory. But I 'm all for it, old man, all for it. I told you I wouldn't have you betting, didn't I?

L. A. Yes, Uncle, and of course you won't bet yourself, will you?

U. J. Couldn't do it even if I wanted to, could I? They 'd find me out if I did.

L. A. Does that mean you won't, Uncle?

U. J. I'm a Vice-President, and I shan't forget it. Now toddle off to your music.

"The Daily Chronicle" and "Mr. Punch."

UNDER the heading, "Mr. Punch Nods," our friend, *The Daily Chronicle*, falls foul of the frontispiece to our new volume. "*Mr. Punch*, like many others," says *The Chronicle*, "has not looked at the Budget Bill or read the debate, or he would have known that gardens such as he shows are exempt from taxation, however valuable the plot may be. So that the notice ought to read: 'This land reserved as an open space by reason of Lloyd George's Budget.'"

Mr. Punch, like many others, has no idea what the last sentence means; but he has a large heart, and will be glad to reserve a wide open space in it for a class deserving of great pity—those, to wit (if any), who are likely to be imposed upon by this statement of *The Chronicle*. For himself, he is content to take Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE at his own words, without the assistance of an interpreter. And Mr. GEORGE has very plainly and cynically told us that all pleasure gardens (*one skimpy acre only being exempted*) must either be sold for building purposes, as not being at present used "to the best advantage"; or thrown open to the public; or pay an annual penalty of ½*d.* in the pound on its capital value.

Mr. Punch does not "nod" to this; on the contrary, he shakes his head at it by way of vigilant protest.



A REMINISCENCE OF HENLEY.

Over-heated Person (who has been working valiantly since lunch). "IT'S NO GOOD, I ABSOLUTELY CAN'T GET AN INCH FURTHER."
His Wife. "I WOULDN'T TRY, DEAR. AS A MATTER OF FACT, I THINK IT'S ABOUT TIME WE TURNED ROUND AND WENT BACK FOR TEA."

THE DOGS' PAGEANT.

EVERY dog used to have his day, but now that HIS MAJESTY has made our Toby Sir Toby, every dog thinks he ought to have his knight too, and eke his pageant. And why not?

For dogs are not what they were. Dogs have become not only characters in novels, as readers of Mr. GALSWORTHY know, but characters in plays too, as Mr. LAURENCE IRVING is now showing; and only a week or so ago the sum of £5,000 was refused for a Pekin toy spaniel. This being the case, a dogs' pageant is not only right but necessary, and we are glad to be able to announce that the preparations for such a spectacle are now in full swing.

The Dogs' Pageant, under the supervision of Mr. LOUIS N. BARKER, will be held at Battersea during the Dog Days. Among the patrons are Sir H. W. LUCY, Sir E. J. POYNTER, Mr. OTTO BEIT, and Mr. MUIRHEAD BONE.

The first tableau will represent the creation of the dog. According to the old legend, the want of a dog being felt, the other animals were invited to contribute to his making. Man gave responsibility, woman affection, the lion courage, the deer swiftness, the monkey mischief, and the tree bark. (Help!) Anyhow, the dog emerged, and the world was complete. Tableau I. will illustrate this.

Tableau II. shows the dog as the friend of man. Burglars stealthily approach man's house, and the dog warns him. Man is overcome by the snow, and the dog saves him. Man falls into the water (it is hoped that the Sage of Battersea, Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON, will undertake this part), and the dog pulls him to land.

Tableau III. illustrates the dog as the ally of man. Man hunts the fox and the dog kills it. Man shoots the partridge and the dog retrieves it. (Song: "Dare to be a spaniel.") Man is molested by rats and the dog catches them. Man would fain eat roast beef, and the dog turns the spit. Man desires a pair of gloves, and the dog dies near a tannery.

Tableau IV. is dangerous, but the Committee hopes for the best. Here we see Sir VICTOR HORSLEY and the Hon. STEPHEN COLERIDGE in conflict over a terrier. The contest is very spirited and Mr. LOUIS N. BARKER has surpassed himself in the dialogue; but it is recognised that trouble may ensue.

Tableau V. is the most impressive. All the famous characters of history who have had dogs will march past, leading them. NOAH (with two), ALCIBIADES, LEAR, King CHARLES, the Duke of MARLBOROUGH, COWPER with Beau, Mrs. BROWNING with Flush, BISMARCK, MATTHEW ARNOLD with Max, Kaiser, and Zeist, Mr. GLADSTONE with Petz the Pomeranian, Mr. HARRY CUST with Buluwayo, Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE with Bully-boy, and Mr. BARRIE with his famous St. Bernard.

Tableau VI. and last, very controversial—Votes for Dogs.

The Cult of the Classical.

One of the Russian dancers at the Coliseum is called Monsieur ORLOFF.

"General Sir Ian Hamilton tells the following story against himself with much gusto. He was in Mufti a few months ago and was watching," etc.—*Manchester Evening News.*

Answer to Correspondent: Mufti is a little village quite close to Aldershot.



ACTIVE SERVICE CONDITIONS.

Subaltern. "WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU FELLOWS DOING? THERE HASN'T BEEN A HIT SIGNALLED FOR THE LAST HALF HOUR."
Private. "I THINK WE MUST 'AVE SHOT THE MARKER, SIR!"

THE NEW PHILANTHROPY.

WE are assured on unimpeachable authority that it is true that a gentleman, whose name is widely known to the public, has intimated his willingness to contribute £10,000,000 towards the rebuilding of our fleet. It will be remembered that, when the announcement was first made, it was accompanied by the statement that certain preliminaries were under discussion. It now transpires that the superb offer of this patriotic and munificent millionaire is attended by only one single condition—viz., that fifty other individuals should each contribute the same sum in the course of the next fortnight.

The announcement that an anonymous benefactor had offered £2,000,000 yearly to provide pay for the rank and file of the Territorial Army seemed almost too good to be true. On inquiry at the War Office, however, it turns out to be perfectly accurate. The offer had undoubtedly been made, but certain conditions were attached to it, as, for example, that no Territorial would be eligible unless he were (1) a vegetarian, (2) a Tolstoyan. The War Office authorities declined to divulge the name of the gentleman, but they added that, as a result of careful investigations, they had satisfied themselves that his income was as much as £150 a year.

The name of the heroic philanthropist who proposes to devote £5,000,000 to the erection and endowment of a National School of Dancing is Commodore Gillowson. His princely gift is hedged about by only one stipulation—that the foundation stone is not to be laid until Commodore Gillowson has been appointed First Lord of the Admiralty and Colonel MAPLESON Secretary of State for War.

In spite of all attempts to preserve his anonymity, the name of the splendidly generous philanthropist who has subscribed £200,000 to provide all the inhabitants of the Grand Sahara with niblicks has become public property. It is, as was generally apprehended, none other than our old friend ANDREW CARNEGIE. No conditions accompany the gift, except the negligible one that the ratepayers of Timbuctoo shall contribute to the upkeep of a Temple of Arbitration, with Free Library attached, on the banks of Lake Tchad.

From an advertisement in *The Scotsman*:—

"Villa & aparts, June, July, part or whole, with, without; onwards, without."

"Onwards, backwards" would have been a much brighter ending.

"Weather forecast for South Wales:—Some showers; mostly rain."—*South Wales Echo.*

Oh, the little more, and how dry it is!



BRITANNIA COMES TO TOWN.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, July 5.—To quit the House of Commons, cross the corridor that parts and joins the two Chambers, and enter the House of Lords, is like passing out of the noisy street into the holy calm of Westminster Abbey. There is this further similarity. In the Abbey only a small proportion of congregation can hear what is said in the pulpit. Proportion in Lords that enjoys like advantage is probably a trifle smaller. But what would you? As in Cathedral, outer rim of congregation feel assured that right thing is being said in proper words. Never mind a lapsed syllable, a sentence murmured into the confidence of the bosom of the noble lord on his legs.

This afternoon House almost bustling. Business lasted full hour less five minutes. EBURY had question on paper relating to operation of Small Holdings Act. Rules governing questions in Lords are peculiar and expansive. Complaint sometimes made in Commons of latitude permitted to supplementary questions. In freer atmosphere of Hereditary Chamber, regular debate may, often does, arise upon ordinary question addressed to Minister, supplemented by unchecked flow of others. EBURY having made a speech in extension of printed question, MARLBROOK (returned from the war) followed. With native ingenuousness, hereditary modesty, he posed as one in search of information. Actual impression left on mind was that he was lecturing the PRESIDENT, showing him how much better business of his department might be managed if a younger Peer were placed in charge.

When MARLBROOK sat down there fell a solemn pause. In Cathedral this would have been suggestive of taking up a collection. Designed merely to provide opportunity for any other noble lord whom the spirit might move to give utterance to his thoughts. No one showing disposition to rise, CARRINGTON casually approached Table, laid upon it notes made whilst EBURY and MARLBROOK spoke.

As soon as he had murmured opening sentence of his remarks, a messenger approaching from doorway behind Woolsack handed him a note. Leisurely opened it, read its contents, meditated upon them for a moment, noble lords looking on. Would he resume his seat, write an answer, thereafter taking up thread of his speech? No one familiar with House of Lords ways would have been surprised had that course been followed. After moment's hesitation, PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF AGRICULTURE concluded reply would keep; so, scanning his notes, picked up his dropped sentence, completed it, added a few more in conversational tone, and sat down.

Pause. Clerk at Table rose to read next item on agenda. EBURY interposed, whispered a few remarks, probably dealing with state of weather. Another pause. Tall gowned figure of Clerk at end of Table shoots up again like automatic note of exclamation. As by action of invisible lever this brings up a Peer from above Gangway to the right. Note of Exclamation subsides. *A propos de bottes* Peer asks for a return showing something or other. CARRINGTON back at Table; glances towards messenger by Lobby door. Apparently he has not at the moment further private correspondence in charge; PRESIDENT accordingly replies to Peer who wants return.

Selah. LORD CHANCELLOR, having had it out with his wig on the right-hand side, turns to the left also; vigorously remonstrates with its habit of falling off his shoulders and clinging to his face. Note of Exclamation at end of the Table again rises. This time becomes vocal.

"Child Murder Trial Bill, third reading," it said.

By this time noble lords too exhausted



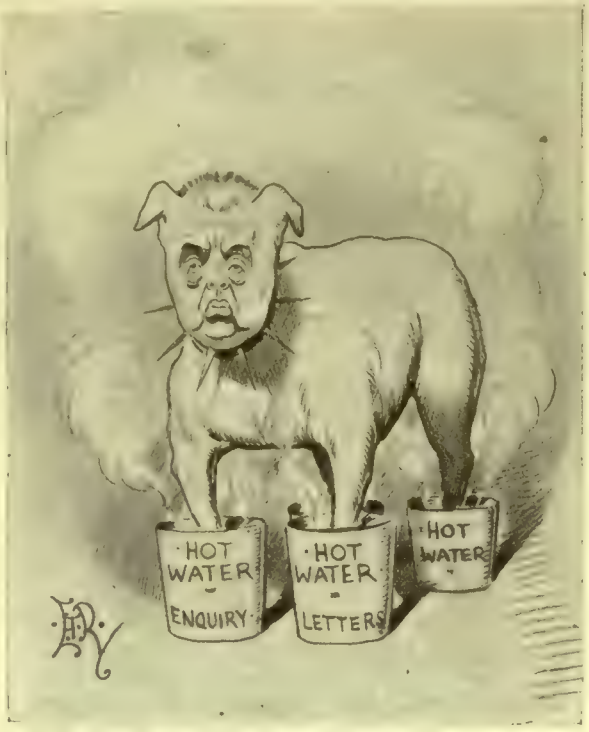
EARL CARRINGTON, K.G.—"HOPS IN BAGS PROPERLY MARKED."

(The noble President of the Board of Agriculture moved the second reading of a Bill prohibiting the importation of foreign hops, except in bags properly marked. July 8.)



"MARLBROOK FOLLOWED."

(The Duke of Marlborough.)



CRUELTY TO A PRIZE BULLDOG.

(Mr. Ellis Griffith and Mr. Swift MacNeill were swept away with abhorrent indignation at "the exhibition at the Royal Society Conversazione of a bulldog who wore a leather strap with sharp nails secured round his neck, his feet being immersed in glass jars containing salts in solution," etc. Mr. Gladstone said, "I understand the dog stood for some time in water to which had been added a little common salt. If my hon. friend has ever paddled in the sea he will understand the sensation." (Laughter.)

We make these gentlemen a present of an even more brutal piece of ill-treatment of a noble animal which has recently come to our knowledge (Admiral Sir J-hn F-sh-r, G.C.B.).

to offer objection. Bill accordingly read a third time.

Then LAMINGTON wants to know all about crisis in Persia and the truth touching Russian advance on Teheran. CREWE, nervously washing his hands with invisible soap in imperceptible water, makes reply with maximum of politeness conveying minimum of information. LORD CHANCELLOR, having finally subdued recalcitrant wig, suggests, "That the House do now adjourn."

Which it straightway does.

Business done.—Seventh night of Commons Committee on Budget Bill.

House of Commons, Tuesday, 4 A.M.—*Lillibullero!* 'Tis the stroke of day. House just up. Sat continuously for thirteen hours. Twelve devoted to Committee on Budget Bill. With the weary legislators struggling forth to greet the blushing morn comes STANLEY WILSON. Others fight for the few cabs about or, failing opportunity of securing one, button up their coats, hoist their umbrellas, and trudge home through sloppy streets under wet skies. STANLEY, carrying hat in hand, walks bare-headed. Is grateful for the July rain which audibly hisses as it falls on his heated brow.

Has been making a night of it. Whilst experts argued round amendments, he, seated behind Front Opposition Bench, played part of the Greek Chorus. Whenever there was pause in conversation his voice was heard offering more or less relevant observations.

"Why," he once asked, "should we sit here all night whilst the PRIME MINISTER is snugly tucked up in bed?"

Again, sternly regarding LLOYD-GEORGE momentarily resting from rarely intermitted contribution to debate, he remarked, "And there sits the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, speechless through the whole evening."

When the Closure was moved he met it with reiterated cry, "Scand'less! Scand'less!"

CALDWELL, doggedly wakeful in the Chair, accepting Closure, righteous indignation was turned upon him. On the stroke of 3 A.M. STANLEY ordered a new Chairman as, being at supper, he might have asked for a fresh poached egg or another grilled bone.

"Get a new Chairman," he commanded.

As there happened not to be one at hand, Mr. CALDWELL retained his situation. Observing this, STANLEY fell back upon his familiar observation.

"Scand'less! Scand'less!" he cried aloud, smitten to the heart with indignant sorrow that such things should be in the home of the Mother of Parliaments.

Business done.—After all-night sitting, Committee turns to again at Budget Bill. Still engaged on Clause 2.

Thursday.—HENRY COTTON, Knight of the Star of India, rather looked forward to a good week. Scraped up a lot of tittle-tattle designed to show that the men who hold India for the Empire, meanwhile bestowing sedulous care on the welfare of its teeming population, are in their public acts animated by mean cowardly motives. Strung hotchpotch together in series of five questions which, subdivided, made aggregate of ten. What a time he would have to be sure, with MACKARNESS, RUTHERFORD and ROBERTSON cheering, LUPTON at minute-gun interval contributing an approving snore!

After these things were printed at public expense and circulated with Parliamentary Papers came the grim tragedy at the Imperial Institute. A man who had given all his thought through the best years of his life to the service of the natives of India was struck down by the hand of a sympathiser with the *clientèle* of certain hon. gentlemen below the Gangway. There are some points at which even a Chatterjee is halted. With the unburied body of CURZON WYLLIE lying in the bereaved home, it was perhaps just as well to postpone enquiry into the case of GANESH DAMODAR SAVARKAR, sentenced to transportation for publishing matter which found its logical issue in the murder of a harmless man; and to leave for more convenient season lament on the treatment of ACHYUT BALWANT KOLHATKAR for circulation of seditious utterances. So when the string of questions was reached COTTON made no sign, and they were passed over.

The MEMBER FOR SARK does not con-



THE PRIDE OF HOLDERNESS GIVES TONGUE ONCE TOO OFTEN.

(Mr. St-nl-y W-ls-n retires after a merry "burst" and a few home truths from the Chairman of Committees.)



HINTS TO YOUNG ANGLERS. No. 5.

IN PARTS OF WALES THE CORACLE—A KIND OF BASKET-BOAT—IS MUCH USED BY THE NATIVES FOR FISHING. THE IDEA OF ANCHORING IT WITH A BIG STONE SEEMS, HOWEVER, TO HAVE ORIGINATED WITH A VISITING ANGLER. THE EXPERIMENT IS NOT RECOMMENDED TO BEGINNERS.

ceal his disappointment at this temporary predominance of discretion over valour. The patience of the House of Commons sometimes seems illimitable. Would have been interesting, might have proved useful, to seize opportunity at this particular crisis to let obscure groups of sedition-mongers in India know what it thinks of their problematically well-meaning but indubitably unwise advocates at Westminster.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

THE PRECIOUS GIFT OF SPEECH.

SCENE—*Smoking compartment between a suburb and the City.* 9.30 A.M.

First Man (*to the man in the corner*). Do you mind if I open the window a little?

Second Man. Not in the least.

Third Man. Ah! that 's better. It was getting very close.

First Man. Ten passengers all smoking make it rather close, don't they?

Fourth Man (*with a commanding eye, who looks at every one as he speaks*). Fresh air 's a very good thing—if you don't have too much of it. Ha, ha!

[*Laughter.*

Third Man. Extraordinary how quickly a current of air becomes a draught.

First Man. Yes, indeed.

Sixth Man. Some people don't mind draughts; and some are so sensitive to them that to be in one is a misery.

[*Looks anxiously at the window.*

Fifth Man (*on the seat back to the engine*). Well, draughts don't hurt me. A current of air 's a good thing, I say.

Fourth Man. Yes—if you don't have too much of it. Ha, ha!

[*Laughter again.*

Sixth Man. Perhaps as you don't mind a draught you wouldn't object to change places with me?

Fifth Man. Delighted, I 'm sure, only riding with my face to the engine always makes me feel sick.

Sixth Man. That 's very strange. I thought it was riding back to the engine that had that effect.

Fifth Man. Ah, yes, I believe it is so with ordinary people; but not with me. I 'm very peculiar in many ways.

Sixth Man. I wonder if we have had enough fresh air for the moment?

Fourth Man. Enough is as good as a feast, they say. Ha, ha! [*Laughter.*

Sixth Man. At any rate I think we might have the window up a little now. Say three inches. No need to have our heads blown off, is there?

[*Feeble laughter from the more kindly passengers.*

Third Man. Well, what I say is, fresh air is the best friend of man. Get all the air you can and you 'll live long and die happy.

Fourth Man. Yes, of course; but one mustn't live too long, you know—mustn't be a nuisance to one's friends, and all that. Ha, ha! [*Laughter.*

[*And so on, to the Terminus.*]

From an advt. in *The Halifax* (*N.S.*) *Herald*:—

"The interest coupons will be payable half-yearly at par at Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, London, G.B., and Boston."

"London, G.B.?"—heavens! that 's us!

The Journalistic Touch.

"In one Kentish orchard a single frosty night about a month ago decimated the currants by as much as 80 per cent."—*Daily Mail.*

We had never dared to hope for such a perfect example of it as this. It is too much—we are not worthy of it.

THE OFFICE LARK.

Our William is a model lad,
And, be it clearly understood,
His ninety-nine per cent. is good,
And only one per cent. is bad.

Discreet and sharp, polite and strong,
He is a perfect office boy,
With one per cent. (v.s.) alloy—
A fatal tendency to song.

To this the Senior Pard demurred.
"Although he is a splendid thing,
I do not care to hear him sing."
Wherein the Head Cashier concurred.

"Speak gently to the youthful Bill,
And tell him, though himself is dear,
His music 's not, O Head Cashier."
The Head Cashier replied, "I will."

"Dissuade, or at the most forbid.
His tender feelings do not hurt.
Be neither rude nor harsh nor curt,
But stop him singing, please." He did.

For two long weeks our William led
A tuneless life, his music dumb,
And when he felt he 'd like to hum
He chewed a caramel instead.

By some ill-omened circumstance
Our Head Cashier it did befall
To be invited to a Ball
(For even head cashiers must dance).

And there there fell upon his ear
A soul-enchanting melody,
So pleasing that next morning he
Must voice it, William standing near.

And, though he ceased, the sweet refrain
Almost before he had begun,
It was too late. The harm was done,
And William's song is heard again :—

How he would have us all remark
(And to that end he spares no pains)
Though Home is sweet, the fact remains
He dare not go there in the dark.

"Quickly after starting Trinity showed in front, but it was for a few strokes only, for Clare closed on them at the quarter-mile, led by a quarter of a mile at the half-mile, and were nearly clear at Fawley."—*The Morning Post.*

It seems that Clare's magnificent spurt was too good to last.

"Sharp grieved for the loss of Tyldesley. They are the Jonathan and the Absolom of Lancashire cricket."—*Manchester Evening Chronicle.*

This makes SHARP out to be a contemporary of DAVID (TYLDESLEY'S father). He must be quite a veteran; which would account for his selection.

"Rhodes made a few nice hits, and in company with Lilley put on 1."—*Belfast News-Letter.*

Not bad for a Test Match.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

"My dunderheaded neighbours," said the Squire, "the whole affair is a confounded nuisance, especially when I 've got a touch of the gout; but my position in the county seems to demand that I should take the chair to-night, and introduce our new Candidate to this miscellaneous and not over-intelligent gathering. Naturally you know nothing about Mr. Gawker, who lives quite five hundred miles from here, and I know very little, except that his father made a fortune out of bath-taps and he himself is a member of three sporting clubs and the English Bar. Why he wants to represent us in Parliament I can't, of course, imagine—I suppose it 's merely his disinterested love for us. But here he is. Let him explain for himself." And, with a proud and impressive gesture, our Chairman swept the water-bottle from the table and sat down.

(Well, perhaps he didn't say quite that; to tell the truth, the noise outside the place kept me from hearing a word; but fortunately he has a very speaking face.)

Then up rose Mr. Gawker, a tall, pale young man with a single eyeglass. The stewards, rosetted like prize cattle, clapped their hands, and we made a joyful sound of welcome with our umbrellas.

Mr. Gawker felt round the inside of his collar with one finger and began.

"My good asses," said he, "I know you expect me to promise you the moon, so I 'll do so at once, and I heartily wish you may get it. But you know as well as I do that when once I 'm in the House I shall simply have to obey the Party Whip, like any other Johnny who wants to advance his—I mean, who wants to serve those great and glorious principles that we all have so much at heart. I 've sent a cheque to your Cricket Club, and I hope to goodness you 'll think it big enough. I know *I* do. Now about the Budget . . ."

(No, possibly I haven't got him down verbatim; but, with a free fight going on outside to an accompaniment of police whistles, is it surprising if I had to guess at a word here and there?)

For ten minutes Mr. Gawker kept the even tenor of his oratorical way, and I sat in a temperature of 90° Fah. firmly clutching the counterfoil of the pink ticket that entitled me to pass out. Once or twice I said, "No, no," in a gently deprecating fashion; for, when all is said and done, Tariff Reform at least means (I hope) a good twopenny cigar. Then the inevitable happened. A shrill voice rose, vibrant and desperate, to the glass dome overhead (we were in the Corn Exchange), and fell amongst the startled audience.

"Will you give women the Vote?"

Mr. Gawker, with an air of pained surprise, turned rather limply to the Chairman.

"Put her out!" shouted the Squire angrily (I knew the gout had got him), and the rosetted ones rallied to the onslaught. Out she went, an unwept martyr.

"Statistics," thought I, as our speaker began ticking off the fingers of one hand with the forefinger of the other. And then a lady sitting behind me whispered in my ear.

"I quite agree," I replied; and a steward watched us with latent ferocity, ready to pounce. Despite the risk I rose—I couldn't refuse so obvious a duty—and, leaning gracefully on my umbrella, extended my right hand upwards and outwards.

"Will you give——" I began.

Of course I knew the words were ill-chosen as soon as they escaped my lips. But, all the same, I 'll never, never forgive the Squire or play croquet with his daughters again.

Whirlwind and earthquake followed, and a chaos of black-garbed limbs, red faces, and tri-coloured ribbon, while the floor rose and fell. I killed three stewards in the hall and two on the step. Then I found myself outside the Corn Exchange, sternly grasping a tattered handful of rosette, while the pale moon, that has witnessed so many follies, looked down sadly on man and his fevered violence.

"If you had allowed me to finish my sentence," I said coldly to one of the stewards who survived, "I was going to say, 'Will you give orders, Mr. Chairman, to have a window opened?' I only wanted fresh air, you joskin."

"Well, and now you 've got it," said Perkins crossly, looking for his collar. Perkins is an ironmonger, and I resolved at once to transfer my custom to his rival. Last year I bought a small file from him, but "never again," thought I.

And then an awful thing happened. Three Suffragettes surrounded me, patting me, admiring me. "Well done, well done!" they cried. And the moon went behind a cloud.

To suffer martyrdom for a cause one contemns is bad enough. To be congratulated upon it is a sorrow's crown of sorrow.

"Ladies," I said, "I have been misunderstood. Never would I assail the glorious right for which our forefathers bled, the ancient sacred, inalienable British right of Free Speech—for People on Platforms. What you witnessed was the result of a misapprehension on the part of my friend Mr. Perkins, to whom, however, I bear no malice." And I turned to shake him by the hand.

But Perkins had gone into the hall again to guard our ancient liberties.



Scottish Cabby (explaining historic landmarks of Edinburgh to American tourist). "YON'S THE HOUSE O' JOHN KNOX."
Tourist. "WAL, WHO WAS THIS JOHN KNOX, ANYWAY?"
Cabby (shocked). "MON! DO YE NO READ YER BIBLE?"

THE TEMPESTUOUS PETTICOAT.

[Fash on experts predict the impending doom of the Directoire Mode and the revival of ampler garments, *with* the "tempestuous petticoat."]

GOSSAMER petticoats, frothy frivolities,
Thrilling with pleasure we greet you again;
Long have we missed your ebullient qualities
While at the top of the cupboard you've lain;
Ruches and rucks,
Gathers and tucks,
Dear to our ankles your sorcery still is;
Extra large feet
Shrink and look neat
Framed by your fluttering tumult of frillies.

Sisters, have done with the cult of the sinuous,
Struggle no more to be straight up and down,
Aim not at figures austerely continuous,
Curveless in profile from slipper to crown.
Paris declines
Skimpy designs,
Skin-fitting toilettes, in weight a few ounces,
Granting instead
Garments that spread
Fringed by a flutter of filigree flounces.

MOTTO FOR A PARVENU.—Snoblesse oblige.

P. O. POLITENESS.

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL'S order to Post Office servants, pointing out the advantages of "courtesy, good humour, and an obliging disposition," should have been accompanied by hints for the use of beginners in the art of politeness. Thus:—

PLEASE (pronounced *plēz*).—This word is an abbreviation of "If you please." It is generally placed at the beginning or the end of a request, distinguishing it from a command.

THANK YOU (colloquially pronounced *'kū*).—Post Office officials may have noticed that this is the expression used by the stamp-buyer on receiving his stamps, and with a little diligence they will soon get into the way of saying "Thank you" when the money for the stamps is given to them.

A SMILE.—This is a most valuable accomplishment, by which the trouble and difficulty of saying polite things can frequently be dispensed with. A customer would often, indeed, prefer a smile to speech. It is produced in the following manner: let the lips rest lightly and naturally together, gently contract the facial muscles in a manner that lengthens the mouth. If possible, allow the corners of the mouth to curve upwards, and do not resist the tendency of the lower eyelids to close towards the upper. If the teeth are pearly, the lips may be slightly opened.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

STORIES of village life are rather like the little girl in the celebrated poem—when they are good they are very, very good, and when they are bad they are horrid. Fortunately, however, *A Little Green World* (HUTCHINSON) seems to me to be very good indeed. J. E. BUCKROSE is, I observe, the author of various other books, which have escaped me, but which have evidently been greatly to the liking of several critics. So far as the present volume is concerned, I make haste to add my own voice to the chorus of praise. Hardly since the days of Miss MITFORD or Mrs. GASKELL has the comedy of an English countryside been treated with such entire success. J. E. BUCKROSE writes of it with a delicacy and a gift of sympathetic laughter which, if those reviewers are right who prefix a "Mr." to the name, is oddly feminine. Of story there is little—just a group of very ordinary people, some engagements, a general shake-up, and a fresh pairing. It is the treatment of rural character that gives the book its charm. One recalls with especial gratitude the vicarage family, always on their beam ends, and always imperturbably cheerful about it. In short, *A Little Green World* does convey an actual impression of greenness and the feel of the genuine country. It is above all things a book for summer reading in the open air, and a copy of it should be included by every well-appointed household in the list of what the advertisements call "Garden Requisites for the Season."



Fond Mother (calling attention to the total on each telegraph board). "OH, CLARENCE, LOOK HOW CLOSE THE TWO SIDES ARE KEEPING TO EACH OTHER!"

The Perjurer (CONSTABLE) is rather a melodramatic book about not very attractive people. The women don't actually command the men to unhand them, but that is the sort of atmosphere which hangs over the dialogue. The hero, *Lord Lavernock*, is the most unpleasant bounder who has appeared in fiction recently, but for some reason Mr. W. E. NORRIS and all the other characters are reluctant to acknowledge this. "*Julyan*" (for instance) "knew *Lavernock* very well, had a species of liking for him, and did not deny him certain merits." Well, he must have known him very well to have discovered the merits. Anyhow, *Lavernock's* suicide on p. 201 was most welcome, even though it was the beginning of the misunderstandings. The fact was that *Forester* and *Julyan* had each promised *Helen Monk* that he would not gamble any more with *Lavernock* (her cousin), and so when the latter killed himself as the result of losing heavily at écarté to *Forester*, *Julyan*, knowing that *Forester* had been provisionally accepted by *Helen*, took the blame on himself, although (or rather because) he too loved *Helen*. At the inquest he perjured himself valiantly. *Helen*, of course, was freezingly polite to him afterwards and full of admiration for *Forester*. The truth came out in the end, but not until *Julyan* had been stabbed by *Lavernock's* actress wife. The story is extremely well put together, and would seem quite natural and probable if the dialogue had been less formal. It is this formality of conversation, too, which makes the characters seem so unreal.

The Bronze Bell (GRANT RICHARDS) is a story of destiny and intrigue, of Rajputs and Babus, of mystery and adventure, which tells how a member of the Indian Secret Service, of the true KIPLING brand, with the help of a young American called *Amber*, nipped in the bud a projected native rising which would have easily eclipsed the horrors of the Mutiny in '57. My salaams to Mr. LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE. I have followed with deep interest every step of young *Amber's* perilous path, as he is led by the finger of Fate through the ghastly Gateway of Swords to save India for the English and the girl he loved for himself. It is one long succession of first-class thrills. Only why does Mr. VANCE make the Bronze Bell speak—in purest Sanskrit—at the supreme moment? That seems to me an unnecessary departure from the *vraisemblance* of his story, which in every other respect is as real as it is ingenious. However, it is a very slight blemish, which will be readily forgiven him by his readers in this country and in India, because he has made his American hero a thorough Englishman.

I confess that in *The Condition of England* (METHUEN) Mr. MASTERMAN rather bores me. From his natural altitude he surveys the kingdom in mass and in detail and behold it is very bad. Whether the point under discussion be the spirit of the people, the Englishman abroad, at home, in town or in suburbs, at work upon science or literature, nothing satisfies the master mind of the author. What is additionally provoking is a habit of setting forth commonplaces of criticism in glittering phrases that to the unwary suggest novelty. As was said about a dear departed friend who dyed his hair, England is really not so black as Mr. MASTERMAN paints her. An exceptionally interesting and informing chapter is the one whose scope he disguises, with characteristic effort to find an arresting word, beneath the title "Prisoners." It deals with the home and workshop condition of men, women and children labouring under the Factory Acts. Here Mr. MASTERMAN'S Ministerial position has afforded him opportunity of studying official documents. He uses it so well as to make me the more regret the others he has lost.

Hurling the Hurler.

"The Greek sport of discobolus throwing, which has become so popular now, was also one of the features of the day, and was won by Sikelarides with a throw of 82ft."—*Paris Daily Mail.*

This event, however, will never be really popular with the discobolus himself.

"From the public point of view it is a pity that he became a member of the Upper House while still in the full vigour of his mental powers."—*The Sketch.*

Still, after all, they must have one or two like that.

CHARIVARIA.

WE understand that the recent visits of German deputations to this country have had the most satisfactory results. All the visitors have come to the conclusion that a little island where it is nearly always raining is really not worth taking.

***

A contemporary points out that the present summer is not yet the worst we have had. We regard as positively criminal this attempt to put the rain-department on its mettle.

***

The leader of the Conservative Party in the Reichstag referred to Prince BÜLOW, on the eve of his retirement, as "our dear Chancellor." The exact figure was £25,000,000.

***

In time of war, Mr. HALDANE states, the cavalry of the Territorial Army would act in conjunction with the Regular Cavalry. This would to some extent get over the difficulty of the scarcity of horses. First, we take it, the Regulars would charge the enemy: then they would return, dismount, and give the other fellows a chance.

***

TARIFF REFORM
MEANS
JUST TAXATION

says *The Express*. "Just this, and nothing more?" asks a frivolous Free Trader.

***

Once more a claim has been put forward for an after-life for animals. Which reminds us that it is not, we believe, generally known that there is quite a sharp division of thought among animals as to whether there is an after-life for men and women.

***

A lady was robbed of her dressing-case at Euston last week. It contained nothing of value, and is supposed to have been taken in mistake for her jewel-case. This is the sort of thing that sours so many criminals.



A DESERVING CASE.

Loafer. "CAN YER SPARE US A A'PENNY, MATE?"
Working Man. WOTCHER WANT A A'PENNY FOR?"
Loafer. "COS I GOT ONE, AND I WANTS ANOTHER FOR THE PRICE OF 'ARF A PINT."
Working Man. "EVER DONE A DAY'S WORK IN YER LIFE?"
Loafer. "NO, GUV'NOR, CAWN'T SAY AS I 'AVE."
Working Man. "WELL, YER NEVER DONE A PORE BLOKE OUT OF A JOB, ANYWAY. 'ERE 'S YER A'PENNY."

A "Greater London" edition of *The Daily Mail* has been planned, so *The Daily Mail* informs us, partly for the purpose of enabling this journal's host of readers in the metropolitan area to secure more London news, and partly for the benefit of the small classified advertiser. This should dispose of the report that the new departure was intended to benefit *The Daily Mail* itself.

***

The business of a certain publishing house notorious for a certain type of novel has been turned into a limited company. It is satisfactory to know that the limit has been reached at last.

***

The Joint Stock Companies Journal proposes that there should be examinations for Stockbrokers. They are to be a sort of Honours examination, to distinguish them from the ordinary examinations in Bankruptcy.

***

The Hicks Theatre has changed its name and is now The Globe Theatre. Our oldest evening contemporary will, however, retain its title and not be called *The Hicks*.

***

A correspondent writes to *The Daily Mail* to express the hope that the Great Western Railway will not abolish second-class carriages, as, on another line which has done this, he always has to travel first. This should put an end to any hesitation on the part of the G. W. R.

***

In distributing prizes at a City school, last week, the LORD MAYOR recalled the occasion on which, at the age of five, he was kissed by a former Lord Mayor in that same room. "I never thought then," he said, "that I should one day be here as Lord Mayor myself." Here we see Nature's wonderful law of compensation at work.

"Young Man wants situation, Doorman; take fire if requ red."—*Advt. in "South Wales Echo."* We like this spirit. It is the stuff that martyrs are made of.

HOME-DEFENCE AT SHORT NOTICE.

'Tis Liberty alone that trains a nation
To fight without a moment's preparation.
Modern British Humorist.

["You say Lord Roberts has got hold of the wrong ideal, and with your verdict I thoroughly concur. Does the noble lord think for one minute that the men of this country would remain mute to the call if our islands were about to be invaded?"—*From a letter, typical of British intelligence, appearing in "The Daily Chronicle."*]

An untrained citizen addresses a recruiting sergeant:—

"'Landed this morning,' did they? That 's all right;
Don't go and worry; you may count on me;
If native pluck can do it, by to-night
We 'll push these beggars back into the sea;
We 'll show old Boss his error;
Once they attack us, we 're a holy terror.

"We should have liked a longer notice, true—
Ten days or so, to get us nice and fit;
But then it 's just these bolts from out the blue
That test the latent worth of British grit;
None but the brave would dare
To sleep until the enemy is there.

"I 'm brave like that. When scare-crows come and say,
'Now, my good lad, you 've *got* to learn to shoot,'
I send 'em double quick about their way,
Wearing the order of the hobnail boot.
'National Training?' What O!
No slavery for Britons—that 's my motto!

"But if the foe has really crossed the tide,
If he 's already camped on England's shore,
Why, then the patriot swells in my inside,
And of my own free will I ask for gore;
I ask to up and at 'em,
By the Great Eastern Railway or the Chatham.

"My rifle? No, I never touched that game;
But I can soon pick up your bag of tricks—
Which end to stuff the bullet, where to aim,
And how to pull the bally part that clicks;
And if the thing went wrong
I 've got a pair of fists would come out strong.

"'No use for fists at over half a mile?'
Still, I could always shout 'Hooray!' 'Brayvo!'
I 'd work my lungs and maffick all the while,
To cheer my comrades, blazing all they know;
And make things hum the merrier,
Giving 'em 'Go it, Tommy!' 'Good old Terrier!'"

O. S.

CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME;

OR, LITTLE ARTHUR'S ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.

(*Little Arthur, aged 12; Uncle John—Captain John Lambert, late 28th Hussars—aged 44.*)

Little Arthur. It was very kind of you to take us all to the theatre yesterday, Uncle John.

Uncle John. Don't mention it, old man, don't mention it. I 'm only too glad you enjoyed yourself. Must buck up your father and mother now and then. Can't let 'em rust in the country all the year round.

L. A. I 'm sure they thought it was very kind of you, Uncle; and it was a great treat for me.

U. J. That 's all right, Arty. We 've got to make a man of you, you know.

L. A. Yes, Uncle, I quite see that. Do you think seeing *The Belles of Belluno* will make a man of me quicker?

U. J. Of course it will, my boy. Pretty music, pretty girls, pretty dresses, and all that. Got to see 'em some day, you know, so you may as well see 'em now—eh, what?

L. A. Yes, Uncle, and that 's why I 'm so much obliged to you. But when I 'm grown up will people do what they do in *The Belles of Belluno?*

U. J. What do you mean?

L. A. Will they all sing things together and dance?

U. J. Well, perhaps not *all* of 'em.

L. A. But will some of them?

U. J. One or two might. But we 're living in England, you know, and *The Belles of Belluno* were in Italy, weren't they?

L. A. Yes, Uncle. Is that what they do in Italy?

U. J. You bet they do—every time.

L. A. Then I don't want to live in Italy.

U. J. That 's right, Arty, you stick to that. You 're an Englishman, and don't you let 'em forget it.

L. A. No, Uncle, I won't. But, if people are not going to do things in that way when I 'm grown up, I don't see how the play will help me to be a man.

U. J. Ah, I daresay you don't now, but you will some day.

L. A. I hope so, Uncle. But was it a very clever play, Uncle?

U. J. Well, I enjoyed it all right.

L. A. Yes, Uncle, I know you did. You laughed much more than Papa, and Mamma didn't laugh at all.

U. J. Didn't she? Ah, well, she 's a woman, you know. She can't help it, so we mustn't throw it in her teeth.

L. A. No, Uncle, I 'll try not to. I 'm sure it ought to be a clever piece.

U. J. Why?

L. A. Well, three people wrote the music, and three others wrote the words, and another man produced it, so it ought to be much cleverer than if only one man did it.

U. J. So it ought, Arty. You 've just about hit it.

L. A. Do all the ladies in Italy wear very short dresses, Uncle?

U. J. Every one of 'em, Arty. It 's a national custom.

L. A. I thought it must be, because *Lady Dolly Vavasour* didn't wear a short dress all the time, did she?—and she 's supposed to be English.

U. J. What a chap you are, Arty, for noticing things.

L. A. But in the last Act her dress was the shortest of all. I suppose that was because she was getting accustomed to Italian ways.

U. J. That 's it, of course. Doosid smart she looked, too.

L. A. Yes, Uncle, I thought so, too.

U. J. Did you now. You 've got an eye, young man.

L. A. Thank you, Uncle; but I didn't like her singing.

U. J. No, poor Kitty never could sing for nuts, but she keeps piping away. Does her best, you know.

L. A. I 'm sure she does, Uncle; but why did you all clap your hands so at her song?

U. J. What song?

L. A. It 's in the book here (*taking book and reading*):

"I 'm Dolly this, and I 'm Dolly that,
And I 'm Dolly in prose or rhyme,
I 'm Dolly thin and I 'm Dolly fat,
And I 'm Dolly all the time."

What does it all mean, Uncle?

U. J. Blessed if I know.

L. A. Then why did you clap your hands and say *encore?*

U. J. Oh, it went, you know—catchy sort of thing.

L. A. But it wasn't very *clever*, was it, Uncle?

U. J. You can't have everything clever, you know.

L. A. No, Uncle; but you ought to have clapped your hands at the clever things.

U. J. Oh, I ought, ought I?

L. A. Yes, Uncle, I tried to. But, Uncle!

U. J. Yes, old boy.

L. A. Isn't *Lady Dolly Vavasour* a married lady?



"ONE WHO KNOWS."

Abdul Hamid (*in retirement at Salonika—reads*). "'CAPTURE OF PERSIAN CAPITAL BY NATIONALISTS —DEPOSITION OF THE SHAH.' DEAR! DEAR! ANOTHER OF US MOVING WITH THE TIMES!"



"HALF-A-SOV. FOR YOU IF YOU GET ME TO KING'S CROSS IN SIX MINUTES."
"IT AIN'T NO USE, CAPTAIN; YOU MAY BRIBE *ME*, BUT YOU CAN'T CORRUPT THE OLD 'OSS."

U. J. Rather. Very much so.

L. A. But all the other men were making love to her.

U. J. So they were; Italy, you know.

L. A. But did you think they ought to, Uncle?

U. J. No, certainly not—but those Italian johnnies are a bad lot.

L. A. But you seemed very pleased, Uncle. You were rolling about in your seat with laughter, and so was Papa.

U. J. No, no, we weren't—not with laughter anyhow. It was anger, Arty, that's what it was.

L. A. Well, I've never seen Papa angry in that way before.

U. J. Perhaps not, but I've known your father longer than you have.

L. A. Yes, Uncle, I suppose so. But when——

U. J. Can't listen any more, old man. Got to take the dog out.

LOWER RIVER CAUSERIE.

(For similar information as to social functions on the Upper Reaches, see the Society papers.)

SOUTHEND is unusually full this year, in spite of the Budget proposals, and the countless attractions of this favoured spot appeal with irresistible force to an ever-increasing *clientèle*. Not without reason has Southend been described as the Venice of the Home Counties, and many of the most exclusive members of Limehouse Society are to be seen at this delightful resort. The pier, from which the sea is visible at all states of the tide, is thronged with a gay crowd of loungers who are attracted by the unique collection of slot machines and the view of the ironclads in the offing. The absence of saloon bars on the Government ships has, however, been adversely commented upon by several visitors whose opinions on such matters are entitled to respect.

The return of Mr. and Mrs. Barking-Plaistow from their honeymoon to take up residence in their Plumstead villa was signalised by an informal gathering of friends, who welcomed the happy couple to this charming riparian resort. At 5.30 a most tasteful repast was put before the delighted guests. We are privileged to state that the chief ingredients of the meal were assorted shellfish and Ceylon's premier product. The day was somewhat sultry, and the gentlemen, displaying that touch of Bohemianism which gives such a *cachet* to Plumstead, removed their coats. An exquisite rendering of some of the most popular melodies of the day was given on the gramophone, and brought a very agreeable evening to a conclusion.

The Naval Pageant has caused considerable excitement among L.C.C. nautical circles in the neighbourhood of Blackfriars. Criticism of an unfavourable character has been expressed at the failure to provide the crews with any orchestral diversion in the shape of concertinas and cornets—a regrettable omission on the part of a cheese-paring Admiralty. A local expert, who invited the crew of a destroyer to retrieve the coppers which he had thrown in the river, is understood to have formed an unfavourable opinion as to the capabilities of our tars.

Our Isle of Dogs and North Woolwich chit-chat is unavoidably held over until the middle of next week.

THE RABBITS.

CHAPTER V.—AT PLAY.

I SELECTED a handkerchief, gave a last look at the weather, which was beastly, and went down (very late) to breakfast. As I opened the door there was a sudden hush. Everybody looked eagerly at me. Then Miss Fortescue tittered.

Well, you know how one feels when that happens. I put my hand quickly to my tie—it was still there. I squinted down my nose, but there was no smut. To make quite sure I went over to the glass. Then Simpson exploded.

Yet nobody spoke. They all sat there watching me . . . . and at last I began to get nervous. I opened my mouth to say "Good morning," but before I got it out Miss Blair gave a little shriek of excitement. That upset me altogether. I walked up to the teapot and, pouring myself out a cup, said, with exaggerated carelessness: "Rotten day, isn't it?"

And then came the laughter—shout after shout.

I held out my hand to Myra. "Good-bye," I said, "I'm going home. Thank you for a very jolly time, but I'm not going to be bullied."

"Oh, you dear," she gurgled.

"I *am* rather sweet before breakfast," I admitted, "but how——"

"It was too heavenly of you. I never thought you would."

"I think I shall go back to bed."

"It was rather rough luck," said Archie, "but of course the later you are, the worse it is for you."

"And the higher the fewer. Quite so. If this is from 'Breakfast Table Topics' in *The Daily Mirror*, I haven't seen them to-day; but I'll do my best."

"Archie, explain."

Archie took up a piece of paper from the table and explained. "It's like this," he said. "I came down first and looked at the weather, and said——"

"Anyone would," I put in quickly.

"Well, then, Blair came in and said, 'Beastly day,' and then Simpson—— Well, I thought I'd write down everybody's first remark, to see if anybody let the weather alone. Here they are."

"It's awful," put in Myra, "to have one's remarks taken down straight off. I've quite forgotten what I said."

This was the list.

Archie: "Bother." (So he says.)

Blair: "What a beastly day!"

Simpson: "What a jolly day!"

The Major: "Well, not much cricket to-day, hey?"

Myra: "Oh, my dear, what a go!"

Miss Blair: "What a terrible day!"

Miss Fortescue: "Oh, you *poor* men—*what* a day!"

Thomas: "Rotten day, isn't it?"

Me: "Rotten day, isn't it?"

"I don't think much of Thomas's remark," I said.

Later on in the morning we met (all except the Major, that is) in the room which Myra calls hers and Archie calls the nursery, and tried to think of something to do.

"I'm not going to play Bridge all day for anyone," said Archie.

"The host should lay himself out to amuse his guests," said Myra.

"Otherwise his guests will lay him out," I warned him, "to amuse themselves."

"Well, what do you all want to do?"

"I should like to look at a photograph album," said Thomas.

"Stump cricket."

"What about hide-and-seek?"

"No, I've got it," cried Archie; "we'll be Boy Scouts."

"Hooray!" cried everybody else.

Archie was already on his hands and knees. "Ha!" he said, "is that the spoor of the white ant that I see before me? Spoorly not. I have but been winded by the water-beetle.

> "Sound, sound the trumpet, beat the drum,
> To all the scouting world proclaim
> One crowded stalk upon the tum
> Is worth an age without a name."

"Archie!" shrieked Myra in horror. "It is too late," she added, "all the ladies have swooned."

We arranged sides. Myra and I and Simpson and Thomas against the others. They were to start first.

"This isn't simply hide-and-seek," said Archie as they went off. "You've got to track us fairly. We shall probably 'blaze' door-posts. When you hear the bleat of a tinned sardine that means we're ready. Keep your eyes skinned, my hearties, and Heaven defend the right."

"We ought to have bare knees really," said Myra when they'd gone. "Boy scouts always do. So that when they go through a bed of nettles they know they've been."

"I shall stalk the stairs to begin with," I said. "Simpson, you go down the back way, and look as much like a vacuum-cleaner as possible. Then they won't notice you. Thomas and Myra—— Hush! Listen! Was that the bleat of a fresh sardine or the tinned variety?"

"Tinned," said Myra. "Let's go."

We went. I took the Queen Anne staircase on my—in the proper stalking position. I moved very slowly, searching for spoor. Half-way down the stairs my back-fin slipped, and I shot over the old oak at a tremendous pace, landing in the hall like a Channel swimmer. Looking up I saw Thomas in front of me. He was examining the doors for "blazes." Myra was next to him, her ear to the ground, listening for the gallop of horses' hoofs. I got up and went over to them.

"Hast seen aught of a comely wench in parlous case, hight Mistress Dahlia?" I asked Thomas.

"Boy scouts don't talk like that," he said gruffly.

"I beg your pardon. I was thinking that I was a Cavalier and you were a Roundhead. Now I perceive that you are just an ordinary fathead."

"Why," said Myra at the foot of the stairs, "what does this button mean? Have I found a clue?"

I examined it, and then I looked at my own coat.

"You have," I said. "Somebody has been down those stairs quite recently, for the button is still warm."

"Where is Scout Simpson?"

At that moment he appeared breathless with excitement.

"I have had an adventure," he said hurriedly, without saluting. "I was on the back stairs looking like a vacuum cleaner, when suddenly Archie and Miss Blair appeared. They looked right at me, but didn't seem to penetrate my disguise. Archie, in fact, leant against me, and said to Miss Blair, 'I will now tell you of my secret mission. I carry caviare—I mean dispatches to the general. Breathe but a word of this to the enemy, and I miss the half-holiday on Saturday. Come, let us be going, but first to burn the secret code.' And—and then he struck a match on me, and burned it."

Myra gurgled, and hastily looked solemn again. "Proceed, Scout Simpson," she said, "for the night approaches apace."

"Well, then they started down the stairs, and I went after them on my—scouting, you know. I made rather a noise at one corner, and Archie looked round at me, and said to Miss Blair, 'The tadpoles are out full early. See yonder where one lies basking.' And he came back and put his foot on me and said, 'Nay, 'tis but a shadow. Let us return right hastily. Yet tarry a moment what time I lay a false trail.' So they tarried and he wrote a note and dropped it on me. And afterwards I got up and here it is."

"The secret dispatch," cried Myra.

"It's addressed to the Scoutmistress, and it says outside, 'Private, not to be opened till Christmas Day.'"

Myra opened it and read: "*Your blessed scouts are everywhere. Let me just have five minutes with her in the nursery, there's a dear. I'd do as much for you.*"

But she didn't read it aloud, and I didn't see it till some days afterwards. She simply put it away, and smiled, and announced that the scouts would now adjourn to the billiard-room for pemmican and other refreshments; which they did. The engagement was announced that evening.

A. A. M.



Father. "NOW, LOOK HERE, YOU GIRLS—WHEN YOU GROW UP ONE OF YOU MUST BE ABLE TO SPEAK FRENCH, AND THE OTHER GERMAN."
Brenda. "ALL RIGHT, DAD; AND MURIEL HAD BETTER LEARN GERMAN, BECAUSE SHE CAN GARGLE BEST."

"THE DICTATOR" UNBENDS.

BY the courtesy of the Editor of *The Dictator*, who has placed his advance proofs at our disposal, we are enabled to forestall the interesting correspondence which will appear in our esteemed contemporary's next issue:—

THE CALL OF THE DABCHICK.

SIR,—The curious variations of opinion about the exact interval of the cry of the dabchick may be possibly explained by the following remarkable experience which fell to my lot when I was ranching in Canada several years ago. In those days I had a pet dabchick which used to sleep, standing on one leg, on the top of my cruet-stand. When visitors entered my sitting-room he used to cry out, "Wipe your feet, wipe your feet," in an anapæstic measure, the first two syllables being on the same note, the last being a minor tenth below. (This I have on the authority of my landlady, who was a Primitive Methodist with an absolute sense of pitch). On one occasion a French officer came to see me and was greeted by "Baba" with the usual salutation, but at a different pitch. I at once rang the bell for the landlady, who informed me that the interval was a major sixth. When this was told the officer he nearly fainted with amazement, but on recovering his self-possession exclaimed, "But that is me! *I* am a Major in the Sixth regiment of Chasseurs!"

But "Baba" was altogether an exceptional bird. On my return to England I trained him to mark golf balls, and no matter how deeply it was embedded in heather or whins, he would invariably fly like an arrow to the globe, keeping up a constant twitter until the caddie had located it. Unfortunately, when I was playing at Musselwick last February with an Austrian Archduke, my partner sliced his drive so badly that he struck "Baba," who was sitting on the tee-box, and killed him on the spot.

I am, Sir, etc.
A. LEGGE PULLAR.
8, Marine Prospect, Brondesbury.

P.S.—If your readers' patience is not exhausted I wonder whether they will assist me in ascertaining why it is that the old English name for the dabchick is "the Nope"?

[We are delighted to print Mr. Legge Pullar's fascinating letter, and only regret that we are unable to reproduce the photograph of "Baba's" tomb, with which it is accompanied. So gifted a creature, indeed, deserved princely obsequies. We can assure Mr. Legge Pullar that, whatever may be the case with our readers, our patience is never exhausted by these recitals. They enable us to face the dreadful prospect of Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE's Budget with renewed fortitude. As regards the beautiful old English word "Nope," we may be allowed to remark that it has been transplanted to America as a synonym for "No," but we are not aware that "Yep," the transatlantic for "Yes," was used by GILBERT WHITE as the nickname for any bird. Yet "Yep" is a singularly pleasing monosyllable with a true Elizabethan ring about it.—ED. *Dictator.*]

CHRISTIAN NAMES FOR ANIMALS.

SIR,—One of your correspondents has called attention to the pleasant habit of giving birds Christian names, *e.g.* Thomas Tit, William Wagtail, Philip Sparrow. In our household this practice is not confined to a few birds, but is of universal application. From earliest infancy my children have been taught to address all animals alliteratively—Bartholomew Blue-bottle, Millicent Mouse, Christopher Cockroach, &c. The result is to be seen in the extraordinary tameness of all the fauna in our neighbourhood. Only yesterday a wood-pigeon flew into my dressing-room while I was shaving and remained perched on my head until the operation was finished. I ought to add that I have trained a squirrel to act as a pen-wiper while I am writing, and that we have a pet cricket and a tame bat who are the best of friends.

I am, Sir, &c. D. D. PHIBBS.
Verity Parva Vicarage.

STRANGE CONDUCT OF A SEMI-BOMBAY DUCK.

SIR,—A valuable semi-Bombay duck in my farm-yard, which habitually quacks in the key of D flat, has suddenly and without any warning taken to quacking in the key of F sharp minor. The odd thing about it is that this rise in pitch should have synchronised with a fall in the thermometer.

Congratulating you on your splendid defence of the House of Lords,

I am, Sir, &c.,
(MRS.) ANNA NYASS.
The Oaks, Much Lycham.

[Ducks are very imitative creatures, and it is possible that the bird in question may have heard some one playing a piece in the romantic key of F sharp minor, and temporarily attuned its cry to the piano. It is, indeed, a pleasure to know that our policy in regard to the House of Lords has commended itself to the possessor of this talented fowl.—ED. *Dictator.*]

THE BUNTING FAMILY.

SIR,—Can any of your readers tell me whether the yellow Bunting is the baby Bunting mentioned in the historic ballad.

I am, Sir, &c. PAUL PRIOR.
Bosham.

[We have always been under the impression that the Bunting family were human beings, who were much addicted to the chase. But we are open to correction. Perhaps Mr. Prior could get the information of which he is in need on applying to the First Sea Lord at the Admiralty.—ED. *Dictator.*]

"THE DICTATOR" TENT AT BISLEY.

SIR,—The generous interest of your readers, who have, as in former years, provided a *Dictator* tent at Bisley, emboldens me to send you the accompanying brief account of the entertainments held therein during the past week:—

The aim of the tent is to refresh and amuse riflemen, after their day's shooting is over, by a succession of exhilarating programmes. This year several of the old features have been retained, but a number of new items have been added. Thus the entire staff of *The Dictator* have given imitations of various animals and birds, notably the cuckoo, the peacock, the chiff-chaff, the corn-crake, the night-jar, the jay, and the screech-owl. The Editor has lectured on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday on "Do Field-mice use field artillery?" and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday on "Bastiat and the Budget." The tent holds forty persons, but one day last week, during a lecture on "The Fiscal Inwardness of Persian Cats," fifty-seven people managed to get inside.

I am, Sir, etc.,
HAROLD VILLIERS PEEL,
Hon. Sec. Free Trade Entertainment Association.

[In the circumstances for us to offer any comment might seem to savour of egotism, but we cannot refrain from expressing our regret that Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE did not see his way to attend the lecture on "Bastiat and the Budget." A debate in a tent, as LINCOLN remarks, is a soul-shaking experience. *A propos* of fieldmice, can any of our readers supply us with any authentic anecdotes about the mole of HADRIAN?—ED. *Dictator.*]

Candour from a Golf Committee.

"Rule 10.—Disputes respecting the play shall be determined by the Committee, with power to add to their number."

The cause of the present bad weather has now been scientifically explained by the ha'penny press thus:

"It is only necessary for the barometer to undertake a steady and sustained rise in England, France, and Germany, for the distribution of pressure to become favourable for a spell of real summer weather."

You see how impossible it is for the pressure to do anything until the barometer makes a start.

P. O. POLITENESS.

MR. SYDNEY BUXTON'S promise of rewards for civility is causing such a revolution in post-office officials that several customers are complaining of shock. The following dialogues, overheard in a local office, may be taken as average samples of the state of things at present prevailing:—

First Customer. How much is this parcel?

Counter Clerk (ticking off telegram). Excuse me one moment. (*Finishes message.*) So sorry to keep you waiting, but we are short-handed to-day. That parcel will be fourpence, if you please, *parcels post.*

First Customer. What will it be *letter post?*

Counter Clerk. It will be fivepence halfpenny, *letter post;* and in case you care to know, it would be precisely the same by *book post.*

First Customer. Dear, dear — that seems very expensive. Will you weigh it again to make sure?

Counter Clerk. With pleasure. Yes, that is correct—let me jot down the amounts for you on a piece of paper.

First Customer (stares at paper and hesitates for thirty seconds). I've changed my mind; I think I'll send it by hand, after all, if you'll give it back to me.

Counter Clerk. Certainly. The weather looks like rain, but I hope it will hold off till you get home. Good morning, and thank you.

Second Customer. If I send a letter to my husband's mother at Little Billetby about nine to-night, what time will it be delivered?

Counter Clerk. I must just look it up—I won't keep you a moment. Ah! it won't be delivered till to-morrow afternoon at Little Billetby—but if they send to Great Billetby they can collect it to-morrow morning.

Second Customer. They wouldn't do that, now John George is busy haymaking. But if my husband's mother leaves home this evening and spends to-morrow in Manchester, and they forward it, would she get it before she left the day after to-morrow?

Counter Clerk (looks it up in book). Yes, if they catch the first post from Little Billetby.

Second Customer. Well, but would Emma Jane leave her Sunday pie making to do that?

Counter Clerk. I'm very sorry, but I'm afraid I can't tell you that.

Second Customer. Then I think it'll be safest not to write, but to wait till she comes home. That's all this morning.

Counter Clerk. Nothing else I can do? Good morning, and thank you.

Third Customer. Will you give me a penny stamp?



SKILFUL DRIVING.

First Irishman (in London Tube). "SURE AN' 'TIS A MIGHTY STHRANGE WAY OF TRAVELLING."
Second Irishman. "BEDAD, 'TIS A WONDHER WE DON'T SHTRIKE AND BURST SOME WATHER-PIPE!"

Counter Clerk. Delighted. What unseasonable weather!

Third Customer. Oh!—ah—yes—very (*tenders sovereign*). Smallest I have.

Counter Clerk. Don't mention it. How would you like the change?

Third Customer. All silver, please—and three shillings in sixpences and threepenny bits—new ones, if possible.

Counter Clerk. I only have two *new* sixpences and four *new* threepenny bits this morning. I'm so sorry.

Third Customer. Oh, well, that'll do. (*Counts change.*) Nineteen and eleven—that's right—but where's the stamp?

Counter Clerk. Here it is. May I lick it for you? The taste of the gum is a little unpleasant to some customers.

Third Customer. Much obliged.

Counter Clerk. Not at all—a pleasure. Good morning, and thank you.

From an advt.:

"There is nothing I have had so much confidence in placing before my Lady Patrons than my Shampoo Powder. I have no hesitation in making the above remark. It does not change the colour of the hair. It removes scurf."

It is a bad remark for all that, and made our hair stand on end.

"Jeffries is not old, but he finds difficulty in reducing his portly waist to the dimensions of the prize-ring."—*Daily Telegraph.*

Even if it was only a 16 ft. ring, JEFFRIES should have had no real difficulty.



Mackintosh (to his Elder, who has advised him to try and check his strong language at Golf by picking up pebbles, one for every bad word, and bringing them to the Elder on Sunday after kirk). "HERE, MAN, IS A HANDFU' FOR 'BOTHERS,' AND HERE, MAN, IS ANITHER FOR 'HANGS.'"

Elder. "WEEL, THAT'S NO VERRA DREADFU', I'M THINKING."

Mackintosh. "AY, BUT BIDE A WEE, THERE'S A CART COMING UP THE HILL WI' THE 'DAMNS!'"

TO A HUNTRESS.

WHEN you survey the trophies of your cunning,
And muse, Corinna, on the grim remains
Of those poor wights who, hardly in the running,
Were led to think themselves your happy swains,
And when they learnt the truth despaired and blubbered,
And left their scalps to fill your Indian cupboard—

Take special heed (I do not ask for mercy;
The mariners of old were wise to shun
A second visit to the shores of Circe),
But in that horrid pile take heed of one,
A striking chevelure that (proud tormenter)
Was trained to part exactly down the centre.

That one is mine; and if you have them labelled,
And with your sister Sioux sometimes swop
Impressions of the war-path true and fabled,
I charge you to observe this pious crop,
And tell them how its wearer took his gruel,
A dauntless paleface, in the love-god's duel.

Some there may well have been who tumbled nicely,
And when you told that immemorial fib
Of how you'd be a sister, said precisely
The sort of things you liked of love *ad lib.*,
And ceaseless adoration that should flow on
Till death untimely supervened, and so on.

But not the present writer; loth and lagging,
He took some time to conquer, and he turned
Nobly to buy, indignant of the bagging,
Gave you an awkward interlude when spurned,
Thrilled with the anger of a wounded poet,
Thought you a hardened flirt, and let you know it.

Therefore, I say, do honour to a victim
That gave you such an anxious hour to stalk,
That struggled manfully, and, when you tricked him,
Not lightly yielded to the tomahawk;
And when the tales of triumph are recounted
Revere that votive tuft and have it mounted.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I notice in *The Daily News* a photograph of an orator on a chair with an audience of six boys. It is placed beside a photograph of a Woman's Suffrage gathering, and entitled "A Contrast in Audiences. (2) Tariff Reform." In *The Daily Mail* I observe a group of the same figures, but the legend this time is "A Free Trade Orator and his Audience." I shall be glad if you will allow me space to inform editors of these and other papers that I am now touring the provinces with "Victor," my tame donkey, and that I am ready to be photographed in suitable positions as

(1) A Tariff Reformer and his Following.
(2) Explaining the Budget to a Sympathetic Audience.
(3) Brother Socialists.

My fee is half-a-guinea. Yours faithfully, PRO BONO PUBLICO.



UNITED SOUTH AFRICA.

[The Act of Union is about to be presented, for sanction, to the British Parliament.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, July 12.—One of the most difficult tasks that falls to the lot of a Leader of either House is the pronouncement of panegyrics on departed statesmen. On a historic occasion DIZZY, remembering MOLIÈRE'S avowed practice of taking his good things wherever he found them, got over the difficulty by incorporating in the details of his lament a purple passage from a eulogy spoken by a French orator at the tomb of a great Frenchman.

GLADSTONE at his best on these occasions. His panegyric on PEEL, with its apt quotation of the splendid lines beginning, "Now is the stately column broke," is a precious possession. PRINCE ARTHUR touches a high level. C.-B., who on more than one occasion joined him in paying tribute to the mighty dead, was, in quite different style, a worthy compeer. The present PREMIER, called upon to bewail the passing of his predecessor, struck a note that surprised as it pleased the House by its genuine emotion expressed in terms of simple eloquence.

To-night, CREWE, rising to pay a tribute to the memory of Lord RIPON, established a fresh claim on steadily growing esteem of a mercilessly critical Assembly. His brief speech was lofty in conception, perfect in phrasing. Beneath the reverence of a still young statesman for the memory of a veteran who had filled with distinction most of the offices which are the prizes of a political career, was heard the note of personal affection for one whom, as he simply said, "I have known all my life."

The Commons spent their tenth night in Committee on Budget Bill. Before it was reached disturbing effect created by inquiry submitted by LANE-FOX. Strategically acquired commanding position by drawing from unsuspecting WAR MINISTER admission that on the battlefield the cavalry of the Territorial Army will act in conjunction with regular cavalry.

"Very well," said LANE-FOX, shaking his bridle hand, and nipping with relentless knees an imaginary horse, as if prepared to ride down the hapless Minister, "what would happen if the order to charge were given to the Yeomanry——?"

Here assistance came from unexpected quarter. SPEAKER interposed with remark that to ask the MINISTER FOR WAR what would happen if the Yeomanry were ordered to charge is a projection of imagination carried too far for the Question Hour.

House laughed; LANE-FOX sat down with his question not only unanswered but incomplete. Its effect nevertheless unmistakable and enduring. Through the long hours that followed, when Members were ostensibly discussing methods of ascertaining the original site value of land, or contemplating the contingency of decrement instead of increment, one could see the troubled look on pallid faces as lips silently formed the fateful question, "What would happen if the order to charge were given to the Yeomanry?"

Business done.—Commons still harping on Clause 2 of Budget Bill.

Tuesday.—Like the traditional British soldier of whom he is himself the best type, BOBS never knows when he is beaten. Since he laid down the arms of active service has devoted himself to crusade designed to bring about



"THEN 'ERE'S TO BOBS BAHADUR."

(Dedicated to the National Service League.)

Earl Roberts, K.G., sees the real enemies of his country (Generals von Sloth, von Slacking, and Rotten-Optimism) and, as ever, goes for them straight. (Alas, he discovers that the modern Englishman "will do anything in reason," but he won't learn to defend his home.)



"IF THE YEOMANRY WERE ORDERED TO CHARGE."

A Battle Picture.

(Mr. G. Lane-Fox, the "Caran d'Ache" Yeoman.)

universal Army service. Made several assaults on citadel of the Lords. Now, advancing with flags flying, drums beating, trumpets blaring, sits down before it in force. Or, as the Parliamentary reports put it, "Lord Roberts moved the second reading of the National Service Bill."

NORTHUMBERLAND submits resolution involving rejection of Bill. As his Grace stood behind Front Opposition Bench consulting manuscript on which his *jeux d'esprit* were written there was nothing in his bearing or personal appearance to suggest the PERCY whom DOUGLAS knew at Chevy Chase. On the contrary, rather suggestive, as SARK observed, of "the Waterloo House young man" known to another generation now grown into the sixties. Appearances notoriously deceptive. When in fine passage the Duke intimated his readiness, if necessary, to "see this fight out on his stumps," a wave of emotion ran through habitually icy audience.

This was last night. Debate resumed this afternoon in same conditions of crowded benches and thronged side galleries whence bright eyes, the owners gowned in daintiest summer frocks, rained influence. Affair admirably stage-managed. Whilst MILNER was on his legs expounding heroic views in halting sentences, Heaven's artillery suddenly brought into action. Peal after peal of thunder broke over startled town; through the open windows was heard the plash of battalions of torrential rain.

LANSDOWNE, in one of his masterly balanced speeches, damned the Bill with faint praise of motives of its supporters. By common consent honours of debate rest with MAYO. In carefully prepared address, which comprised slight *résumé* of Peninsula War that left much to be desired in NAPIER, he artfully led the listening senate up to Trafalgar. His intent, born and nurtured in the study, was to cite the date of the battle, let it come with a clash like the roar of a *Dreadnought* gun, and then sit down.

Turn which circumstances took unfortunately not only spoiled a well-designed plan, but prevented the House from knowing exactly how it would have worked out. That is a detail. What happened was that MAYO, having skilfully prepared the ground for his *coup*, remarked:

"As your lordships know, the battle of Trafalgar was fought in the year—er—in the year—er—er——"



DESCENDED FROM HOTSPUR.

D-ke of N-rth-mb-rl-nd. "Oh, my de-ar friends, do not let our de-ar brother Roberts draw you aside from the true path! Believe me, an armed camp is the haunt of the—ahem!—of Beelzebub, and no-o-o pla-a-ace for our de-ar sons!"

He had forgotten the date. Worst of it was that, looking helplessly round, he found no noble lord sitting near or far who was able to supply it.

"Well, my lords," said MAYO, brisking up, "for the purposes of my argument it does not matter in what year Trafalgar was fought."

Plucky this. But general impression remained that it was a trifle inadequate.



CELEBRITIES VERY MUCH AT HOME.

Mr. A. E. W. Mason takes the Finance Bill lying down.

Business done—Lord ROBERTS's Bill thrown out by 123 votes against 103.

House of Commons, Thursday.—Once upon a time a learned judge—was it Mr. Justice CHANNELL?—summing up a case, remarked that he "had a great mind to" take a certain course. In the index of the current *Law Reports* appears the line, "Mr. Justice Channell: his great mind."

The MEMBER FOR SARK, indexing to-day's Parliamentary Reports, writes the line—

"Mr. Speaker Lowther: his blank mind."

No suggestion of damnatory objurgation lurks in the phrase. It merely records the masterly attitude of ignorance assumed by the SPEAKER at a critical moment. During a sitting which commenced yesterday afternoon at 2.50, closing this morning a few minutes after 9, a noble earl took occasion to observe that a gentleman belonging to West Ham and the Labour Party was not in a condition usefully to take part in debate. The gentleman from West Ham, refraining from attempt to mince matters, retorted that the noble lord was a liar. Further, he indicated readiness to "ram the words down his throat." Declining to obey order from the Chair to withdraw the offensive term, the gentleman from West Ham was directed to withdraw himself. This he did, pausing at the Bar to invite the noble earl to walk out with him and "see if you are as sober as I am."

On resumption of sittings to-day, the SPEAKER was approached with request for advice on the matter. It was here that the right honourable gentleman's mind revealed its incorrigible blankness.

"I must," he said, "decline to admit any knowledge of what has occurred. The official report is not yet published. Reports in the newspapers may or may not be reliable. My mind is unaffected by any account I may have seen."

No getting over that. So the matter dropped for the time, and Clerk proceeded to read Orders of the Day.

Business done.—Education Vote in Committee of Supply.

"The bridesmaids wore dainty dresses of French or Organdy muslin with sun bonnets of the same trimmed with bunches of ribbon, and carried bouquets of shaded green peas to match."
Carlisle Journal.

This is the latest fashion. Economical bridegrooms will find one mangold-wurzel apiece comes even cheaper.



"SEEMS A BIT DRY, DON'T 'E? KEEPS ON DRINKIN' WATER."
"IT AIN'T BECOS' 'E'S *DRY* THAT 'E WANTS WATER—IT'S BECOS' 'E'S EATIN' 'IS OWN WORDS."

THE MAY-FLY.

THIS interesting creature is to be found in parts of Great Britain and in certain of the United States of America. Its favourite habitation, however, is the Pas-de-Calais, the natives there giving it the name of *Peut-être*.

By night it stays quietly within some place of shelter, appearing only for brief periods in the daytime. Its organism is a frail one, and easily gets out of order; but when it is in good health its movements—sometimes a swift progress along the ground, at others a graceful ascent into the air—are very interesting, and its glistening wings make it a thing of beauty. In the air its gambols are in the form of circular flights of several minutes' duration.

Though the May-fly exists on both sides of the Channel, curiously enough one has never been known to cross from one country to another up to the time of writing. The strong winds prevailing there may be the reason, for the May-fly is most sensitive to aerial disturbances other than a breeze of the right strength from the right quarter—a breeze that is very rare at this time of the year. Other kinds render it exceedingly shy and retiring.

The May-fly is very fond of newspapers, an affection which is warmly reciprocated.

Strong ambition and great courage, tempered by caution, are the chief characteristics of the creature. This last quality is apt to interfere with its plans; but, after all, the other qualities are in the majority, and are likely to prevail in the long fly.

From San Francisco comes the news that the police have in their possession a gentleman who has married ten widows and is engaged to fourteen more. This is carrying specialisation too far.

"Mayfair and Belgravia set the note which is followed, of course, afar off in every gentile suburb."—*Standard*.

This does *not* refer to Bayswater.

The following simple and explicit directions are posted up in a hotel on the Nordfjord:—

"The fire escape!
Direction for use:

The one end of the rope is to be fixed at the hook in the window frame, the other is to turn out of the window. The plaited snotter, which is fixed at the log of wood, is to be put under your arms, whereupon you may safely let yourself slide down. You may regulate the hurry by keeping the rope under the log. If more persons are to be saved, you have to pull up the contrary end of the rope, fix this at the hook and go on so till nobody is left."

"There are forty bed-rooms, with hot and cold water laid on, while one-half that delicate attention is lavished on the putting greens of the new course."—*Daily Graphic*

We are still in doubt as to which half of the delicate attention is lavished—whether the greens get forty bedrooms' worth of either hot or cold, or twenty bed-rooms' worth of both.

THE KELT.

THE youngest subaltern came in behind the tea-tray and asked me the usual first question before we had finished shaking hands.

"Do you fish?"

"Well, I *have*, you know," I admitted, "at bazaars—parcels with loops of string on them, and all that."

"Then you haven't heard about me?"

"I really couldn't say. I've done nothing but hear about people ever since I've been in Ireland, and everybody seems to be related to everybody else, either through the Quinns of Killy—what-is-it, or the Gores of Bally—something-or-other, so if you happen in some way to be a Gore or a Quinn, Mr. Smithson——"

The youngest subaltern sighed and helped himself to potato cake.

"I'm afraid not," he said; "but you can't think how I've enjoyed meeting someone who doesn't know all about me."

"You're not a Channel-swimmer, are you?" I asked hastily.

He shook his head.

"I have it then; you've been flying."

"I wish I had! You know a fellow, even in the Army, must have a hobby for his few spare moments. In the hunting season one could put in two or three days a week with the hounds, but now there's nothing to do but fish. I did think of a motor once, but the Budget came in and I took a fishing instead. I thought it would be cheaper, but I'm not so sure of it now. Well, I fished for a month—Sundays too—and, at last, I got a bite!"

His manner was full of suppressed tragedy, and from an uneasy movement of his tea-cup hand I saw that he would have liked to pull his moustache. I was glad he couldn't, for it was a mere seedling, and I implored him to go on.

"It was a great moment. You never felt such a beggar to pull—jerked the line like a young cart-horse. I got quite excited, and so did all the others."

"The other fish?"

"No, the other people. There were lots of them—couldn't say how many—jumping up and down, yelling 'Sure but the gentleman 's met a fish.' Seemed to come up out of rabbit holes and from behind bushes all over the place—like special correspondents. There was some red hair, and a squint, and a pair of patched trousers, I know; but I'm hanged if I could say whether the trousers and the squint went together, or whether the hair belonged to them or to another person who was tied together with straw bands and bits of rope."

"Gores or Quinns?" I murmured

"I think it was trousers who gaffed him, and I know it was the squint who squatted down beside him and said, 'Sorr, he 's a Kelt!'"

"Ireland for the Irish again!" I exclaimed indignantly. "I hope you told him that it didn't matter to you whether the fish was a Kelt or a Pan-Anglican?"

I meant to say "Syro-Phœnician," but the other word came more handy, and he didn't seem to notice anything.

He shook his head sadly.

"You 're supposed to put all Kelts back again into the river, it seems. Well, mine wasn't a very—er—Keltic Kelt, and it was my first fish, so I put it into my basket instead."

"What did the Gores say—I mean the natives?"

"They were very kind and tried to buck me up about it, but the man who has the opposite fishing came along, and he went dead against me. I suppose you haven't met him yet? I forget his name. Anyhow, he made money out of bacon. He 's one of your red-faced sportsmen, chock-a-block with conceit. Looks like a strutting turkey-cock!"

"Pride in his port, and all that?"

The youngest subaltern looked at me peevishly for a moment.

"I don't know about his cellar—never dined there myself; still, he 's full-blown—very. We had an interchange of compliments over the river—I 'm rather glad, now I come to think of it, that the river was there. Had the cheek to ask me if I'd ever hooked a salmon before. As a matter of fact I hadn't, or I shouldn't have been so keen on keeping that fish—so I left him bellowing on the bank. Jones and Batherson were the only fellows in the mess when I got back to barracks, and neither of them knows a Jock Scott from a—a——. Well, I was just telling them how it feels to have a real beauty like that on the end of your line, when into the barrack yard comes the Colonel's motor. He never does anything himself, you know; he 's a slummocker!"

"Esperanto?" I asked faintly—it sounded bad.

"'Tommy' for a lounger. He trots into the mess, and the first thing he says is, 'Hello, Smithson, Mr. Hanrahan (*that* 's the bacon man's name) tells me you killed a Kelt this afternoon. If that's true, I wish you boys would be more careful; I won't have this known as the Cockney Brigade! Most unsportsmanlike!' And that 's the sort of thing that has gone on ever since. I've given up fishing. If I go down to my stretch of river, old Hanrahan comes up and asks me how many Kelts I 've got. Never even talk of fishing now, but everybody knows. Wherever I go I hear someone saying, 'That 's the man who took a Kelt!' Prettiest girl in the county, barring her mouth, keen on fishing too, wouldn't even look at me at the Regimental Ball."

"Well," I said, rising, "it 's a nasty proverb to mention under the circumstances, but aren't there as many good fish in the sea as ever came out?"

"Oh, rather," he assented; "and, I say, I have enjoyed your talking to me, you know!"

ANOTHER NAVAL CRISIS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have got myself into trouble, trouble with a charge of gunpowder at the end of it. Laugh away, *Mr. Punch*! Laugh away, and do not stop laughing just because I add that you have got yourself into the same trouble, too.

You remember, though you may have tried to forget, a jolly little poem of mine about one Geoffrey Lovatt. It appeared in your issue of July 7, and dealt courageously with that gentleman's high collars and want of manhood, marking the subjection in which his wife held him. I have had it out with the wife, my own dear sister, and referred her to the *Punch* office, telling her that *Mr. Punch* is responsible by the etiquette of journalism, and that he 's an excellent target by the grace of nature. Take my advice, *Mr. Punch*, and be out for some years, because she is of a persevering character and uncompanionable in her off moods.

It does not, however, end there, for there is this Geoffrey Lovatt to be reckoned with. It happens that he is a sailor, who, instead of sailing, boosts about the home waters in a nasty submarine, carrying with him two thoroughly unscrupulous torpedoes and a lot of warlike enthusiasm. It also happens that there is to be a naval review in the Thames, and this G. L. informs me darkly that he will be lying off Temple Pier with his little thingummy, ready to settle accounts.

You in Bouverie Street and I in the Temple are, I feel, much too accessible. What shall we do? Shall we allow the heart of the literary and legal world to be blown nowhere, merely withdrawing our two valuable selves inland before the catastrophe? Or shall we take our chances? There is this about it, that in order to fire upon us he will have to get the bows of his submarine well out of water, even on to the Embankment. He is an ingenious fellow and may manage that, but, if he does, you and I can always summons him for riding on the footpath.

That is our only hope, as far as I can see. You may have rather a taste for being in more than two places at once, but personally I strongly disapprove of being spread over London. So I say now—and when I say a thing I mean it—that, if this Geoffrey Lovatt persists in his idea and blows me up, I shall never speak to him again.

Your indignant CONTRIBUTOR.

THE PICTURE COLLECTOR'S GUIDE.

THE huge totals realised at certain of the season's sales at CHRISTIE'S are not unnaturally turning the thoughts of struggle for-lifers towards art virtuosity as a means of livelihood if not wealth.

A few hints to parents who are thinking of making their sons successful collectors may not be out of place.

To those lacking capital the important thing at the outset is to pick up a real treasure for nothing and sell it advantageously. It is the first step that counts. To do this one should haunt the miscellaneous sale rooms, where many an Old Master has been discovered in job lots among carpets, safes and feather-beds. Everything that is old and grimy was not necessarily painted by MURILLO or REMBRANDT, RAPHAEL or TITIAN, but all might have been. Remember that.

Remember that beneath the top picture may always be another. If you buy a genuine Rembrandt and, on scraping it, find a portrait of WELLINGTON, stop scraping at once.

Cultivate your voice. Many masterpieces have been picked up for a mere song, and it would be dreadful to have no mere singing power when one was offered to you. Cram your repertory with mere songs.

Be wary. Remember that COROT painted nearly everything except the canvases that bear his name.

When purchasing of a dealer always look at the back of the picture first: it inspires respect, and puts him off from trying on his little games.

Bear in mind that a dealer's a dealer for a' that. He may wear clothes like yourself and talk like you, and sustain life in more or less the same way, but none the less he is a dealer.

Visit the National Gallery and learn how the great artists painted. This will make you the less likely to buy every Rembrandt that is offered to you. Study the difference between the styles of PERUGINO and CROME.

Keep a photograph of the Holbein Duchess on your wall. Let that be your star. Some day, say to yourself, I too will sell a picture to the nation.



Distressed Mother (to little boy with a bad cold). "JIMMY DARLING, YOU REALLY MUSN'T SNEEZE LIKE THAT!" *Jimmy.* "I DON'T SNEEZE, MUMMY; IT SNEEZES ME!"

THE CATS' PAGEANT.

THE Dogs' Pageant having been arranged for, the Cats' is now under consideration. Mr. LOUIS N. BARKER having no special leaning towards this spectacle, it is in the hands of his neighbour at Kensington, Mr. TOMS. Among the patrons are the PERSIAN AMBASSADOR, Mdlle. JANOTHA, Mr. Milkie Bard, and the Mayor of Cowes.

The first Tableau (to be spelled tabbyleau in honour of the occasion) will represent the origin of the cat. According to the old legend there was for a while no cat, nor was it missed. But after a while the earth became more populous and there were no longer as many men as women, and an old maid appeared; so the first cat was evolved to keep her company. As in the case of the dog the other animals contributed to her devising, the tiger giving a miniature of itself as a model. The leopard gave litheness, and the panther its spring, the fox cunning and the dormouse sleepiness, the giraffe disdain and the seamew its second syllable. Thus was the cat made.

Tabbyleau II. Prehistoric competition to find a name for the new creature. After many thousands of coupons have been filled in the prize goes to the reader who suggested C.A.T.

Tabbyleau III. (Very magnificent and educational.) A procession of kings, from David to George III., at whom cats have looked.

Tabbyleau IV. Historic cats. NOAH, as before, with two. Odin's cat. GRAY'S cat. The Kilkenny cats. Dame Wiggins of Lee's cats. The Brown cat (with thanks). Charley's Aunt, with cat laughing.

Tabbyleau V. (Very popular.) A procession of all the living "principal boys" who have played *Dick Whittington*, each with his cat. Cameras not permitted except to representatives of the weekly illustrated papers.

Final Tabbyleau. (Very controversial.) Votes for cats.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

HOWEVER kindly I may feel disposed to Miss DOROTHEA CONYERS, I am bound to believe that she wrote all the tales published under her name in *The Conversion of Con Cregan, and other Stories* (HUTCHINSON). On the other hand I am not bound to accept the numerous laudatory statements on the outside pages as admissible evidence on her behalf. Sitting as judge, I feel inclined to pass a severe sentence of very penal servitude upon her for her plots and to award her a gold medal and a birthday honour for her atmospheres. She frivols without purpose in Ireland among hunters and racers, Pats and "asthores," and is natural and charming. She busies herself seriously in England with lost wills, compromised *débutantes* and impossible barristers, and is conventional and horrid. At her worst she takes pages to solve childish mysteries, which I, who have never before known the joy even of suspecting the guilty party, saw through at once. At her best she gets plenty of delightful fun out of the schemes and loves (but mostly the sport) of thoroughly Irish Irishmen. Wherefore this Court directs the public to read *The Conversion of Con Cregan* and most of the other stories, but binds Miss CONYERS over to keep the peace and on no account ever again to have anything to do with plots.

I understand that Mr. ARTHUR APPLIN originally published *The Stage Door* (WHITE) as a serial in the morning journal with the second largest net sale—a fact which, rightly considered, explains much. *David Gellion* was a starving dramatist, who sold his masterpiece to one *Hershman*, a manager of the deepest dye. But when the play was produced it was badly cast and was a failure; whereupon *Gellion* sought out *Hershman* in the managerial office, and smote him so that he fell into the fender and expired. After which he himself jumped into the Thames. You may think that this ends the book. Not a bit of it. We are now introduced to *Sir James Fitzwater*, an opulent member of the Hershman Syndicate, who, seeing that what has taken place is really a first-class advertisement for the piece, promptly revives it, with the dramatist's widow as leading lady. Of course, the thing is a howling success, and subsequently *Biddy*, the heroine, arranges to marry *Fitzwater* on condition that he produces all her late husband's plays. The arrangement is a little difficult to follow, and is complicated by the reappearance of *Gellion*, who was only washed down the river as far (apparently) as Germany, whence he returns, under an alias, with a black beard and an entirely new and original musical comedy. Subsequently he rescues *Fitzwater* from a conflagration and gets his false beard burned, and so dies, this time in his proper person. The other characters, one supposes, live happy ever after. Of them, I much prefer the fascinating *Biddy*, especially when she uses her influence over *Fitzwater* to make him abolish cloak-room fees and provide drinkable whisky in the theatre bars. So few heroines think of these things.



THE MODERN BOOK-STALL BOY.

"I CAN CONFIDENTLY RECOMMEND THIS NEW NOVEL BY THE WELL-KNOWN AUTHOR OF 'A PINK-FACED DEVIL.' IT DEALS VERY SUBTLY WITH THE SEX PROBLEM, AND IS A MASTERPIECE OF LITERARY STYLE."

To insist upon the defects of a book when one finds oneself in sympathy with its motives is an ungracious task. Let me say at once, then (and have done with grumbling), that HUGH S. WALPOLE'S *The Wooden Horse* (SMITH, ELDER) is not without incongruities, and that the humour of title is too arbitrary to be amusing. To those, however, who detest snobbery and abhor rigid conventionality this history of the *Trojan* family will make an instant appeal. Upon his return to Cornwall after an absence of twenty years *Harry Trojan* found that his son, *Robin*, was a martyr to good form. The *Trojan* rule was to know the right people, to be meticulously correct in speech and manner, and to remain aloof and aloft. Brought up in this numbing creed by his *Aunt Clare*, *Robin* was afraid either to show the smallest enthusiasm or to be in the least sentimental, and his father—in full revolt against *Trojan* traditions—determined to make a man of him and to win his love. A battle royal between *Harry* and *Clare Trojan* followed, and although in the struggle it is impossible to be on *Miss Trojan's* side the pathos of her position is revealed so clearly that it is equally impossible not to be sorry for her. Mr. WALPOLE is warmly to be praised for the clear perception he has of Cornish life, and for drawing attention to the vandals who—marching under the banner of progress—wish to change beautiful villages into band-swept watering-places.

The chief trouble with *Mr. Opp*, who gives his name to a new novel (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) by ALICE HEGAN RICE, author of *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*, was that nature designed him for a philanthropist and unkind circumstances turned him into a combination of commercial traveller and newspaper editor. Neither his store for the sale of shoes (this was *Mr. Opp's* particular line of dry goods) nor his paper, *The Opp Eagle*, attained the measure of success which his virtues deserved. And, since his courtship also missed the mark, *Mr. Opp* cannot truthfully be said to have made what they call over there "a good thing" of his life. But while the author debases him in every worldly way—and an American who fails in business is debased indeed—she contrives to create in him a type of unselfish goodness which should have a wide appeal. "Pity," says CHAUCER, "runneth soon in gentle heart," and, since all readers are "gentle," *Mr. Opp* is sure of abundant sympathy for his misfortunes and self-sacrifice.

"Amazon parrot.—Having holidays; take 30s. or £3."—*Glasgow Herald*.
We had no idea a parrot's holidays took as much as that.

CHARIVARIA.

A REPRESENTATIVE of *The Express* has been interviewing M. CLEMENCEAU. "The Ministry," said the ex-Premier, "was not overthrown on a question of politics, but on a personal question. I will put it differently"—and, says our contemporary, *M. Clemenceau moved his hat to the side of his head, as he invariably does when he is going to be witty out-of-doors.* "The Ministry was not overthrown at all. I was." If only all our friends would assist us like this when they are about to make a joke, what a help it would be.

* * *

The ruling passion! While taking a brief week-end holiday at Brighton Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE amused himself by throwing money from the pier to the ragamuffins below.

* * *

Conservative associations are issuing numerous placards bearing the words:—

REGISTER, REGISTER, REGISTER!

It cannot be too clearly understood that these reminders are addressed to Conservatives only, and any Liberal taking advantage of them is no gentleman.

* * *

While the royal train conveying the Austrian CROWN PRINCE and his suite from Roumania was passing the frontier town of Toenoes last week, four shots were fired by some unknown person. A local landowner has been arrested. He has not improved his case by stating that he was merely shooting bears.

It is rumoured that a wealthy American has made an offer for the L. C. C. steamboat *Shakspeare* with a view to presenting her to the museum at Stratford-on-Avon.

* * *

There is talk of a decline in the extravagance of female dress. It is to be hoped that this desirable movement will spread, so that even if a husband be legally entitled to his wife's clothes necessity will not compel him to wear them, but he will be able to afford some of his own choice.

* * *

As the result of his investigations at St. Mary's Hospital, Dr. DISTASO has expressed the opinion that "Every child should have its large intestine and its appendix removed when it is two or three years old." The suggestion, we hear, has been received very badly in juvenile circles, and arrangements are being made for thousands of protesting youngsters to march at an early date to Kensington Gardens with banners bearing the inscription, "What we have we'll hold!"

* * *

During the next few weeks, we are told, there will be showers of meteors. We are not surprised that the stock of rain should be giving out.

* * *

The Carnarvonshire Education Authority has decided to give cookery lessons to the boys in the Llandudno district. This is sheer panic. We do not believe that the day will ever come when the three great divisions of this country—Men, Women and Suffragettes—will be reduced to two by the elimination of the women.

* * *

We cannot help thinking that the ideal Channeler has yet to make his appearance. What is required is a combination of Mr. LATHAM and Mr. HOLBEIN. One half could always do the piece that the other half left undone.

* * *

When charged at the Thames Police Court, last week, with using bad language, a lady bearing a Scotch name declared that she was only speaking Gaelic. The magistrate, however, held it to be Gaolic.



STUDY OF A "TRIANGULAR" TEST MATCH.

HORSE FLIES

is the sensational announcement in the list of contents of a Natural History contemporary. The feat, however, is scarcely a novelty. Pegasus, if we remember rightly, did it some years ago.

Mince or Wince?

It is reported that, owing to a terminological inexactitude, Lord LANSDOWNE spoke the other day of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL as Mr. MINSTON CHURCHILL.

"'Quick march' boomed down the line, like a vastly magnified echo came the crash of a drum, the band broke into a tumultuous melody, the station gates swung back and the great cavalcade marched out into the sunlight."—*Evening News.*

So there *are* such things as Horse Marines after all.

THE NEW RESISTANCE.

[A novel form of opposition is threatened on the part of mutinous wives. The development is due to the success of certain Suffragettes who, after being admitted to gaol of their own heroic choice, have contrived by dint of fasting to prevail on Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE to let them out.]

No, Frederica, no; I may have knuckled
Under, at times, to woman's soft appeal,
But now I have my armour on and buckled;
Tears cannot melt that tegument of steel;
That which I've said I've said:
"You *shall not* wear a bee-hive on your head!"

I have allowed you loosely to conduct your
Home-life according to your lack of taste,
But to permit this pestilential structure
Would be to have my dignity displaced;
Frankly I draw the line
At such a hat on any wife of mine.

When we exchanged our pledges at the altar
You undertook to honour and obey;
And though, ere now, I have been known to palter
With manhood's rights, this time I'll have my way;
I lay the law down flat,
Saying, "You *shall not* wear a thing like that."

Nor would it shake my purpose should you follow
The lead of Suffragettes that live on air,
Refusing, out of cussedness, to swallow
Your salutary meals. I shouldn't care
Two paltry jots or tittles
What attitude you took about your victuals.

You might adopt a course of strict starvation,
But you would never break my manly pride;
You might arrest the fount of sustentation
Till you were just a bag of bones and hide,
But that would not disturb
A man of stouter stuff than GLADSTONE (HERB.).

Believe me, I am anything but brutal;
I take no pleasure in a hollow cheek;
I could not get my heart to hum or tootle
If you were slowly waning week by week;
But here I must be firm,
Or I should show no better than a worm.

And, if you stuck to it and went on sinking
Until you failed to draw another breath,
Your widower would console himself with thinking
That there are tragedies far worse than death:
Dishonour may be reckoned
The first of such, and your bee-hat the second.

O. S.

Welsh Punctilio.

From the official directions for the "National Pageant of Wales":—

"Performers must make a point of being on the ground three-quarters of an hour before the time appointed for their entrance. Provided that they do this, they need not put in an earlier appearance."

We have worked this out and find that if you turn up half-an-hour before the time, you have to put in a much earlier appearance. So the best plan is to come earlier, because then you can come later.

Our Weekly Home Hint—No. 39.

"The easiest way to clean a cereal cooker is to turn it upside down in a pan of white flannel laid with the soft side on the inside and quilted on the machine; edge with a binding of white tape."—*Oxford Times.*

CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME;

OR, LITTLE ARTHUR'S ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.

(*Little Arthur, aged* 12; *Papa, aged* 48.)

Little Arthur. Papa, do you know what Miss MacBrayne told me this morning?

Papa. No, my boy; what was it?

L. A. She said you were going to be a Member of Parliament soon, and I must work very hard so as to fit myself to be the son of so distinguished a father.

Papa. Oh, she said that, did she? Well, we never can tell, Arthur. Stranger things have happened. You'd like that, wouldn't you?

L. A. Oh, yes, Papa. If it pleases you, I'm sure it ought to please me; and Mamma will be glad, too, won't she?

Papa. Yes, I daresay she'll be glad enough.

L. A. Then is it true, Papa?

Papa. Well, you see, the Earl of Cookham has just died, and so Lord Taplow succeeds to the Earldom, and we're left without a candidate.

L. A. Does that mean that *you* must be a candidate, Papa?

Papa. Oh, well, not exactly that; but there's some talk about it. Anyhow, we shall see.

L. A. Yes, Papa, I suppose so. But shall you *really* like it, Papa?

Papa. Why do you ask?

L. A. Because you said the other day, Papa, that it was a dog's life, and you wondered any decent man could lower himself to such a thing. You said it to Mr. Schmitz, Papa, and he said "dere vill always be plenty dogs to shnap it up."

Papa. I can't have you imitating Mr. Schmitz like that. It's most disrespectful.

L. A. I'm sorry, Papa, but I thought if I said it like him you'd remember it better. Then you said that for your own part you wouldn't touch it with a barge-pole, and Mr. Schmitz said, "I tink"—I beg your pardon, Papa—he said, "I think you would touch it mit bose"—I mean "with both hands." That's what he said, Papa.

Papa. Well, he's a German, and he doesn't know everything, especially about Englishmen.

L. A. No, Papa, but he's right this time, isn't he? You would take it, wouldn't you?

Papa. Isn't it your tea-time?

L. A. Not yet, Papa. Miss MacBrayne has promised to stamp on the floor three times when tea's ready.

Papa. Well, I wish she'd stamp quickly.

L. A. So do I, Papa, because I'm rather hungry. But, Papa!

Papa. Yes, what is it?

L. A. I really think it *will* be nice for you to be a Member of Parliament.

Papa. Do you? That's very good of you. But why do you think it will be so particularly nice? What's it going to do for *you?*

L. A. I didn't mean that it would be nice for me; because I shall have to work so hard to fit myself to be your son——

Papa. Well, you'll be my son anyhow.

L. A. Thank you, Papa; but I meant it would be particularly nice for *you.*

Papa. Why?

L. A. Because you hate taxes so, Papa.

Papa. Well, upon my word! What's that got to do with it?

L. A. I thought, Papa, that if you were a Member of Parliament you would be able to vote against all the taxes. You said in your speech on Wednesday (*takes newspaper cutting from his pocket and reads*): "I consider it to be a



THE ALL-NIGHTMARE.

"STILL IT CRIED 'SLEEP NO MORE!' TO ALL THE HOUSE."—*Macbeth*, Act II., Scene 2.



Dear Old Lady. "WOULD YOU KINDLY TELL ME THE NUMBER OF THAT PICTURE?" *Total Stranger.* "TWO THOUSAND AND FORTY-SIX."
D. O. L. "IS IT A SEA VIEW?" *T. S.* "NO, IT 'S A CAVALRY CHARGE."
D. O. L. "OH! THANK YOU VERY MUCH INDEED. YOU SEE, I 'VE JUST COME FROM THE OCULIST, AND I PROMISED HIM I WOULDN'T USE MY EYES!"

patriotic duty to vote against these taxation proposals. They are nothing better than plunder and confiscation, and their effect can only be to cripple industry and lower this country in the scale of nations." I cut it out of the *Gazetteer*, Papa.

Papa. Ah, but I was speaking about the taxes proposed by this rascally Government.

L. A. Yes, Papa, but if our side came in they would vote against all taxes, wouldn't they? And so we shouldn't have any taxes at all, should we?

Papa. And how do you think the country 's going to be carried on?

L. A. I don't know, Papa; I 'm trying to learn. Do taxes carry the country on?

Papa. Well, we 've got to pay for the Army and the Navy somehow, and there are lots of other things.

L. A. Oh, I see, Papa. But you want the army to be bigger, don't you?

Papa. Yes, certainly. Every young man ought to be made to serve in the Army in some way.

L. A. Yes, Papa, and you want many more ships in the Navy. You said so in the same speech.

Papa. Quite true, and I stand by it. The safety of the country requires it.

L. A. Yes, you said that too, Papa. But then won't the Army and the Navy cost more? And if they cost more won't there be more taxes?

Papa. I daresay.

L. A. But then our side couldn't do away with the taxes, could they?

Papa. We should propose different ones—distribute the burden more fairly.

L. A. But if they did that, Papa, would *you* have to pay less?

Papa. I should hope so.

L. A. But then, wouldn't somebody else have to pay much more?

Papa. Probably.

L. A. But he wouldn't like that, would he? And, Papa?

Papa. Well?

L. A. If taxes pay for the Army and Navy, you ought to like being taxed, oughtn't you? Because you like the Army and the Navy, don't you?

Papa. Now look here, you 're much too young to understand these things. You 're only muddling your brains by asking questions about them.

L. A. Yes, Papa, I 'm afraid I am. But I did think, as you hated taxes, you 'd vote against them if you were a Member, and so—— [*Three stamps are heard on the floor above.*

Papa. There 's tea. Run away quick.

THE RABBITS.

CHAPTER VI.—IN AND OUT.

"WELL," said Thomas, "how are we going to celebrate the joyful event?"

We were sitting on the lawn watching Blair and Miss Fortescue play croquet. Archie and Dahlia were not with us; they had (I suppose) private matters to discuss. Our match did not begin for another hour, happily for the lovers; and also for the croquet-players, who had about fifty-six more hoops, posts, flags and what not to negotiate.

"It 's awfully difficult to realise it," said Myra. "My own brother! Just fancy—I can hardly believe it."

"I don't think there can be any doubt," I said. "Something 's happened to him anyhow—he 's promised to put me in first to-day."

"Let 's have a dance to-morrow night," continued Thomas, relentlessly pursuing his original idea. "And we 'll all dance with Miss Blair."

"Yes, Archie would like that."

"I remember some years ago when I was in Spain," said Simpson——

"This," I murmured appreciatively, "is how all the best stories begin." And I settled myself more comfortably in my chair.

"No," said Simpson, "I'm wrong there. It was in Hampstead." And he returned to his meditations.

"Tell you what," said Thomas, "you ought to write 'em an ode, Simpson."

"There 's nothing that rhymes with the lady."

"There 's hair," I said, quite unintentionally.

"I meant with Dahlia."

"My dear man, there are heaps. Why there 's azalea."

"That 's only one."

"Well, there are lots of different kinds of azalea."

"Any rhymes for Archie and Mannering?" said Simpson, scornfully.

"Certainly. And Simpson. You might end with him—

'Forgive the way the metre limps on,
It 's always like that with Samuel Simpson.'

You get the idea?"

"Hush," said Myra, "Miss Fortescue has passed under a hoop."

But it is time that we got on to my innings. Archie managed to win the toss, and, as he had promised, took me in with him. It was the proudest and most nervous moment of my life.

"I've never been in first before," I said, as we walked to the wickets. "Is there any little etiquette to observe?"

"Oh rather. Especially if you 're going to take first ball."

"Oh, there 's no doubt about my taking the first ball."

"In that case the thing to remember is that when the umpire calls 'play' the side refusing to play loses the match."

"Then it all rests on me? Your confidence in me must be immense. I think I shall probably consent to play."

I obtained guard and took my stand at the wicket. Most cricketers nowadays, I am told, adopt the "two-eyed stance," but for myself I still stick to the good old two-legged one. It seems to me to be less wearing. My style, I should observe, blends happily the dash of a JOSEPH VINE with the patience of a KENNETH HUTCHINGS; and after a long innings I find a glass of ——, I've forgotten the name of it now, but I know I find it very refreshing.

Being the hero (you will admit that—after my hat trick?) of this true story, I feel I must describe my innings carefully. Though it only totalled seventeen, there was this to be said for it. It is the only innings of seventeen ever made by a hero.

It began with a cut to square-leg, for which we ran a forced single, and followed on with a brace of ones in the direction of fine slip. After that I stopped the bowler in the middle of his run-up, and signalled to a spectator to move away from the screen. This was a put-up job with Myra, and I rather hoped they would give me something for it, but apparently they didn't. At the end of the over I went up and talked to Archie. In first-class cricket the batsmen often do this, and it impresses the spectators immensely.

I said, "I bet you a shilling I 'm out next over."

He said, "I won't take you."

I said, "Then I huff you," and went back to my crease.

My next scoring-stroke was a two-eyed hook over point's head, and then Archie hit three fours running. I had another short conversation with him, in the course of which I recited two lines of SHAKSPEARE, and asked him a small but pointed conundrum, and afterwards I placed the ball cleverly to mid-off, the agility of the fieldsman, however, preventing any increment, unearned or otherwise. Finally I gave my cap to the umpire, made some more ones, changed my bat, and was caught at the wicket.

"I hit it," I said, as I walked away. I said it to nobody in particular, but the umpire refused to alter his decision.

"I congratulate you," said Miss Blair, when I was sitting down again.

"I was just going to do that to you," I said.

"Oh, but you were kind enough to do that last night."

"Ah, this is extra. I've just been batting out there with your young man. Perhaps you noticed?"

"Well, I think I must have."

"Yes. Well, I wanted to tell you that I think he has quite an idea of the game, and that with more experience he would probably be good enough to play for—for Surrey . . . . Second eleven. Yes. At hockey."

"Thank you so much. You 've known him a long time, haven't you?"

"We were babes together, Madam. At least, simultaneously. We actually met at school. He had blue eyes and curly hair, and fought the captain on the very first day. On the second day his hair was still curly, but he had black eyes. On the third day he got into the cricket eleven, and on the fourth he was given his footer cap. Afterwards he sang in the choir, and won the competition for graceful diving. It was not until his second term that the Headmaster really began to confide in him. . . . By the way, is this the sort of thing you want?"

"Yes," smiled Dahlia. "Something like that."

"Well, then we went to Cambridge together. He never did much work, but his algebra paper in the Little-Go was so brilliant that they offered him the Senior Wranglership. He refused on the ground that it might interfere with his training for the Tug of War, for which he had just obtained his Blue, and—— It's a great strain making all this up. Do you mind if I stop now?"

"Of course I know that isn't all true, but he *is* like that, isn't he?"

"He is. He put me in first to-day."

"I know you really are fond of him."

"Lorblessyou—yes."

"That makes you my friend, too."

"Of course." I patted her hand. "That reminds me—*as* a friend I feel bound to warn you that there is a person about in the neighbourhood called Samuel Simpson who meditates an evil design upon you and yours. In short, a poem. In this he will liken you to the azalea, which I take to be a kind of shrubby plant."

"Yes?"

"Yes, well, all I want to say is, if he comes round with the hat afterwards don't put anything in."

"Poor man," smiled Dahlia. "That 's his living, isn't it?"

"Yes. That 's why I say don't put anything in."

"I see. Oh, there—he 's out. Poor Archie."

"Are you very sorry?" I said, smiling at her. "I 'm just going, you know."

"Between ourselves," I said later to Myra, "that isn't at all a bad girl."

"Oh, fancy!"

"But I didn't come to talk about her—I came to talk about my seventeen."

"Yes, do let's."

"Yes. Er—you begin." A. A. M.

THE SLAVES OF KICK-BALL.

[The following extract—of interest to all British Sportsmen who have observed the attitude of the Football Association towards the Players' Union—is taken from an entertaining pamphlet, "Slavery Amongst Foreign Devils," issued by the Society of the Pink Dragon, the leading Chinese Anti-Slavery Society. It follows immediately a paragraph concerning the slaves who are subject to a feminine demon named "Mrs. Grundy," and it precedes an eloquent denunciation of the injustices practised by the mandarins of the Inland Revenue.]

"AND in this strange land of foreign devils wondrous things happen. For, driven by madness and poverty, certain poor hirelings place themselves in an enclosure before countless howling demons and are set to kick one another and also a ball. And behold when one body of these poor hirelings kick ball between certain sticks one-half of the surrounding demons throw their head covering in the air and behave in unseemly fashion. And when other hirelings kick ball through other posts more demons do the like. And at other times all the demons join together and tear asunder that hireling who is the spiritual director of the kick-ball and plays religious music on a small instrument.

"Now all these ignorant white demons bow down and worship a strange joss which is known as the Football Ass, and they acknowledge its rule and tremble. For the Football Ass fixes the pay of the hirelings and says, 'No slave who kicks ball shall receive more than four large pieces of gold in one quarter moon.'

"And if a kick-ball hireling asks for more then he is deprived of his wage for ever. And if a master demon offers his slave more and he taketh it—as is in the nature of man to do—then it is decreed that the slave shall receive no more money and shall no longer work at kick-ball, and that the master shall conduct kick-ball no more.

"And if a miserable slave desireth to kick ball fo ranother demon then must he bow to the Football Ass and beseech it humbly, saying, 'Let thy contemptible servant go hither or thither.' Then if the slave be impotent or of little value the Football Ass answers, 'Go where thou wilt.' But if he have good health and feet of lightning and a head as of iron, then the Football Ass answers angrily, 'Let him cleave to his master—or otherwise let him be deprived of subsistence.'

"And when the workers at kick-ball joined together and said, 'Shall we still bow down to this beast which is but an Ass?' then the Ass brayed with fear and said, 'Let all kick-ballers be deprived of their living. It is better that they should starve and that there should be no more work at kick-ball than that the worship of the Football Ass should cease.'

"Yet these strange foreign devils cried out and made much stir when certain just and honourable wearers of pig-tails were hired fairly to do necessary work in the mines of the land of the Jews."



OUR YOUNG HYGIENISTS.

Lady (presiding over refreshment tent). "WELL, DEAR, WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE?"
Harold. "A LITTLE BOILED WATER, PLEASE."

More Truth from the Schoolroom.

Story of the Merchant of Venice.

"There was a rich Jew living at Venice and his was Shylock and he married a wealthy woman named Portia and Shylock had a son named Antonio and Shylock wanted to take a pound of flesh out of Antonio so Shylock had the knife ready and just as he was going to cut the flesh Shylock heard that Antonio's ships had been found by Portia so Portia saved the life of Antonio Shylock knew if he had done it he would have to have shed blood. And the merchant of Venice is sometimes known as the Comedy of Errors or as we should say the merry wives of Windsor and while Shakespear was writing the Merchant of Venice Bassanio and Lorenzo were sitting by each of him Shakespear was only a poor lad born on Stratford-on-Avon and then he made his way to London writing Poets and one day in the year 1610 he heard the noisy theatres in London."

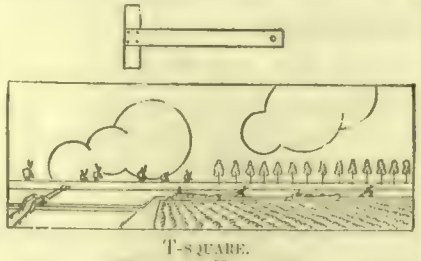
THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

FIRST AID TO AMATEUR ARTISTS.

USEFUL as the picture-postcard and the camera undoubtedly are in assisting the traveller to memorise his vacation rambles, they do not of course compare with the sketch, the personal record of the scene. The shop at which the picture-postcard is purchased—even the pretty girl who sells it to us—how soon we forget them! The circumstances of the pressing of the button of the camera—how fugitive they are! But, on the other hand, how enduring are the memories of the pictures we painted or drew—the harvesters that ate us as we worked, the villagers that looked on, the cow that breathed down our backs, the cold we caught, the chill we contracted! These abide. Hence a lasting vividness in our minds that marks out sketching as the ideal record.

Everyone, however, cannot sketch. Gifts and talents are distributed by Nature with a thoughtlessness that is not to be excused, and hence it is that the most horrible and hairy men can play the piano best, and artists can paint while gentlemen cannot. This, of course, is wrong, but none the less it must be faced. How, then, is one to sketch if he has no aptitude? The answer is that the ingenuity of man must provide him with the power.

Different countries, it will be noticed, have different characteristics, strongly pronounced. Holland, for example, is flat; Switzerland is lumpy. Flatness calls for straight lines; lumpiness for curves. A special T-square has therefore been prepared for sketchers in Holland to form the groundwork—the natural genius—of the country, upon which even the veriest tyro can indicate sufficient life to convince his friends that he has been there; and surely that is the end of most travel? The accompanying illustrations show what can be



T-SQUARE.
SCENE IN HOLLAND.

done with the addition of a pair of compasses (or a selection of coins) for clouds. The trees, the mills and the tulips any one can add.

If, however, the trees are felt to be too difficult, it should be known that Messrs. Eton and Poppin now have on sale a series of zinc stencils, in varying sizes, of no fewer than fifty trees, ranging from the oak to the araucaria, and one has merely to pencil them in where required according to scale, and then either colour or leave blank. By seeing them invariably against the setting sun the necessity for colour (always a delicate and tricky business) is obviated.

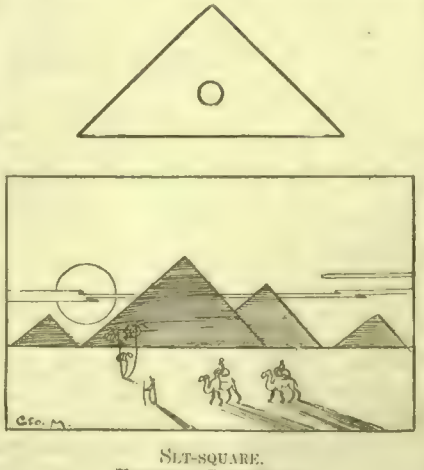
Turning to Switzerland, which is lumpy, we find that extremely convincing results can be obtained by using one of the ordinary wooden curves that are to be found in all well-furnished boxes of compasses. With a little adaptation and twisting, the Alps can be completely mastered—as in the



CURVES.
SCENE IN SWITZERLAND.

subjoined illustration. The addition of châlets and firs is a detail. If, however, cows are wanted Messrs. Eton and Poppin sell stencils of these also, and indeed of all the animals to which the sketcher is liable—from the smallest size to life-size.

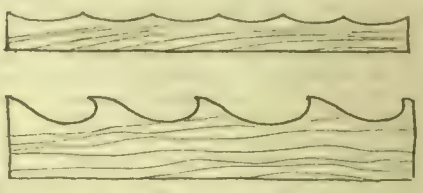
Another favourite country for the tourist and amateur artist is Egypt, which is, as a moment's thought will tell, the land of the Pyramids. Here, then, all is simple, for with an ordinary set-square the tombs of the Pharaohs are yours—as our picture indicates.



SET-SQUARE.
EGYPTIAN LANDSCAPE.

Care must, however, be taken to remember to omit the hole in the middle.

For those who are minded to sketch from the deck on the voyage out the same firm puts up an excellent series of "Britannias," or wave-rulers, for every kind of sea. The two that are illustrated



WAVE-CURVES:
(1) SLIGHT BREEZE.
(2) FRESH BREEZE.

belong to comparatively quiet weather; but storms are catered for also.

Finally it should be pointed out, for the benefit of those who wish their sketches to serve not only as *memoria technica* but also as ornaments and objects of admiration to their friends, and to be worthy of gilt frames, that Messrs. Eton and Poppin not only undertake to furnish crude designs, but also supply beautifully coloured scenes, or rather scenarios, of every variety, for every country, upon which the tourist may do as little work as need be before adding the name of the place and the date and the signature.

That is one way. For those who find the finishing of a picture irksome and difficult the firm comes to the rescue with a competent staff of accomplished artists, who undertake this mechanical part of the work for a small fee. The unfinished drawing should be accompanied by notes, written or drawn, by picture-postcards or extracts from guide-books, to assist these useful allies in completing the pictures faithfully. The original sketcher then appends his signature, and the picture is ready for its frame and the plaudits of his acquaintance.

The New Liberal Humorist.

[Selections from a series of remarks made to a *Daily Chronicle* reporter by Mr. O. PARTINGTON, M.P., after the result of the High Peak by-election had been announced.]

I.

"Even the duty on tobacco and spirits was regarded by the working-man (of the High Peak), not in the light of a hardship, but as a privilege when it was pointed out to them what it was for."

II.

"I shall not forget to inform the PRIME MINISTER that the High Peak is true to Liberalism."

Mr. Punch hopes that by the time the present issue appears in print Mr. PARTINGTON will have conveyed this information to Mr. ASQUITH, and thus relieved him of his awful suspense about the issue of the by-election.



"EX PEDE HERCULEM."

Gattersnipe. "COME ON, BILLY! YER CAN SEE THEIR FEET."

CO-OPERATION INVITED.

I.

Know all men by these presents that I have invented a new way of telling a funny story. I have carried out my invention in detail, and the framework for the article is complete, having been typed, punctuated, and (in places) correctly spelt under my personal supervision. All that remains is to provide the funny story.

Now, though I have given this matter my mature consideration, no comic episode will suggest itself. In vain I have devoted half-an-hour's consecutive thought to each of the following topics:—(1) Choleric Colonels, (2) Nouveaux Riches, (3) American Exaggerators, and (4) Weary Parents oppressed by the Late Departure of a Daughter's Possible *Fiancé*. I have therefore determined to invite extraneous assistance, and to appeal to a generous public.

II.

The family have become permanently obsessed by melancholy ever since I demanded from them a funny story. They can think of nothing but pathetic incidents concerning the life of the very poor, and railway accidents. In his one lucid interval my brother has evolved this little poem:—

"You've often heard it said that you
Work like a horse. This may be true.
The same remark may also be
Applied to me as truthfully.
In either case the point, of course,
Depends upon what kind of horse."

I presented my compliments, but regretted that I was unable to accept his contribution.

III.

I have two uncles, the one famous, the other notorious, as a raconteur. Uncle No. 1 was ready to oblige, but confessed upon cross-examination that he relied entirely upon my editor's paper for his supply of funny stories. Uncle No. 2 related an incident touching the infant child of his sister-in-law. I laughed with such respect that he felt bound to justify himself by explaining that what made it so funny was the way the infant child of his sister-in-law said it.

IV.

All my friends know heaps and heaps of stories, but have forgotten them all. Three only have shown themselves to possess good sound memories and have recollected one story apiece. As it happens, it is the same story. My English friend tells it to show how the Englishman scored off the Scotchman. My Scotch friend tells it to show how the Scotchman scored off the Englishman. My Irish friend tells it to show how the Irishman scored off them both. I am glad to say that I have forgotten that story myself.

V.

The last hope is with you, O reader. I formally call upon you to produce a funny story, for me to tell you in the new way I have invented. This, moreover, is to give you notice that, unless within ten days from this date (whatever it may be) you comply with my request and deposit at the *Punch* Office an envelope containing the said funny story and addressed "Wants Department—Destitute Contributor," you will forfeit the pleasure of reading the article, which, as far as the framework at any rate is concerned, has been typed, punctuated, and (as far as possible) correctly spelt under my personal supervision.

"Imagine a man with a face bronzed by Southern suns, and a beard on which the winters of sixty-five years have left some trace of their snow, and you can form some mental picture of Sir Robert Stout. . . . Sir Robert Stout was born on Sept. 28, 1844, so that he is now in his sixty-fifth year."—*The Review of Reviews.*

Imagine an infant with a bushy black beard and you can form some mental picture of Sir ROBERT STOUT in 1844.



AN EMBARRASSMENT OF PEARLS BEFORE SWINE.

Tramping Gentleman. "WELL, THERE 'S PLENTY TO CHOOSE FROM, AN' A BLOOMIN' LOT O' USE TO A BLOKE AS CAN'T READ."

THE CENSORSHIP AGAIN.

THE following communications seem to be intended for the Royal Commission on the Dramatic Censorship. Perhaps they will be read by its members.

Mr. HARRY LAUDER: So far from abandoning the Censor, I would give him far more power: until, in fact, he made the theatre as moral and enlightening as the music-hall. As it is, you may search the music-halls far and near for a suggestive or even vulgar thing, whereas go into the first theatre you come to—the Duke of York's, for example—and you see a man who is married making love to a single woman. Man, it 's awfu'. If I were the Censor I would stop that. I would not allow a fact ever to get on to the stage.

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER: What we really want is more censorship, not less. We want, for example, a Press Censor as well. Every editor should be forced to submit his paper to the Lord Chamberlain's office before going to press. Then not only would the divorce reports be deleted, but such offensive and unhealthy cocksureness as you find in Mr. BERNARD SHAW'S letters would vanish too. Of course the LORD CHAMBERLAIN himself would not find time to read so much between 12 and 3 A.M., but he would probably experience little difficulty in finding a staff of efficient helpers equal in mental calibre to Mr. REDFORD.

THE PROPRIETOR OF THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE: How could I oppose the Censor when he came to me for his first two names? A man is not called GEORGE ALEXANDER REDFORD for nothing.

Mr. EUSTACE MILES: There should certainly be a Censor for restaurants. Every menu, both for lunch and dinner, should be submitted to him early in the day, and he should cut out the indigestible things. Only thus can you get a moral and efficient people.

G. B. S.: My last word on the subject is this: Swing the Censor.

The following passage from a Scotch paper appears to point to the growth of the Woman's Suffrage movement among the journalists of the North:—

"The reason for the decadence of tandem-cycling is probably due to the fact that, except in the case of husband and wife, it is not always easy to find two men who are likely to be cycling together."

SONGS FOR SAILORMEN.

A TRUE SALT.

O SOME they likes the country-side,
  Green fields and uplands brown,
An' some they fancies the crowded streets
  An' the noisy bustlin' town;
But give to me the clean salt smell
  Of the tumblin', tossin' sea,
With an honest ship beneath my feet
  An' the wind a-blowin' free.

O some they takes a pride an' joy
  In drivin' a furrow straight,
An' some they hustles a motor-car
  At a rattlin', murderin' rate;
But give to me the staunch, stout wheel
  Of a ship as knows my 'and,
An' feels 'er way across the sea
  To an unseen far-off land.

O some they lies when life is done
  'Neath quiet grass-grown mounds,
An' some they 'as to take their rest
  In the close-packed city grounds;
But give to me, when my time comes,
  And I no more may roam,
To be dropt o'erboard in my shotted shroud
  That the sea may take me home.



THE DASHING LITTLE DUKE.

KEEPER ASQUITH. "HI! YOU 'VE BEEN TRESPASSING."
DUKE OF NORFOLK. "YES, I KNOW. WHAT 'S THE PENALTY?"
KEEPER ASQUITH. "AH! THERE YOU HAVE ME!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 19.—Twenty-five minutes after SPEAKER took the Chair sitting threatened to collapse. There were seventy-three Questions on the Paper, sufficient to keep things going through allotted period. But it happened that in some cases the Minister addressed was not in his place. In others the enquiring Member had not arrived. Having in vain endeavoured to effect the Parliamentary process of "joining the flats," the SPEAKER desisted. Awkward pause followed. Ingenious Member of Opposition seized opportunity to move that the House do now adjourn. SPEAKER ignored motion: if deadlock continued it might be put again.

Mr. WEIR came to the rescue. Had on paper a cluster of Questions addressed to LORD ADVOCATE. Was not in his place when the first was called on. A Question, when passed over, would not in ordinary course be dealt with till the list had been gone through. Mr. WEIR, stepping into imminent deadly breach, suggested that his catechism might be taken forthwith. SPEAKER gladly consented. LORD ADVOCATE, pleading the privileges and responsibilities of a family man, elbowed the SOLICITOR-GENERAL (Scotland) to the front. When he answers Mr. WEIR in person he strategically places himself in laager at the end of the bench. The innocent, unwary SOLICITOR-GENERAL—or was it the desperation of a hunted man?—rose from the Gangway-end of the bench, under immediate influence of Mr. WEIR'S piercing glance.

This discipline not the least severe portion of the ordeal undergone by the Minister. Having read the number of his Question with the assistance of *pince-nez* truculently set astride his nose, Mr. WEIR does not accept its aid when fixing the guilty Minister with stony stare. He peers at him over the glasses; a trivial detail to mention in print, but indescribably awesome in its effect. LORD ADVOCATE is accustomed to take refuge in silence when Mr. WEIR puts supplementary questions regarding the learned Lord's alleged iniquities in the Highlands. In such case you should hear the blood-curdling comment, "No answer." If, varying custom, the LORD ADVOCATE makes further reply, Mr. WEIR, by his glance holding him in condition approaching paralysis, sarcastically enquires "Whether the office-boy drafted that answer?"

To-day, shrinking with characteristic chivalry from terrifying deputy new to the work, he was comparatively mild in manner, the SOLICITOR-GENERAL getting off with a light treatment his learned colleague would envy.

Business done.—Up all night again with Budget Bill.

Tuesday.—"Away with punctilios and orthography, I serve the good Duke of Norfolk."

Thus *The Merry Devil of Edmonton.* And thus JOHN DILLON; only his purpose is to "serve him out." It appears his Grace has been writing a letter to Unionist candidate in pending election in Derbyshire. This J. D. denounces as infringement of liberties of the House, and moves reference of case to Committee of Privileges.

Shade of JEMMY LOWTHER, if within sight and hearing, will chuckle over this vindication of his annual action whilst yet with us in the flesh. When, at opening of Session, Standing Orders were read, including one forbidding Peers to meddle with elections to House of Commons, JEMMY was accustomed to move its abrogation. Argued that it was habitually disregarded, its solemn asseveration through succeeding Sessions partaking of character of farce. ASQUITH, having, as he admitted, on one occasion voted with JEMMY, on another against him, brought to fresh consideration of question singularly unbiassed mind. Supported motion for reference.

PRINCE ARTHUR poured contumely and scorn on the whole business.

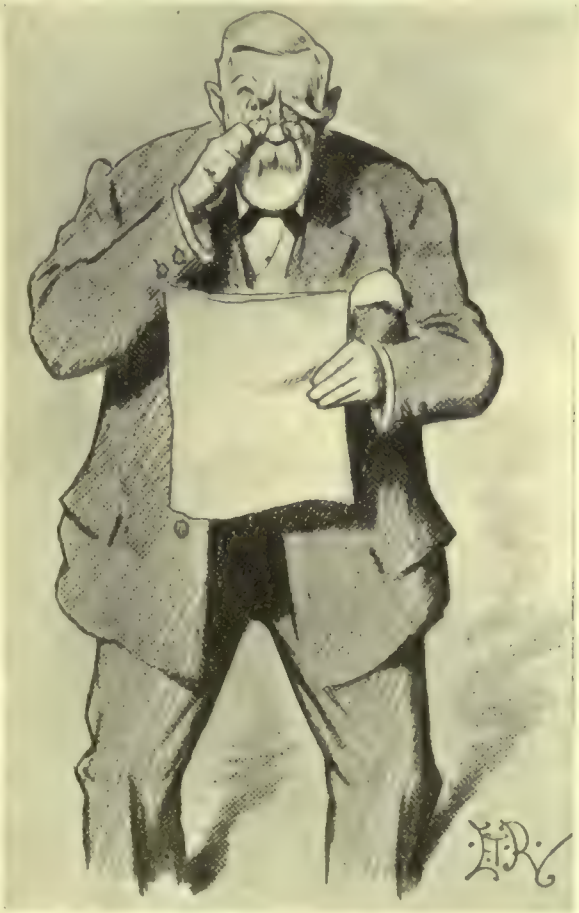
If, he said, PREMIER and majority thought it wise to go through formality of sending this matter to Committee of Privileges he did not believe anybody would greatly concern himself one way or the other.

"Right hon. gentlemen opposite," he added, bestowing withering glance on CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, "would do better to occupy themselves in preserving the living and working elements of the Constitution instead of furbishing up these bows and arrows of immemorial antiquity. Nobody so loves these antiquated and rusty weapons as a



Solicitor-General for Scotland. "They say Sir Edward Grey and I are the image of one another. Well, he's served his country nobly, and one mustn't grudge him *some* reward!"

(Mr. A. Dewar.)



THE BLOOD-CURDLING WEIR.
"Fixing the guilty Minister with stony glare."
(Mr. Galloway Weir.)

Radical. They have a perfect passion for these semi-obsolete forms."

Attempt made to shelve matter by motion to proceed forthwith to order of the day. In the end it was referred to Committee of Privileges. What they will do, or how they will do it, nobody knows. Meanwhile JOCKEY OF NORFOLK trembles in his shoes.

"If only," he said to the MEMBER FOR SARK, who paid him a visit of condolence. "I had taken advice long ago given and been 'not too bold,' this would never have happened. Strange how misfortune has dogged my footsteps since I sold that Holbein."

Business done.—Took up Clause 8 of Finance Bill.

Thursday.—Government been found out in fresh iniquity. Been tampering with the Bar. It is a Parliamentary institution talked of glibly, but few Members of this Parliament have looked upon it. Since BRADLAUGH vanished from the Parliamentary stage it has remained tucked up in telescope fashion, concealed in the back rail of the Cross Bench, where it has slumbered through the centuries. What Members recognise as "the Bar" is a strip of leather sewn on to the matting aligned with the Cross Bench and the chair of the SERGEANT-AT-ARMS.

LOULU'S devotion to historic accuracy was offended at what he described as "the venerable but not hallowed blunder of an upholsterer." Since M. JOURDAIN discovered that all his life he had unwittingly been talking prose, never was such startling disclosure made. The leather strip does not mark the position of the Bar, which is some feet in advance. LOULU had the ancient error quietly rectified. Thought it might escape observation. Reckoned without the lynx eye of AUSTIN TAYLOR. That glittering orb falling on the removed landmark detected the crime. Did not hesitate a moment in denouncing it. House in Committee on Budget Bill, Mr. CALDWELL in Chair, AUSTIN TAYLOR, with his countenance taking on ashen hue, pointed an accusing forefinger to evidence of LOULU'S guilt.

"Privilege!" he cried aloud. "Where's the Bar?"

A friendly Member, thinking he was thirsty, took him by the arm. Was about to lead him out to the Lobby; his emotion too genuine to be long misunderstood. Mr. CALDWELL inflexible in refusal to permit discussion.

AUSTIN TAYLOR'S rebuff only temporary. To-day LOULU brought up at the desecrated Bar; pleads guilty. Sentence deferred for a week.

Business done.—Foreign Office Vote carried.

MUSICAL JOTTINGS.

THE artistic value of strikes has hitherto escaped the attention of economists, who have been unduly preoccupied by their industrial influence. But this aspect of labour troubles can no longer be overlooked in view of what has happened at the Paris Conservatoire, where a musical postman recently won the first prize for singing in opera, having learned an entire score by heart during the leisure given him by the recent strike.

This notable incident has not escaped the acute and sympathetic intelligence of the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE, who has resolved to extend his scheme of Labour Exchanges so as to provide for the establishment of a staff of professors at every industrial centre for the instruction of the genuine unemployed in harmony, counterpoint, and orchestration. In many cases, no doubt, the students, after a few weeks' study, will resume their normal vocations. But where exceptional talent is shown they will be encouraged, by scholarships and exhibitions, to persevere in a profession notoriously understocked and offering richly remunerated posts to successful practitioners, such, for example, as Madame TETRAZZINI, Signor CARUSO and Herr LEHAR, the composer of *The Merry Widow*.

The PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE, however, does not intend that the fortunate beneficiaries of State musical instruction shall reap the entire profit of the advantages gratuitously placed at their disposal. He therefore proposes to get his friend Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE to impose a small brain tax of 20 per cent. on their earnings, as well as a royalty of 30 per cent. on latent and undeveloped melodies on the basis of a valuation to be conducted every five years by Special Commissioners of the Board of Inland Revenue. With the receipts from these duties he hopes to pay the salaries of the State professors and to defray the cost of the scholarships, thus placing his scheme on a self-supporting basis. These proposals, we regret to say, have met with a curiously mixed reception from the Labour Party, amongst whom the tax on ungotten melodies is extremely unpopular. Sir ROBERT PERKS, again, has pointed out to his constituents that, while it is alleged that "songs unheard" are undoubtedly the sweetest, by penalising their suppression we shall suffer from such a tremendous glut of overproduction as may dislocate the entire ballad industry of Great Britain and deluge the suburbs with a cataclysm of parlour pathos.



LE MONDE DE WATTEAU.
(Mr. Alfred Mond.)

"Gentlemen of Sussex defeated Household Brigade on the first innings (by arrangement) by 49 runs."—*Daily News.*

The new method by which a definite result is always arrived at.

Concerning the opening of the Orthopedic Hospital *The Daily Telegraph* says:

"Externally the design is modern, and internally the treatment is somewhat severe, as is usual in a hospital."

Mr. STEPHEN COLERIDGE, forward.

"Anxious, Causey.—Newport is in Monmouthshire, and Monmouthshire is in England."
Newcastle Evening Chronicle.

"Anxious" may now return to his father.

The Duke of NORFOLK, repentant, misquoting SHELLEY:—

"'One word is too often Profumed for me to Profume it'—any more."



BANG WENT TUPPENCE.

Fruga' North Briton (in his first experience of a taxi). "HERE, MON, STOP! I HAE A WEAK HEART. I CANNA STAND THAT HANG'T WEE MACHINE O' YOURS MARKIN' UP THAE TUPPENCES."

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—Trying to make the best of things lately, some of us have been having rain-parties, at which there have been umbrella-dances and a prize for the snappiest rain get-up. And what has been our reward, I'll ask you, for so nobly striving against such beastly cires?—Why, whenever the sun *has* put in an appearance, it's been for the *express* purpose of spoiling a rain-party!

Stella Clackmannan has caught the amateur society dramatist fever, and written a modern play with all the proper ingredients, the Husband and the Wife, and the Other Man and the Other Woman, and some people to go in and out and talk, and lots of frocks, and interiors by Frettow and Gilder, and a good sprinkling of aphorisms. The frocks are very well done, and the subtle dif. in cut and trimming that there should *always* be between the Wife's frocks and the Other Woman's is cleverly marked. As for the aphorisms, Beryl Clarges says the definition of one's oldest friend as "the witness who could give the *most* damaging evidence" is *hers*, that she said it one night at Bosh and Wee-Wee's, and she feels so strongly about it that she took a stage-box at the Mayfair on *purpose* to bow when the definition got a laugh.

At my last Sunday Afternoon I had Miss Singleton, the Champion of Celibacy, to give one of her lecture-chats, "Our Destiny and Their Enormities." It was great fun. We've got used to the people who spell woman with a big W, but to spell spinster with a big S, as this brave woman does, is *really* a new departure, and by way of being a heroic one. She scorns the idea of playing ivy to *any* man's oak, and seems honestly to think the very best thing that can happen to a woman is to be left all alone by herself for ever and ever, Amen.

About the biggest sensation of the season has been Etheldreda Saxonbury's runaway match with the Duke of Middleshire, and the way it was brought about.

The Toppingtowers were too stony to come to town this summer, and also too much *affaissés* at their son, Porteullis, having married Lil Lilton, "The Girl from Nowhere," you know, at the Funniment Theatre. It would never have done, however, to let all the *girls* rusticate (two already published, and three more in MS.), so Etheldreda and Edelfleda have been going about with their great-aunt, Popsy, Lady Ramsgate. And Popsy swore by all her gods she'd have one of them Duchess of Middleshire before the season ended. (The Duke, please note *en passant*, had just returned from a three years' big game hunting trip, and hadn't met either of the Saxonburys since they came out.) Popsy's a clever old girl, whatever else she may be, and she said to me: "It's no soft job I've taken on, Blanche, mind that. Etheldreda's a beauty and one

of the best amateur step-dancers of the day, as you know—but what then? All our boys are going to the Stage for their wives, and parlour tricks simply don't count! Etheldreda's step-dancing's better than half the stuff they see at the Funniment and the Sans-Souci, but the light foot's no good without the foot-lights! The few men who *can* be coaxed to parties dance or sit out with you young married women. As for young Middleshire, he cries off parties altogether (the girls haven't even *met* him yet) and haunts the Halls and the Musical Comedies. However, I've sworn to make him my great-nephew-in-law, so it's got to be done."

Soon after this, Popsy, Lady R., made it up with Portcullis and his "Girl from Nowhere," and struck up a furious friendship with Viscountess Lil, who, be it remembered, reigns supreme at the Funniment, and does as she likes there.

Soon after *that*, a new girl, Miss Dolly Darling, appeared in a small part in *The Girl from Nowhere*, and made a big hit with her step-dancing, completely knocking over, amongst others, the Duke of Middleshire, who haunted the theatre more than ever, pelted her with flowers, sweets, and stones (precious), and at last wound up his attentions with a suggestion of a special licence and immediate marriage.

And *then*, my dear, Middleshire got a facer! Instead of having done the correct and regular thing, and proposed to make a duchess of little Dolly Darling of the Funniment, whose mother, he'd been given to understand, had kept a whelk-stall in Commercial Road, he found he'd laid his hand, his heart, and his strawberry-leaves at the feet of Etheldreda Saxonbury, "daughter of a hundred earls," as SHAKSPEARE says, and directly descended from HENGIST and HORSA! He was frightfully disenchanted at first, I believe, but he got reconciled to it, and they had their stolen wedding just as if she'd been the real thing.

The Toppingtowers family have gratefully taken *The Girl from Nowhere* to their hearts, and in return for being recognised she promises to do her best for Edelfleda and the younger girls! People with daughters quite envy the T.'s, and only wish they could have got Lil for an in-law themselves!

Poor dear Norty is looking quite worn with these horrid all-night sittings of the House. He says he's all right, however, that there's very sound sleep to be got there, and that it would never do for him to desert his post or there's no knowing *what* might happen. *Wasn't* that a lovely speech he made against the Chancellor's new proposal to tax people not only for what they have but for what they'd *like* to have?

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

LIP-SALVE.

[Mr. LATHAM, we are told, on returning from his unsuccessful attempt to fly across the Channel, was embraced by a number of female admirers.]

YE maids of England, yours the sin
We've idly traced to other causes,
If artful foreigners step in
To breaches where the Briton pauses—
If alien airships rule the sky,
The shame is yours, for being much too shy.

Look how the less reluctant fair
Of gallant Gaul, across the Channel,
Assuages for his "mal-de-mer,"
With osculations soft as flannel,
The happy wight, the favoured cuss,
Who emulates the feats of Icarus.

Surely the girls of U.S.A.
(Knowing when pride becomes too proper)
Would likewise hustle to waylay
The hero of some heavenly cropper,
And calm him with their sweet salutes,
And snip mementos from his coat and boots.

You are too cold or else too coy,
You whose remediary kisses
Would make me count it all a joy
To dare some hazard such as this is,
That, if I hit the waves a whack,
I might secure a compensating smack.

Were I but certain (as I'm not)
That six or so incarnate Graces
Would gather to the starting spot
To speed me with their flower-like faces
(Six will suffice me—Maud and Jess,
Sophie and Ermyntrude and Blanche and Bess),

And lining up with ready lips
(Forming a sort of "Cherry Ripe" lane)
Would comfort me in case of slips,
I too, if I possessed a bi-plane,
And granted that the day were fine,
Would seek to aviate the Serpentine.

"His latest achievement, however, thus far capped the climax."—*Kerry Evening Post.*

The latest Exhibition craze: "Capping the Climax." Crowds turned away every night.

Commenting in *The Sphere* on Mr. J. A. HAMMERTON'S book, *George Meredith in Anecdote and Criticism*, C. K. S. says:

"As for the text of Mr. Hamilton's book, what can one say of such illiteracies as 'Neuweid' for 'Neuwied,' 'J. K. Stephens' for 'J. K. Stephen,' and so on through scores of silly blunders."

Such as "Hamilton" for "Hammerton," Mr. SHORTER?

The Journalistic Touch.

"Then simultaneously the anchors dug into the sea, with a great rattle of chains—first one anchor and then the other."—*Daily Telegraph.*

From the Latin: *simul*="first one and then the other."

WIGS AT A PREMIUM.

COMMENTING on the enhanced price of human hair, as evidenced at the recent fair at Limoges, *The Gentlewoman* publishes a truly alarmist article to the effect that "this rise has been caused by the increased size of our hats, which necessitates an extra supply of hair so as to offer a proper basis to the new structures. Moreover, the young French peasant girls are less anxious to part with their tresses; and the dealers in hair are unable to cope with the demand made upon them. The crisis is attaining huge proportions, and wearers of false hair would do well to lay in a stock or they will be compelled to pay famine prices."

The matter is indeed serious. We have trustworthy information from behind the screens in coiffure circles that a huge combine has this week been engineered by the Hair Kings of Bond Street, and that the capillary crop of 1910–11 has already been cornered. One astute operator in the ring, with bullish proclivities and a strong hat-making connection, has ear-marked the following season's output, completely routing a group of Parisian financiers in their efforts to "bear" the Transformation Market. All the Spring Hair of 1913 in sight will very shortly be negotiated, and it is feared that very little of Norwegian Switches and Paraguay Tintos will be unloaded from the Autumn carry-forward of that year. A syndicate has also been formed by a well-known promoter to exploit the Hairy Ainus of Japan. Another company has just been registered for the discovery and purchase of early-Victorian sofas, the stuffing of which by a secret process will be rendered available for theatrical perruquiers and coiffeurs.

In these circumstances it is becoming more and more evident that the ordinary beauty will have to be content to draw us with a single hair, or at most with two or three. With the impending shortage there won't be enough to go round. We think that the Suffragettes, in their eager desire for martyrdom and masculinity, might help to relieve the hair-famine by parting with their crowning glory (or is it disgrace?) in Holloway.

Mr. Punch feels that these few revelations will suffice to raise the hair—or so much of it as is still erectile—of his feminine readers.

"Many Glasgow firms bent on profiting by the American invasion, are ticketing their coins in two coinages."—*Portsmouth Evening News.*

We don't quite see the whole idea yet, but there seem to be elements of profit in it for some one.

AIRSHIPS FOR ALL.

IT has long been felt that aeronautical science is being hampered by an over-rigid adherence to a particular type of machine. Happily a new departure on sound lines has been taken by a Dresden student, who has invented an entirely new type, and his excellent example has been so freely followed that a whole crop of new flying machines is now being put on the market.

To begin with, the world of fiction has been agreeably exhilarated by the simultaneous announcement, from Stratford-on-Avon and the Isle of Man, of the patenting of two new types of flying machine. The first, which belongs to the dirigible type, is a huge sausage-shaped bag of gold-beater's skin inflated with the most intoxicating vapours, encased in a framework of chiffon and drawn by a team of eight swans. The second, which is made entirely of bamboo and canvas, is called an aerocane after its inventor, and is kept afloat simply by the automatic distension of his superb cerebellum. A large and influential company is already being formed for the exploitation of the invention, including Mr. Roland Blatherwayt, the illustrious interviewer, and other pioneers of enlightened publicity.

Next an extraordinarily interesting type of flying machine is that invented by Mr. AUGUSTE VAN BIENE, the famous 'cellist, of "*Broken Melody*" fame. Mr. VAN BIENE, as our readers are doubtless aware, recently introduced the new Auxeto 'Cello invented by the Hon. CHARLES PARSONS, and he has applied the same principle to his flying machine, which is of the nature of a dirigible double-bass. Directly the bow touches the strings the instrument soars aloft, uttering seraphic strains, the aeronaut being kept in position by a gyroscope, which is concealed in the bridge. Mr. VAN BIENE, who is fully booked up to the year 1914, hopes after that date to give more time to the development of his patent, with a view to establishing a London Flying Symphony orchestra, which shall bring the advantages of the "*Broken Melody*" within the reach of the benighted denizens of Siberia, Saghalien, and Tierra del Fuego.

It is impossible any longer to disguise the fact that Professor Sir Ugo von Aircomber has invented an entirely unsuspected and original type of flying machine. The motive power being a peculiar mixture of explosive oils, according to a recipe of LEONARDO DA VINCI, the aeronaut is in the happy position of being able to use the waste for artistic purposes and to paint while he flies, as the engine is a Brush patent fitted with cross-hatching gear, running at the rate of 15,000 revolutions per minute. While flying over Bushey last week the inventor took several aerial portraits of his neighbours, in which the foreshortening is conveyed with masterly effect. The machine is to be exhibited to the Regent of Bavaria next Monday, and a company is to be formed by the Bavarian Highlanders for the exploitation of the invention.

Lastly, the Archdeacon of LONDON, who has long been known as a first-rate mechanic, has taken out a patent for an invention to which he has given the engaging name of The Sinclairoplane. Unlike Mr. WILBUR WRIGHT'S machine, The Sinclairoplane is worked by wings beautifully designed so as to suggest angel's pinions, and the operator sits in a seat which conveys a dignified suggestion of a pulpit, while allowing his gaiters to be distinctly visible. A company composed exclusively of rural deans is in process of formation for the exploitation of the invention, which is said to be admirably adapted for country congregations.



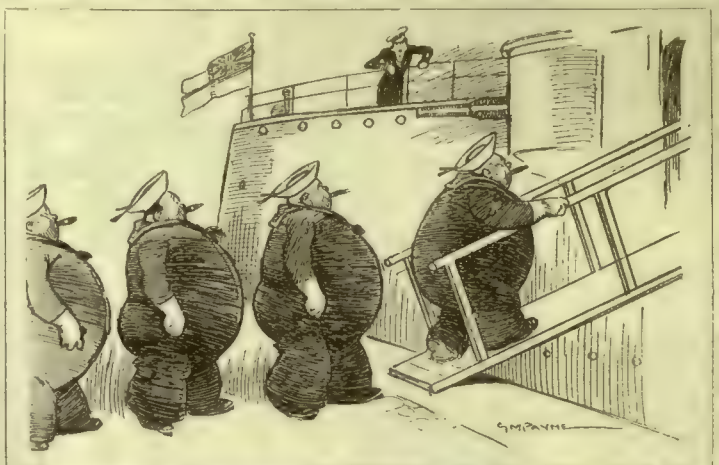
Mother (after a lesson on obedience to one's parents). "NOW, PHYLLIS, WHAT CAN YOU TELL ME ABOUT NELSON?"

Phyllis. "WELL, NELSON WANTED TO BE A SAILOR, BUT HIS PARENTS WANTED HIM TO BE A CLERGYMAN, BUT NELSON WANTED TO BE A SAILOR—*AND HE DID BE.*"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE exists a tendency in the modern stage to which critics have given the name of underplaying. I think somebody ought to warn Mr. THOMAS COBB that there lies an equal danger in what, if the word had not already another use, one might call underwriting. For example, *Mr. Burnside's Responsibility* (MILLS AND BOON) contains a number of agreeable ladies and gentlemen whose acts and conversations so successfully avoid the melodramatic that it is sometimes difficult to discover any significance or interest in them at all. Yet the main idea of the story is promising enough—the question whether an innocent young man, with whom a featherbrained young wife has become so infatuated as to drive her husband to suicide, is under a moral obligation to offer her re-marriage. Unfortunately, both *Primula Tuson* and *Raymond Burnside* are so faintly drawn that their future creates only the mildest curiosity. Even when poor *Tuson* takes his overdose, the tragedy of it quite fails to move us, for the reason, I fancy, that Mr. COBB himself was equally unconcerned. Of course *Burnside* declares that he is ready to marry *Primula*, and, equally of course (in the last chapter), she chooses independence, and leaves him free to mention his somewhat placid passion for *Drusilla*. Probably Mr. COBB's numerous admirers will welcome *Mr. Burnside's Responsibility* the more because it comes at a season when they can leave their own at home; it is an excellent example of what the advertisements term "a book for holiday reading."



SINCE THE NAVAL FESTIVITIES AT SOUTHEND AND THE CITY, THE ADMIRALTY ARE ABLE TO CONTRADICT THE STATEMENT THAT MANY OF THE SHIPS CONTAINED SKELETON CREWS.

Among the treats I've held in store
  Till Time should bring me leisured ease
Was an intention to explore
  The merits of the Antipodes;
Where conversation 's interspersed
  With long-drawn, spirit-stirring "coo-ees,"
Where Test-Match cricketers are nursed,
  And where the bounding kangaroo is.

But now, though not a bit less keen,
  My trip is off; I shall not go,
Because I feel that I have seen
  All that the under-world can show.
I got it from a book, and beg
  That you will study, if you doubt it,
Joan of the Hills, by T. B. CLEGG
  (From LANE). That tells you all about it.

The tale is one of love and hate
  (Things much the same out there as here),
But these I deem subordinate
  In value to the atmosphere.
That has the stamp of one who 's tried
  Its taste by actual inhalation,
And knows how much should be supplied
  For other people's delectation.

Mr. H. BELLOC is a man of three convictions. The first is that the government of England is in the hands of a certain ruling set—aristocrats only in the debased modern sense. The second is (I fancy) that the power behind the SPEAKER'S chair—behind the front benches, rather—is an Israelitish one. And the third is, of course, that almost anyone can have a title who cares to pay for it. There is just enough of truth in all these premisses to give point to Mr. BELLOC'S satirical conclusions; and for this reason I can confidently recommend his latest gibe, *A Change in the Cabinet* (METHUEN), to everybody who admits to possessing a sense of humour. The story is concerned chiefly with the adventures of *Sir Charles Repton*, the Minister, and "*Dimmy*," the awkward but promising young man of the party, who fell down on the occasion of his only speech in the House, but afterwards acquired a growing reputation at Question-time. I believe in *Dimmy* entirely. He had also a delightful adventure at sea, where he was mistaken for a stowaway. I particularly liked this part of the book, and I implore Mr. BELLOC to let his next story be one of derring-do throughout. He would do it delightfully, and I think he should; for it may be that some readers (not myself, of course) would be a trifle fatigued by yet another appearance of King Charles's head, no matter how subtle the execution.

As a bachelor, I regard with mixed feelings the gentle irony in the title of Mr. ALPHONSE COURLANDER'S new book, *Henry in Search of a Wife* (FISHER UNWIN). *Ce pauvre petit Henri!* Like many another he began by saying firmly that he would never marry. But *Isabel*, his widowed cousin, knew better. She had ear-marked him for her niece, *Phœbe*, and even when he refused point-blank to fall in with her scheme, and when *Phœbe* in a fit of pique engaged herself to a foolish boy, she continued patiently to hope that one day she would run her quarry to ground. At first the odds seemed all against her. *Henry* departed for the Continent in search of a wife, and in order, as he said, to insure *Phœbe's* happiness with her boy lover by making it impossible for *Isabel* to look upon him any longer as her potential husband. Failing in his quest he came back pretending that he had been successful. But still *Isabel* lay low and said nothing, till suddenly *Phœbe* saved the situation and herself by breaking off her engagement, and *Isabel's* pertinacity received its due reward. It is a pretty little comedy of human emotions, told in a quietly humorous style which makes the reading of it a genuine pleasure, modified in my own case by the reflection that I number several *Isabels* amongst my female relatives. *De me fabula?*

Realistic passage from *Truth's* "Queer Story:"

"A few scattered huts on a great steaming brown plain, a barometer that never falls below 90°, an atmosphere laden with mosquitoes."

Very queer about that barometer.

"Assuming that the whole of the 800,000 lbs. representing the decreased consumption in June was used for pipe smoking, it would mean, roughly, that a million fewer pipefuls of tobacco were smoked in that month."—*Daily Express.*

Put *that* in your pipe and smoke it; ½ of a lb. each time.

CHARIVARIA.

IN writing of the Channel hero the day after his great achievement, a journal produced a phrase which is bound to become classical. It referred to M. BLÉRIOT as "the intrepid aeronaut."

***

On the spot where the first man to fly the Channel alighted from his aeroplane, *The Daily Mail* has decided to erect a newspaper column.

***

Meanwhile England is not going to fall behind. A Mr. WESTLAKE has announced his intention of attempting to cross the Channel on a plank.

***

Another failure for the Government! The Pro-Budget Demonstration in Trafalgar Square proved that Mr. ASQUITH has not succeeded in convincing the Socialists, at any rate, that the Budget is not a Socialistic measure.

***

The London Gazette, after an existence of nearly two and a half centuries, has adopted the plan of printing a table of contents. This should dispose of the libel that we Britishers are slow to adopt new ideas.

***

In an action brought by *The Times* to recover the price of an advertisement article, the defendant alleged that the contract was for an advertisement in the form of a leading article. "That, of course, was out of the question," stated plaintiff's counsel, "as no paper would enter into such an agreement." This clearly proves that legal innocence is not confined to the Bench.

***

The Clerk of the London County Council is compiling a list of the statues, monuments, and memorials in the Metropolis. If a title has not yet been chosen for this *brochure* we would respectfully suggest, "What to Avoid."

***

Exception has been taken to the erection on the Embankment of a statue to a gentleman of whom Posterity will probably ask, "What did he do?" To meet this difficulty of evanescent fame, we would respectfully suggest that such statues might be made with detachable heads, which could be changed from time to time for those of other minor and temporary celebrities.

***

One cannot help feeling a large amount of sympathy for the Spanish Government, which at one and the same time has to fight the Riff abroad and the Riff-raff at home.

***

An applicant at the Kingston Police Court, the other day, stated that he was born in Lucknow during the siege. It is rumoured that since this statement he has received proposals from several enterprising newspapers that he should write his reminiscences of the Mutiny.

***

"It is only of late years," says a writer in *The Express* on the subject of women inventors, "that woman has discovered the fact that she too has within her long dormant powers of invention." What about the wife of ANANIAS?

***

With reference to the discussion on the question whether there is a future life for animals, "Tom Cat" writes to inform us that he hopes to have no fewer than eight future lives.

***

"Send P.C. for free booklet," says an advertisement of a certain article of commerce. An old lady who read this direction writes to say that she has asked several police-constables to fetch her the pamphlet, but received saucy refusals from one and all of them.

***

The Pall Mall Magazine publishes an article on the delights of "A Holiday in Arctic Norway." But we would ask as patriots: Is it really necessary for Britons to go abroad in the summer to enjoy this sort of thing?

***

The result of the recent experiment by *The Ferret* at Portsmouth is claimed as a victory by those persons who object to the Navy being boomed.



BANK HOLIDAY HUMOUR.

BE CAREFUL NOT TO TAKE A BOAT WITH A NAME LIKE THIS. THE SIMPLEST MOVEMENT SUCH AS THE CHANGING OF SEATS IS LIABLE TO MISCONSTRUCTION.

AFTER THE BUDGET.

DESTITUTE PEER, in consequence of recent financial reverses, is prepared to sell four ancestral halls, town house, grouse moor, deer forest, salmon stream, three Holbeins, assorted heirlooms; together, or in separate lots. No reasonable offer refused. For further particulars, apply VISCOUNT SYDNEY-STRATFORD, c/o Lord Rowton, Hammersmith.

ADVERTISER, a Landowner who has been ruined by undeserved increment, desires to dispose of a few thousand acres of freehold property situated in the heart of an immense manufacturing town. The property is rack-rented, and comprises a number of banks, warehouses, hospitals, shops, and a most beautiful park with band-stand complete. The purchase money may be paid in weekly instalments. First offer to "EXILE," Poste Restante, Boulogne-sur-Mer, gets this lot.

CHAIRMAN OF RAILWAY, who can no longer meet his daily expenses and is compelled to earn a livelihood somehow, will exchange Free Life Pass over all British Railway systems for Pierrot's outfit or B flat cornet. Please reply to PARIAH, c/o Cloakroom, St. Pancras.

YACHT OWNER, no longer able to pay harbour-dues, seeks genteel employment. Cannot afford to pay premium, but will give gratuitous use of 60-ton Cutter at present lying at Cowes. A prompt reply to DESPERATE, The Garret, Grosvenor Square, will be welcome.

A Soft Job.

From an advertisement of the ZANCIGS in Liverpool:—

"We offer £20 if we fail to transmit any word suggested. We further offer £250 to any two people who do the same."

There ought to be a fairish field of claimants for the £250.

THE PICTURE PUZZLE.

"What 's this?" said Betty. "A cow's tail?"

"Or a pump-handle?"

"Or a boy-scout's alpenstock?"

"Or the South Pole?"

"I expect you 're all of you right," said Billy Darton; "but, if you ask me, I should say it might be a bit of bamboo—something Japanese—part of a light building, for instance. What 's the picture supposed to be about?"

"Fancy our never looking at the title," said Betty. "Here it is. *Street Scene in Yokohama.* I 'm sure Mr. Darton must be right. How *clever* of you to guess a thing like that, Mr. Darton!"

"Not at all; not at all," said Billy modestly.

"Well now," I said, "we 've got a bamboo pole, and two faces, and three pairs of feet. What shall we do with the extra pair?"

"Do you think the faces might be Manx, and have three feet apiece."

"But it says Yokohama."

"I suppose that *is* against it."

"Perhaps the third face is turned away," said Billy very tentatively. "This blob of hair, now—mightn't that be its back view?"

"But of *course!*" cried Betty. "How *brilliant* you are, Mr. Darton."

I couldn't remember to have ever heard this epithet applied to Billy—not, at least, on the score of intelligence, though he is quite good at nursery cannons. Billy is one of those nice clean young fellows who seem to get along quite comfortably, thank you, without any particular brains, and contrive, for some obscure reason, to exert a strange fascination upon sweet innocent natures like Betty's.

"Have you noticed," Mrs. Carstairs had recently confided in me, "that our dear girl seems to attract poor young Mr. Darton. I do hope nothing serious will come of it. The General and I feel most strongly that it should be discouraged. You see, Mr. Darton has very little beyond his subaltern's pay, and no prospects; and I 'm told there isn't any chance of a career in the Army nowadays unless you have brains. Things have sadly changed. It was very different in the General's time."

"There is still an opening," I said, "for physical prowess in the Service."

"Ah," said Mrs. Carstairs, "but you can never *count* on having a war. Besides there 's always a certain *risk* attached to fighting, isn't there?"

"I don't see how this piece of dress comes in," said Betty; "it 's not a bit like the rest of her."

"Perhaps she 's been sitting on a sofa, and one of the cushions came away with her when she got up."

"I think mosaics are *so* interesting," said Mrs. Carstairs. "Have you seen the ones they have in St. Mark's at Venice, Mr. Postlethwaite?"

"I am deferring that pleasure," replied the Curate, "until the Campanile has been restored."

"Quite right, quite right," said the General. "But it can never be the same thing."

"I have an inspiration," said Billy. "Mightn't it be one of those things that Japanese women wear at the back of their waists?"

"Of course, of *course*," cried Betty in generous admiration. "Really, Mr. Darton, you are *too* splendid!"

"Oh, it 's nothing," said Billy; "just a knack."

"Ever tried the War-game, Darton?" asked the General on a note of unusual respect. "Since my time, you know. German invention. What 's their name for it? Krigspill, or some such barbarism."

"No, sir; can't say I 've ever played it," said Billy; "I should like to try my hand at it."

"Oh, he 'd pick it up at once," said Betty. "And I shouldn't care to be the enemy if he gets to play it like he plays Jigsaw. I never saw anything so marvellous. But to business. We 've got to fill in that yawning chasm over the head of the Jap man."

"Perhaps it 's a bit of background."

"You can't have background cutting off half his head."

"He may have lost the other half at Port Arthur."

"What about this donkey-pannier? you 've got to find a place for that. Why not try it on his head?"

"But it won't go. It 's broad at the top and narrow at the bottom—just the opposite of the gap."

"I suppose," said Billy, "it couldn't possibly be one of those straw-hats the Japanese johnnies wear—like a bee-hive? You might just turn the thing upside down and see if it goes."

"Well, I 'm jigsawed," cried Betty. "You 're simply beyond everything, Mr. Darton. Father, we 've been entertaining a genius unaware."

"Bravo, Darton!" said the General.

"Thank you, Sir," said Billy.

* * * * *

That was Saturday night, and by the following evening Billy had achieved a still greater quest. He broke it to me next morning in the Carstairs motor on the way to the station.

"My dear boy," I cried, "a thousand congratulations. She 's a charming girl, and you thoroughly deserve her. Beauty at the prow and brains at the helm—a perfect combination. Parents agreeable and all that?"

"Went better than I expected," said Billy. "Afraid they might buck a bit owing to my—— well, the fact is they used to think rather poorly of my intelligence. But now they tell me they 've no hesitation in trusting Betty to me, as they 're sure I have a career before me."

"No wonder," I said, "after your record performance with the puzzle. You surpassed yourself."

"Pretty good, wasn't it?" said Billy. "But I don't mind telling you now, strictly between ourselves, that that puzzle was a plant."

"A plant!" I cried. "What kind of a plant?"

"Sort of a daisy," said Billy. "I brought it down myself on Saturday. Man in the regiment showed me how it went, and I did it over and over scores of times, till I knew it by heart."

"And you were dishonourable enough to impose on that sweet girl's innocence and credulity? Oh, Billy!"

"You wrong me, old man," he replied. "As thingummy said, 'I could not love the dear so much, loved I not honour more'!"

"But you deceived her," I insisted. "You led her to suppose that you were a genius. Is that your idea of conduct befitting an officer and a gentleman?"

"Dear old chap," said Billy, "you don't understand. I 'm not clever enough for that. The plant was her own notion, bless her."

O. S.

HEROIC EXAMPLE.

[Lieutenant Shackleton says that one of his most glorious moments in the Antarctic was when he dreamed he was eating bread-and-butter.]

Percy, seated at your teatime meal,
Henceforth you must hesitate to utter
Those objections which we know you feel
To beginning it with bread-and-butter.
Rather, Percival, must you express
Positive anxiety to tackle tons,
That thereby, perchance, you may possess
Glorious moments like Lieutenant Shackleton's.

Not on jammy rolls his fancy fed!
His desires were infinitely more set
On a single slice of British bread
Duly overlaid with British Dorset,
For in Polar regions this could make
Dreams considerably more enticing
Than could any iced Madeira cake;
He, in point of fact, was sick of icing.

Round the provender which you despise
Still his fondest recollections cluster,
For on this he fixed his dreaming eyes—
Went thereon a visionary buster.
Wherefore mourn not if your cake should fail,
Let not such a fact, fastidious grubber,
Serve you as the whaler serves the whale,
And (revolting image!) make you blubber.



OUR MR. LLOYD-GEORGE ON TOUR.

First Citizen. "THAT'S 'IM, NEXT THE MAYOR." Second Citizen. "WELL, IT AIN'T MUCH LIKE 'IS PICTURES."
First Citizen. "AH! BUT YOU WAIT TILL YOU 'EAR 'IM SPEAK."

[Certain Ministers, including the Chancellor of the Exchequer, are reported to have spoken their political principles into a gramophone, for the benefit of The Budget League.]



IN A GARRISON TOWN.

Wife of Civilian. "Any news of your sister?"
Colonel's Wife. "Oh, haven't you heard? Such a sad thing—she 's married a civilian; but she 's been so brave about it."

LOST INNOCENCE.

The hours of gold come back to me
That Time has pinched (he can't return 'em),
The well-remembered chestnut-tree
(Or was it, after all, laburnum?),
The rural rill,
The shriek of dying pigs—I hear them still.

'Tis out of no bucolic whim
I promulgate agrarian measures;
But, now that London's lure is dim,
And stale to me her storied pleasures,
I'd give a lot
To be like some of those to whom they 're not.

I see them rubicund and hale,
Men whom the underground nonplusses,
Who cling convulsive to the rail
Of apoplectic motor-buses,
On fire to view
The splendours of St. Stephen's and the Zoo.

From hamlets far away they wend,
They breathe the air of brake and coppice,
They know not which the southward end
Of Regent Street, and which the top is;
They also cube
By devious jinks their journeys on the Tube.

Ah, would that I could feel the thrill,
As once I felt, of urban clamour,
Could lose my heart to Ludgate Hill,
And re-experience the glamour
Of Oxford Street,
The magic and the mystery of the Fleet;

Could share the wild delirious sense
Of those who hie from havens stilly,
And, flotsam on its seas immense,
Could pause again in Piccadilly
To ask some bland
Policeman, "Officer, is this the Strand?"

Mr. H. G. Wells in *The Daily Mail*:—

"Within a year we shall have aeroplanes capable of starting from Calais circling over London, dropping a hundredweight or so of explosive upon the printing machines of *The Daily Mail* and returning securely to Calais for another similar parcel."

"It seems a long time to wait," sighed the editor of a rival paper.

"The general conduct of the operations will be invader versus invader," says *The Berks Advertiser* on the Army Manœuvres. So that when the Kaiser and the Empress of the North arrive together we shall see what we shall see.

MORE ENTERPRISE.

I.

Walking the Channel.
Prize to Pedestrians.
Huge Offer.

Everything that is possible having now been done—thanks to gallant Blériot—to the Channel, either on its surface or above, *The Morning Surprise* has decided to offer a prize of £1,000 to the first person, man, woman, or suffragette, who succeeds in walking on its bed from Dover to Calais or from Calais to Dover. The conditions are of the simplest. Forty-eight hours' notice must be given, and the pedestrian must prove to the satisfaction of *The Surprise* that he has remained on the bottom and not swum. Each competitor will be allowed to charter a vessel, which will move above him at a reasonable walking pace, say two miles an hour, to supply him with air, and, if need be, pelagic nourishment. It is understood that the last person to shake hands with him on the departing shore and the first as he emerges from the waters must be a representative of *The Morning Surprise*. The successful or even unsuccessful competitor's record of his adventures must be offered first to that paper, and any quotation from it will be allowed only on humble application.

Such was the announcement which appeared in *The Morning Surprise* directly after M. Blériot had succeeded in dashing in where Levavasseur feared to tread. The following day *The Surprise*, always magnanimous and willing to recognise the claims of the other side—the second halfpenny in the penny, so to speak—printed the following communication:—

Pathetic Letter from the Channel.

Sir,—May I ask you to hold hard for a little? Really this is getting monotonous. I am a poor little Channel at best—only twenty miles or so wide at the vexed spot—and I've had enough of it. I don't get a minute's peace. Either I am being steamed or sailed over (by very bad sailors, too, as I happen only too well to know), or I am being swum or flown over, or dropped into, or worried and tortured in some way or other. It's a bore, I tell you. And now comes the news that you are inciting stockbrokers and other walking gentlemen to tramp across me in their great boots. This, Sir, is going too far. I ask you to stop it. The Channel.

Meanwhile the name of a competitor was received, a M. Trotter, a French subject of English parentage. M. Trotter was the expert pedestrian attached to the firm of Lepitapatte, the famous bootmakers, and M. Lepitapatte accompanied him to Calais to superintend the great essay. Interviewers at once got to work.

II.

The Great Channel Walk.
M. Trotter Confident.

Seen yesterday by a representative of *The Morning Surprise*, M. Trotter, the intrepid ambulator, expressed his belief in his powers of endurance under the sea. He had, he said, made a number of experiments with regard to obtaining a consort vessel that exactly matched his own speed to carry the tube and supply him with air, and had at last found the perfect article in a dredger belonging to Dover Harbour. This, then, would cross the Channel immediately above him and at his own pace exactly.

Asked when he would start, he said that as far as he was concerned he was ready then, but the decision rested with M. Lepitapatte, who didn't want him to get his feet wet.

III.

Delays at Dover.
M. Trotter in Despair.

Telegraphing late last night *The Surprise* correspondent says that all is in readiness for M. Trotter's departure early to-morrow, and the Mayor and Corporation of Dover, the Warden of the Cinque Ports, the Commanding Officer of the Garrison, and the Head-master of the School are all sitting up all night so as to give the heroic young pedestrian a good send-off. The only fly in the ointment is M. Lepitapatte, who still shakes his head when he dips his finger into the sea and brings it out wet and thinks of the rocks at the bottom. There is, of course, such a thing as rating the condition of a pair of soles too highly: but excuses must be made for the proud inventor . . .



Navvy. "Couldn't yer see the notice, 'Road Closed'?"
Motorist. "Yes! confound you, and it's wide open."

IV.

The Channel Walked!
Triumph for France and *The Morning Surprise*.
Revolution in Transit.
No More *Mal de Mer*.

Yesterday, between the hours of 4 A.M. and 9 P.M. the Channel was walked. The hero was M. Piéton, who, while M. Trotter was still asleep and M. Lepitapatte was again testing the dampness of the sea, slipped into his diving costume on Calais beach and, descending into the water, was lost to view. His pace being slower even than that of M. Trotter, he was fed with air by a pre-Dreadnought battleship . . .

M. Piéton will be fêted in London to-morrow. His intention is to walk to America very shortly.

V.

"All is well with France."
Jubilation in Paris.

Paris.—The leading articles in all the newspapers hail M. Piéton's walk as a great French victory. The following are some extracts:—

The Matin.—One feels that man has suddenly become greater.

The Petit Parisien.—The triumph of Piéton is shared by all Frenchmen, even cripples.

The Petit Journal.—This stirring victory is a national victory which marks a further step in the path of progress.

The Radical.—The prophets of evil must stop croaking. All is well with France.

The Petite République.—The walking of the Channel gives an impression of definitive conquest. Piéton's name will live with those of Alexander, Cæsar and Napoleon.

MR. PUNCH'S RELIABLE GUIDE TO POPULAR HOLIDAY RESORTS.

No. I.—BITCRANKIE, N.B.



1. Saft day in Bitcrankie.
2. Local "Lily of the dell" (with acknowledgments to Mr. Harry Lauder).
3. Walking-stick for use at Bitcrankie.
4. Scotch Laird deer-stalking.
5. Bonnie Heather.
6. Bit Burn. 7. Bit Bairn.
8. Bonnie Bit Bairn.
9. Sawbath at Bitcrankie.
10. Bit Cat.
11. Elders. 12. Eldest.
13. Braw Hielander.
14. Mutchkin.
15. Too Mutchkin.
16. Blue-bell o' Bitcrankie.
17. Canny laddie o' that ilk.

THE RABBITS.

Chapter VII.—All Over.

"May I have a dance?" I asked Miss Blair.

She put her head on one side and considered.

"One, two, three—the next but *five*," she said.

"Thank you. That sounds a lot; is it only one?"

"You may have two running then, if you like."

"What about two running, and one hopping, and one really gliding? Four altogether."

"We 'll see," said Miss Blair gravely.

Myra, who was being very busy, came up and dragged me away.

"I want to introduce you to somebody. I say, have you seen Thomas?"

"It 's no earthly good introducing me to Thomas again."

"He 's so important, because he thinks the dance was his idea; of course I 'd meant to have it all along. There she is—her name 's Dora Dalton. I think it 's Dora."

"I shall call her Dora anyhow."

I was introduced, and we had a very jolly waltz together. She danced delightfully; and when we had found a comfortable corner she began to talk.

She said, "Do you play cricket?"

I was rather surprised, but I kept quite cool, and said, "Yes."

"My brother 's very fond of it. He is very good too. He was playing here yesterday against Mr. Mannering's team, and made six, and then the umpire gave him out; but he wasn't out really, and he was very angry. I don't wonder, do you?"

I had a sudden horrible suspicion.

"Did you say your name was Dora—I mean his name was Dalton?"

"Yes. And just because he was angry, which anybody would be, the wicket-keeper was very rude and told him to go home and—and bake his head."

"Not bake," I said gently, my suspicions having now become almost a certainty. "Boil."

"Go home and boil his head," she repeated indignantly.

"And did he?"

"Did he what?"

"Er—did he understand—I mean don't you think your brother may have misunderstood? I can't believe that a wicket-keeper would ever demean himself by using the word 'boil.' Not as you might say *boil*. 'Cool his head' was probably the expression—it was a very hot day, I remember. And . . . ah, there 's the music beginning again. Shall we go back?"

I am afraid Miss Dalton's version of the incident was not quite accurate. What had happened was this: I had stumped the fellow when he was nearly a mile-and-a-half outside his crease; and when he got back to it some minutes later and found the umpire's hand up, he was extremely indignant and dramatic about it. Quite to myself, *sotto voce* as it were, I murmured, "Oh, go home!" and I may have called attention in some way to the "bails." But as to passing any remarks about boiling heads—well, it simply never occurred to me.

I had a dance with Myra shortly after this. She had been so busy and important that I felt quite a stranger. I adapted my conversation accordingly.

"It 's a very jolly floor, isn't it?" I said as I brought her an ice.

"Oh, yes!" said Myra, playing up promptly.

"Have you been to many floors—I mean dances, lately?"

"Oh, yes!"

"So have I. I think dances have been very late lately. I think when the floor 's nice it doesn't matter about the ices. Don't you think the band is rather too elastic—I mean keeps very good time? I think so long as the time is good it doesn't matter about the floor."

"Oh, *isn't* it?" said Myra enthusiastically.

There was a pleasant pause while we both thought of something else to say.

"Have you," we began——

"I beg your pardon," we said at once.

"I was going to say," Myra went on, "have you read any nice books lately, or are you fonder of tennis?"

"I like reading nice books *about* tennis," I said. "If they *are* nice books and are really about tennis. Er—do you live in London?"

"Yes. It is so handy for the theatres, isn't it? There is no place exactly like London, is there? I mean it 's so different."

"Well, of course up in Liverpool we do get the trams, you know, now . . . I say, I 'm tired of pretending I 've only just met you. Let 's talk properly."

At this moment I heard a voice say, "Let 's try in here," and Archie and Dahlia appeared.

"Hallo! here 's the happy pair," said Myra.

They came in and looked at us diffidently. I leant back and gazed at the ceiling.

"Were you just going?" said Archie.

"We were not," I said.

"Then we 'll stay and talk to you."

"We were in the middle of an important conversation."

"Oh, don't mind us."

"Thank you. It 's really for your benefit, so you 'd better listen. Let me see, where were we? Oh yes, 'One pound of beef, ninepence; three pounds of potatoes, fourpence; one piece of emery paper for the blanc-mange, tuppence; one pound of india-rubber——'"

"'Dahlia *darling*,'" interrupted Myra, in a fair imitation of Archie's voice, "'how often have I told you that we *can't* afford india-rubber in the cake? Just a few raisins and a cherry is really all you want. You *mustn't* be so extravagant.'"

"'Dearest, I do try; and after all, love, it wasn't *I* who fell into the cocoa last night.'"

"'I didn't fall in, I simply dropped my pipe in, and it was *you* insisted on pouring it away afterwards. And then look at this—*One yard of lace—4s. 6d.* That 's for the cutlets, I suppose. For people in our circumstances paper frillings are *quite* sufficient.'"

Archie and Dahlia listened to us with open mouths. Then they looked at each other and then at us again.

"Is there any more?" asked Archie.

"There 's lots more, but we 've forgotten it."

"You aren't ill or anything?"

"We are both perfectly well."

"How 's Miss Dalton?"

"Dora," I said, "is also well. So is Miss Fortescue, and so is Thomas. We are all well."

"I thought perhaps——"

"No, there you are wrong."

"I expect it 's just the heat and the excitement," said Dahlia with a smile. "It takes some people like that."

"I 'm afraid you miss our little parable," said Myra.

".We do. Come on, Dahlia."

"You 'll pardon me, Archibald, but Miss Blair is dancing this with me."

Archie objected strongly, but I left him with Myra, and took Miss Blair away. We sat on the stairs and thought.

"It has been a lovely week," said Miss Blair.

"It has," I agreed.

"Perhaps more lovely for me than for you."

"That 's just where I don't agree with you. You know, we think it 's greatly over-rated. Falling in love, I mean."

"Who 's 'we'?"

"Myra and I. We 've been talking it over. That 's why we rather dwelt upon the sordid side of it just now. I suppose we didn't move you at all?"

"No," said Miss Blair, "we 're settled."

"That 's exactly it," I said. "I should hate to be settled. It 's so much more fun like this. Myra quite agrees with me."

Miss Blair smiled to herself. "But perhaps some day——" she began.

"I don't know. I never look more than a week ahead. 'It has been great fun this week, and it will probably be great fun next week.' That 's my motto."

"Well, ye-es," said Miss Blair doubtfully. The End. A. A. M.



REMNANT DAY AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

We suggest that, in view of the depression in Art circles, artists should be allowed to vend their own pictures.

THE DEFERRED FOUR.

"We want 8,
And we won't wait."—*Old Song.*

"You just wait,
And you 'll get 8."—*New Song.*

Scene—*District Railway.*

Radical Passenger (*to Tory Passenger*). Well, so you 're going to have your eight, after all; and I suppose you feel pretty cock-a-whoop over what you are pleased to regard as the success of your manufactured agitation?

Tory Passenger. Not at all. We made our protest, and appealed to public opinion, and then left the Government alone, because there were rumours, long ago, that they meant to give way. There's nothing to shout about. If you have any sense of decency you don't crow when your opponent admits that you were in the right.

Radical. But your jingo journals will be raising all sorts of paeans of triumph.

Tory. I think not. They have received the news with a very proper and dignified decorum. No shouts of victory as if it were a party question; just a quiet satisfaction for the country's sake, dashed with a little natural regret that, owing to three years of false economy, we are still behind in our programme. But perhaps you haven't read our papers?

Radical. No, I haven't; and I don't want to. (*Plunges into his Radical evening paper. A pause.*) Ha! I see why you 're not jubilant over the *Dreadnoughts*. Have you read this leader?

Tory. No, I haven't; and I don't want to.

Radical. Well, you shall have it read to you, then. (*Reads aloud.*) "An air of melancholy pervaded the comments of the Opposition last night on the decision of the Government to proceed with the 'contingent Dreadnoughts.' To be cut off from their popular thesis that the country is in danger from the cheeseparing economy of a Liberal Government is like parting with an old friend who has done yeoman's service in past times. The farewell is painful and reluctant."

Tory. "Evil be to him," &c. A man who could write like that—well, it seems that there are *no* limits to what some Englishmen will believe about their political opponents.

Radical. I say, where did you get that last phrase from?

Tory. Out of my head, of course, after hearing what you read.

Radical. Well, it's rather a curious coincidence, but there's something very like it lower down here, only with the "no" left out before "limits." It says that your agitation has been "a complete fiasco," because the public "altogether refused to believe that a Government which had dealt so frankly with the facts and saw so clearly the possible points of danger needed any urging to do what was necessary for safety." Then it goes on to say: "There are limits to what the average Englishman will believe about his political opponents."

Tory. Well, then, your Radical leader-writer must be something else than an "average Englishman," for there seem to be *no* limits to what *he* is prepared to believe about *his* political opponents.

Radical. I get out here. Good evening.

Tory. *Au revoir*, and *honi soit*.

Well Meant.

"The arrival of H.M.S. *Talbot* at Erith was an incident in a series of revelations as to the strength of our Navy which made most people who witnessed the sight marvel at England's supremacy on the sea."—*Erith Observer.*



The New Curate. "Is your husband in, Mrs Jones?"
Cottager. "No, zur, 'e be gone drillin'."
Curate. "Ah, I'm glad to hear that. Territorials, I presume?"
Cottager. "No, Zur. *Turnups!*"

NURSERY NOTES.

Mother of One.—(1) We should strongly advise you to get rid of the nurse who is in the habit of leaving baby in the bath for two hours while she just "slips out to the post." (2) Rabbits should not be kept in the room where the child sleeps.

Mavourneen.—You say baby has got his head stuck between the bars of the nursery window and can't get it back. And this is already Tuesday! *Why* didn't you wire? Send for a blacksmith *at once*, and meanwhile amuse him, and do not let him know the predicament he is in.

Hopeless.—Your complaint that baby is "exactly like Mr. Haldane, M.P." is a common one. He will soon get over this stage. Yes, you were quite right; even though your husband *is* a veterinary surgeon it was better to have the doctor as well.

Anxious.—(1) Don't be unreasonable; a child of six weeks cannot be expected to know the difference between *meum* and *tuum*. At present he is probably more interested in mummy and tummy. (2) To prevent him from biting his uncle's ear, smear it with mustard.

Brownie.—You say you are worried because baby has eaten the front page of *The Daily News*. There is no cause for anxiety. The back page of *The Express* would perhaps be the best antidote.

Pater.—You complain that your son has been disobedient, will not ask for forgiveness, and that nothing you can do will bring him to his knees. Why not try bringing him to *your* knees and let him study the pattern of the carpet while you do the rest?

Proud Parent writes: "I thought you might be interested to know that our doctor declares that my latest is the finest baby he has ever seen. I enclose a photograph." Thank you, "Proud Parent." The photo you enclose is the 400th we have received this week of the "finest baby the doctor has ever seen," and it enables us to complete another of the screens which we send every week to one of the hospitals.

HINTS TO A BEGINNER.

If writing verse be your delight,
Be careful with your theme;
This useful maxim keep in sight,
That things—and chiefly things you write—
Are seldom what they seem.

Let critics be your constant dread,
And, as your poem grows,
Look ever cautiously ahead,
Lest all unconsciously you tread
On someone else's toes.

Whatever subject you discuss,
Be meek as you are mild;
Cork up your satire, label thus:
"This poem is innocuous
Alike to man and child."

You cannot be too circumspect
Or use too nice a care;
The critic's brighter intellect
Some subtle meaning will detect
Which really isn't there.

On rare occasions you will find
Him lenient enough;
But if he chance to feel unkind,
Or if the chop on which he dined
Was more than common tough,

He for vituperation plumps
And, as I can attest,
He takes your verse by lines or lumps
And metaphorically jumps
On your defenceless chest.

His wrath, of course, may be defied,
Nor will his lances prick,
If you by nature are supplied
Like the rhinoceros with hide
Inordinately thick.

But if, like mine, your courage goes
With every critic's curse,
Take good advice from one who knows:
Write nothing in the shape of prose,
And less in that of verse.

The British interviewer who wanted, by way of compliment, to call M. Blériot "a regular flier," was ill-advised to say, "*Monsieur, vous êtes un voleur régulier.*"



WINGED VICTORY.

[With *Mr. Punch's* best felicitations to France and Louis Blériot, July 25, 1909.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 26.—ADMIRAL MCKENNA breathes again. For four months has carried about with him a secret heavier to bear than was the *Old Man of the Sea* on *Sinbad's* shoulders. In March last provision was made in Navy Estimates for building four new *Dreadnoughts*. In a sort of postscript, which, as usual, was the most important part of the communication, he intimated contingency of an additional four.

On this public attention centred. Four new battleships would straightway be added to the Fleet. That a matter of commonplace certainty. But what about the contingent four?

Someone broke the stillness of a Sabbath morning by announcing within a fortnight of the FIRST LORD'S statement that the contingency was a reality, the "may" governing the proposition being changed into "shall." In short the hypothetical ships were already—the article was published on April 4—determined upon as an actuality. Thereupon storm of enquiry broke upon the Treasury Bench. Was this statement authentic, or was it a vain imagining?

Difficult position even for the wariest, astutest of First Lords. If he confirmed it, he would have important section of Ministerialists in revolt. As it turns out, it was impossible to deny it. To any one looking back over the four months, with full knowledge officially conveyed to-night, the ADMIRAL'S cleverness of fence in circumstances of extreme difficulty becomes for the first time fully apparent. Repeatedly pressed in varied form of enquiry, he did not say "Yes;" he never said "No;" yet he managed to convey impression that he was really answering the question.

At the moment when he rose this evening in Committee on Navy Estimates, no official indication of Ministerial intention with respect to the four contingent battleships had been forthcoming. But who, short of possession of vivid imagination, shall picture the ADMIRAL'S sufferings during these four months? What locking of his bedroom door at night lest a Suffragette might enter and extort his secret! What restraint at the supper-table lest resultant nightmare might give it away! What extreme caution with respect to weather conditions on treading his quarter-deck, lest sudden lurch of the ship to larboard or starboard should explode it! What careful avoidance of the Poet Laureate of the Navy League with his insistence on eight and his blunt refusal to wait!

All is over now. The secret is out. We shall have the eight without undue wait. After four months' fitful fever the ADMIRAL sleeps well.

Business done.—Official announcement made that the Fleet will be strengthened by four additional *Dreadnoughts*, hitherto "contingent."

Tuesday.—Historic scene to-night staged in both Houses. From Diplomatic Gallery in the Commons, later from side galleries in House of Lords, United South Africa looks on whilst the Imperial Legislature confirms the Charter of its self-dominion. As CREWE said in speech worthy the occasion, for many years the Colonies that cluster between the Equator and the Cape have been groping towards union. To-day they find it under the friendly shield of Great Britain.

The pages of history present no parallel to the episode. Nine years ago some of the men who by right of Privy Councillorship stand to-day on the steps of the Throne or look on from the galleries held each other in the grip of one of the bitterest, hardest-fought wars of the closing century. Here they gather shoulder to shoulder, whilst final touch is given to an act of statesmanship wrought in their own country by their own hands. Truly never before was proclamation made in such striking fashion that Peace hath her victories not less renowned than War.

The MEMBER FOR SARK insists that among the general felicitations we should not forget that this marvellous work would never have been achieved but for the courage and constancy, the far-seeing statesmanship, of HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. The bestowal of independent Government upon the Transvaal



"Lest sudden lurch to larboard or starboard should explode it."

(Admiral McKenna.)



IF JOHN ELLIS HAD BEEN NELSON HOW DIFFERENT HISTORY WOULD HAVE BEEN.

"Well, Pasco, have you placed the geraniums and the canaries in all the gun-ports, and slung-up all the illuminated texts? Good! Now, please hoist the signal, 'Nelson confides that every Frenchman will come on board to tea.'"

(It will be noticed that in order to avoid any appearance of "craven" preparedness J. E. has voluntarily removed his *other* arm.)

and the Orange Free State, still bleeding from the buffets of devastating war, was his crowning service to a country to which he devoted the best years of his life. It was a leap in the dark whose audacity was in influential quarters denounced as rashly imperilling the advantages gained by a costly war. In his quiet way, with unassuming manner that concealed indomitable will, C.-B. persisted.

Business done.—Bill enacting union of South Africa read a second time in the Lords amid general acclaim.

House of Lords, Thursday. — Lord Halsbury more than ever in favour of shorter Sessions. If current one had closed a fortnight ago, things would have been much pleasanter. To begin with, extension provided opportunity for awkward statement as to condition of Magisterial Bench in town and county when the present Lord Chancellor came into office. Turned out that overwhelming majority of J.P.'s were by strange chance of one political colour. And now here's this County Courts Bill, introduced with double object of relieving pressure of work in the High Courts and cheapening law costs, to the class least able to bear them, by extending jurisdiction of County Courts.



At her Old Games.

Nurse Loreburn. "Ho, indeed, Missis 'Algebury! So you 've bin a-settin' on *this* one now, 'ave yer? pore little darlin'! 'Aven't 'urt it indeed! It 's a lot o' use tryin' to rear 'em when *you* 've once set on 'em!!"

(Lords Halsbury and Loreburn.)

In the lightness of heart that accompanies perennial youth, Halsbury moved to omit Clause I., the main, indispensable, prop of the measure. Motion opposed by so high, impartial, independent authority as the ex-President of the Probate Court. Carried by majority of 5, a significant variation from usual muster against Government Bills. Thereupon Lord Chancellor, to consternation of Opposition, declined to proceed further with the Bill. In vain Halsbury protested against this unexpected consequence of his own action. Crewe, supporting his colleague, renounced all interest in an infant which, as he said, had been "strangled at its birth."

Negotiations privately going forward with object of reinstating Bill. Up to to-night not successful.

THE PUBLIC'S PRIVILEGE.

"Please send the manager to me," I said.

The waiter did so, obviously wondering a little what was wrong, as he had not been more than ten minutes in executing my order, and the table-cloth was as suggestive of previous lunchers as English people like it to be.

The manager came, with the usual expression of surprised innocence and self-protectiveness.

"No, there 's nothing wrong," I said. "I merely wanted to talk a little."

He inclined his head.

"Why," I said, drawing his attention to the menu, "why this large type for the NEW of peas? It is now mid-July. Would not 'peas' be enough? No one takes them out of a bottle now, surely?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Our customers expect it," he said.

"It excites them, I suppose," I said, "and thus prepares them to pay the price asked — a shilling. But why a shilling?" I continued. "Why ask a shilling for a pennyworth of peas? You only ask a penny for bread and a penny for butter, and they have to be manufactured. Peas grow."

He shrugged his shoulders again. "Peas are a luxury," he said.

"Very well," I continued, "I will grant that. The profit is no doubt just —from your point of view. But look here," and I showed him the morning paper, with an account of the glut of strawberries in London—tons and tons going begging in Covent Garden—2*d.* a pound in the streets. "And now look at this," I added, and showed him his "STRAWBERRIES AND CREAM" in large type in the menu—"STRAWBERRIES AND CREAM, 2/-."

"Why," I said, "don't you give the public the opportunity of sharing in this accident of fecundity? Why not say 'Strawberries and cream, 6*d.*,' for example?"

"Oh, no," he said, "that wouldn't do. They 'd take us for a cheap and common place. Prices must be kept up."

"Then it 's really the public that fix the prices?" I hazarded.

"Absolutely," he replied.

Is it?

"Blenkarne—Harrison. — On Thursday, July 24th, 1879 (thirty years ago to-day) . . . W. L'Heureux Blenkarne, M.R.C.S., . . . only surviving son of David Blenkarne, solicitor, of Notting-hill, W., great-grandson of David L'Heureux, of Paris, and grandson of the Rev. James Blenkarne, M.A., vicar of Great S. Helen, Bishopsgate, E.C. (1799-1835), Afternoon Lecturer at the Church of S. George's-in-the-East, President of Sion College, Chaplain to Guy's Hospital and to the Duke of Grafton, and formerly of Ashby-de-la-Zouche, to Annie Harrison, elder daughter of James Harrison, J.P., of Buckingham. Continental, colonial, and provincial papers please copy."—*Daily Telegraph.*

Circulating as he does about the Continent, the Colonies and the Provinces, *Mr. Punch* feels that the appeal to copy this is made expressly to him. He therefore hastens to give it the publicity of his columns, while confessing with shame that for thirty years he had been in complete ignorance that such things had happened. For all he had heard there might have been a conspiracy to keep him in the dark about it.

"The conference points out that many accidents might be avoided if drivers exercised more care."—*Daily Graphic.*

There are quite enough cars taking exercise as it is, thank you.



Squire. "YOU CAN'T GRUMBLE AT THE MARKET FOR PIGS JUST NOW; THEY 'RE FETCHIN' A GOOD PRICE."
Old Tenant Farmer. "WELL, AS FAR AS THAT DO GO, I SUPPOSE THEY BE, BUT LOOK WHAT A PRICE THEY BE TO BUY."

LOVE.

[For the first time in the annals of literature this important topic is treated in verse.]

Prologue.

My love is seated on a bench
  Beneath the overhanging tree,
And, though she is a comely wench,
  I am as bored as I can be.
I lie full length upon the lawn
And yawn and yawn and yawn and yawn.

Then, wond'ring how she 's getting on,
I rise to find the lady gone.

The Material Part.

When I am making love to girls,
  I run my fingers through my hair;
I call attention to the curls,
  I tell them that it 's rude to stare.
This sort of gossiping one knows 'll
Prepare the way for one's proposal.

But as for you . . . I am appalled
To think you 're very likely bald.

When girls are making love to me,
  They pass me all the things they think
I most prefer to eat, and see
  That I have all I want to drink;
They never broach the topic till
I 've obviously had my fill.

When girls are making love to you . . .
I don't believe they ever do.

Of all the illness in the world
  This love-complaint is hardest cured,
For hair may be for ever curled,
  And food for ever be endured;
And we could evermore discuss
The all-sufficing topic "US."

The last two couplets hardly seem
To have a bearing on the theme.

When love is true, then love is hot;
  You cannot mind your Q's and P's;
You have to voice it on the spot,
  You have to voice it on your knees.
Yet, when you 're thinking to propose,
You simply mustn't blow your nose.

The slightest sneeze, the merest cough
Will put the kindest lady off.

Epilogue.

The waning of the winter moon,
  The simmer of the summer sky,
The awe of autumn's afternoon,
  These have their wherefore and their why.
And, gentle reader, even you
May have some hidden meaning too.

This poem, on the other hand,
I own *I* cannot understand.

More Triangular Cricket.

"Against Surrey, to-morrow, Somerset will beat Middlesex."—*Lloyd's Weekly.*

BISLEY AND BUSINESS.

Some practical hints, picked up at Bisley, for the future guidance of marksmen when in action.

THE prone position is inadvisable when you are aiming at dirigibles.

Umbrellas should not be taken into the firing line—not even in wet weather.

Lemonade and shandygaff are seldom obtainable in action; marksmen must therefore be prepared (*a*) to suck pebbles, or (*b*) to go without.

Should you aim at one infantryman and inadvertently hit another, say nothing. The chances are that, in the flurry of the moment, the error will escape notice, and your innocent deception may well be excused in the hour of national peril.

A simple rule for scoring is—anywhere in the tunic, one.

Mounted men have an irritating habit of moving from one position to another, the object being to baulk the steadfast marksman. The best way to meet this difficulty is to make corresponding alterations in the direction of your rifle-barrel.

When shooting off a tie with an opposing marksman remember that an inner with your sighting shot is worth more than the expectation of a possible series of bulls later on. This is one of the differences between Bisley and the other thing.

THE IDEAL HOLIDAY RESORT.

"I AM oppressed," said George, "by this question of holidays, for as such I am bound to regard the months of August and September, whatever I may do with the other months of the year. The Barrister's year is divided into terms, when he doesn't work, and the Long Vacation, when he mustn't work. A vacation is a holiday, and a holiday is a thing to be spent. The difficulty is to know where to spend it."

"A friend of mine," said I, "tells me that Skegness is so bracing."

"I have heard that, too," said George, "but the entertainment provided seems to consist of nothing else than one fisherman and unlimited sand. The latter is tolerable, but the former, as one's sole companion for two months, might prove a little tiring. His constant agility would make one feel hot and uncomfortable, and the sea is really too blue there."

"Any Railway Company would be only too glad to recommend a pleasant resort," said I, thinking of more posters. "The best and quickest route to Ireland is certainly . . ."

"It is, undoubtedly," said George. "But you will notice this curious fact about Railway Companies' recommendations. They are invariably spots served exclusively by their own lines. I think it is just possible that they content themselves with making your journey there and back thoroughly happy and don't much care what happens to you in between times. Now, if I could find a Company really emphatic about the charms of a watering-place that you couldn't possibly get to by their own railway, I would go there like a shot. As yet I have not. I find, for instance, that nothing would induce the London and North Western Railway to spend its holidays anywhere else than in London or the North-West."

"Have you ever tried Theobald's Grove?" I said, turning casually to the A.B.C. "It is only 13¾ miles from Liverpool Street, and the fares are 1/8a, 1/2b, and -/10c. It does not mention the other sights, but it does say that *the* thing to see is page 490. I have never heard the Great Eastern boast of this, and there does not appear to be a population."

"I have not the pleasure of knowing Theobald," said George, "and the A.B.C., though thoroughly impartial, is too promiscuous. Besides, they insist upon my taking a bottle of fruit salts in my bag, and I doubt if I have room."

"Why not try Finland?" I suggested. "I mention that simply because Thomas, who also has never been there, said to me this morning, 'Why not try Finland?' Any adequate reason you advance for not doing so I shall be delighted to pass on to Thomas."

"I know a man," said George, "who once knew a man, who thought he knew a man . . ."

"What a lot of men there are about nowadays," said I.

". . . who went to Finland years and years ago and was stabbed in the back in his sleep."

"You could easily avoid that by sleeping on your back."

"And wear a chest-protector?" said George. "No, I suppose it must be the old Continent again. Already I hear the familiar song ringing in my ears. How does it run?

'Il est dangereux de se pencher en dehors.'

or, as they sing it in Italy,

'È periculoso sporgersi!'

The attraction is irresistible. Take it that I sail from Dover to-morrow."

"And I will forward your letters to the old address at Margate," said I.

"The world is all awry," said George, sorrowfully. "I look to my old friend James for advice, and I am answered with meaningless nothings. I look past him to the starlit heavens for inspiration, and I am told, sometimes in red lights, sometimes in green, and occasionally even in white, to 'DRINK AND ENJOY LEWAR'S LITTLE LIVER BOYS.' Again I have to turn to James and hope against hope that for once he will not show himself an ass. Now tell me: where shall I go?"

"Go to Jericho," said I.

THE VERACIOUS VIRTUOSO.

MR. BAMBERGER'S NARRATIVE.

THE account headed "Melba in Wonderland," describing the astounding demonstrations organised in honour of the redoubtable *diva* by the Whakarewarewa natives at Rotorua lends significance to the following narrative of the travels of Mr. and Mrs. BAMBERGER in Patagonia, which has been kindly and modestly furnished us by Mr. BAMBERGER himself.

It will be remembered that Mr. BAMBERGER undertook this arduous and perilous expedition from mixed motives, partly scientific, partly artistic. It was suggested to him that the tones of his violin, reinforced by the social prestige of his wife (the only daughter of Sir Pompey Boldero) might succeed not only in luring the Giant Sloth from its fastness in the salicylic swamps of the Lycopodium Valley, but also bring comfort and cheerfulness to the Patagonians themselves, who have of late been suffering from severe agricultural depression, owing to the failure of the crops of Digitalis and Extractive Scammony.

Mr. and Mrs. BAMBERGER travelled with an extremely small retinue, consisting of only 150 native bearers, a squadron of Argentine Carabiniers, ten flashlight photographers, four men cooks, and three alternating accompanists. Their first stop was at Pogolopotl, the famous floating city on the inland sea of Slobolando. Here the travellers were met by over 600 of the leading Creosote Indians, including the famous anthropophagous chieftain, Gobolup. This renowned warrior, whose chivalry is only equalled by the length of his feet, welcomed the visitors with the most abject condescension, reciting some of the choicest recipes in his ancestral cookery-book, and entertained them to a magnificent banquet consisting of Paraguay tea, cardamoms, and coriander bascules. After the banquet Mrs. BAMBERGER presented the chief with a beautifully illuminated copy of her family tree, and in return he proposed her health in a most eloquent speech, winding up with the words, "*Jaborandi senega guavana ceradilla condurango.*"

Mr. BAMBERGER having suitably replied, the party then adjourned to take part in a grand jamboree, which was kept up to a late hour. While the revels were at their height and Mrs. BAMBERGER was dancing the Kitchen Lancers in the most *recherché* aristocratic style with the chieftain's eldest son, news was brought by an exhausted runner of the advent of a raiding party of Scarabs, the hereditary foes of the Slobolando Patagonians. With singular unanimity Mr. BAMBERGER was chosen as generalissimo of the garrison, and at once led a sortie against the invaders, armed with the Mauser pistol presented him by the CZAR, and the stiletto given him by the Nihilists of Moscow. The issue of the conflict was never long in doubt. Out of the 1,200 slain nearly half were accounted for by Mr. BAMBERGER himself, while the booty included forty bales of natural scammony, twenty-three kegs of kola, nineteen jeroboams of liquorice juice, fifty pottles of orris root, and one hundred butts of clarified camomile tea. Mr. BAMBERGER gave a short violin recital on the field of battle, followed by a speech, in which he assured his triumphant warriors that on his return to England he would personally assure the KING of their loyalty to him (*i.e.* Mr. BAMBERGER). He then ordered double rations of cod liver oil, rhatany and tolu balsam to be served out, and, bidding an affecting adieu to his army, continued his progress to the Lycopodium Valley.

In our next instalment we hope to summarise the appalling adventures of Mrs. BAMBERGER while a captive in the lair of the Giant Sloth, the tragic agony of Sir Pompey Boldero, and finally the portentous and incredible means by which Mr. BAMBERGER first hypnotised and then annihilated his beloved consort's inexorable captor. [Not if I know it.—ED. *Punch*.]

A CHANGE OF VIEW.

["There is a distinct relationship between flabby muscles and crime."—*Daily Paper*.]

He came to my room in the stilly
  Night hours, and so soft was his tread
I never observed him until he
  Bent silently over the bed.
In a bloodcurdling whisper that carried
  More menace than many a shout
He bade me to state where my family plate
  And money hung out.

It gave me good heart for a tussle
  To note his nefarious air—
Sure sign that the gentleman's muscle
  Was only a flabby affair—
So, anxious to punish his seeming
  Contempt for the criminal law,
I flung the clothes back and I caught him a smack
  Right under the jaw.

But oh! as the kick of a hoss is
  In swiftness and force was the blow
He aimed at my noble proboscis
  (And hit it the very first go).
I changed, in the consequent combat
  Wherein I was knocked out of time,
My innocent views on the sinews and thews
  Connected with crime.

Henceforward I cannot help thinking
  They err in their logic who speak
Concerning the cousinly linking
  Of crime and a flaccid physique.
Let others go offer resistance
  To those who would break in and rob,
For me, who have tried how they pummel your hide,
  I jib at the job.

ROCKEFELLER'S TEE TABLE-TALK.

["It is impossible to know how many of the Rockefeller interviews are genuine or faked. The public demands to be informed of his opinion on every subject, whether it is connected with the duty on oil or one of Dr. Aked's eloquent sermons, and if, as is generally the case, Mr. Rockefeller confines his conversation to the skill with which he laid his mashie dead, the newspapers do not hesitate to quote him as if he had really talked to their reporters on themes upon which they have been sent to sound him."—*Daily Telegraph, July* 26.]

I.

"When I keep my eye on the ball, I seldom foozle my drive."

Translation:—

"When a man has accumulated a sum of money within the law, that is to say, in a legally honest way, people no longer have any right to a share in the earnings resulting from that accumulation. The man has respected the law in accumulating the money. *Ex-post-facto* laws should not apply to property rights. A man's right to the undivided ownership of his property, in whatever form, cannot be denied him by any process short of confiscation."

II.

"I prefer a cleek to a laffy."

Translation:—

"Oil being the great lubricant of the universe, which makes the wheels of the industrial system move smoothly, and which, when cast on the troubled waters, induces an immediate subsidence of all dangerous tumefaction, it is worse than a crime to penalise its circulation by the imposition of prohibitive duties."

III.

"I always use a Schenectady putter."

Translation:—

"On the subject of the restriction of armaments I see eye to eye with Mr. Andrew Carnegie. The international *Dreadnought* race in which the Great Powers are now engaged is a blot on our so-called civilisation and is largely, if not entirely, instigated by the malicious activity of irresponsible journalists."

IV.

"There is no truth in the report that I intend to enter for the amateur golf championship."

Translation:—

"It is better to be a great pulpiteer than a multi-millionaire. I would rather have written the hymns of Dr. Watts than possess my present income. I would rather have the degree of B.D. than own wealth B.D.A. (Beyond the Dreams of Avarice). I would rather be a Gladstone than a Rockefeller."



Waitress. "Yes, things are very quiet after Goodwood. But there's a smart affair coming off next week in the West End."

Customer. "Indeed. What's that?"

Waitress. "My brother's wedding at Hammersmith. I've got a day off for it."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Regarded statistically, Mr. Ernest Oldmeadow's novel, *Antonio* (Grant Richards), is a big matter. There are upwards of five hundred pages. This is, nowadays, good measure, and in our mercenary age the book should sell on that account alone. But, regarding it still statistically, I doubt if the reader who wants his six-shillingsworth of shocks will find enough plot in it. There is really no plot at all, no tangled complications of the main issue, no mining and countermining, no cross currents. It is just a straightforward though eventful history of a Portuguese monk who, on the suppression of his monastery during the years following the Peninsular war, sets himself the task of buying back the Abbey lands and reinstating the brotherhood. His story is made up of physical struggles in connection with the wine trade, into which he plunges, and moral struggles in connection with a certain fair and very charming lady who has no patience with his vows of celibacy. There is not much here to fill out five hundred pages, but Mr. Oldmeadow supports the slender tale with an excellently drawn cast of incidental persons, and many wholly delightful glimpses of Portuguese peasant life. All of which gave me the greater pleasure since it had not occurred to me that anything particularly interesting happened in Portugal after the Duke of Wellington and his generals left the neighbourhood.

The Unlit Lamp (White) is a study of rural life in England at the beginning of the last century. Unfortunately Mr. Algernon Gissing's enthusiasm for his subject is greater than his sense of form, and in consequence the book seems to miss its proper effect from some confusion of interest. In the words of the immortal criticism of *Jabberwocky*, "it fills my head with ideas, only I don't exactly know what they are." To say this, however, is not to deny *The Unlit Lamp* many excellent qualities; it has above all things the grace of complete sincerity. The story concerns the life of one *Timothy Lampitt*, poacher and squatter, and the efforts made by *Paul*, son of old *Squire Creed*, to mitigate his father's interpretation of rural law against the outcast. *Paul* had been with the army in France, and brought home with him not only republican theories but also the daughter of a sergeant as wife. I should like to have heard more of *Sadie*, and how she got on in her new surroundings, but Mr. Gissing, after rousing my interest in her, appears to lose his own, and she practically disappears from the story. Wordsworth is mentioned once or twice as an adviser of *Paul*, though the author gallantly resists the temptation to introduce him in person. I wish he had displayed equal firmness about the matter of his title, the pun in which, if intentional, is without excuse. Verbal quibbles by an author upon the name of one of his own characters (another recent instance was *The Wooden Horse* as a name for the story of a family called *Trojan*) are much too easy to be worth while.

More than forty years ago Lord Broughton, perhaps better known as John Cam Hobhouse, wrote *Recollections of a Long Life*. Privately printed, it ran to five volumes, but was not suffered to go beyond the family circle and a few friends. After long interval Lady Dorchester has taken in hand this voluminous record. With passages from the original work she has incorporated extracts from a diary kept by her industrious parent, together with quotations from his narrative of a tour with Byron, and his letters written from Paris during the last days of the reign of Napoleon. Lord Broughton was irresistibly attracted by these two heroic figures. Napoleon he did not know personally, though he had looked upon him and has preserved a vivid recollection of his appearance. He was Byron's most intimate friend, travelling with him abroad and living with him at home. He was best man at the ill-fated wedding. He tells how, handing Lady Byron into her carriage, after the ceremony (which took place in her father's house), he wished her many years of happiness. She replied, "If I am not happy, it will be my own fault"—words neither bride nor bridegroom was likely to forget when their wedded life ended within a few brief months. Minute details, some fresh, are given of a sad story which has always had a fascination for mankind. The two portly volumes, which preserve the original title of Lord Broughton's reminiscences, are published by Mr. Murray.



Tommy. "Do you believe in fairies, Mrs. Hardacre?"
Mrs. H. "No, certainly not."
Tommy. "I'm so glad you're candid about it. There's such a pose among grown-ups nowadays to *pretend* they do."

One can't be certain, of course, but I 'm
Pretty well sure that Father Time
Looks a bit green about the gills
When Mr. Pemberton 's out for thrills.

For he draws you people, does Mr. P.,
As up-to-date as they well can be,
And then he proceeds to find them sport
Of a regular mediæval sort.

That at any rate 's roughly what
Happens aboard the schooner yacht
Whereon Mr. Pemberton has his whack
Throughout *The Adventures of Captain Jack.*

But far-fetched, probable, new or old,
What he has to tell is so deftly told
That I spent an excellent afternoon
A-reading his volume (Mills and Boon).

Our Lost Island (see Press passim).

M. Blériot (alighting on Dover cliffs—to local policeman). "The peninsula of Great Britain, I presume?"

CHARIVARIA.

MUCH satisfaction has been caused by Mr. ASQUITH'S statement that, so long as our Navy prevents it, no invasion of our country is possible.

***

Fired by the example of *The Daily Mail*, a French newspaper, we hear, is about to offer a prize for the first British-built aeroplane which succeeds in flying across the Thames at Twickenham.

***

Mr. REDFORD told the Censorship Committee that he was formerly a Bank Manager. Does he, we wonder, endorse the plays which he cannot accept, "Refer to Drawer"?

***

Certain members of the Cabinet are becoming quite bold in regard to the Budget. A little while ago they acted only on the defensive. Now they have assumed the very offensive.

***

Lord AVEBURY points out that Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE would appear to have a special grudge against Dukes. Times change. Once the highwayman's cry was, "Up with your Dukes!" Now it is "Down with your Dukes!"

***

"If Lord CURZON is going to try here that arrogance which was too much even for the gentle Hindu," said Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, "we will tell him we will not have any of his Oriental manners." And yet we have known Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE himself to use language which savoured of the East-End.

***

An Austrian gentleman has invented a noiseless typewriter. He claims that in a room where fifty or more of his typewriters are at work no sound will be heard but the conversation of the typists. A rival machine, however, is on the market. This drowns even the voices of the operators.

***

The White City is steadily adding to its attractions. The Tuberculosis Exhibition has now been transferred from Whitechapel to Shepherd's Bush.

***

A Tibetan baby which was born the other day in the Kalmuck Camp at the White City is to be called "Flip-flap," the name by custom being taken from the first object which the mother saw after the child's birth. According to our information the infant is doing as well as can be expected; indeed, he is said to have expressed satisfaction on hearing of his narrow escape from becoming "Wiggle-Woggle."

***

"I consider," says the Secretary of the Hythe Golf Club, "that golf brings out all the finer points of character—viz., unselfishness, generosity, self-reliance in adversity." There can be no doubt as to the last-mentioned point. There are occasions when all the old-fashioned oaths are inadequate, and new ones have to be invented.

***

On a new Chinese railway line the locomotives are American and German, the cars are American, the steel rails German, and the sleepers Japanese. "Where is Britain?" asks *The Pall Mall Gazette*. With our allies, we suspect—somewhere among the sleepers.

***

The latest speculation of King LEOPOLD is a Restaurant in the grounds of the forthcoming Brussels Exhibition. His MAJESTY is now advertising for a lessee, but it is said that if he cannot obtain one, he will manage the venture himself. Might we respectfully suggest a possible partnership with the gentleman who bears the title, "The Sausage King"?

***

In an article upon the Suez Canal in the current number of *The Cornhill*, a writer describes flamingoes as "wading, poised on one leg, with their long necks in strange convolutions." Yet it would be stranger still if there were no convolutions under these trying conditions.

***

The Diocesan Scout Corps has come into being, and the original Boy Scouts look upon the newcomers as an opposition body. It ought to be possible to arrange some really realistic sham fights now.



A BRIGHT OUTLOOK.

Mother (in the Tube). "STOP FIDGETING, 'ORACE,—OR YOU SHAN'T LOOK OUT OF THE WINDOW!"

THE FATAL STRAWBERRY-MARK.

[Being the utterance of a member of the middle-class, much consoled by the thought of his comparative irresponsibility.]

WHEN I muse upon the narrow
Scope of my suburban cot:
When, depressed about the marrow,
I could wish my humble lot
Might have run to rather more than I have actually got:—

When with envy, hate and malice
I regard the life of ease—
Men (I'm told) who drain the chalice
From the bubbles to the lees,
And employ their bloated leisure just exactly as they please:—

Then I think, for consolation,
It is better, after all,
Not to hold a lofty station
With a large ancestral hall,
So that, when the Budget hits me, I have not so far to fall.

When, with manners quite the oddest,
Jumping GEORGE careers around,
Lifting loot from off my modest
Patch of "undeveloped" ground,
I may still survive the paltry extra shilling in the pound.*

But, had Fortune been less kindly,
Had I been a duke instead,
I should now be asking blindly
Why they didn't kill me dead
Ere the strawberry-leaves were planted on my hairless little head.

Though I spent my life in doing
Alms to labour on the land,
Still I'd be a butt for booing
When the navvy's horny hand
Seared my brow, at GEORGE'S bidding, with the loathly ducal brand.

Thank the Lord no ancient titles
Link my honour with the soil;
So it won't affect my vitals
When he woos the sons of toil
With a "Damn the dukes, my hearties; wipe 'em out and pinch the spoil!"

O. S.

* A shilling in the pound, that is to say, on the annual value; but described, for electioneering purposes, as a halfpenny in the pound on the capital value.

The Burthen of Solomon.

The following award of the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE was issued last week:—

"Whereas the Warwickshire Colliery Owners' Association and the Warwickshire Miners' Association referred to me, the undersigned, a difference which had arisen between them as to the 'snap' time which should be allowed in the Warwickshire mining district, and whereas the parties were agreed that the *minimum* time should be 15 minutes and the *maximum* time 25 minutes and that the award should decide the time between these limits, and whereas I, the undersigned, having taken upon me the burthen of the said reference, have heard the parties at the Board of Trade on the twenty eighth day of July, 1909, now therefore I award and declare that the time allowed as 'snap' time shall be twenty minutes.

As witness my hand this third day of August, 1909,
WINSTON S. CHURCHILL.

Signed and published in the presence of
G. R. ASKWITH, Board of Trade."

This must have taken some doing.

THE DEPLORABLE FRIVOLITY OF MR. PONKING.

(An Electioneering Forecast.)

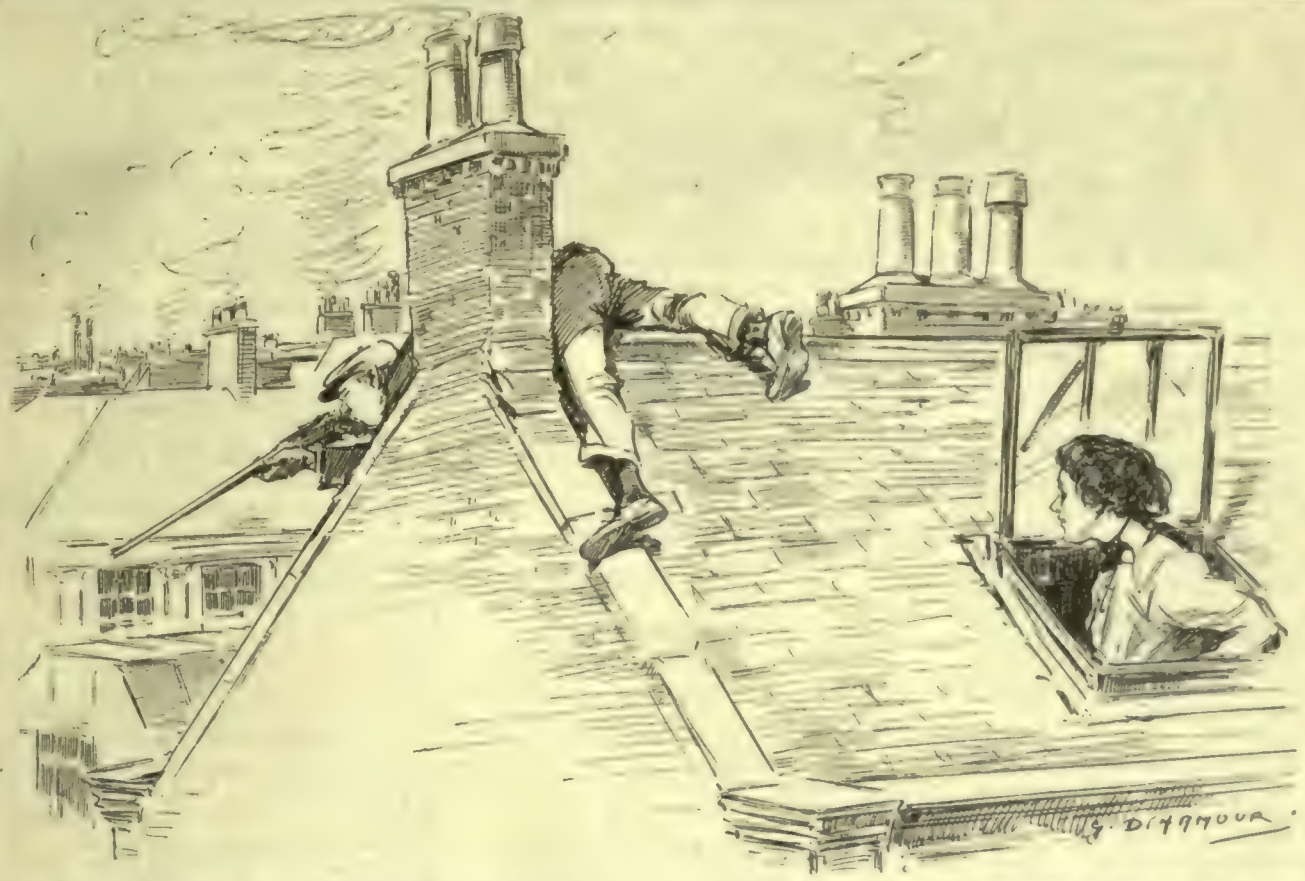
INTRODUCTORY.—*Certain Cabinet Ministers are, as Mr. Punch has recorded in a recent cartoon, employing gramophones to represent them at political meetings held in favour of the Budget. It seems not improbable that during the next General Election this precedent may be followed by Parliamentary Candidates who find it impossible to pay a personal visit to more than a few of their constituents. At all events, we will ask the reader to assume that that rising politician, Mr. Stodgely-Sewett, who is standing for the Division of North-West Tootwell in the Liberal interest, has deputed a gramophone to canvass the householders in Mafeking Avenue. The instrument, escorted by an amiable but incompetent member of Mr. S.-S.'s Committee, has arrived at No. 10, the semi-detached two-storied residence occupied by Mr. Alfred Ponking, whom we discover at tea with his wife and children.*

Mr. Ponking (to the Committee-man). That's *me*, mister. I'm Alf Ponking, right enough. 'Care to 'ear a few words from the Liberal Candidate, Mr. Stodgely-Sooitt?' Why, suttingly! Arsk 'im to step in! [*The Amiable but Incompetent Committee-man retires—to re-appear presently with a large gramophone, whose expansive mouthpiece is enamelled a rich cherry colour; after his first surprise Mr. A. P. perceives a favourable opening for the buffoonery in which he is, unfortunately, only too prone to indulge.*] 'Ow *are* yer, Mr. Sooitt? Proud to see yer, Sir! (*to his wife*) Loo, a cheer for 'is nibs. Give it a wipe fust—you'll excuse 'er want o' manners, Sir. She ain't in the 'abit of receivin' sech distinguished strangers. (*To the A. but I. C. M.*) Set Mr. Sooitt down there, Sir. I dunno if 'e'd like a cushion to 'is back? (*To the instrument*) Jest 'aving of our tea, you see. I 'ope I 'm not tiking a libbity in arskin' you to join us? My missus 'ere kin easy slip a cup o' tea and a sloice o' bread and butter down yer swoller. (*To the A. but, &c., who, astounded by the appalling ignorance of the Lower Middle Classes, endeavours to explain the impracticability of this proposal*) 'Never tikes nothink in the refreshmint line?' With a mouth like that, too! Which reminds me, Mister (*in a stage whisper*), I'd jest as soon 'e *didn't* offer to kiss my kiddies—on'y frighten 'em, not bein' used to Mr. Sooitt's size o' lip. . . . Oh, it *ain't* Mr. Sooitt 'imself? Well, now I come to *look* at 'im, I *do* notice a somethink! It was your interdoocin' 'im like you did as put *me* wrong. (Don't you tike no notice o' my missus—*I* dunno what's set 'er off like that.) But, 'ooever it is as you've brought 'ere canvassin', there's no occasion for 'im to go kissin' the kids, see? . . . . Don't seem partickler chatty, so fur, *do* 'e? Ain't ser much as mide a remark. Though *why* 'e should feel shy with quiet, simple blokes like ourselves licks *me*. . . . Got to be wound up fust, 'as 'e? And then we'll 'ear Mr. Sooitt torkin' to us in 'is own voice? That *will* be a treat, won't it? . . . Speak up, Mr. Sooitt, Sir, we're a-listenin' to yer. [*The gramophone produces a scratchy whirr, punctuated by woolly squeaks.*] A bit 'usky, ain't 'e? 'Ere, Loo, drop one o' them 'ore'ound lozengers down Mr. Sooitt's toob. Wonderful things, they are, for frog in yer throat. . . . 'A broken needle,' is it? Well, 'e 'as my symperthy. Loo, you shouldn't go leavin' sech things about on the cheers for visitors to set on! . . . *Now* 'e's orf at last! That *you*, Mr. Sooitt, Sir? I 'ope you're feelin' more comfortable? . . . (*To the C. M.*) Why, 'ow kin you tell me 'e ain't down at the other end, when I kin 'ear 'im as pline as pline! . . . Oh, o' course, if *you* say as it's a machine doin' of it all, I'll tike your word for it. [*The gramophone emits a wheezy but solemn warning to the effect that, should the Conservative party be placed in power,*



BRAVO, TORERO!

[With *Mr. Punch's* congratulations to King Alfonso on the suppression of the revolution in Catalonia.]



THIS HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THE INVASION OF LONDON, BEING MERELY YOUNG SMITHERS (WHO HAS RECEIVED AN INVITATION TO A DEER FOREST) PRACTISING TAKING AIM UNDER WHAT HE SUPPOSES WOULD BE, AS NEARLY AS POSSIBLE, ACTUAL CONDITIONS.

the ruin of the country is the very least that may be confidently expected.] Well, *there* now! And all done by *mechanics*, too! Why, I shouldn't be serprised if some dye they invented a machine as 'll acshally tork *sense!* 'Kin 'e count on my vote and support?' Well, why *not?* Mike as good a Member as *some* on 'em, *I* dessay. Bound ter ketch the Speaker's eye, any'ow, *wherever* 'e sets. Blowed if 'e shan't 'ave *my* vote, jest to encourage 'im! 'Old on a bit while I give it 'im—on'y got to shove it down 'is trumpet, I s'pose? . . . What, I'm wrong *agen*, am I? But see 'ere, ole sport, jest now you assured me most positive as it was 'ere on its own, like, and Mr. Sooitt *wasn't* inside of it. *Now* you 're tryin' to mike out that it *is* 'im. You *cawn't* 'ave it *both* wyes, yer know! . . . Oh, I *see!* It's what they call a 'grammiphone,' is it? A ninstrument for kereckly re-perdoocin' the yumin voice? It 'ud better not let Mr. Sooitt 'ear it re-perdoocin' *'is!* . . . No, no, ole pal, I'm puffickly serious, very near converted a'ready, I am. But what *I* should like to 'ear from Mr. Sooitt's voice is: Will he bring in a Bill to enable me to live 'ere free o' rent and taxes? That 's what I want to get out of *'im*. A early answer will oblige. . . . There 's *artfulness* for yer! If 'e ain't pertendin' to 'ave run down now! . . . Escuse me—*my* errer. Tikes me some time to tumble to these 'ere noo ideers—but I've got it right *now*—it ain't intellergent, it 's on'y repperesentin' Mr. Sooitt. . . . Oh, you 'd jest like me to 'ear 'ow 'e perposes to deal with the 'Ouse o' Lords afore you go? *I* 'm agreerble—on'y, if it 's all the sime to Mr. Sooitt, I 'd sooner 'e give us 'Stop yer tickerlin', Jock.' . . . Ah, I was *afride* 'e wouldn't —bein' sech a sufferer from frog in 'is throat. . . . Well, good-bye if you *must* be shiftin', guv'nor—my respecks to Mr. Sooitt, and I 'ope 'e' ll let 'is grammiphone drop in agen fer *another* o' these 'ere little 'art-to-'art talks. I've took quite a fency to it—sech a nice open countenance as it 's got, though a kimplexion too flushed to be thoroughly 'ealthy. If you 'll pawdon me serjestin' it, bein' a chilly evenin', 'adn't you better wrop a comfiter round that throttle of 'is? Won't do to 'ave 'im losin' 'is voice *altogether*, will it now? [*After the A. but I. C. M. has retreated with the instrument, and some misgivings as to Mr. Ponking's perfect sanity.*] Chipped 'im proper, I did! 'E won't come a-canvassin' *me* agen in a 'urry! I kin enjoy 'earin' 'In the Twi-twi-light,' or 'Put me among the gels' on the grammiphone as much as any man alive. But to go and set a great scientific invention like that a-jabberin' politics—well, it 's what I call downright degradin' of it!

F. A.

"The Long Result of Time."

From *The Sheffield Weekly Telegraph's* account of a swimming competition between Leicester and Sheffield Otters we learn the following:—

"In the first hundred years Leicester gained nearly half a length and subsequent swimmers increased the advantage until J. A. Jarvis, Leicester's last man, had over a length's start of F. A. Unwin. The latter swam magnificently, but could not quite overcome his long arrears."

This does not surprise us. If Leicester took a hundred years to gain half a length, they would probably take another hundred years to make this into a length. So that poor Mr. UNWIN started about two centuries' worth behind. This is a very heavy handicap indeed.

"Kitchen-maid, 30. £30. Head in good place."—*Guardian.*

Somewhere near the top of her, we hope, and well screwed on.

THE JESTERSHIP.

THE Parliamentary Committee appointed to inquire into the functions and services of the Official Jester (Mr. G. B. SHAW) sat yesterday to receive evidence. Mr. BIRRELL, M.P., was in the chair, and the other members of the committee were Mr. KEIR HARDIE, M.P., Mr. MASTERMAN, M.P., Mr. A. E. W. MASON, M.P., and Mr. ROBERT HARCOURT, M.P.

Mr. Shaw, who was first called, said that he had prepared a book of 500 pages at his own expense which should take the place of his examination.

The Chairman. We have read it, and would now like to know what you have to say for yourself.

Mr. Shaw. But I explained everything there.

The Chairman. We laughed so much that we couldn't follow it.

Mr. Shaw. I shall have great pleasure in saying it here, provided that the reporters are all present.

The Chairman. Proceed.

Mr. Shaw. I was appointed Official Jester in 1894.

Mr. Mason. Who appointed you?

Mr. Shaw. I appointed myself.

The Chairman. What is your procedure?

Mr. Shaw. It is very simple. I am a conscientious inverter. When I meet with a generally believed statement I turn it round. For example, the general opinion is that all British soldiers are brave. I say that all British soldiers are cowards, and when I am asked where their cowardice lies I say they are not brave enough to run away. I can do this kind of thing for ever. I never tire.

Mr. Keir Hardie. Why do you never tire?

Mr. Shaw. Because I live a healthy life. I never touch alcohol, and I never eat deceased animals.

Mr. Harcourt. Why not?

Mr. Shaw. Because it 's funnier not to.

Mr. Masterman. Is there any subject on which you cannot jest?

Mr. Shaw. None has been discovered yet.

The Editor of "The Times" was the next witness. He said that he considered that Mr. SHAW ought to be retained as Official Jester since he provided excellent free copy several times a week. Big-type copy.

Mr. William Archer said that he was a Scotchman. He considered that the Official Jester should be retained because he (the speaker) could understand his jokes.

Mr. Jesterton said that he was against the Official Jester. He was not good for trade.

Mr. Granville Barker spoke in favour of the Jester, holding that the public was in need of cold truths, such as Mr. SHAW offered them, and the unfamiliar side could not be too much studied. The Jester made people think.

The foreman of a firm of printers said that he hoped the Jester would be retained, as he was good for trade. He was always having manifestos printed.

A deputation of clergymen of all denominations here entered to lodge a protest against the Jester. He was, they said, opposed to all law, order, and right feeling. His doctrines, in the form of jokes, were pernicious.

Mr. Eustace Miles said he hoped the Jester would not be removed.

Mr. Shaw, recalled, said that he made a very good thing out of the Jestership. He would starve if he were forced to be serious. One of his greatest expenses was the need of having his head half-soled every few weeks.

[*This ended the day's proceedings.*]

THE NEW CHRYSOSTOM.

["The people have caught on to this year's Finance Bill in a way they have never done before. Here is Mr. William Jones, for instance, the Chrysostom of North Wales, whose silver tongue has been heard throughout Great Britain during the last month."
Daily Chronicle.]

O WILLIAM JONES, O WILLIAM JONES,
I much admire your silvery tones.

I hail you on the Ides and Nones,
And on the Kalends, WILLIAM JONES.

The most stentorian gramophones
Are tame compared with WILLIAM JONES.

The siren sisters, surnamed DONES,
Cannot compete with WILLIAM JONES.

Expiring patients hush their moans
When nurses whisper, "WILLIAM JONES."

Old men and venerable crones
Worship the name of WILLIAM JONES.

And infants with the softest bones
Crow at the sight of WILLIAM JONES.

No suffragette dare utter groans
When you are speaking, WILLIAM JONES.

The footiest horsemen ride like SLOANS
When you are watching, WILLIAM JONES.

Even the pauper, breaking stones,
Smiles as he thinks of WILLIAM JONES.

But dukes and other idle drones
Dread the approach of WILLIAM JONES.

For then the wildest of cyclones
Are mild compared with WILLIAM JONES.

Then Tories hoist the warning cones
And madly fly from WILLIAM JONES.

Then England with submission owns
The sovereignty of WILLIAM JONES.

THE PORK PAGEANT.

FOLLOWING upon the Dogs' and Cats' Pageant, the plans for the Pork Pageant are now complete. It will be held at Hoggs Norton in September, and the book has been very carefully written by that prince of pageant-makers, Mr. LOUIS N. PORKER. Among the patrons are Sir THOMAS LIPTON, Sir WILLIAM HARRIS, Mr. DENNY, Judge BACON, and the Chief Secretary for Ireland.

Tableau I. will represent the discovery of roast pig. Here Mr. PORKER has had recourse to the gentle *Elia*. The scene is Chinese, and the burning of Ho-ti's house and first enraptured taste of crackling will be vividly enacted.

Tableau II.—Effect of Cold Pork on the imagination. Several thousand frozen pigs recently imported from China will appear in this scene, which includes a vivid representation of FUSELI at supper and of his nightmare afterwards.

Tableau III.—The invention of sausages. Sir WILLIAM HARRIS will take a leading part, and pulp several thousand potatoes with a silver mashie.

Tableau IV.—The learned pigs of all ages, beginning with David's sow. The processes of education will be displayed for the first time. Pigs will be seen at school, in the various classes, acquiring culture and passing examinations. Representation of MICHAEL ANGELO, TITIAN, TINTORETTO, &c., drawing pigs with their eyes shut.

Tableau V. will represent the "gintleman that pays the rint"—an Irish scene. No expense has been spared to make this a realistic transcript of life in the green or emerald isle. Real peasants have been imported, and have already begun to rehearse. Real pigs will be introduced, driven by Mr. GINNELL, M.P.

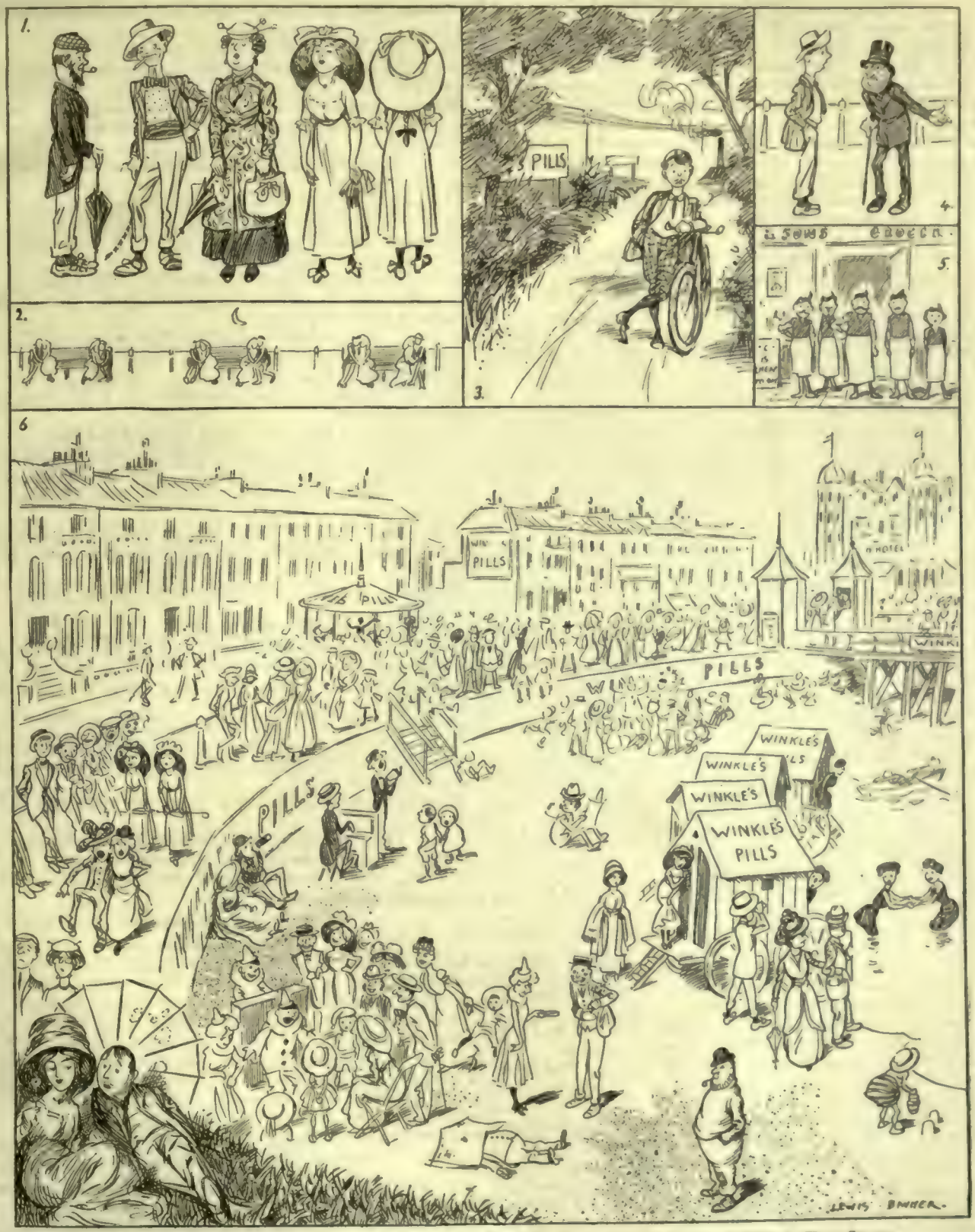
Tableau VI.—Chicago. Pork packing. A real millionaire, travelling in Europe, has consented to display himself during this scene and illustrate the life of a pig-made American.

Tableau VII.—SHAKSPEARE and BACON in a contest of wit before good Queen BESS, without whom no pageant is complete. She listens to their verbal adroitness and at last awards the prize to—but that is Mr. PORKER's secret.

Tableau VIII. and last.—The grand march past by Baconians, starting from Ham Street, and proceeding by Ham Lane, Ham Common and Ham Bridge Halt. This is a very splendid effect, comprising as it does personification not only of the great Chancellor himself but also of DELIA BACON and IG. DONNELLY, and it will be brought at each performance to a conclusion by a spirited dialogue between Mr. GEORGE GREENWOOD, M.P., and MARK TWAIN, in which the Baconian theory will be enunciated with damning force.

MR. PUNCH'S RELIABLE GUIDE TO POPULAR HOLIDAY RESORTS.

No. II.—LITTLE-PILBOROUGH-ON-SEA, KENT.



1. Correct costumes for Pilborough.
2. Pilborough by Moonlight.
3. Pretty peep near Pilborough.
4. Oldest Inhabitant lying.
5. Shop in High Street.
6. Society at Pilborough.

CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME;

Or, Little Arthur's Road to Knowledge.

(*Little Arthur, aged* 12; *Mamma, aged* 41.)

Little Arthur. Mamma!

Mamma. Yes, Arthur.

L. A. Do you think I am enjoying this visit to the seaside?

Mamma. What a funny question. I'm sure you ought to be enjoying it. There are the sands, and the sea, and the downs. You've got your spade for sand castles, and your net for shrimping; and you can bathe every day and learn to swim; and there's your kite. There are thousands of little boys who would give anything for such pleasures. And besides, you've got Papa with you for a week.

L. A. Yes, Mamma, that's just it.

Mamma. What's just what?

L. A. Papa's just—no, I mean I'm wondering about Papa.

Mamma. What are you wondering about him?

L. A. I'm wondering if he'll make me enjoy myself.

Mamma. Why, you silly little boy, of course he won't *make* you enjoy yourself. Nobody can do that. But he'll show you how to do it—help you, you know. You ought to be very grateful to him.

L. A. So I would be, Mamma, but——

Mamma. But what?

L. A. You spoke about sand-castles, Mamma, didn't you?

Mamma. Yes, I did. Your aunts and I used to build splendid ones when we were little girls, and when the tide came in we used to stand on them. Little Canutes, your grandfather used to call us. Oh, yes, it was great fun.

L. A. Well, Mamma, I started building one yesterday, and I thought I was getting on very well, but Papa said I was doing it quite wrong, and he took the spade away from me and went on piling it up and up and patting it; and then he kept sending me to collect sea-weed and stones to strengthen the walls, and when he'd finished it it was time to go home for lunch, and I hadn't really done anything.

Mamma. Oh, but you mustn't grudge your father his little relaxation. Remember how hard he works.

L. A. Yes, Mamma, I'll try to. But hasn't Papa got any amusements of his own? Couldn't he play golf, or make a speech?

Mamma. He came down here to get away from making speeches, and as to golf, he said he wouldn't play during this one week, but devote himself to us. There are not many boys who've got so unselfish a father.

L. A. No, Mamma, I suppose not—but he isn't teaching me to swim, you know.

Mamma. Isn't he?

L. A. Oh, no. Yesterday and to-day he left me by the machine and went swimming himself, and when he came back he held me up by my bathing-drawers and said, "Strike out now," and when I struck out he said, "That's all wrong. You'll never learn to swim like that," and then he dipped me under twice and said, "There now, that'll make a man of you," and then we went back into the machine.

Mamma. Well, perhaps it is a little difficult to learn swimming here, but you must keep on trying, Arthur.

L. A. Yes, Mamma, I will if Papa will let me. And then there's the shrimping-net.

Mamma. What's the matter with that?

L. A. Oh, there's nothing the matter with the *net*, Mamma.

Mamma. Well, what have you got to complain of, then?

L. A. I'm not complaining, Mamma; I'm only telling you. I'd just started shrimping yesterday when Papa came up and took off his shoes and socks. He told me I wasn't holding the net in the right way, and he took it away from me just to show me how to do it; but I never got it back; he went on doing it all the time.

Mamma. Well, your father caught all those shrimps we had for tea yesterday. I'm sure that was very clever of him.

L. A. Oh, no, Mamma. He only caught five small ones. He bought the rest for threepence from a real shrimper.

Mamma. But you told me you and he had caught all of them.

L. A. No, Mamma, I said we'd *got* them all, and so we had. Papa arranged with me I was to say that so as to pull your leg a bit.

Mamma. Arthur, I will not have you using these vulgar expressions. Your father would be extremely displeased if he heard you.

L. A. I don't think he would, Mamma, because he used that expression himself.

Mamma. Well, I don't think it's at all funny.

L. A. Nor do I, Mamma; but that's what Papa said.

Mamma. And if he did, you're only a little boy, and you've no right to repeat it.

L. A. No, Mamma; but the other day, when Papa said he had pulled Mrs. Nettlefold's leg, you laughed. You seemed to think it was funny then.

Mamma. You're quite mistaken; but we won't discuss it any more. What were we talking about?

L. A. Papa and my enjoyment.

Mamma. Well, I suppose you were able to fly your kite yesterday after tea?

L. A. Oh, no, I wasn't. Papa came on the Downs with me, and after I'd tried to get the kite up twice, he took hold of the string and got it up himself. After that he wouldn't let me hold the string at all, because he said the kite was too strong for me.

Mamma. Well, why don't you go out now, and catch shrimps or fly your kite? Your father's out, so now's your chance.

L. A. Thank you for the suggestion, Mamma, but it's no good.

Mamma. No good? Why not?

L. A. Because when Papa went out he took the net and the kite with him. He said he'd have a go with the kite first, and then he'd start shrimping when the tide was further out.

Mamma. Well, why didn't you go with him?

L. A. It wouldn't have been much fun for me, Mamma; and besides, he said I might like to stop at home and talk to you; so I stayed.

Mamma. Anyhow, you could go on the sands and build castles.

L. A. No, I couldn't, Mamma, because Papa broke my spade yesterday, just as he finished his castle.

Mamma. Well, here's sixpence to buy another. Run away quick, and I'll join you later.

The Dog-Watch.

Under the heading, "Is Liverpool Safe?" *The Daily Mail* recently gave an account of a test of the Mersey defences, concluding with the reassuring statement that "up to a late hour the many watchers had observed nothing likely to disturb their slumbers." This is your true dog's watch. Not long ago a high authority at the Admiralty informed us that we might "sleep in our beds" without fear of being roused by an invasion; but we prefer the *Mail's* advice, which amounts to this: Keep awake, England! Keep awake all the time, and then nothing is likely to disturb your slumbers.

Overheard at a new and modestly advertised Anglo-American emporium not one hundred miles from the Marble Arch:—

Young Wife: "Darling, let's go; it's stopped raining at last, and if we don't get out of here soon we shall be tempted into buying something."

A NEW PAPER FOR BIPEDS.

DEAR SIR, So much interest is taken nowadays in the four-footed domestic creation, their joys and sorrows, that it only seems fair that our feathered friends, the fowls, should have a turn. With this end in view I am bringing out a paper called *The Daily Wattle*, devoted to the needs and interests of the poultry world, and send you herewith a few cuttings from the first number, hoping thereby to arouse public interest in a much-needed journal:—

Social and General.

Madame Anne de Lusian gave a delightful little afternoon party on Saturday, at which Crewso sang. Among others present we noticed Mrs. Legge Horne, who looked charming in white, Mr. and Mrs. Bantam, and Mr. Orpington, of the Buffs, who escorted two of his charming sisters.

Mr. and Mrs. Dawking have gone to Leaden Hall for the season.

Her many friends will be grieved to hear of the sad death of Miss Pullet, which occurred suddenly last Wednesday at Yew Tree Farm. She appeared to be in the best of health and spirits on the Tuesday, though her friends had noticed a decided tendency to *embonpoint* during the last few weeks, which, it is feared, may have contributed to her sudden seizure and early demise.

Lord Barn d'Or is recovering from the somewhat severe injuries he sustained in his motor accident on the Brighton road last week.

Two eggs, old enough to know better, were caught poaching yesterday, and were served accordingly.

The latest report is that feathers are going out of fashion and very few will be worn this autumn.

Births:

At "Ye Neste," Henley, Mrs. Wyan Dotte of eight sons and five daughters (three addled). American papers, please copy.

To-day's Arrangements.

Moulting season commences.

Hamburg Morning Concerts, 3.45 A.M.

Egg-laying contest, 7 to 11.30 A.M.

Mr. Cochin Cockerel's Lecture at the Cackleston Hall. Subject: "Are we Hen-pecked?" 2.30 P.M.

Daily trips round the Calf and the Chicken Light.

Small Wants Column.

Cast-off Feathers.—Mrs. Farmer attends at own roosts. Best prices given.

To Let—A Select Midden. Established two years. Best straw and all improvements. Splendid crowing position, under good bedroom windows.—Apply Chanticleer, c/o Cox & Co., Featherstone Buildings, E.C.



Gentle Voice from Boy. "DOCTOR, IF YOU 'RE LOOKING FOR MY CHEST, I *think* YOU 'LL FIND IT IN FRONT."

For Sale—Good Crate, nearly new, or would exchange for Indian maize, or anything useful. — Address, Brahma, No. 702, Poultry, E.C.

Forecast.

Full crops are expected generally.

The Whitchurch (Salop) *Herald* reproduces the scores which were made, so it says, "by the Shropshire tea in the China Cup competition at Bisley." We know what China tea is like in a Shropshire cup, but this local product is a beverage which we have never had the curiosity to sample.

The Protection of Scenery.

According to *The East Anglian Daily Times*, a new speed provision (in the State of Connecticut) "makes anything over ten miles an hour reckless driving: (1) Whenever the driver's view of the road or traffic is obstructed; (2) when he is approaching a crossing or interesting highway."

Commercial Candour.

"Stop and think for a moment. Many people are all run down, tired out and hardly able to drag about—don't know what ails them. ——'s Wine of Cod Liver Extract, the great tissue builder, is the answer."—*The Civil and Military Gazette* (*Lahore*).



VILLAGE POLITICS.

Jarge (at the end of a long discussion). "Wot I say, Bill, is this—there's a lot goin' on as me and you knows nothin' about."

EUSTON.

Now, when the sportsman is flitting from market and Mammon,
  Now, when the courts, swept and garnished, stand silent and lone,
Now, with her challenging grouse, and her sea-silver salmon,
  August, of mountains and memories, comes to her own;
Would you gaze into the crystal, and see the long valleys,
  Braes of the North, and the rivers that wander between,
Crags with whose coating the tint of the ptarmigan tallies?
  Come up to Euston to-night about 7.15.

There, if you 've got to make shift with a fortnight at Margate,
  Humbly content with the codling you catch from the pier,
Making the booth's mere mechanical rabbit your target,
  There,—if your "heart 's in the highlands a-chasing the deer"—
Shall you slip past, all unchallenged, the magical wicket,
  Portal that opens at will onto heather and streams;
No need to bother for berth or for booking of ticket,
  When you would sojourn a space in the Kingdom of Dreams.

Come, then, and stand on the platform, and see through the arches,
  Full of the evening that flushes the chimneys with light,
Gold-burnished rails that run out to the pines and the larches,
  See the long corridor carriages busking for flight;
Board them in fancy, and then, when the twilight grows deeper,
  Speed through the moon-mantled Midlands—by fell and by firth,
Wake with your tea, in the smooth-swinging rush of the sleeper,
  When the white glamour of morning is pale over Perth.

So, spite of luggage and crowds and of engines that whistle,
  Over the riggings—in spirit—once more you 'll descry,
On to the perilous butts, where the batteries bristle,
  Blotting the heather, the well-driven coveys come by;
Bracken and blaeberry, murderous midges that bite you,
  Summits that stand to the sunset, tremendous and stark,—
Come up to Euston, for lo, it has dreams to requite you,
  Till the last tail-light has twinkled, and gone in the dark!

AERY NOTHINGS.

A race for Trans-Channel honours has been arranged between Mr. Holbein and the latest War Office flier, the *Solvitur Ambulando*. Among the conditions governing the match it is stipulated that the former shall be allowed no more than one brass band, two tugs, and enough beef essence to stave off starvation, while the aeroplane must carry Mr. G. K. Chesterton in an Inverness cloak fully charged with books of reference, and arrive with the engine and crew *in situ*. A thoroughly sporting event is thus assured.

The annual fair held at Nijni Novgorod has been rendered noteworthy this year by the unexpected arrival of the *Dulce Domum*, in charge of Dr. Icarus Lunn. This achievement undoubtedly marks the final conquest of the air, and we hasten to tender our congratulations to the intrepid aëronaut. The *Dulce Domum* left Fulham last Saturday, having Wanstead Marshes as its objective. In consequence, however, of a sudden change in the direction and force of the wind an alteration in the programme was decided upon, with the above happy result. The dauntless crew, on being told of their whereabouts, expressed no surprise, but accepted with eagerness the Governor's invitation to dinner.



GETTING INTO DEEP WATER.

Master Winston (*to* Master Lloyd). "LAY INTO HIM, DAVID."

Papa Asquith. "STEADY ON, YOU YOUNG TERRORS; YOU 'RE MAKING IT VERY UNCOMFORTABLE FOR US IN HERE."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, August 2.—As the old adage hath it, Every Major has his day. This is Anstruther-Gray's. Question Paper testifies that for months he has devoted a massive martial mind to question of equipping British Army with dirigibles. To experiment has contributed not only thought but personal adventure. Frequently at break of day policeman on beat has observed, floating over railed-in grass-plot, a strange contrivance. At first supposed it was the mysterious balloon of which the air and men's minds were recently full. On closer inspection recognised in sole occupier of mysterious machine the tenant of No. 9, Eaton Square, S.W.

Of course there are peculiar difficulties in the way of the Major floating in the empyrean. You want a pretty strong motive power to fly off with nineteen stone at the rate of a mile a minute. The Major, accustomed from boyhood to make the best of things, perceives in his height and girth advantages where others spy serious disabilities.

"It simplifies matters," he says. "You see, when I'm aboard no ballast is required."

Which, when you come to think of it, is quite true.

House in Committee on Civil Service Estimates. They include vote for £36,164 for grants in aid of scientific investigation. This looks innocent enough. Napoleon B. Haldane, coming to the front, gives away pious fraud.

Lieut. Shackleton tells Member for Sark that when he was bringing home his ship from Antarctic Seas it sprang a leak. Being short-handed for such purposes, he officially called the pump "a scientific instrument," and turned on the doctor and the naturalist to take a hand at it. They were shipped to look after scientific instruments, and here was one requiring their earnest attention.

Similarly this vote, though appearing in Civil Service Estimates, and being described as "in aid of scientific investigation," really belongs to Army expenditure and represents sum available for experiments in aviation. Hence N. B. H.'s appearance on scene. Makes interesting statement on development of new arm of the Service. Apologises for asking for so small a sum; promises to do better in future. As it is, with assistance of Navy, there will be spent £78,000 this year on aeronautics. And all this largely, if not entirely, due to inspiration and encouragement of the Major.

In an eloquent passage N. B. illustrates the difficulty confronting the gallant ex-Hussar in course of his voluntary service to nation. It appears that, if you go too high when scouting in a dirigible, intervening clouds prevent your taking observations. If you go too low, as Haldane put it, "the position of the unfortunate aeroplanist who is sitting on a seat like that of a bicycle, with a battalion of marksmen below, is very disagreeable."

At this juncture all eyes turned on the Major, modestly occupying two seats behind Front Opposition Bench. In their mind's eye, Members saw him partially accommodated on saddle suitable for rider of a bicycle, scudding low, regardless of the enemy, who, with rifles brought to shoulder, pointed skyward as if they were rook-shooting.

Business done.—Nineteenth and last day for Supply in Committee. At ten o'clock guillotine dragged in; £59,000,000 sterling remained to be voted. Bang went the whole sum in next to no time at all. Could have been done even quicker, only some Members insisted on running up average of their attendance on divisions. Here was opportunity of adding five to the score. Utilised to the full.

Tuesday.—During the naval review on Saturday public attention was concentrated upon His Majesty, alert on the royal yacht, steaming slowly through the mighty avenues of battleships, proud in possession of a peerless armada.



"The oats supplied (to the Shropshire Yeomanry) were so light, you'd only to put your head in the manger and blow, Mr. Speaker, and the whole thing went—ph-h-h!—like that!"

(Mr. Rowland Hunt.)



Lieutenant Shackleton should really attend an Army Debate in the House of Commons. He would certainly feel tempted to add to the collection of Penguin slides with which he now delights his audiences.

(This one, for instance, would seem to be a War Minister "taking the salute" at a march-past of Antarctic Territorials.)

Mr. JOHN T. MIDDLEMORE was also there, bent on same mission of reviewing fleet. For some time he has, with melancholy persistence, marked the Admiralty as his own. His attention first called to subject by discovery of the utterly neglected condition of Birmingham. Within circle of twenty miles of that metropolis of labour and Liberal Unionism there is not a single first-class cruiser, much less a *Dreadnought*. If there are smaller ships assigned to the station, they are subterraneous as distinct from submarine. Of that Mr. MIDDLEMORE knows nothing. But before the Prorogation he will pose Admiral MCKENNA with a question or two.

Up to present date has been too closely engaged in convicting the Admiralty of neglect of our first indispensable line of defence. Being, apart from naval affairs, a genial gentleman, he does not imply the guilt of wilful shortcoming or wanton carelessness. It is, as Dr. JOHNSON said in reply to the lady who asked how in his Dictionary he came to define pastern as the knee of a horse, "Ignorance, Madam, pure ignorance." Happily the nation has the Member for North Birmingham in the crow's nest, keeping a sharp look-out on naval administration.

Muster of fleet at Spithead afforded opportunity for inspection from fresh point of view. Scanning long line of battleships from window of dining saloon on the hospitable *Adriatic*, his keen cultured eye discovered various defects to be noted hereafter through many successive question hours.

JOHN T.
MIDDLEMORE, he
Says they don't know everything
down in Judee—

meaning at Whitehall. He'll instruct them.

Began patriotic task to-day. On Report stage of vote for trifle exceeding twenty-two millions for Navy service smaller minds put forth minor criticisms. ASHLEY wanted to know, What about our stores of guns and ammunition, of rum and milk? BRAMSDON protested against reduction of number of men in royal dockyards. PRETYMAN lamented what he called "the falling behind of the Government" in respect of destroyers—as if they were being towed. BYLES OF BRADFORD, artistically yawning, protested he was "tired of comparisons between one nation and another." "What did HIS MAJESTY THE KING say on Monday?" Here SPEAKER interposed, reminding the noble Member that the name of the KING may not be introduced into debate.



"BARON BYLES OF BRADFORD."
"What did His Majesty the King say on Monday?"

"Sir," said the BARON, with slight note of asperity, "I was going to speak with the greatest possible respect of HIS MAJESTY."

Reassured, House made room for REES OF HINDUSTAN, who chivalrously supported ADMIRAL MCKENNA under angry fusilade.

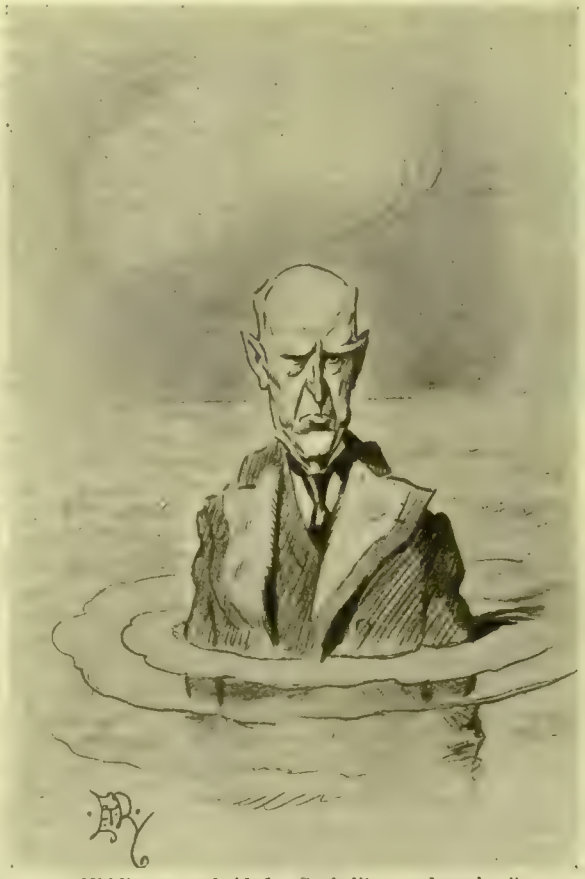
It was here that Member for North Birmingham loomed in sight, a *Dreadnought* dwarfing fleet of destroyers. Enough for others to potter round these minutiæ of criticism, these minnows of animadversion. What Mr. MIDDLEMORE wanted to know was, "Do the Government intend to build eight more *Dreadnoughts* next year?"

His timbers shivering with apprehension, ADMIRAL MCKENNA affected indifference to crushing blow.

"Really," he said, "it is impossible for any Government to particularise in August its programme for the following March."

Mr. MIDDLEMORE subsided. Sank, so to speak, like a submarine. Using the words in a Parliamentary sense there remained visible above the surface only the periscope in shape of the apex of his head. But he'll be up again to-morrow with fresh torpedo ready for discharge at Treasury Bench.

Business done.—Supply for the year finally voted.



"Middlemore subsided. Sank like a submarine."

More Triangular Cricket.

"NORFOLK *v.* HERTS.—This match was concluded at Chester-le-Street yesterday, Durham gaining an easy victory."—*Sportsman.*

A Chance for Millionaires.

"FOLKESTONE.—Superior board residence; close sea; mid-day dinner 25*s.*"—*Daily Mail.*

An Englishman's Son.

"Daily Companion required, temporarily, to take boy of four years to places of amusement in London."—*The Times.*

THE KING OF SPAIN (*misquoting Tennyson*): "It is the Little Riff that wants the loot."



Vicar (who does a little stock-raising). "HOW ARE YOU, MRS. JENKINS? I'M SORRY TO SAY THAT I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU AT CHURCH LATELY."
Mrs. Jenkins. "YES, SIR, THAT 'S SO. I 'AVEN'T BEEN SO REG'LAR AS I USED, BUT—(*confidentially*)—I DON'T 'ARDLY DARE, FOR I NO SOONER SEE YOU A-COMIN' OUT OF THE VESTRY AFTER THE CHOIR BUT I THINK OF THAT THERE PIG AS I OWES YOU FOR."

HIGH ART BELOW STAIRS.

No observant Londoner can have failed to notice the wonderful progress on the decorative side of the Underground in the past few years. Amongst these subterranean titivations the installation of baskets of flowers at Earl's Court Station has attracted sympathetic attention of late. But other and more striking changes are shortly about to emerge into the stage of achievement.

A charming innovation in the interests of music-lovers is that which Messrs. SMITH and WILLING are shortly about to enforce on all the bookstall assistants in their service—viz., that instead of the mystic word "Poime-e-e-r" (*i.e.*, paper) being called separately, it is to be chanted henceforth in two or three-part harmony. The assistants, moreover, when not occupied in attending to the wants of the passengers, will sing madrigals, part-songs, and catches from a collection prepared by Sir EDGAR SPEYER and Sir GEORGE GIBB.

Another extremely considerate and desirable new departure is that by which all passengers, on reaching the platform, will be supplied gratis with roller skates, in case they have to wait for a train. A special instructor will be told off to watch each platform, and may be relied on to rescue any novices who are in danger of skating on to the line.

Another long-felt want will shortly be satisfied by the decision of the Company to attach a sleeping carriage to all Circle trains, for the benefit of all those who wish to rest comfortably while in the train, or, as occasionally happens, spend several hours a day in going round and round the Underground. Light refreshments will also be served on the car, which will include a barber's shop, a card room, a reading room, a billiard room, an American bar, and a jig-saw puzzle parlour.

But perhaps the most surprising development of all is the noble offer of Sir Hugo von Erkimer to paint the entire roof of the line between Baker Street and Portland Road in luminous paint, with frescos representing his early struggles and ultimate triumph over the combined forces of jealousy and incompetence. The only difficulty about the scheme is that it naturally involves the removal of the roofs of all the carriages. But the directors are hopeful of discovering a *via media* which will reconcile the claims of high art with the comfort of the public.

From a "General Knowledge" Paper.

Q. Who is Chancellor of the Exchequer, and what is his work?

A. Mr. Lloyd-George. His work is to repair the Budget.

According to *The Fortnightly Review*, FANNY BURNEY "lived long enough . . . to receive Macaulay's splendid panegyric after her death." So few people manage to read their own obituary notices. It must be because they don't live long enough. METHUSELAH had time to revise his for the second edition.

The author of "Golf Notes," in *The Globe*, tells the story of a tramp who claimed £5 for a bruise from a golf-ball. "But I called out 'Fore!'" said the golfer. "Oh, did you?" said the tramp; "well, I'll take four." But it was a pity to spoil the tale by heading it, "This Week's Story." "This Century's Story" would have been a safer title.

Mixed Bathing.

From the price-list of a Hand Laundry we extract the following:—

"CHILDREN
About One Shilling per doz. which does not include Frocks and Petticoats."

AT THE PLAY.

"THE BEST PEOPLE."

THE first week of August is perhaps not the likeliest time for the start of a new play, and the atmosphere at Wyndham's on Thursday was of the sultriest. But a really excellent entertainment was provided for a most appreciative audience, which included several members of the profession bent on improving their holidays by the spectacle of other actors at work. The First Act, extraordinarily well done, showed us a brace of couples engaged in executing a mutual exchange—the men in earnest as far as they knew how to be. At times the comedy (which never descended to farce—not, at any rate, in action) hovered on the verge of an adaptation from the French, both in the matter of situation (the old scheme of a *petit souper*, a surprise, and a concealment in an adjacent room) and also in the matter of the proprieties; but always got safely away.

Mr. BERNARD SHAW must not be jealous if I describe the play as "immoral" in the sense that it deals with questions of right and wrong in a spirit of irresponsible detachment. Nothing was supposed to matter much; the virtues and vices of the characters were equally human; the best of them was not blameless, and the worst had redeeming qualities. Nobody was greatly concerned about the issue (it all came right in the end and is bound to go wrong again within a month); our interest rather lay in the constant surprise of diversions which always occurred just when the obvious course was indicated.

Mr. LONSDALE'S dialogue was most felicitous, and my only complaint is that we could never quite believe in the sincerity of the only character who really made a show of taking things seriously.

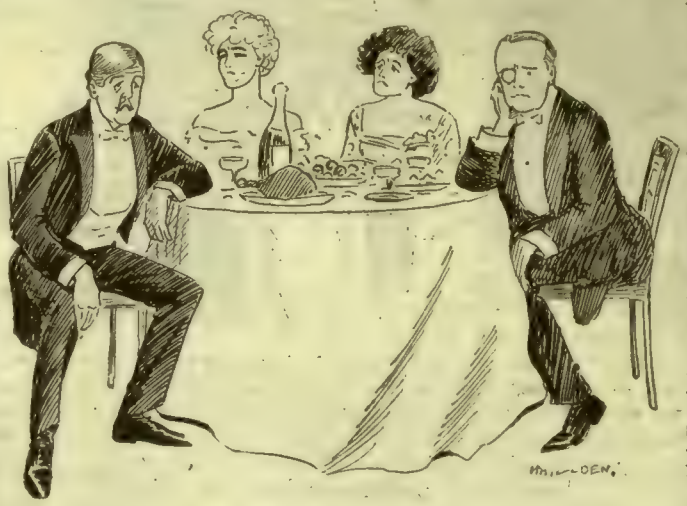
The interpretation could scarcely have been improved, though, perhaps, that delightful actor, Mr. KENNETH DOUGLAS, suffered a little from facial monotony, due in part to his eye-glass. Mr. FREDERICK KERR, as usual, was made for his part, and his part for him. Miss EVA MOORE was very intelligent and vivacious in the part of a clever woman; and Miss LETTICE FAIRFAX was almost equally good in the part of a stupid one. But nothing was better than Mr. SUGDEN'S performance in the First Act.

There was a heavy-weight champion who only appeared just in time to escape the final curtain. I should have liked to make his better acquaintance, as he was obviously a man of action and meant business.

Mr. LONSDALE is not very happy with his titles. A former play of his, *The Early Worm*, had nothing early about it; and, since the characters in his present play are certainly not "The Best People" in point of morals, the title can only apply in a social sense, and therefore required some sort of satire upon this designation of Society. But none was furnished, except in a single passage where the old peer requests his son not to raise his voice and so obliterate the sole remaining distinction between his class and the common people.

The evening opened with a revival of Mr. ECKERSLEY'S bright and attractive curtain-raiser, *A Boy's Proposal*, which deserved a much better setting than it got. It is futile for the dialogue to invite attention to the luxury of her ladyship's apartment, when the manager affords her nothing better than a garret. Miss CHEVALIER was pleasant and natural, but Mr. DAWSON might have been less amateurish; and I incline to think that the talents of that clever boy, PHILIP TONGE, have been a little overrated.

O. S.



THE GAY LIFE.

Lord Emsworth	... ...	Mr. FREDERICK KERR.
Lady Emsworth	... ...	Miss LETTICE FAIRFAX.
Hon. Mrs. Bayle	... ...	Miss EVA MOORE.
Hon. Gerald Bayle	... ...	Mr. KENNETH DOUGLAS.

Suit an all-round Sportsman.

"GOODWOOD DISTRICT.—One of the most charming residences in the southern home counties is to be Let. . . . Trout shooting for about a mile in a river intersecting the Estate."—*Country Life.*

Atalanta again.

"Mr. Richards had two daughters, Ethel Mary and Gwendoline Florence. To the former he left an annuity of £200 while she remained a sprinter."—*South Wales Echo.*

ON A BIRMINGHAM PLATFORM.

[No, this has nothing to do with Mr. ASQUITH'S threatened visit to the Headquarters of Tariff Reform.]

THERE were 87 intending third-class passengers—85 ordinary people, one poor fool and myself. I despised the 85 ordinary people, pitied the poor fool, and admired as much of myself as I could see in the mirror over the Automatic Weighing Machine.

When the train came in looking hot and impatient, I had taken up a front position on the platform, intent on securing a corner seat at all costs. The 85 had also taken up front positions, possibly with the same intent, but the poor fool had got left well in the rear, which finally convinced me that he was indeed the poorest of fools, or the most foolish of paupers.

I did not get a corner seat, for I am not the sort of person to push and fight. Moreover, there was only one corner seat available, and the engine-driver told me that he should want that himself, when he had finished oiling the bearings. Still, in spite of my retiring nature, I was first into the train. I put my bag on my seat and went to lean out of the window, partly in order to make at least two of the brutal possessors of corner seats uncomfortable in their possession, and partly to watch with contempt the plight of the poor fool.

Behind the mass of struggling humanity he was visible, still sitting upon a milk-can. He appeared to be lost in his foolish abstractions, and, though from time to time he did look at the train, the observations of his eye seemed to convey nothing to his mind. So, intimating to the occupants of my carriage with one glance that anyone trespassing on my place would be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law, I stepped forth to interfere.

"Am I right in supposing," I said to the poor fool, "that you have a third-class ticket to London?"

"I believe you are," he answered with an absurdly happy smile.

"Then pull yourself together and come and get your seat."

"Hadn't we better first get one for you," he answered, to which I explained that I was able to look after myself, and had done so particularly well on that occasion.

"Assuming that you are correct in saying that you have placed your bag on your seat," he said, in the detached manner of one approaching an abstract

problem at his leisure, "does the matter necessarily end there? Have you noticed that there are ladies about? Supposing, when you got back, you found that your bag had fallen off your seat on to the rack, and that a lady was sitting on your seat, what then? I can think of no remedy."

He was hopeless. "All right," I shouted at him, "go your own way. But it won't be my fault if you get left behind."

"I don't feel that this is the sort of train to leave one behind," he said. "If it does, I will try not to blame you."

My argument with the lady in my seat was full of good points, and should have been convincing. Women, however, cannot argue, so I took my bag off the rack and stepped out of the carriage on to the toes of the poor fool, who had bestirred himself at last, and was surrounded by an orderly crowd of officials. "Ah," he whispered to me, "so you have lost your seat, have you? I congratulate you, though I think it was more by luck than by your own skill." Then to the officials, "My friend is also in the same position. He, too, holds a third-class ticket to London, well-printed, but not transferable, and he also would be glad if you would find him a seat."

"There are none," said the Station-master briefly.

"You mean," said the poor fool, "that there are seats, but other people are already sitting on them," and he started us all walking down the train to learn the views of the Guard upon the matter. Meeting that impatient individual, he dragged him into the discussion and brought the party to a standstill, without apparent purpose, in front of an empty first class carriage.

* * * * *

"I always feel," said the poor fool, "that it is rude to hustle. For that reason I allow all the other passengers to get in before I do so. Moreover, I have no rooted objection to riding in a first-class carriage, if it is to oblige a railway company." For my part I was searching for another looking-glass, in which to admire myself, but, though I found the glass, I could only see in it the reflection of the poor fool, so I fell to admiring that instead.

Our Pampered Curates.

"'AMATEUR CURATING,' by the Rev. F. C. LAMBERT, M.A. Instructions for the preparation, arrangement, and preservation of objects for the home museum; case-making, labelling, protection against insects, damp, &c."
The Daily News.

"Roast Maid required for club."
The Daily Telegraph.

What Club? The "Savage"?



PLAY THE GAME!

"RUN AND FETCH THE BALL, DORA DARLING, AND GRANDPA WILL BOWL IT AGAIN."
"*GRAN'PA!* THE MAN AT THE WICKET *NEVER* FIELDS."

Alone in London.

First Citizen. So *The Merry Widow* 's over at last.

Second Citizen. I beg your pardon.

First Citizen. I was saying *The Merry Widow* 's over at last.

Second Citizen. Over what?

First Citizen. Over. Finished. Taken off.

Second Citizen. What merry widow?

First Citizen. Why, THE *Merry Widow*, of course. The musical comedy. Did you never see it?

Second Citizen. Not to my knowledge.

First Citizen. Then you must be the only man in London that never saw it.

Second Citizen. The only man? Ah, that explains something. I 've been suffering lately from a curious feeling of loneliness.

The Budget and the Aristocracy.

"Grand Fashionable Matinée, Saturday, at reduced prices. Empire Palace, Dublin".

The Mote and the Beam.

"One of the summonses granted at Tottenham yesterday concerned a cat; and a bright sub-editor promptly headed his paper's report of the case 'Tale of a Cat.' However, it is no good repining; the thing 's done now. Smiling through our tears, we pass to other things."—*The Globe.*

Unfortunately higher up in the same excellent column—"By the Way"—we come upon the following:—

"Mr. Hall Caine has returned from Egypt, where he was greatly impressed by the large sails of the Nile boats."

But why is an old pun on *tale—tail* so much worse than an old pun on *sale—sail?* However, it 's no good repining: the thing 's done now. Smiling through our tears, we pass to other things.

"Lady, having frequent week-ends, wishes to meet with refined home."—*The Lady.*

Will lady kindly say how frequently her week-ends occur? How many, say, to the lunar month?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Mr. H. N. Dickinson has written an extraordinarily clever study of the growth of that form of mania which consists in a fear of imaginary persecutors, and he has chosen a millionaire with political ambitions as its victim. The romantic interest of *Sir Guy and Lady Rannard* (Heinemann) lies in the circumstance that the wife, who has married only for position and in order to escape from the round of West Kensington parochial work, begins to fall in love with her husband at the very moment when his latent madness crops to the surface, and her struggle to conceal it, first from herself and then from the world, is very finely conceived. Later on, however, Mr. Dickinson has thought fit to describe the progress of lunacy from the view-point of *Sir Guy* himself, and there I do not "hold with" the author at all. The latter part of the book becomes a series of disjointed, purposeless actions which simply made my head swim, so that I felt inclined to hold the volume upside down or against the looking-glass to see if it made it any clearer. It is quite bad enough to watch a man going out of his mind, without knowing his subjective impressions while he does it. There are several well-drawn characters, besides *Marion*, the wife; notably *Julia, Lady Rannard*, the hero's mother; and I was pleased to meet *Keddy* and *Orchard Wilton* again. Indeed, I should have been quite content if only Mr. Dickinson had not confused the provinces of psychological and pathological interest. We don't really want to know what the lights of the train look like from Hanwell.



HOW SHAKSPEARE (left) WROTE BACON (right).

People who buy *The Actress* (Constable) in the hope of being pleasantly scandalised are doomed to bitter disappointment. True, we are taken behind the scenes, but there we inhale nothing worse than a healthy air of *camaraderie*, and the moral tone of the characters would satisfy the censorship of a Harry Lauder. As nobody would dare to invent such an atmosphere in stageland, it is obvious, even without the publisher's endorsement, that Louise Closser Hale is giving her own experiences of the typical life of a decent American company. But she is surely drawing upon her gifts of imagination when she would try to persuade us that the play in which she takes the part of a half-bred squaw, a play written in American, and reeking with Wild West slang, carried London by storm. American provincial humour may be good enough for American audiences, but there has never been any clamorous demand for it in English theatres. Miss Hale is more sympathetic than some of her countrymen in her estimate of English people, but the members of an American travelling company have not much chance of getting to know anything of London social life beyond the merest externals. Even there she is apt to get wrong, as when she supposes that the furnished apartments in Mayfair and Belgravia, where she searches for the simple accommodation which she needs, are the resort of Society when it comes up for the London season. She writes with a spontaneous gaiety, and a considerate avoidance of Americanisms; and, if she has the true mummer's habit of attaching a grotesque importance to "the profession," one may smile on so harmless a foible. It is perhaps a pity that she felt bound to eke out her experiences with a little plot and sentiment. Her stolid New York broker, who eventually induces her to marry him and give up acting, is passable; but the rest is rather poor stuff, and gets very washy by the end.

How does Frances Harrod, *alias* Frances Forbes Robertson, expect the business of our Empire to go forward, if I am kept up all night reading her books? By what right . . . But perhaps I had better tell you about *The Wanton* (Greening). It appears that somewhere about the twelfth century the godlike warrior *Osteric* sent round to *Count Rudolph's* castle to say that he wanted to marry the beautiful and ambitious *Cecilia*, and would step round shortly. On his way up to the front-door he met pretty Cousin *Beltis* (with whom I had already been in love for some pages) and wished to goodness that he had never said anything about marrying *Cecilia*. However, he went through with the business; and it was lucky for him that wicked *Count Valdemer* came along with the Pope's decree and a sword to annul the marriage. This, and a good deal more, is described in a spirit of bold anachronism; but if the presence of "using a big swear-word" in the dialogue was a possible absurdity, the absence of "by my halidom" was a positive relief. I forgave, too, the numerous confidential digressions, which were generally out of place but often entertaining. Briefly, I enjoyed this lively tale of adventure and love, intrigue and caprice, and, if *Osteric* had failed her, I would willingly have married Cousin *Beltis* myself.

When a novelist of Mr. Robert Barr's experience selects, as he does in *Cardillac* (Mills and Boon), a period such as that of Louis XIII., one does expect something thrilling. It is one of those periods in which the romancer may safely exceed the speed limit. Swashbucklers by the score, plotting prelates, rescued heroines, political intrigues, interrupted duels, dare-devil escapades, secret staircases, jokes pointed with a rapier—there is no end to the material, and one looks for plenty of it. But Mr. Barr never really lets himself go, and it is disappointing to find that the whole book leads up to the consummation of one adventure which is scarcely important enough to fill a chapter. Moreover, when this adventure—the release of the Queen Mother—comes hurriedly to a rather tame climax, one closes the book with the inevitable impression that the whole story is rather tame, too.

From a notice in a Japanese Zoo:

"Those under the influence of liquors of mental reasons who seems in trouble the Order of the Garden could be refused."

"Tales I have told. Some True—Some by Tom E. Murray."—*"The Englishman"* (*Calcutta*).

Thomas seems to have passed into a proverb in India.



"'E AIN'T GOIN' TO WICKET-KEEP, IS 'E?"
"YES. WE ALWAYS PUTS YOUNG BILL THERE WHEN JIM'S BOWLING 'COS 'E CAN 'IDE 'E'IND THE PADS."

CHARIVARIA.

THE HOME SECRETARY'S order that Borstal Prison shall henceforth be known as Borstal Institution has greatly encouraged those persons who are desirous that Holloway shall be converted into a comfortable Ladies' Club.

***

The Maxim guns used by some of the Territorials, we are told, are distinctly inferior to the latest Bulgarian models. This renders it all the more creditable to our Government to have pluckily sided against Bulgaria in the recent Near Eastern crisis.

***

A certain amount of sympathy is being expressed for the Reader of Plays now that it has become known that he receives only £1300 a year for his gruesome job.

***

Lady TREE has christened a baby lioness, which was born at the White City, "Gloria Budgetta." We understand that the biggest growl which has ever proceeded from so small a lioness was heard as soon as her awful fate was announced. Once more it is being asked: What was the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals doing?

***

Dog, we know, should not eat dog, but it seems that this happens sometimes. A contemporary published, the other day, a photo of King MANOEL with one Danish boarhound at his feet. This was entitled, "The young King and his dogs 'Box' and 'Tagus.'"

***

The Woman in the Case is to be transferred from the Garrick Theatre to the New Theatre. We hope the case will be securely packed.

***

Barking District Council, it is announced, possesses two bath-chairs which may be used free of cost on application to the clerk. Our watering places as a rule show such a lack of enterprise in attracting visitors that we take off our hat to plucky little Barking.

The Japanese are reported to be devoting much energy to the extension of their shark fisheries, and the sardine industry is said to be seriously alarmed at the prospect of dangerous competition.

***

One cannot help liking the burglar who begged the magistrate to give him only a short sentence, the other day, on the ground that this was his busy season.

***

It is stated that two valuable statuettes, relics of Pompeii, have been stolen from the bronze room in the National Museum at Naples. This is possibly an exaggeration. They may merely have been taken as mementos by American admirers.

***

Even attempts at revolution have their compensations. At Barcelona two daily papers and three weekly reviews have been suppressed.

***

Mr. HALL CAINE'S latest exploit is to appear as an actor in a theatre at Douglas. He gets more and more like dear old SHAKSPEARE every day.

WHY THE BUDGET IS "POPULAR."

[Addressed to the Chancellor of the Exchequer by a typical member of the class which constitutes the vast majority of the electorate.]

You ask me if your little Bill,
Round which the bees of faction buzz,
Causes my heart a happy thrill?
My answer is: "It does."

I like a thing that knocks the folks
Who mote and bloat and dance and dine,
That takes the stuff from out their pokes
And puts it into mine.

Not that I care who pays my way;
Such worries never make me fret;
I'm always free, come whence it may,
To pouch what I can get.

The thought of charity I detest
But mean to bear it like a man;
You tap the source, I 'll do the rest
And swallow all I can.

And, though you chop and change your Bill
From what was perfect at the start,
In my opinion it is still
A noble Work of Art.

Whether the owner or the State
Should pay the valuation fee
May be a matter for debate
But makes no odds to me.

Baccy and sugar, tea and beer—
That 's all of mine your taxes touch;
A halfpenny there, a farthing here—
It don't amount to much.

That 's why I bless the lavish hand
That lets me use for my defence
A thumping Navy, built and manned
At other men's expense.

Nor could I bring myself to blame
A scheme that gives me, free as air,
Schools, baths and pensions, just the same
As if I 'd paid my share.

So clear, indeed, its merits lie
That, when you ask me if I view
Your Budget with complacent eye,
I 'm bound to say, "I do."

I can't requite, and you would flinch
At all reward for service done,
But, if you need me at a pinch,
My heart is yours, for one.

Yes, though I 'm sure that you would shove
The hint of payment down my throat,
I shan't forget your proofs of love,
And you shall have my vote. O. S.

The New Star.

'Robson was bowled by a straight ball from Googly, the bowler never attempting to play it."—*Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.*

After all, that isn't what Googly was there for.

What is the Right Age to Marry?

"This question needs no Solomon or sage,
For all must marry at their marri—age."

All rights protected. Author also protected.

HOLIDAY RESORTS.

I. Billingsgate.

This little old-world village has many attractions for those who prefer a quiet holiday to the more strenuous forms of recreation now in vogue. Situated on the bank of a wide river, strange to say it has not yet become spoiled by fashion nor devastated by the noisy tripper. Its inhabitants and their curious dialect will afford opportunity for much thought and speculation, while its exhilarating breezes must be personally experienced to be appreciated at their full value. The staple industries are connected with fish, and one can well imagine how beautiful a sight it must be to see the boats return at twilight, while the wives and sweethearts of the gallant blue-jerseyed and blue-languaged fishermen await them on the pier. All lovers of the picturesque should make a strong point of seeing Billingsgate. To find it easily, shut your eyes when nearing the bridge, and when the smell becomes strong enough to support your weight turn to the left. Another method is to buy a small scrap of litmus paper from a chemist, and carry it in the hand; when it turns pink you are there.

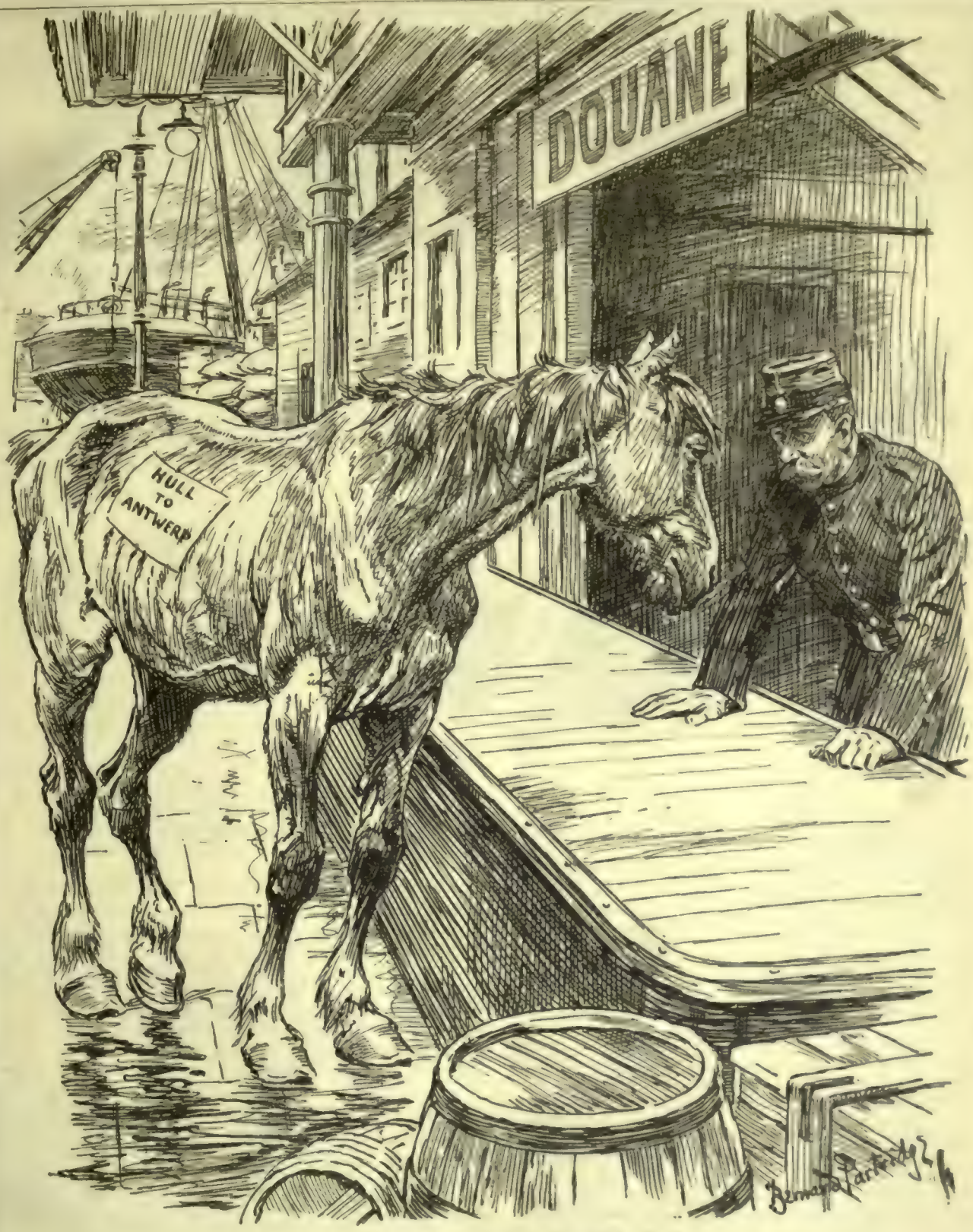
II.—Clapham Junction.

This healthy and bracing spot has been for many years the destination of thousands, and it is so well known that little that is fresh can be said in its praise. Situated charmingly on the South-Western line, with frequent trains also kindly supplied by the L. B. & S. C. R., it is unequalled for beauty and refinement. Few people realise the true value of scenery as an educative force until they have visited Platform 75 of "The Junction," as it is affectionately termed by its patrons. The means of access are by a wooden pier which seems a mile-and-a-half long, but is in reality only about a mile, or by a wonderful subterranean gallery cut through the solid rock, and full of the finest chiaroscuro effects. Amusements are many and varied; a favourite game with the children is hide-and-seek along the underground passages a pastime in which their elders do not disdain to participate; races are also frequently run along the pier and down the stairs, and the authorities encourage the sport by placing officials at the bottom whose amusing duty it is to stop competitors as they pass, if possible. In fact, for young and old at this season of the year a stay at so breezy and salubrious a spot can be heartily recommended.

III.—Piccadilly Circus.

Opinions may differ as to the propriety of camping out on this historic piece of reclaimed meadow-land, but there can only be one verdict as to the benefits to be derived from a stay in the vicinity. Unrivalled in its position, a quiet stroll round the district (taking care to keep to the paths and not to pick the flowers) is full of interest, while those who are good walkers may penetrate to the surrounding open country without fear of straying far from some place of refreshment. Magnificent views can be obtained, price 6*d.* per packet of twelve assorted, and there are several shops where souvenirs of a more expensive character may be purchased. Excursions can be made from the Criterion (an old coaching inn) to the Pop (a pretty little creeper-covered tea-house), returning *viâ* the Empire; this journey is often done on foot, but strangers will be well advised to hire one of the conveyances which are provided. The illuminations each night are on a splendid scale, and if their stay is in any way dull visitors will only have themselves to blame.

Viscount Churchill, Chairman of the Great Western Railway, wishes it to be more widely known that the world's record high jump (fishermen's class) was performed by an inhabitant of the Cornish Riviera and not, as is generally supposed (on the strength of a poster), by a native of Skegness.



THE OUTCAST.

ANTWERP CUSTOMS OFFICER. "HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO DECLARE?"
BRITISH HORSE. "ONLY THIS—THAT I'M ASHAMED OF MY COUNTRY."

[None too soon the Board of Agriculture is taking fresh steps to regulate the exportation of worn-out and diseased horses—a cruel traffic which has long been a disgrace to the nation, and ought to be stopped altogether.]





Pat. "IT 'S A QUARE THRADE HE HAS, TO BE SURE."
O'Grady. "I BELAVE THERE 'S GREAT MONEY IN UT, ANNYWAY."
Pat. "BEGOB, IT 'S IN THE THRADES WITHOUT SINSE OR PURPOSE AT ALL THAT THE MONEY IS MADE."

THE RIGHT AGE TO MARRY.

GENEROUS CONTRIBUTIONS OF NOVELISTS.

THE silly-season discussion evoked by the recent momentous decision of an American lady athlete shows no sign of abatement. Indeed, we have received letters on the subject from 950 female and 800 male novelists, but as the contributions bear such an extraordinary family resemblance we feel that the needs of the situation will be answered if we print three, adding a pithy and luminous epistle from Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON.

SIR,—As one who is happy though at present unmarried, may I be permitted to point out that the *locus classicus* on this point is to be found in my novel, *The Joys of Judas*, in which the heroine, after attending a garden-party at Burlington House, is kidnapped by the *Duke of Vertigo* and immured in a cellar in Arlington Street. The novel, which was published by Messrs. Odder and Odder, is now in its seventeenth large edition, and was the special favourite of the late Emperor of RUSSIA, Mr. GLADSTONE, and the MAHDI. MARIE SCARLATTI.

SIR,—May I be permitted to quote, as bearing on the point at issue, the words of a famous general, a man of dauntless courage and stoical self-possession, in my new novel (already in its thirtieth huge edition), *The Back of the Arab Mind?*—

"General Gray strove manfully to repress his rage, but the blood was thunging and ruckling in his carotid artery, his face was purple and the whites of his eyes were stricken pink. At last he could restrain himself no longer and, seizing his sobbing daughter by the right ear, he swung her off her feet with the scream of a wounded gorilla, adding in a tense whisper, 'Dash it all, girl, don't be a blithering idiot, but keep calm like me.'" (Vol. II., p. 184, 4s. net, at all libraries and booksellers'.)

ALF ABEL.

SIR,—It is obviously impossible to lay down a hard-and-fast rule as to the right age to marry. But I may mention that after making a careful analysis of my own 59 novels I find that the average age at which my heroines entered the portals of St. George's, Hanover Square, is 21½.

May I quote the words of a distinguished *littérateur* in my new novel, *The Nicest Woman in Nice*, as he describes the ideal partner?—

"O women in our hours of joy
Inclined to worry and annoy,
When anguish makes the brow to ache
You are a trump and no mistake."

Yours faithfully,
WILHELM DE KEW.

SIR,—In FIELDING'S day heroines married at the age of sixteen or seventeen. Mr. RIDER HAGGARD'S famous character, *Ayesha*, was, if I mistake not, close upon 2,000 years of age when she contemplated matrimony for the last time. Surely it ought to be possible to strike a happy mean, and say that 490 or 500 is the ideal age.

ALGERNON ASHTON.

HINTS FOR HOT HOLIDAYS.

The object of this article, other than the obvious one of filling up the page until you get to the paragraphs at the bottom, is to collect in handy form such information as the best authorities consider indispensable for the proper preserving of life in these trying times of heat and holiday. (I don't *want* to be alliterative: it just comes.) To do this it has been found necessary to bone many priceless ideas from the ha'penny papers. Apologies, however, are gladly offered—in the first place, to the editors of these contemporaries, and secondly (and more diffidently) to the readers of this compendium; it seems hard lines that they should have to have it all over again. There can be no doubt, though, that everything in this article is essential to their well-being, and that I have omitted nothing which I could possibly get in. Readers, therefore, should cut this page out and suspend it by a string from the chandelier, so that it may always be before them. When they are thoroughly sick of it they should paint it lightly with treacle, and then the flies will come and read it, too.

Now I'm going to begin.

What to Wear.

Quite apart from Mr. Redford, there is one great difficulty about clothing yourself suitably in this weather; namely, that the more clothes you put on to keep the heat out the more heat (somehow) you keep in. For this reason it is generally agreed now that, the lighter your clothes are, the better. In the case of both men and women it has been found possible to reduce the weight of the wardrobe to the merest trifle.

Man's Dress.

1 gold-beater's skin suit	1 oz.
1 asbestos shirt front	2 dr.
1 diamond tie pin	2 dr.
1 pr. open-work aluminium socks	1 dr.
1 pr. sandals	1 oz.
1 india-rubber collar	1 oz.
Total	3 oz. 5 dr.

The idea of the diamond pin is to focus all the rays of the sun upon your chest, which is of course rendered immune by the asbestos Richard. Should you, however, fall into the sea (I shall refer to this more fully later on) the india-rubber collar will be found both helpful and stimulating.

Woman's Dress.

Though the feminine wardrobe comes well within the province of this article, it hardly comes within that of this paper. But I am told it works out as follows:

1 muslin frock	1 oz.
Et-cætera	2 oz.
Hat	12 lbs. 13 oz.
Total	13 lbs. 0 oz.

What to Eat.

Let us (says a well-known vegetarian Harley Street specialist), let us (says he) consider a typical winter breakfast, such as was suitable three weeks ago; what do we find?

Porridge	Hot.
Fish	Beastly hot.
Eggs	Help!
Marmalade	Heating.

How much more suitable is the following:

Canary seed	Titillates the digestive duct.
Filleted beetroot	Smartens up the nervous system, removes moth, prevents baldness and makes cycling a pleasure to hundreds.
Breadcrumbs	Invaluable for black-and-white artists.

Grouse Recipes.

(I thought you 'd like these now.)

"Grouse Melba":—Take grouse, remove the works, insert ice, and eat with spoon.

"Potage de grouse":—Borrow grouse, rinse in warm water, return, and serve results with squares of toast.

"Pressed Grouse."—Bone grouse; stretch and press, taking care that the crease is down the front of the leg; place on sideboard, and say to your friends, "Lot of trouble that bird gave me. Stalked it for twenty miles up stream, and then it winded me, and I had to give it both barrels."

You will notice that all these recipes necessitate the use of a grouse. So exacting are the dictates of fashion.

How to Bathe.

Rule I.—Before striking out, make sure that you really have arrived at the seaside. It is no good starting the overhand stroke when your excursion train is still waiting at Balham. In the case of Southend—but all the jokes about Southend were made last month.

Rule II.—The small jellyfish with the mauve insides *don't* sting. If they do, then it shows they know nothing about natural history, and to a certain extent you have the laugh of them.

Rule III.—(We are putting down these Rules just as they occur to us there is no necessity for you to observe any particular order).—Should you, when swimming at one of our Southern resorts, mistake the way back and arrive inadvertently at France, say to the first man you meet, "Pardon, monsieur, mais je suis arrivé. Proxime accessit. Nisi prius," and explain to him how it is that you have no hat. He will see by this that you are determined to stand no nonsense, and he will indicate the route to England.

Rule IV.—Before taking off from the top of the cliff ascertain the state of the tide. It does not follow that because, according to the London press, it is high water at London Bridge it will be high water immediately beneath you. Many an accident has been caused by forgetting this.

Rule V.—Bathing only makes you hotter, you know.

What to Talk About.

The sole topic of conversation in bus, tram, tube, monoplane, biplane, Salisbury Plain, club and Carmelite House is "What is the Right Age to Marry?" Some say "Now," and some say "Never," and some say, "Well, it depends." If you cannot consult a lawn-tennis champion on the subject you should join the first group you observe in conversation on the beach. They are sure to be talking about it, and a copy of *The Daily Mail* is considered sufficient introduction at the seaside. Just go up and say, "Well, *I* think twenty-three," and ask them all back to lunch.

Another enduring topic is the Heat Wave. The thermometer has now reached the incredible figure of 86° in the shade, or 128° if you have to cross the road for an evening paper. You may, therefore, safely say to your neighbour, "Well, is *this* hot enough for you?"—implying that it is all his fault we are having a heat wave at all, and that but for him we should still be enjoying the cool breezes and refreshing showers of three weeks ago. If he dares to say "No," you will be left trying to imagine what on earth it will be like when the thermometer stands at 87°.

What to Read.

Articles like this. There will be two more next week, if the sun keeps on.

A. A. M.

Nicknames of the Great—I.

"The high road will take him to Coniston Lake, where he may explore the village of that name, with its relics and memories of Ruskin, the hoary-headed giant known as 'Coniston Old Man.'"—*The Queen.*

Sporting Notions.

"The glorious twelfth is a red-letter day in the affluent sportsman's calendar, and Liverpool can boast of not a few crack 'guns' noted for their skill in decimating pheasant preserves."

Liverpool Daily Post.

One hit in ten chances! Liverpool's "crack guns" should do better than this in the present close season before the young pheasants get strong on the wing.

MR. PUNCH'S RELIABLE GUIDE TO POPULAR HOLIDAY RESORTS.

No. III.—CHICVILLE-SUR-MER, NORMANDY.



1. Arrival at Chicville. 2. Suitable Costumes for Sands. 3. Dark side of Chicville—Ruined Gambler.
4. Sport at Chicville. 5. More Sport at Chicville. 6. Bathers in Directoire Costume. 7. Interested Bather.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

Broadlands.

Dearest Daphne,—I'm a happy little woman! I've got the Centralians here!—actually!—and that wonderful Captain Findlay who discovered them—and a houseful of people to meet them. You've heard all about them, of course?—how Captain Findlay got to the very middle of Australia, where no one's ever been before, and found the Centralians, as he's called them, living there, where nobody thought anybody *could* live, for there's no water to drink—though, as far as *that* goes, lots of people here in England manage not only to live, but to do themselves awfully well without ever drinking any water!

The Centralians are the *sweetest* creatures! About four feet high and copper coloured, with faces like those old-fashioned door-knockers. Their dress is something in the Salomé style; and they're the *only race known* who don't seem to have anything that can be called a language: isn't it delicious? (Norty says they could do with some of them in Parliament!)

The party consists of the Chief, whose name seems to be Rapparapparoo, his little wife (*her* name, as far as we can make out, is Gig said as many times as you've the breath), the Centralian Prime Minister, and some members of the Cabinet. They don't care to live in houses, and have no use for furniture, so some of the stables have been given up to them. I wanted them to dine with us every evening, but Captain Findlay says it's best not, as they eat their meat raw, and generally fight while they're eating it. They always dance for us after dinner, however—war-dances, love-dances, friendship-dances, and all that sort of thing. We're all immensely gone on their dances, and are practising them ourselves.

Professor Dimsdale is here to study them. As a mental philosopher, he takes an *enormous* interest in them. He particularly wanted to find out whether they'd any of what he calls "*a priori* ideas," meaning things we know without being told. I don't know what he did to them to find out, but the Centralian Prime Minister threw a native weapon at him and hurt him very much. *Wasn't* it unfortunate? The poor, dear Professor had quite a head for the rest of the day. I can't say whether this unlucky little incident proved that they *had* or *hadn't* "*a priori* ideas"—I thought it best not to ask the Professor just yet.

Oh, my dearest and best, I must tell you a perfectly lovely story of Josiah! So many of the houses for miles round want to meet them, that I said I should give a big garden-party, a *fête champêtre*, in fact, for the Centralians. "Where's the good of giving a *fête champêtre* for them?" said the head of the firm. "The little savages don't drink *wine*." He's most awfully grunty about them altogether. "You have these ugly little brutes here and make much of them," he said, "and yet you won't have the Tomlinsons." (That's the planter man and his wife that J. knew out in San Bangador.) "My *dear* man," I said, "can't you see how *immensely chic* the Centralians are, and what a draw they are! Just *look* at the mountain of letters my secky has to wade through every day from people simply *begging* me to have them and put them up *anywhere*, so that they may meet the Centralians."

"I don't care," he said. "The Tomlinsons were very kind to me out in San Bangador. What's the matter with them? I'm sure Tomlinson's a most respectable man, and his wife's *quite a lady!*"

"*En v' là assez, mon ami!*" I told him, when I could speak for laughing. "You've sized them up exactly." (I've left off trying to revise his vocab, and he's really more amusing *au naturel*.)

That night at dinner I fairly brought down the house by saying, "I put it to you all whether you'd care to meet some tea-and-coffee people named Tomlinson. I have it on good authority that *he*'s 'a most respectable man,' and *she*'s 'quite a lady!'" My dear, you never heard such a shout of laughter! But Josiah got so glumpy that I had to smooth him down later and say he could have the tea-and-coffee people to stay, if he liked, after I've gone to the Clackmannans in Scotland. That wouldn't do, however. "They want to meet *you* and the other fine people," said Josiah. "Mrs. Tomlinson admires you very much."

Poor little me! What have I done that I should be admired by a tea-and-coffee woman? If it had been her *husband*, now, it wouldn't have been *quite* so absurd!

I suppose I'll have to give in. Whatever else Josiah may be, he's quite decent about money, and it's his birthday this month, when he always gives me a present.

Do you go in for motor-kiting, my dearest? We do. My motor-kite gymkhana last week was a huge success. The only little hitch in motor-kiting is that the kites don't always fall in one's own grounds, and when big, heavy kites fall on people in roads and fields and places they get so humpy about it. In one of our long-distance races a big kite, quite a young aeroplane, fell on a farmer-person, who was ploughing or reaping or some occupation of that sort, and stunned him. He says his brain's injured, and that he'll "have the law of us."

People are telling *un petit conte pour rire* about Fluffy Thistledown at Cowes. She was there for regatta week with her yacht, *Frolic*, and one moonlit midnight when they were winding up the evening with a game of blindman's buff on deck Fluffy was idiot enough to fall overboard. A sailor-man belonging to the yacht plunged in and rescued her, and the story ought to end there—but it doesn't. The sailor-man has long had an ambition to possess one of the Humane Society's medals, and now he sees his way to it and wants it applied for. Of course the whole affair would get into the papers in that case, which wouldn't suit Fluffy at all, because—well, it was rather a frisky party, several of the people being supposed to be somewhere else, and there were one or two that Lord Thistledown (who's a bit old-fashioned) had positively forbidden her to know!

Moral: If you want to keep a yachting party snug, don't fall overboard. Norty's so absurd, he says the sailor-man was very forward and interfering, and that Fluffy wasn't in any danger, for she's not heavy enough to sink.

Ever thine, Blanche.

P.S. I must get rid of the Centralians *at once*. Sweet Pompom and the little Antarctic spaniel have only *just* been saved in time. Those dreadful little wretches were making preparations *to eat both my darlings!*

THE ANNUAL INTERVIEW.

"Our motto," said Mr. Salisbury Drake, "has been simply this:—'Surpass Yourself.' Each of us, Mr. Arthur Collins, Mr. Henry Hamilton and I, has it over our desk. It is better even than 'Know Thyself.' If you are true to it you cannot go wrong."

"And have you surpassed yourselves?" I asked.

"Of course," said the genial and popular playwright. "Here is the MS. It will take London by storm."

"What," I asked, "is the line?"

"*The* line?" said he. "It is every line. Drury Lane can't be confined to one line. The mission of the autumn drama is to summarise life and Society. All the tendencies of the day meet in our play."

"And virtue is triumphant?"

"Obviously," said Mr. Drake.

"What is the principal scene?" I asked again.

"*The* principal scene!" exclaimed Mr. Drake, aghast. "We have five principal scenes. Five!"

"And what, then," I inquired, "is the first of them?"

"The first," said Mr. Drake, consulting his MS., "is the Channel. Between Dover and Calais. A masterly piece of

stage illusion. The hero, having lost his money, becomes a Channel swimmer. He is nearly across when a buzzing is heard, and behold above him appears the villain in a bi-plane, and as he passes he drops a brick on the hero and disables him. The other characters follow in a steamer."

"Good!" I said. "And principal scene II.?"

"That," said Mr. Drake, "represents the Lawn at Ascot."

"Not very novel?" I suggested.

"No," said Mr. Drake, "not on paper. But in fact! My dear sir, do you know that we not only have real horses and real jockeys, but real *divorcées*. Ten of the most popular and beautiful *divorcées* in London Society are to appear nightly. The hero, having acquired a new fortune, has become a punter. The villain, disguised as a bookmaker, pulls wires to ruin him again."

"And principal scene III.?"

"More realism," said Mr. Drake. "The South Pole. The hero has joined Lieutenant SHACKLETON, and is seen eating a pony under the shadow of the Pole. Victory! At this moment a polar bear, which has been approaching him stealthily, throws off his mask, and is revealed as the villain. A terrible struggle ensues, and the hero escapes only by climbing the Pole."

"Admirable!" I cried. "And the next?"

"Ah!" said Mr. Drake, "here we return to the gay life again. The Horse Show. The high jumping in progress. All the winners at the recent show are coming. It will be a most effective scene; no one need ever go to Olympia again."

"But how does the drama progress?"

"There will be a few words at the beginning of this scene. The hero is a competitor, the villain is disguised as an attendant and he frightens the horse. The hero is thrown."

"Is that easy to manage?" I asked.

"Not easy, of course, but possible. An admirably trained horse. A feather-bed on the stage."

"Yes?" I said.

"The accident," Mr. Drake resumed, "brings us to the last Scene of all—another triumph of realism, but of a different kind. The operating theatre in a hospital. The hero has to undergo trepanning. The students are all there, laughing and joking. The wounded man is carried in. The anæsthetic is applied. The surgeons operate. It is most thrilling. Can he recover? It is all touch and go. Unless, says the doctor, he comes to in five minutes, he must die. The doors open and all his friends enter, the heroine, the comic men, the villain—all. The minutes go by. All watches are taken out. One. Two. Three. He does not move. The suspense is terrible. Four. No movement. And then he moves! Intense rapture. The heroine falls on his body. The villain commits suicide. Virtue triumphant once more! There 's drama for you!"

"There is, indeed," said I.

"During the existing spell of tropical heat, sunny seas and inglenooks have a more musical and attractive sound than the bustle of the race-course."—*Daily Telegraph.*

At the moment of writing we are dead against inglenooks.



Lady X. (*whose husband has the worst shooting in Yorkshire*). "WELL, CAN'T YOU SQUEEZE IN A FRIDAY TO TUESDAY? JUST A COUPLE OF DAYS ON THE MOOR?"

Ossy D'Arcy. "SORRY, CAN'T POSSIBLY LEAVE LONDON. BIG SCHEME ON AT THE WAR OFFICE. WE'RE CROSSING CARRIER PIGEONS WITH PARROTS—HOPING TO GET VERBAL MESSAGES THROUGH."

"A remarkable incident occurred at a cricket match at Nash, Bucks. Mr. Fred Wesley hit the ball, and in its course it struck a man who was asleep on the nose without awakening him. The ball afterwards travelled to the boundary."—*Glasgow Evening News.*

Our first object in reproducing this paragraph is to call attention in a general way to the dangers of sleeping on the nose. Our next to point out that the ball "afterwards" travelled to the boundary, which seems to show that the sleeper was either a fieldsman or an umpire. It must have been a very dull match.



G. O. C. "WHAT ARE YOU?"
Wretched Patrol (to the despair of his Colonel). "BILLIARD MARKER IN THE HORTICERS' MESS, YOUR 'IGHNESS!"

THE JOYS OF REJECTION.

REFUSED! Ah me, before I took the header,
What desperation dangled on that word!
The one thing doubtful (if I could not wed her)
What kind of suicide was least absurd;
Wan were my features as a chunk of Cheddar
Ere it occurred.

And now it seems the blow was not so blasting,
The impulse to expire has been subdued,
The stern resolve to fade away by fasting
Has somehow vanished, and, when breakfast 's brewed,
I still sit up (the guise of anguish casting)
And take some food.

Nay, there are consolations; love 's a trammel
That woefully impedes the cardiac pump;
But grief is like a pendant of enamel,
A thing of beauty, an eternal trump
(I should not marvel if the Bactrian camel
Boasts of his hump).

'Tis no small victory that men should rank you
As one whose heart contains a bleeding sore,
Whose soul is swathed in cypresses and dank yew,
Dead to romance and deeming it a bore;
Who murmurs, "Not for me, dear boy, I thank you;
Been there before."

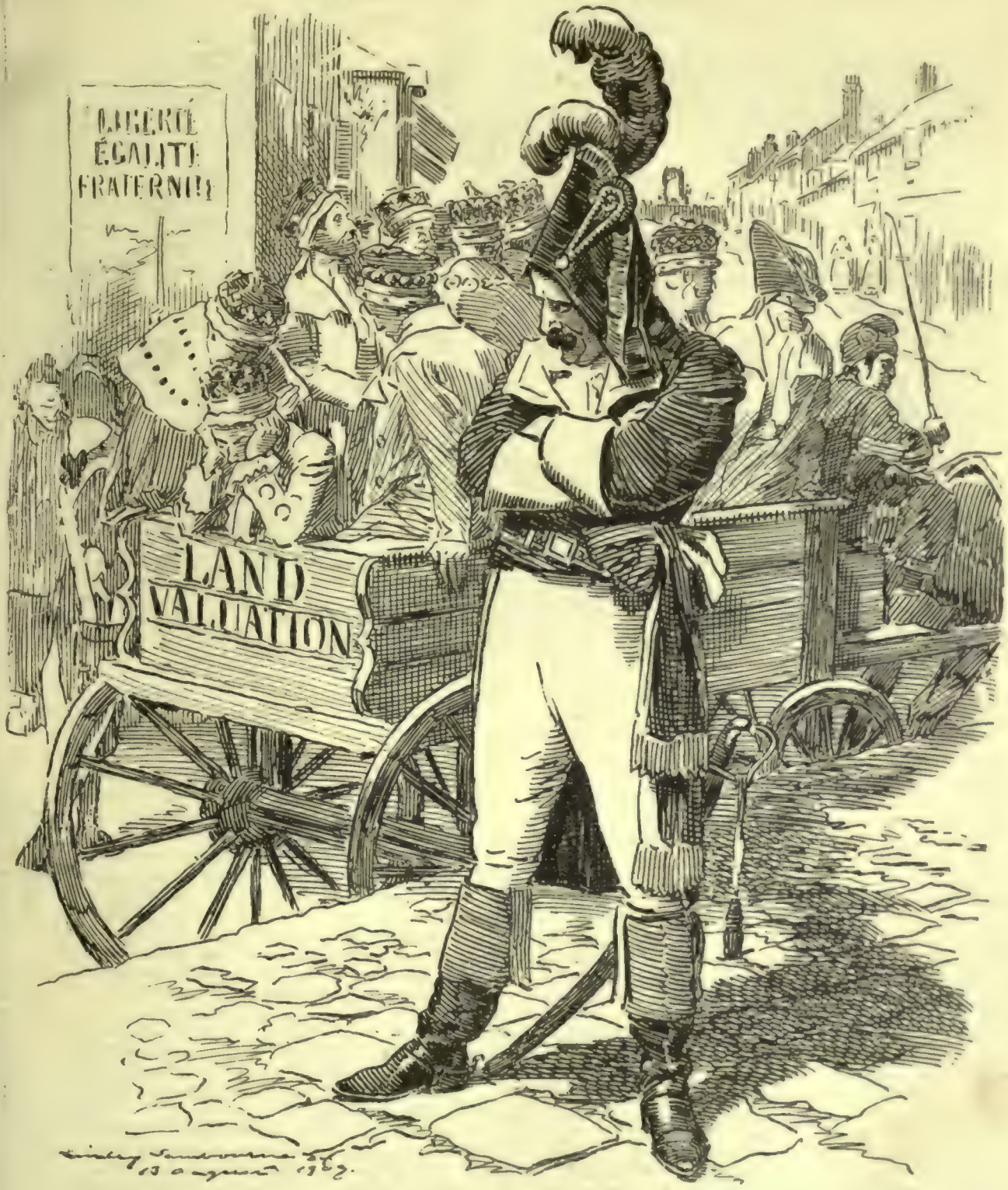
Sweet also is the way that damsels cluster
About the hero of a high despair,
Whose bosom braved the amatory fluster
And might with due expenditure of care
(However hard it may have come a buster)
Be worth repair.

This is the most sublime of sorrow's chances;
This is their meaning when the poets sing:—
"'Tis better to have grieved for vain advances
Than never to have known the Love-god's sting";
To cure a life-long woe is what entrances
The next young thing.

"Large portable poultry house; suit football club."—*Liverpool Echo.*
If you think we are going to lower ourselves by saying anything about "fouls" you are quite mistaken.

"Take a couple of hours' good exercise every day. It is sufficient for the man whose muscles are not altogether in trim. The rest of the time he can be drinking in the good seaside or country air."—*Daily Mail.*
The reader is warned not to pause after the word "drinking."

"Captain Rogers shot a pariah in the gardens of the Terrace a few days ago and was destroyed in the bazaar the following morning."—*The Pioneer.*
The S.P.C.A. appears to lose no time out in India.



CARRIAGE PAID.

Citoyen George (*to Condemned Aristocrats en route to Execution*). "GENTLEMEN, WE WISH TO MAKE EVERY CONCESSION THAT MAY SUIT YOUR CONVENIENCE. THERE WILL, THEREFORE, BE NO CHARGE FOR THE TUMBRIL."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.



A FEW OF MR. ASQUITH'S DISGUISES.

It seems inhuman to give him away, but these are *some* of the methods by which the Premier contrives to elude the vigilance of the Suffragette "pickets" at the gates of St. Stephen's.

House of Commons, Monday, August 9.—It was N. Bonaparte Haldane who first mentioned half-and-half.

Reference made in enticing circumstances. After brief interval, House back in Committee on Budget Bill. Seem to remember many weeks already devoted to pleasant task. Occasionally sat up with Bill all night as if it were a fractious infant. Take up Paper to make cheering discovery that there are more amendments set down on it than there were when work first began. Interesting this as feat of legerdemain. In actual circumstances alarming. If process continues we shall about October 1 find ourselves faced with a few score more amendments than were tabled on May 1.

Since Bill last in Committee someone in Unionist camp has run up white flag in token of surrender. Incident led to angry resentment. So far from contemplating retreat, Opposition is resolved that the fight shall be carried on with aggravated energy. This partly accounts for increase in number of amendments; also for added touch of fierceness on countenances of group behind Front Bench. Mr. Emmott scarcely settled in Chair when motion made to report progress. This an extra in addition to amendments on Paper. Served to pass a couple of hours; involved four divisions which accounted for a minimum of forty minutes.

Came about thus: Dr. Fell, endeavouring to combat vague dislike for his personality, moved to postpone certain clause for ten years. Talkee-talkee by the yard. Performance beginning to pall, Bob Cecil moved to report progress. (Mem., none had been made.) Talkee-talkee for another half-hour. Attorney-General moved Closure. Division. Committee now divided on motion to report progress. Defeated by majority of 99. Up gets Mr. Hope, radiant with Faith and Charity; proposes amendment on Dr. Fell's amendment. Lloyd-George promptly moves Closure. Division. At long last Fell's amendment is divided upon and rejected by 189 votes to 93. Aggregate figures amazing. Not forty Members have on the average been present during speech-making.

Drawing on to 11 o'clock when Napoleon B. Haldane brought in the half-and-half. Whittaker, authority on these matters, tells me half-and-half, a liquid refreshment popular in sultry weather especially if boldly treated with ice, is compact of equal quantities of beer and stout. Secretary for War delicately introduced it in form of allegory. Question pressed as to what would be proportionate yields of taxes on undeveloped land and taxes on minerals.

"Half-and-half," said N. B. H., with subtle suggestion that he was obeying the injunction to "give your orders whilst the waiter's in the room."

Prince Arthur so charmed with idea that, speaking later, he defined half-and-half as "one of those happy coincidences on which those who advise the Government should be congratulated."

"Never heard it called by that name before," said Frederick Banbury, smacking dry lips. "But, as the farmer said, having sipped at his landlord's expense a liqueur glass of Benedictine, 'I'll take some of it in a moog.'"

Business done. Back to the Budget Bill. Great sweeping out of amendments.

Tuesday.—Adjourning at five minutes past six this morning, House met again at a quarter to three this afternoon.

Even in palmy days of Parnellite obstruction, all-night sittings were not nearly such lively entertainments as fancy of outsiders feigned. With the site value of undeveloped land as topic of debate, and this night the sultriest of a coy summer, dulness deepened to ultimate chasm of depression.

FENWICK didn't mind sitting up for his country's good. But no use trying to snatch a quarter of an hour's sleep as others did. His mind oppressed by news from Wylam. Seems, according to local paper, that ten days ago high jinks were carried on in grounds of local landlord, whereat LLOYD-GEORGE and all his works, specially the Budget, were denounced. That all right as far as it went. Still open to a landowner to invite his political friends to gather in his park. What FENWICK objected to was alleged circumstance that detachment of men from H.M.S. *Calliope*, with band playing, gun trailed, arrived on scene.

"What steps does the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY propose to take to put a stop to such practices?"

Thus at meeting of House this afternoon he catechised MCKENNA. Turns out that some one has blundered. The warlike crew of the *Calliope* were men in buckram. What actually happened was that a private company of boy bluejackets made holiday in a field a hundred yards away from place where political meeting was held, "an event," the ADMIRAL drily remarked, "in which the lads took not the slightest interest."

Captain CRAIG, naturally resenting this invasion of his peculiar field of operation, shouldered FENWICK aside, pulled from breast-pocket a news-sheet printed on orange-hued paper and took the floor. Related how emergency man—oddly enough "name of Walker"—returning from fair in County Cavan was fired at from behind a hedge, shot in face and chest. Wanted to know from IRISH SOLICITOR-GENERAL whether "the murderous assailants" had been arrested and what steps were taken to protect the hapless victim of disorder against further outrages?

Reversing proverbial order of procedure, CHERRY made four bites at the story. (1) THOMAS WALKER is not an emergency man. (2) He has not been fired at. (3) Did receive wound in the face, but told police it was caused by a fall. (4) Fact is, he was shooting rabbits when accident befell.

How these things get in the papers others besides *Mr. Crummles* wonder.

Business done.—Clause 10 added to Budget Bill in Committee.

Thursday, 6.10 A.M.—PRIME MINISTER, wending his way homeward, first peeping round gateways to see if there were any ladies in waiting, confessed himself a little weary. His 'orny-'anded brother who "wants eight" hours as the maximum of a day's labour little recks what the First Minister of the Crown goes through between the time of his upgetting and the laying down of his head on an untaxed pillow.

That by the way. It 's all in the day's work and must be cheerily met. What depresses the PREMIER on this fair summer morning is reflection on the lack of gratitude in mankind. The Budget Bill, as introduced and as dealt with in Committee up to yesterday afternoon, involved the principle of placing on the private owner



"DR. FELL."

"The reason why I cannot tell,"
I find considerable difficulty in drawing you.
Dr. Fell.
(Mr. Arthur Fell.)

the burden of cost of Land Valuation. On that particular point the Opposition centred all their forces. They protested that to resolve to clap fresh taxes on the hapless landowner, and then to insist that out of his slender purse he should pay the charges of the process of valuation on which the tax is to be levied, was an exercise of ingenuity closer akin to the subtle cruelties of the Inquisition than to the practices of English statesmen.

For some weeks, including an occasional all-night sitting, CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER has on this point presented inexorable front. Yesterday afternoon, his countenance wreathed in smiles, his hair brushed with exceptional care, something of a gala appearance in his dress, PREMIER announced abandonment of the obnoxious proposal, and threw the charge of valuation upon the State.

Having made this clear, pretty to see him stand with downcast eyes, a slight flush on his countenance, his lips pursed in shy smile. Expected outburst of applause from gentlemen opposite. Not quite sure that, creating precedent, PRINCE ARTHUR and WALTER LONG might not cross over, raise him shoulder high and carry him round, whilst BOB CECIL sang solo, "For he 's a jolly good fellow," the rank-and-file of the Opposition insisting in chorus that "So say all of us."

So far from this expectation being realised, blank silence fell on benches opposite, broken later by turbulent stream of angry denunciation. To relieve the private owner at expense of the State was, in PRINCE ARTHUR's view, infinitely worse than original proposal. LORD BOB so agitated that, introducing an autobiographical note, he misquoted a familiar couplet. Said he:

"When I was young I had no sense,
I bought a shilling for eighteen pence."

It would be rude to challenge the assurance frankly put forth in first line. The second is not exactly what was written by that voluminous poetaster, *Anon.*

That, however, a detail due to heat of weather and debate. Enough for PREMIER, going home with the milk in the morning, to meditate on man's ingratitude to man.

"Hit high or hit low," he murmured, "I can't please the Opposition."

Business done.—Ministry perform right-about-face movement on Land Clauses of Budget Bill.

HOBBIES THAT PAY.

POULTRY.

COMPARED with most of the hobbies in which amateurs indulge, poultry farming possesses inestimable advantages. It is more virile than stamp-collecting; less fatiguing than big-game-shooting; infinitely healthier than palmistry.

Previous experience is not only unnecessary—it is undesirable. People who have had experience on poultry-farms nearly always seek to discourage beginners, and exhibit a peevish reticence when confronted with the most convincing figures and data.

The country is better than London for poultry-farming, though it is true that an ideal scratching-ground is vacant on the north side of the Strand. Choose a site as near a town as possible, since you have to think of marketing your produce; and it is almost essential, if you wish to make a profit on your eggs, to be in a position to sell them. Many beginners fail to grasp this point and have the hardihood to blame the industry! The industry is all right.

The principal consumers of eggs are Channel swimmers (an uncertain trade); proprietors of shooting galleries (shells only); and sick persons (with milk and brandy). If you can get into touch with a sufficient number of these your success is assured.

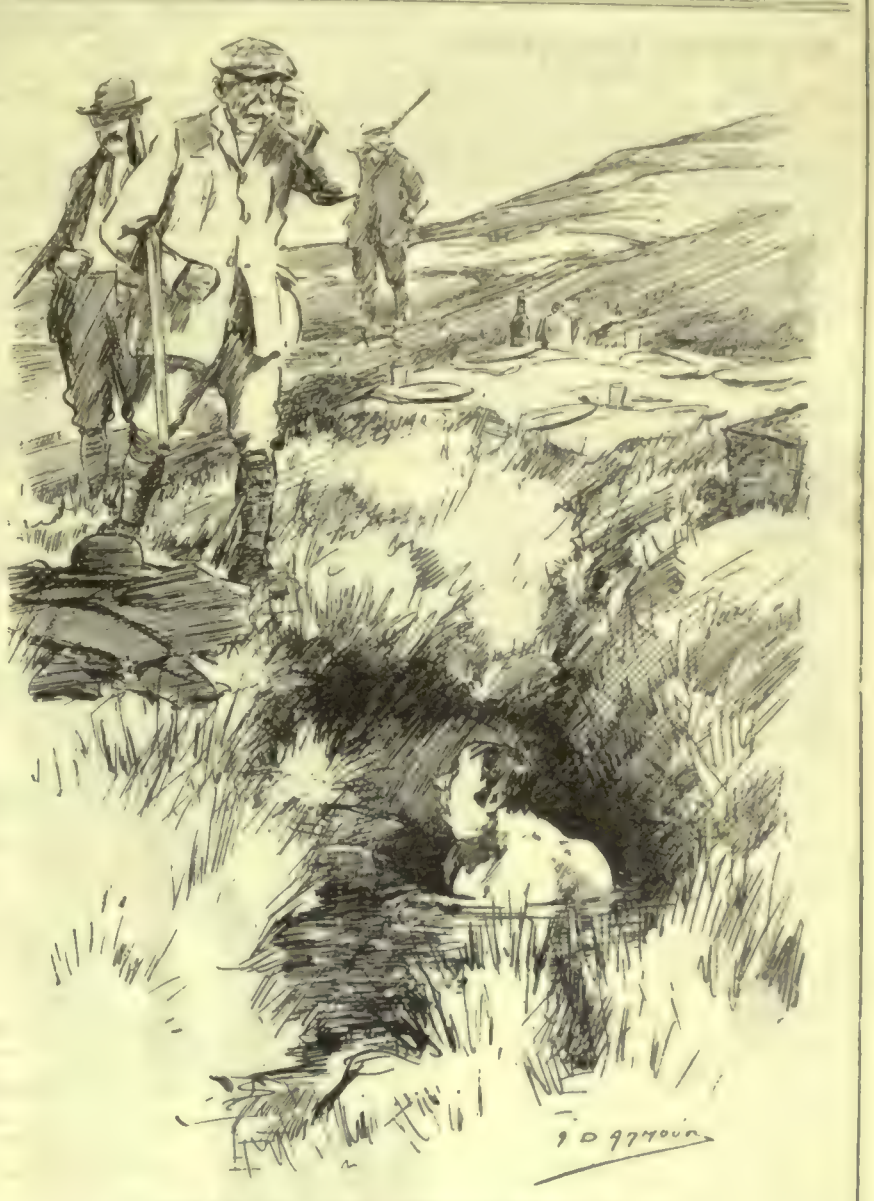
Age is an important factor to consider when fixing the selling price of a chicken or an egg, for the purveyor of poultry, unlike the furniture or picture dealer, must aim at youthful effects when placing his wares before prospective purchasers. In the case of a fowl, when once it has come of age, little can be done to obtain this pleasing result, though massage of the boniest parts is well spoken of. In dealing with eggs the problem presents less difficulty, and the judicious use of a rubber date-stamp is all that is necessary. Even an egg which has arrived by *petite vitesse* from Riga acquires, by the timely use of this contrivance, a flavour which commends itself to the most exacting connoisseur.

Food is an important item and should receive your careful attention, as a chicken's welfare depends largely on its diet. You must remember that the birds' interests are yours, and it is false economy to starve your stock. Plenty and often is the rule adopted by the most successful poultry farmers. Anything that the birds fancy will do, so long as they thrive on it. Some birds are dainty and obstinately refuse to eat; in such cases a very good plan is to borrow a funnel from the garage and pour the food through it, having first introduced the narrow end into the captious bird's throat. When feeding do not on any account omit to put some gravel in the rations, as chickens are inordinately fond of this delicacy and look for it with eager pleasure. Any kind of gravel will do, but *it must be gravel.* Unscrupulous dealers sometimes endeavour to foist wood-paving and asphalte upon unwary fanciers, but, if you insist on having gravel, the man who supplies you will see that you know what you are about, and that this discreditable artifice will not go down.

In spite of the greatest care you will occasionally have trouble with your stock, as chickens are subject to ailments which are a cause of considerable vexation to the owner. Roughly speaking, these disorders fall under one of three heads—foxes, motors and the gapes. It is unnecessary to say much here about the first two, as they invariably prove fatal, and the only thing to do is to face the loss. In the case of a bird which has fallen a victim to the motor craze, you may minimise the loss by eating what is left; this, however, is about all that you can hope to do, as a bird which has once passed through a gear-box is useless for market purposes. Appearance counts for so much in these matters.

The complaint known as gapes presents fewer difficulties, and yields, as a rule, to suitable treatment. The distressing symptoms exhibited by its victims are the result of ennui and want of rational amusement; unless you can at once introduce some variety into the birds' lives you may expect the worst. You can best achieve your object by moving your farm to some less depressing neighbourhood, where the surroundings will prove congenial. Skegness has a great reputation, and the tonic qualities of its air have restored many a jaded bird to health and spirits. Of course, if you live at Skegness, this suggestion does not apply, and you must seek some other locality; bearing in mind that complete change is the essence of the treatment.

These remarks do not cover the whole field of poultry farming, but they go a long way.



JAMES IN THE HIGHLANDS.—No. I.

JAMES (THE NEW BUTLER), IN CHARGE OF THE LUNCH, IS OVERCOME BY THE HEAT, AND FINDS A DELIGHTFUL LITTLE POOL OF SPRING WATER TO BATHE IN. UNFORTUNATELY HE MISTIMES THE OPERATION.

Figures of Speech.

"Egregiously wrong in his facts, Mr. Lloyd-George is bowled out in his rickety argument by his own colleague, and becomes a dog in the manger in the light of Unionist policy."—*The Scotsman.*

Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE may be wrong in his facts, but *The Scotsman* seems rather mixed in its figures.

SURPRISING DISCOVERIES.

A MEMBER of the staff of *The Daily Chronicle*, in the course of a taxi-cab drive, recently made the surprising discovery that the chauffeur was an ex-theatrical manager. A most interesting narrative was extracted from him. As the *Chronicle* sapiently remarks: "With this new experience, in which he has proved himself to be a man of resource with no false pride, Mr. ——— would be most useful to any theatrical manager requiring an enterprising individual to look after his interests." It is pleasant to know that within the last few days adventures equally stimulating have fallen to the lot of other journalists.

Thus, while recently returning, in one of the L. C. C. trams, from his residence, Mr. FitzGeorge Crowe, the famous editor of *P. A. P.*, made the soul-shaking discovery that the conductor was none other than the missing Austrian Archduke who disappeared some years back under the *alias* of JOHANN ORTH. Slightly condensed by Mr. Crowe's masterly stylo, the Archduke's story runs as follows:—

"I was for several years an artificial-eye-maker's assistant, but wearying of that trade went into business as a bath-chair proprietor at Denmark Hill. The demand for these vehicles, however, proved fluctuating and precarious, and I was obliged to sell my entire stock, except one bathchair, in which I and my family lived for two years before I got my present job.

"Now I am happy again. As an Archduke, I own, the thought of the unearned increment which I enjoyed weighed so heavily on me that I suffered from chronic depression and sought refuge in a morganatic marriage.

"You ask whether I have been recognised by any of my former friends? Honestly, I don't think that I have. You see the uniform is a bit of a disguise, and besides it is contrary to etiquette for an Austrian Archduke to travel in a tram. Still I cannot help thinking that I once saw the GERMAN EMPEROR, disguised as the captain of a penny steamer, board my tram in Camberwell.

"How long shall I remain a tram conductor? That depends on circs and Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE. You see that, having become a naturalised British citizen, it would be rather awkward if I resumed my ducal status and exposed myself to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S irresistible invective. There are times, I admit, when I hanker after the luxuries of Vienna, but the consciousness of a simple life spent in furthering the interests of my fellow-men compensates for everything."

With his new experience (as Mr. Crowe puts it), in which he has proved himself to be a man of admirable efficiency, the Archduke should be most useful to any member of the L.C.C. requiring an enterprising individual to act as his private secretary. In any case it is to be hoped that he will act as an outside contributor to *P. A. P.*, where his inner knowledge of the Austrian Court should render his "pars" peculiarly palatable to the stalwart Radical readers of that fearless journal.

Only last week a leading member of the staff of *R. O. T.* (*Rare Old Tosh*) made the astounding discovery that a sandwichman, to whom he had generously offered a Tipperary cigarette, was an ex-leader-writer on the staff of *Bell's Chimes*. The sandwichman's narrative is as follows:—

"For several years I wrote leaders on foreign politics, but finally I had a dispute with the editor. I spoke of Berlin, to avoid repetition, as 'Athens on the Spree,' and he objected to it as a vulgar periphrasis. Of course I wasn't going to stand that, so I left. I was then six months on *The Daily Maelstrom*, but they sacked me for spelling petrol with an *e*. Finally, as my supplies ran short, I thought I would take up this business, as I had formerly belonged to the Sandwich Golf Club, and worked hard in order to pass the examination to obtain the police licence. The examination was pretty stiff I can tell you, but my journalistic *flair* stood me in good stead and I came out third of seven hundred, my place entitling me to choose my district and to wear a pair of *Art Nouveau* sandwich-boards with the uniform of a cinquecento Florentine. In this way I have so far succeeded in evading recognition. The work, however, is severe, and I confess to a craving for the old Fleet Street grind. But, of course, I should want a decent salary before I chucked my present job."

With his new experience, in which he has proved himself to be a man of resource and no false pride, this fine fellow would be most useful to any newspaper proprietor requiring a writer steeped in the actuality of London life.



First Golfer. "WHO'S THE TURF-REMOVER?"

Second Golfer. "HE'S AN ACTOR WITH THAT SHAKSPEAREAN CROWD AT THE MUMMERS' — PLAYS THE GRAVE-DIGGER IN *HAMLET*."

First Golfer. "WISH HE'D FIND SOMEWHERE ELSE TO REHEARSE."

PEBBLY TOM'S ORGY.

["Our countryside teems with food, some of which we insult by the name of fodder, some of which we neglect. After all, our cultivated oats are no more than a slightly enlarged wild oat, and the original of the cabbage can be found growing by English cliffs. . . .

I have often thought of the scope open to a giver of a 'wild dinner party,' and if the food were properly collected and cooked the wild dinner party would escape all comparison with the mad tea party which the title suggests."—*Mr. Beach Thomas in "The Daily Mail."*]

HAVING read my article, dear reader, on "Wild Vegetables," will you not join me in a gourmets' ramble? What say you to Epping Forest? Very well, then, let it be Epping.

Thirsty, are you? Then what could be better than a good pull at yonder puddle? Never mind if it looks muddy; mud is an excellent purifier of the blood, and remember that every man is bound to consume his peck of dirt in time.

Lunch time, is it? Then let us make our camp here and consider the menu. For *hors d'œuvre* there are the sticklebacks which we caught in the brook. We have only to hold them over our pipes for a while and they will be as good as smoked sprats. For soup there is the

tail I pulled out of that old ox. It came away with great ease owing to the age of the animal and my healthy dietary ever since I took to eating like NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

For *poisson* there are the gudgeons which we caught in Auntie's hair net, an admirable article for the purpose. Never go for a hungry ramble without an aunt.

We come now to the joint, and here is discovered the usefulness of chancing upon a lost sheep in a desolate spot. Had it been more open and populous we could never have killed it so successfully, while skinning and quartering it would have been more difficult and perilous. As it is, the meat is bound to be rather tough, but as the week wears on it will get better and better; unless of course our forest larder is discovered.

For vegetables there are the nettles, which are far better than spinach, the pignuts and the wild carrot.

Next the game. Here we attack the moorhen which so providentially fell to my aim, accurate throwing being of the highest value to the countryside diner, and with it a dandelion salad, upon which the oil from two or three handfuls of tadpoles has been squeezed.

For sweets there is nothing better than a little wild honey from an old tree, but in default of this we may eat the blossom of the clover and honeysuckle. For dessert the crab-apple and the sloe. For coffee the powdered sorrel, and for the cigar the famous "Flor de Wiggs" from the nearest cabbage-patch.

As for the supplementary articles, we can get them, too: bread should be easy when the fields are so full of corn, and for butter of course you have only to seek the buttercup. The milkwort is equally rich in milk. Mustard grows in every field. Salt, I will admit, bothers me, but why not do without it?

The total cost has been the match that lit the fire. Even a duke might live in this luxury, and, indeed, it was largely because I and my paper so feel for the ruined ducal industry that I wrote the article.

HOW TO KEEP WARM.

Mr. Punch recommends any chilly mortals who are just now suffering from the shivers to follow the opportune example of Tottenham Hotspur and other London Football Clubs, who have begun a noble endeavour to restore their circulation with practice games. A picture in *The Daily Mirror* of August 12, exhibiting a perspiring forward in a sun-hat, is evidence of true British determination not to run the risk of getting chilblained in this weather. Persons of less sporting tendencies, but endowed with a salamander temperament, may find other ways of escaping the Arctic rigours of the dog-days. Thus, should any immediate vacancy occur in the House of Commons, the existing atmosphere of St. Stephen's may be relied upon to keep off frost-bite, if the patient can safely weather an August by-election. On a Budget night the temperature approaches three figures, and furs need not then be worn.

For women we strongly advise the Wearing of the Green, plus white and purple. The adoption of these now familiar colours is frequently found to develop a considerable amount of heat, especially after collisions with the police.

We feel confident that, without such banal methods as lighting a fire, blowing fingers, swinging arms, or rushing off to the Riviera, we can safeguard our numbed readers' extremities for this week at least. The Hotspurs have *Mr. Punch's* warmest congratulation for not belying their name, and for giving a lead to lethargic and blue-nosed Londoners.



Macdougall. "YON'S AN AWFU' LIKE SIGHT TO SEE ON THE SAWBATH, ANGUS!"

Angus. "AND WHAT AWFU' LIKE SIGHT DO YE SEE, MACDOUGALL?"

Macdougall. "THERE'S AIRCHIE AN' HIS LASS SMILING AND HURRYING AS IF IT WAS A WEEK-DAY, JUST."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

To anybody suffering from a surfeit of divorce-problems who is in need, as he ought to be, of a complete change, I heartily recommend *The Castle by the Sea*, designed by H. B. Marriott-Watson and built by Methuen. There, within smell of the Atlantic, he may revel in the spirit of adventure and in an atmosphere of momentous and incredible events. He will hob-nob with the fugitive *Sir Gilbert*, a sportsman with an unconscious philosophy, and fall in love with the beautiful *Perdita*, who not only says she is, but is, adorable. My student of the morbid will not have been in this Devonshire resort for twenty pages before the fresh air will have filled him with a new energy, and he will thereupon plunge into ancient smugglers' caves devoted to modern nefarious uses, to escape with his life (if any) in his hand. Later, in the calmer moments of reaction, duty may compel him to criticise an excess of melodramatic and romantic incident which inclination prompted him to enjoy, but even he will admit the charm of humour which permeates the whole. He will miss his accustomed innuendo and habitual problems, and may wonder why on earth I recommended to him so juvenile a book. Then, if he is the clever lad he pretends to be, he will suddenly understand. I knew that the bright and healthy change would do him good.

What I like least about *The Way Things Happen* (Lane) is the title, because, as a matter of fact, the events in Mr. Hugh de Sélincourt's amiable fantasy fall out after a fashion not at all that of actual life. Indeed, "The Way things are Written About" would have been a truer label for what I feel to be rather a successful literary exercise than the result of honest observation. *Miss Paul* was a maiden lady with a limited income who inhabited the top floor of a house in the Marylebone Road. The lodger below was one *Dr. Paveley*, who, a confirmed mysogynist in the first four chapters, asks *Miss Paul* to marry him in the fifth. There is also another suitor, very rich, who meets *Miss Paul* in an omnibus, and proposes to her a few days later. This is the one that she weds; and then, a little brutally, Mr. de Sélincourt kills the husband in a motor-accident, and leaves his heroine a rich widow. However, the last part of the book is by far the most sincere; and well told is the development of the ex-*Miss Paul* into the almost legendary benefactress of her poorer neighbours. On the whole, if Mr. de Sélincourt ever thinks of dividing his works after a certain celebrated example, *The Way Things Happen*, despite its artificiality, will go justly under the heading of Novels Pleasant. That is why I am the more sorry that, of all the characters, the only one in which I can really believe is the Blue Russian kitten—and even this is a matter of outside evidence, not unconnected with a recent appearance of the same animal in a published interview with its distinguished owner.

You would think that it needed, in these days, an exceptional gift of nautical bluff for the crew of a tramp to board a liner, smash its machinery, pinch the contents of its safe, row off with the richest passenger, and then turn up later on from another quarter with offers of salvage. Yet Arthur Brebner, the author of *John Saint* (Warne), contrives to give plausibility to this adventure, as conducted by the mate of *The Four Winds*, who gives his name to the book. By the aid of a little moral philosophy, not too expensive, and a *répertoire* of allusive comparisons well within the range of a popular encyclopædia, Mr. Brebner wants to persuade the average reader that there is something stronger in this tale than mere stuff for boys. *John Saint*, ex-gentleman, and constructed for better things, failed to get rid of the relics (eventually resurgent) of a conscience, and this failure, while it spoiled his chance of being a really perfect villain, was the recurring source of internal conflicts which give a certain quality of romance to a book in which the feminine element, commonly supposed to be requisite to romance, is quite subordinate; for the one woman in the cast, though necessary to the plot, has only a very small speaking part. Mr. Brebner, if he has not exactly achieved literature, has at least written a good breezy tale, that smacks true of salt seas, and, unlike the poor tramp ("blistered in the Doldrums, frozen round the Horn," as he says of it in a phrase fit for a Kipling chanty) is full of seaworthiness. Mr. Lancelot Speed's illustrations, both plain and coloured, are effective, but I wish that he had given us more of the sea itself, for he knows better than most how to draw waves and ships sitting on them.



EPISODES IN THE LIVES OF THE GREAT.—1.

King Charles the Second showing the ladies of the Court how he climbed the Oak Tree.

"John Strange Winter" in *The Daily Mail:*

"At the same time I cannot forget that my grandmother and my mother-in-law were both married at eighteen—one being twenty-two, the other twenty-one."

It is certainly the sort of thing one would always remember.

"A new office has been organised at the British Museum, that of Assistant Keeper to Mr. Sidney Colvin."—*Daily Telegraph.*

The mid-day meal is administered at 1. Admittance by white ticket.

"Seaton had very hard luck in losing two men leg before wicket, after having the game well in hand."—*Devon and Exeter Gazette.*

Why *won't* the umpires keep their eyes on the score?



Helpmeet. "Frankie dear, shall I read to you while you do that?"

CRICKET AS SHE IS REPORTED.

That 's right, kick me, and I beg yours, was the order of things at Clacton yesterday as the crowd surged through the clickers to watch the match played between 17 of the district and a bag of nuts brought down by Artie Maclean (who ought never to play again in a Test Match) of Rutland. Special interest was attached to the game as his side included Douglas Cairns, the wiggly-wizard or disappearing-man king.

Artie called bird and looked chirpy; so sauntered seventeen out to a wicket that looked a bit Marie Lloyd, but really was a veritable pride of Pont Street. Followed Charles Burge and Tenent, the latter taking a nice four-pennorth off the first ball, a sea serpent on the legs. However, on trying to repeat the stroke, up went the black flag at the other end, only to be hauled down a minute later, as apparently the ball had been played. "I never said——" but that 's another story. Anyhow, the next ball caused the death rattle; a sort of ball that shrieks, turns, apologises, and then gently fells the middle ash! In ambled Alfredo, but, after a deep dive at the first, came up again at the Pavilion steps. The next of the side made the score mount up like the 2*d.*'*s* in a taxi, and it looked like a case of all day and Martin for the Shrimpers; but with 372 for 5 on the blinds Artie called the cows home.

The local innings reminded me of a funeral, and several willows were weeping; Cairns wasn't, but then he had the job; and Walter Barley, at the other end, looked like a man who had the key of the hutch in his pocket.

With the exception of Grunt, the home skipper, none of the side did anything to put on clean flannels about. That Grunt hit some pretty how-do's, and everybody was sorry when he was sent home by a creeper.

It should be mentioned that Lawson was unable to field, as in opening a telegram he slightly strained his heart.

Taken as a whole the game was a pretty tidy regatta. Everybody was pleased, and the folk had something to tell Auntie of. Met a chap afterwards in the guard's van; said he to me, "They could play and we couldn't, and that 's the diff."

"The steamer Letty arrived on Thursday last with a salvage cargo from the steamer Slavonia, which included 34 bales of domestics."
Journal of Commerce.

Just the cargo you would expect on the *Slavonia*. (We don't mind saying this sort of thing now that London is so empty).

Judging by Appearances.

"Then the engine left the metals and swung completely round. Then there was an explosion, and the passengers knew that a serious accident had taken place." — *Manchester Courier.*

The Journalistic Touch.

"By a strange coincidence the residence of this clergyman stands on the exact site of the house in which for many years lived the notorious Charles Peace."—*Sheffield Daily Telegraph.*

"With 29 up Hornby played rather easily at a slow ball from Trott, which broke back and bowled him after being joined by Tyldesley."
Lancashire Daily Post

If it broke back and then waited for Tyldesley, it must have been a very slow ball.

Spinster Lady (*anxious about the health of a pet dog which is out in the garden*). "What is the darling doing, Jane?"

Jane. "He 's eating a little grass, Miss." [*Interval of three minutes.*

Spinster Lady (*presently*). "And what is he doing now, Jane?"

Jane. "Still grazing, Miss."

From an advertisement in *The Garden*:

"D——'s Flat Fanshaped Broom. Designed especially for the lawns of the Nobility."

As a last resort the Duke of Northumberland may have to sell his broom.

THE NEW FOLKS AT HOME.

London (Eng.).

Dear Sadie,—You must have been thinking hard things about poor little me for not writing before, but I've been too busy to breathe, almost, tearing around and sight-seeing; so you must overlook it this time, and I will be good in future. We're located here at present, me and Pop and Cy, that is. The hotel is a one-horse shack in some ways and only about six floors up, but, as Pop says, it hasn't burnt down yet, which is something to be thankful for, and if nothing happens we may finish the vacation here.

Sadie, you *must* make the trip next year. It's simply great, and I haven't been disappointed yet. The place is full of Britishers and they're *just* like what you read about in the magazines—stupid and homely-looking (the women I mean), and *so* polite. Only yesterday I boarded a car on Fleet Street—it's one of the main roads here—in a rush-hour, and the conductor said, "Thank you," when I paid him! Store-keepers just the same, too. And everybody speaks with such a funny accent, you wouldn't believe; but I can understand them pretty well now, and get on O.K.

Some of the side-shows here are worth the passage money to see, and you'd be tickled to death if you could come rubbering with us. Right here, about a couple of blocks from the Parliament, there's one of the cutest abbeys I ever clapped eyes on, with the queerest old-time fixings and things that you can imagine. I could have spent a whole forenoon there, almost, I was so stuck on it; but we're pressed for time and Pop's schedule doesn't allow for much. I'm sending you a postal by this mail, so you can see for yourself what it's like.

You would laugh, Sadie! Cy came rushing in just before lunch as mad as a wet hen! He went into one of these Strand saloons and asked the bar-tender (they are females here) if she could shake a cocktail, and she said, certainly she could; so Cy called for a Highball, and the woman gave him gin-and-something and charged him eighteen cents for it, and then the man next to Cy told him the right price was twelve cents for a gin and bitters. Well, Cy got mad and scratched up the dust and claimed that it was not a fair deal, and the girl said, yes it was, the lemon-peel made the difference; so Cy asked her if she thought he'd got bats in his belfry? and she said the interpreter was out having his dinner, but she'd try to understand if he'd speak slower! Pop cracked his sides almost when he heard about it.

We went to a swell crush at a country house last week and I enjoyed myself considerable, but I wish Pop had not offered to buy the place, because I warned him not to, and the man it belonged to turned as cold as a clam, and dropped the glass out of his eye, and said he could not entertain the proposition for an instant. But that's Pop all the time! spot cash and clear the deal! This one did not pan out, and Pop was side-tracked for once. Well, I met a terrible good-looking man there, and he brought me some strawberries and fal-lals, and we had a good time munching. He's called The O'Stickjaugh (though it's pronounced quite different), and you mustn't call him Mister, or My Lord, or anything like that, and he's head of the whole push, and all the other O'S.'s don't amount to shucks when this one is around. He told me that England is played out and that only the Kelts are any use. It appears his clan is Keltic, so I asked him why he didn't stay up in his hills and make homespun and haddocks, and he seemed a bit rattled, and said I couldn't be expected to understand these things all at once. Then there was another man, an Englishman this time: he came and sat down and said that if I wanted anything he would tell somebody to get it for me! I looked at Cy (he was running around like a dog at a fair) and told the man I did not believe in slave labour, and why did he look so miserable, anyway? Was it money or an entanglement? Well, he just polished his glass and said he was worried to death about his golf, because he had gone clean off his form and could not understand the reason, by Jove! Land's sake!

Oh, Sadie, do you remember the Saddlebags? Well, I ran across old man Saddlebag at a picture gallery and he looked as though he had dropped a nickel down a grating, so I let him take me to lunch. He told me Mrs. Saddlebag had divorced him on account of his wearing spectacles and looking mean in consequence. He pleaded myopia (I'm not sure about the spelling) at the trial, but the judge said he was not going to let any technical point interfere with justice; so they jarred loose, and the old man got his walking-papers, and Mrs. Saddlebag has gone in for jigsaws. I thought you would like to know.

There was a railway accident here a little time ago, a silly little thing—only two men killed; and the papers are cracking on about it so, anybody would think that something had happened! They have arrested a signalman or somebody, and are going to try him for manslaughter! Pop says they always do that over here, and that Britishers' ideas are quite different from ours. I guess they must be!

I went to a polo match last week and Myrtle Dikkerson happened along, so we had a crack, and she gave me all her news. She's in the worst kind of a fix because she's got engaged to a continental baron, and can't speak a word of his language! It's too bad, and I'm real sorry for her; but she's got a conversation book, and you know what a persevering girl she is.

I must quit right now or I shall be late for the theater, so goodbye for the present. Shall see you again in the fall.

Yours as before, Elmira.

THE SCHOOL OF MODESTY.

Only one of the critical cricketers in *The Daily Mail* remains; and he—our own J. T. Tyldesley continues his masterly policy of self-effacement. Thus:—

Lancashire *v.* Kent.

Lancashire were disappointing to-day, but the luck was against them. Everyone did his best, but there are times in a match when everything goes wrong. I had the good fortune to stop one or two nasty ones. Let us hope to-morrow will be kinder to us.

Score.

A. H. Hornby, run out	3
Makepeace, b. Carr	2
Tyldesley (J. T.), not out	251
Sharp, b. Blythe	11
K. G. Macleod, b. Carr	0

&c., &c.

Lancashire *v.* Surrey.

It was indeed a good thing for Lancashire that Hitch was not on the wicket, or who knows what might have happened to some of our timbers? As it was we did pretty well, and Mr. Macleod's innings was a marvel. So was Makepeace's and Mr. Hartley's. We ought to win.

Score.

R. H. Spooner, c. Strudwick, b. Lees	9
Makepeace, b. Thompson	4
Tyldesley (J. T.), b. Lees	183
Sharp, b. Thompson	4
K. G. Macleod, not out	25
A. H. Hornby, run out	0
C. R. Hartley, c. Strudwick, b. Hitch	20

&c., &c.

Lancashire *v.* Sussex.

Owing to a variety of causes Lancashire came out to-day on top on the first innings. I never saw Sharp play better: his timing was a treat to watch. Mr. Hornby also took the long handle to some purpose. No other innings calls for remark.

Score.

R. H. Spooner, b. A. E. Relf	8
A. C. Maclaren, b. Cox	7
Tyldesley (J. T.), not out	302
Sharp, c. Smith, b. Vine	51
A. H. Hornby, b. A. E. Relf	31
Makepeace, b. Cox	0

&c., &c.



MORE VICTIMS OF THE BUDGET.

[Owing to the superior claims of the Budget upon popular attention, the usual silly-season correspondents find themselves without employment.]



OUR VILLAGE CRICKET CLUB.

Excited and confident Chorus. "HOW 'S THAT?" *Umpire.* "I WASN'T LOOKING—DO IT AGAIN."

OPERATIC REALISM.

MR. SANKEY MORRELL, the great *impresario*, writes to us to call attention to some remarks made by Mr. CHARLES MANNERS *apropos* of his production of *Rienzi* at the Lyric Theatre.

Mr. MANNERS is reported as saying:—

"I have never attempted anything on so grand a scale before. Gladiators, Roman soldiers, and diplomats will all be suitably arrayed. There will be five ambassadors and their suites in one of the scenes, and in the last Act the sacking of Rome will be depicted with realistic effects that reach the limit of safety. I shall have as many as 140 people on the stage at one time, and it will be no easy matter to find room for them all."

On this, Mr. Sankey Morrell comments as follows: "Without wishing to institute any invidious comparisons, I wish to point out that at my forthcoming production of *Carmen* at the Agricultural Hall effects will be introduced which have never before been seen on any stage. The brigands in the Third Act have been imported from Catalonia at great expense, and their booty includes several dozen frozen Chinese pigs, twenty butts of dry ginger ale, besides a captive balloon and fifty strings of Spanish onions. In the last Act, by kind permission of Lord CARRINGTON, several real Irish bulls will be introduced; the cigarettes consumed by *Carmen* and her lady friends will be of the Sinn Fein brand, and the smoking of them will be depicted with realistic effects which reach the limit. The stage crowd will include Carthaginians, Basques, Celto-Iberians, Troglodytes and Phagocytes, all of whom will be not merely suitably but sumptuously arrayed. I may add, that by way of testing the musical capacity of the governing classes I have sent invitations to every peer in the realm to attend the opening performance."

HINTS TO HIS GRACE.

["Thirdly, he (Sir Edward Grey) holds that some owners of property could earn something themselves. I wish he had indicated in what manner; but as he seems to be kind enough to consider my unpaid work more valuable to the public than anything I could earn, I am absolved from the necessity of considering what remunerative employment I could undertake at the age of sixty-three which would bring in a sufficient income to be of any appreciable assistance to me in meeting increased taxation."—*The Duke of Northumberland in "The Times."*]

SIR EDWARD GREY is silent. Let us try to supply some useful suggestions. That money is to be made in endless ways even by sexagenarians is beyond question. Nor is the age any bar to enterprise. Look at Count ZEPPELIN, well over seventy, but simply crammed with beans. Sixty-three is nothing.

There are, to begin with, always the Music Halls. If the Duke cared to try his luck there he would make a fortune. No need to do anything but walk on, describe his income and expenditure, say a few terse things against the Government (always a popular line to follow in the Halls), and retire. He could, of course, if his artistic conscience demanded it, learn some small trick, a feat of juggling, a song, a dance, but it would be a superfluity. The Duke alone would be the attraction.

GREAT SENSATION.

REAL DUKE APPEARS NIGHTLY.

VICTIM OF BUDGET ON VIEW.

Such lines as these would fill any Hall.

There are other not less simple means of acquiring wealth. There must be in London alone, even now in August, a thousand hostesses who would willingly contribute a handsome sum for the privilege of including the Duke in their next dinner-party. He could not go to all, but he might put himself up to auction for, say, thirty evenings. The only effect would be that his income-tax would cost him more.

There are company promoters also who would be very happy to arrange for the Duke's alliance—or we are greatly mistaken.

CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME;

Or, Little Arthur's Road to Knowledge.

(*Little Arthur, aged* 12; *Uncle John—Captain John Lambert, late* 28*th Hussars—aged* 44.)

Little Arthur. What do you think of life, Uncle John?

Uncle John. Oh, come, I say, Arty, that's a pretty stiff question.

L. A. Is it, Uncle John? I thought you would be able to tell me something about it. You've lived a good long time, you know.

U. J. I'm not so sure about that, old man. Lots of people have lived much more. If you come to think of it, I'm not so very long in the tooth. Your father thinks I'm a sort of perpetual two-year-old—eh, what?

L. A. Does he, Uncle John? I'm sure that's very unjust of him.

U. J. That's what I always say; but it's a hard world, and it's no use complaining.

L. A. But what *do* you think of life, Uncle John?

U. J. Well, if you *must* know, I think it's a doosid serious thing, especially when the bills come in.

L. A. Bills, Uncle John? How do you mean?

U. J. Ah, you'll find out some day. It's this way. Just when you think you're going ahead like a streak of lightning your tailor and your bootmaker and your haberdasher and the man at the flower-shop send you their blessed accounts, and, instead of having a nice pocketful of money, you find you've got a bit less than nothing. It's cruel luck, but it's no good fighting against it. I've done my best, but they've always scored off me in the end.

L. A. But you bought the things, didn't you, Uncle John?

U. J. Oh, I daresay I bought 'em all right; but paying for 'em's quite another pair of shoes, as you'll find. If this mouldy Government were any good they'd pass a law abolishing bills for ever. I'd vote for 'em right enough if they'd do that. As it is, a poor beggar never gets a chance. Think of the things I might have done if it hadn't been for bills. They're the curse of a fellow's life, and that's the long and the short of it.

L. A. But the other day, Uncle John, you said women were the curse of existence. I heard you say it, you know.

U. J. Did you now? Well, you weren't meant to hear it, anyhow.

L. A. But what did you mean, Uncle John?

U. J. Meant what I said.

L. A. But do you think women and bills are the same thing? When you met Miss Hickson on Tuesday——

U. J. Ah, you've just hit the difference there. I could meet the women every time, bless their little hearts; but as for meeting a bill it's death to me. Never could do it. Besides, no bill ever chucked a man—sticks to him like a leech, you know—but it comes to the same thing in the end, misery and all that.

L. A. But you don't *seem* very miserable, Uncle John.

U. J. Don't I, old man? I daresay I manage to keep a laugh going, you know, but in my heart I'm as desperate as they make 'em. Mustn't give the show away, though. Never say die.

L. A. But then you do think life is a very serious thing, Uncle?

U. J. Serious isn't the word, my boy. It's simply gloomy—that's what it is.

L. A. But I wonder what Papa meant when he said you'd never be brought to take a serious view of life? He said that to Mamma.

U. J. Oh, he said that, did he? Well, your father doesn't understand me, that's all. He never did and he never will.

L. A. But he said he could read you like a book.

U. J. Like a book, did he? I wish he'd read my book on the last Newmarket Meeting. He'd understand a thing or two then. But what did your mother say?

L. A. Mamma said he mustn't be too hard on you, he must think how you were brought up.

U. J. There's an unnatural girl for you, and my own sister, too.

L. A. Oh, Uncle, you mustn't say that. She does like your jokes, you know. You always make her laugh; and I've seen Papa laugh when you've been playing the fool.

U. J. Playing the *what?* Come, I say, old man, that's hardly respectful, is it?

L. A. I'm sorry, Uncle John, but it was Papa who said it. He said that was your strong point.

U. J. Well, it's lucky I've got one.

L. A. Yes, Uncle, it is. Then you do advise me to consider life a serious thing?

U. J. Certainly; I've said so before.

L. A. Papa says the same thing, and so does Mamma, and so does Mabel. But you said yesterday that a chap who didn't get a bit of fun out of life was no use to anybody.

U. J. That's right enough, too.

L. A. But if it's such a serious thing, how am I to get any fun out of it?

U. J. Look at me. I manage to rub along all right.

L. A. Ah, but you say that in your heart you're as desperate as they make 'em, and life's simply gloomy. I don't see——

U. J. I daresay you don't, but you can keep trying. Trot off now and have a bit of fun with Miss MacBrayne. She's waiting for you with the English Grammar.

WHERE ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD.

["Day after day Hyde Park is strewn with repellent bodies, the more objectionable because not dead. They are so thick on the grass that one is forced to go near them, and the sight leaves one sick for several hours. . . Their most evident marks are liquid gluttony and vicious exhaustion."—*Saturday Review.*]

What kind of man, O *Saturday Review*,
Hast thou unearthed to sing thy wrath and thunder,
That draws a smile, and then a frown or two,
But most of all unutterable wonder?
I, reading with amazement, marvel much
What kind of man possesses such a touch.

Is he some Pharisee of spotless worth,
Devoutly thankful he is not as others,
Who, looking on these clods that foul the earth,
Declines to see in them his fallen brothers,
And feels his spirit outraged when he sees
That he must breathe the selfsame air as these?

Or is it youth that feeds his pen with gall,
Great youth, that sees the world with perfect clarity,
And, never doubting, gives their due to all,
Untainted by the vice of Christian charity?
Only the penetrating eye of youth
Sees with such certainty where lies the truth.

Or is this rage assumed? Methinks I hear
A tender-hearted greybeard softly sighing;
Upon his eyelid lurks a tell-tale tear
For this sad spindrift round about him lying;
Then, shamed of so much weakness, he conceals
In these wild words the fact that he still feels.

"Mr. M——, on behalf of the parishioners, then asked Canon B—— to accept the presentation, which took the form of a presentation."—*Cape Times.*

This saves a lot of bother.

MR. PUNCH'S RELIABLE GUIDE TO POPULAR HOLIDAY RESORTS.

No. IV.—BLUMENALP, SWITZERLAND.



1. Correct walking costume.
2. Method of showing chamois.
3. Guide directing climbers' foot-tips.
4. Merry Swiss boy yodelling.
5. Tourists searching for edelweiss.
6. Evening concert on Alpine pasturage.

A LINE FROM THE WILDERNESS.

MY THOUGHTFUL FRIEND,—I can never thank you sufficiently for the picture-postcard of Lynton which the postman brought me this morning. As I said to the policeman on duty at Wellington Street to-day, "The next best thing to being on the Devon coast with Miss Middleton is to have her picture-postcard of Lynton on your mantelpiece at home." He waved back a motor-bus, and replied briefly, "You shouldn't say your 'mantelpiece'—Lady GROVE doesn't like it." "I don't like it myself," I said, "but the landlord won't do anything."

By way of return I am sending you thirteen picture-postcards of the House of Commons. I only wanted one, but the lady in the shop said it came cheaper if you took thirteen. I don't believe it did. As far as I can make out, it came elevenpence dearer. Anyhow, note the pigeon on the extreme right as you face the picture; he is said to be Mr. HALDANE'S favourite.

It is no good your trying to make me jealous with your tales of high diving and shipwrecks. We are having just as good fun in London. Sometimes we go for drives, and sometimes we wander down by the river; and after tea we stroll into the park and tell Colonial strangers delightful stories about gold bricks. We often make as much as £200 a night in this way. As we pocket the cheque we add, "Oh, by-the-bye, do you know that other *very* funny story about the Spanish Prisoner? I *must* tell you that." And if they haven't heard it before it means another £100. There is a simplicity about our visitors which is very touching.

In the evening I console myself with a new game, which we will play together when you come back (if you are not too proud). This is how: you open an A. B. C. railway guide at random, and choose which of the twenty-odd places on the two pages you will go to. Then the other person does the same; and then of course you tell him how much nicer your place is than his. (It doesn't sound much, but neither would cricket if you tried to explain it in a letter.) You choose your place partly by the name, and partly by the county it 's in, and the distance from London and the number of trains a day, and so on. It happens sometimes that you select a jolly-sounding place like Bayswater, and then find at the last moment that there are so many trains to it that it can't be in the Lake District after all. So you have to be careful. I may tell you in confidence that the real snip winner on the Bayswater page is Bealings; you can only get there once on Sundays. I should say it was on the sea, wouldn't you? We could sail round Bealings Bluff and have tea at that little cottage by the coastguard station. And if you *must* do your high dive, there is a place halfway down Bealings Ness—— Oh, jolly!

Don't go and get wrecked on a desert island without me, there 's a dear. I spent a night on an uninhabited island once, but that was before I knew you. Oh, I did really—off the coast of Scotland. ("Tales of my Dead Past.") But there were no goats and no axes and no nothing. Only me. I had a keg—I mean a flask of brandy, though, and a rifle. And I made a footprint in the sand overnight and really staggered back next morning at the size of it. It must have grown. But it rained a good deal, I remember, and I fell over a small cliff in the misty dawn, and the flask leaked, and—— I don't know who works these things; I may be wrong, but it didn't seem to me to be quite entering into the spirit of the adventure.

I saw a postman in spectacles yesterday for the first time in my life; not that I ever particularly wanted to see one. Why should they be so rare? This one was a very good specimen, I should say. You never see them at Lynton, do you? Own up. After all, you 've got the hills and the sea, and you can't have everything.

Can you stop the side-stroke for a moment to listen to me? I need your advice. You 're a young woman of tact and—and—well, tact, that 's the word I want.

A year ago I was asked to a wedding, and I resolved that—even if I was the only one—I would send a present to the bride. After a lot of thought I decided on an egg-boiler. These are very handy things, because when you have visitors you can say casually to them, "By the way, I was just thinking of having a lightly boiled egg — I wonder if you would care to join me?" And there is no business of ringing up the *chef*.

Well, I was out of London at the time, so I wrote to David, and told him that he was to buy and dispatch a wedding present for me. I said that I didn't want to spend more than a million pounds, and that there was no need to spend less; that in fact I had fixed upon a million pounds as the sum I could afford, and that he could please himself what he chose, but that I *had* rather thought of egg-boilers.

By a curious chance David knew a man whose one idea in life was to make egg-boilers by the thousand for the people in shops who try to sell them. As an old friend of David's this man was prepared to let him have a boiler upon wholesale and incredible terms. For a million pounds he would sell him a work of art for which the ordinary retail jeweller would charge no less than five million. How did that strike him?

It struck David so forcibly that he planked down the million, placed my card in the place where the methylated spirit goes, and forwarded it to the lady. Several days later, of course, I received a grateful letter from her, and some days after that I wrote David a similar one. There you would say the story should end; but it doesn't. For I have just received an invitation to the double wedding of the lady's two sisters; and the thing that worries me now is—*what on earth can I give them?*

You do see why, don't you? It has either got to be egg-boilers again or it hasn't. If it hasn't, then it must be sugar-sifters, and David doesn't know anybody who sells sugar-sifters. I still can't afford more than a million pounds; but this time it will only look like a million, and Edith and Daisy will be sure to notice the difference. I never saw the egg-boiler, but from all accounts it was in solid gold throughout, with, perched on top, an emblematic hen, cut out of some still more precious metal — radium perhaps. What will they think, to have plated sifters palmed off on *them?* When Molly was the youngest!

But if we go in for egg-boilers again, won't the family think it rather funny? It doesn't show *much* originality; the mind appears to work in a groove. They may even fancy that I have a kink somewhere. I see them introducing me to the company—the tapped forehead, and the warning whisper, "Ahem! egg-boilers."

Now then, give me your advice, and then go on swimming again. It 's David's fault for being so grasping. You see that, of course. So I suggest that he should simply give his whole mind for the next month to the problem of finding a man who makes sugar-sifters. That he should then follow him to Brighton, push him off the pier, and rescue him . . . and so up to the ware house together.

But still more, of course, you see that in the beginning it arose from my being out of London. *That* is what I am trying to bring home to you. Poor girl, stuck miserably on the Devon coast—what trouble you may be laying up for yourself! A. A. M.

The Daily Mail is giving prominent announcement in its columns to the fact that it has issued a book that "will not sell." It asks

"Can any one explain to us why it is that *The Daily Mail* has only sold 32,000 copies of this volume?"

Our opinion is that this beggarly result is due to nothing but lack of advertisement.



AWFUL WARNING TO LADIES INVESTING IN NEW BATHING CONFECTIONS!

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE FUTURE.

[The long sittings in the House of Commons leads *The Mail* to anticipate a new kind of Cabinet Minister—one chosen first of all for his physical endurance.]

Not his to lead a rapt, submissive retinue,
Not his to hear his lavish praises sung,
Not his to catch a whispered "Sir, we 've met in you
The leader sought—ambitious, brave and young."
For him no hall where gather, simple witted,
The slaves whose fierce devotion naught can quench:
Such things he never knew who late has quitted
The utmost private bench.

And mum in hall, no man than he was mummer
When duty bade him haunt the House he hated;
The Lobby, too, he dodged. Of no new-comer
Is knowledge less, are fewer yarns related.
Yet they who know their Redmonds (John and Willie R.)
Their Balfour, George, and Grey, their mem'ries hunt,
Wondering why *his* face too is not familiar
Whose place is now in front.

They whisper queries; watch the abject terror
With which his earliest question he surveys;
They see him rise, and note the childish error
Which marks how small his lore of City ways . . . .
Then one explains: "He *can't* keep hearers captive,
Nor keep accounts, and yet, the truth to break,
There 's none to present needs who 's more adaptive,
For he can keep awake."

"Here a splendid dinner was in waiting, and ceremony being brushed aside, everyone soon put hunger into the arena of forgetfulness."—*Ballymena Observer.*

Other things were put into the arena too, no doubt.

THE GILDED INVASION.

We hear that Mr. Volney Sprague, who recently crossed the Atlantic with a number of other prominent New Yorkers, has converted Wharfedale, where he rents the largest grouse moors in Yorkshire, into a perfect paradise. The once unsightly ruin of Bolton Abbey has been transformed into a magnificent mansion of sixty storeys high, the top ten storeys being apportioned to the army of 500 beaters who accompany Mr. Sprague on the moors. Mr. Harry Payne Whitney, it will be remembered, employs only 100 men in this capacity, and they are obliged to find their own lodging. Mr. Sprague's beaters, on the other hand, have permanent quarters in the sky-scraping château of their munificent employer. Their wives are each presented weekly with a new pearl necklace and a Gainsborough hat, and their children are educated free at Eton and Roedean.

At the unanimous request of all the inhabitants this beautiful tract of country has now been renamed New Yorkshire, and (if the consent of a famous Soap king can be obtained) the Wharfe will be rechristened the New Hudson.

Mr. Volney Sprague, whose wife is a daughter of the Egg king, Mr. Columbus Harridan, travelled from London to Leeds yesterday in a special bomb-proof, fluorescent, platinoid Pullman car. During the journey Mrs. Sprague wore in rapid succession the tiaras of Semiramis, Cleopatra, Messalina and Queen Elizabeth, which form an insignificant portion of her personal jewellery, and her guests were regaled with choice chansons by Madame Melba and Signor Caruso, accompanied by M. Paderewski. The cost of this railway concert alone is estimated at £100,000. The company also included Mr. Larry Pottinger, the Lard emperor; Mr. Ira D. Joram, the Tripe Tsar, and Mrs. Stanleyette Bangs, only daughter of Mr. Agrippa Bangs, the Onion archduke.



Officer of the Day. "Any complaints?"

Corporal. "Yes, Sir. Please, Sir, there 's two teetotalers in this tent, an' as there 's nothing to drink but beer, they 've had to break!"

RUTHLESS RHYMES FOR HEARTLESS HOMES.

The Englishman.

I was playing golf the day
That the Germans landed.
All our troops had run away;
All our ships were stranded;
And the thought of England's shame
Altogether spoilt my game.

Aunt.

Aunt, a most delightful soul,
But with little self-control,
Grew unconscionably waxy
When run over by a taxi.
She could not have made more fuss
Had it been a motor-bus.

Father.

During dinner at the Ritz
Father kept on having fits,
And, which made my sorrow greater,
I was left to tip the waiter.

LONG-SHORE NOTES.

In an article on "Little Creatures of the Seashore" in *The Daily Mail* of August 19, Mr. W. Beach Thomas states that "the whelk is an easy and most amusing animal to observe." Personally, we have never had the good fortune to catch this British univalve in one of his lighter and more frivolous moods, having generally seen him and his brother Gasteropod, the periwinkle or wilk, depressed by their humiliating situation on a barrow, and awaiting pin-pricks up a side-street. We therefore refrained from pursuing his acquaintance. But with a title like *Buccinum undatum*, familiarised in North Britain by the pet name of "Buckie," no doubt he has his humorous points, not the least being a proboscis capable of boring through other molluscs' shells and devouring the astonished inmates.

Among the other entertainers who are enjoying a successful season this year around our coasts, we may mention the large influx of sharks, reported by the local papers as having quite a vogue. While absolutely innocent of man-slaying intent, they are responsible for delightful little interludes of *sauve-qui-peut* in mixed bathing circles.

The jelly-fish also are on their mettle, especially in the Solent and along the Yorkshire littoral, doubtless in the latter case with the idea of titillating an aquatic Cabinet Minister like Mr. Samuel.

The blennies and gobies are appealing this summer, as usual, to a more juvenile *clientèle*, and rely chiefly on their absurd appellations for their drawing power.

Among the more recent fauna of the sea-shore we cannot refrain from noticing the remarkable outbreak of "Gems," "Cadets," and other sea-pierrots. They are to be found on the front at all states of the tide, and occasionally their wheezes and antics will beguile the wandering naturalist into a laugh. Children and unsophisticated observers are, at any rate, delighted with such finds, which, on the whole, quite deserve to rank with whelks as fun-makers of the sea-side.



AS PER AGREEMENT.

Mr. Birrell (*Usher*). "THE HEADMASTER AWARDS YOU THIS PRIZE, MY BOY, FOR EXEMPLARY CONDUCT."

Master Redmond. "YES! I KNEW HE 'D HAVE TO GIVE IT ME."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.



LEGISLATION BY PYJAMA.

There are others besides the landowners of the country who are made to "sit up" by the Budget.
(Mr. Winston Churchill was supposed to have been discovered on the Treasury Bench in pink pyjamas.)

House of Commons, Monday, August 16.—At three o'clock this afternoon wild hope for a moment flushed the weary breasts of Members. As usual, Speaker took Chair at a quarter to three. Five minutes sufficed for devotions; then came Questions. Only twenty on paper. Sure sign of failing energy. Of the score, only half-a-dozen put and answered. Then fell awesome pause. Speaker sat motionless in canopied Chair. The few Members present moved restlessly, here and there exchanging whispered observations.

What had happened? What was coming to pass? Was it possible that end of tether had been reached, limit of endurance overpast? Was the Session crumbling to pieces? Would it be all over before one of the Premier's colleagues in the Cabinet could say, "'Enery Asquith?"

Keen eyes noted a matter, small in itself, but fruitful of suggestion. The Sergeant-at-Arms was wearing a pair of snow-white kid gloves—a size too large, for convenience in heated weather. In criminal courts, when no cases are set down for trial, Judge is presented with white kid gloves. Was there point of analogy? Did the Sergeant-at-Arms's unusual garniture import absence of material for work and therefore prompt dispersal?

As these matters were pondered, messenger hurriedly approached Sergeant-at-Arms and whispered in his ear. The gallant ex-Guardsman, of whom few to-day think as having served with his Colours in the Crimea, lightly loosening sword in scabbard, rose, marched to door opening on Lobby, and stood on guard. Afar off sounded the ghostly cry, "Black Rod!" Sergeant-at-Arms closed and barred oaken door.

Straightway was mystery fathomed. Black Rod was coming with message bidding the Commons attend in other House to hear Royal Assent given by Commission to certain Bills. We were simply waiting for the messenger. That was all. As the Speaker passed out in obedience to the summons, blank disappointment reigned in bosoms of late lighted by flash of hope.

Business done.—Seely moved second reading of South Africa Union Bill in speech that distinctly raises growing reputation. Some show of opposition. Lupton loves not the Bill, nor Byles of Bradford either. They do not, however, challenge division. Read a second time *nemine contradicente*.

House of Lords.—Here is played a comedy almost divine in the superbness of its anachronism. The few privileged to look on see a brilliant patch of Plantagenet times pinned on to plain grey skirt of Twentieth century.

Black Rod has achieved his errand: has escorted Speaker and half-a-dozen Members representing the Commons to Bar of Lords. The Speaker more or less humbly stands there; Sergeant-at-Arms on his left, Black Rod on his right,

behind the Chaplain, distinguished amid a scanty group of Members. On the Woolsack, robed in scarlet gowns slashed with ermine, crowned with black cocked hats, are seated three figures which at first sight look like relics of *Mrs. Jarley's* famed waxworks. They are in truth the Lords Commissioners appointed to give royal assent to long catalogue of Bills.

The wigged-and-gowned Reading Clerk presently standing halfway down the Table proclaims their individuality.

"Our most dear cousin and councillor, Robert Threshie, Lord Loreburn," he recites, bending low till almost his abashed forehead touches the unsympathetic floor.

The cloaked figure in the centre, raising three-cornered hat, reveals plump pleased countenance of Lord Chancellor.

"Our most dear cousin and councillor, Lord Althorp," continues the Reading Clerk, with another convulsive movement threatening to dislocate his spine.

Figure to left uplifting three-cornered hat, we look upon the fair young countenance of "Bobby" Spencer, whose memory is kept green in the House of Commons he long adorned.

"Our most dear cousin and councillor Lord Denman."

Another creak in back of tall gowned Clerk: a hat is lifted by another of the trio on the Woolsack, and behold! the martial visage of the Captain of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms.

Not a single Peer graces with his presence the waste of Opposition benches. On Ministerial Front Bench, all alone, picture of heavenly resignation, sits Viscount Wolverhampton, Lord President of the Council. By his devotional figure rests on the bench an ordinary modern top hat which, designedly or by accident, lends sardonic touch of realism to picturesque scene. From bench behind, otherwise sole representative of our old nobility, Lord Blythe looks on. One thinks regretfully of how John Manners would have framed his immortal verse had he been inspired to write it on this fateful occasion:—

> Let Laws and Learning front the keen-edged scythe;
> But spare, O spare, our James, first Baron Blythe.

Commission duly proclaimed, Reading Clerk safely assumes perpendicular. Chief Clerk leaves his chair and stands midway at Table in line with colleague on t'other side. The Member for Sark is inclined to delight the more in this gentleman's part of the performance. It was brief, and to certain extent monotonous. But you should have seen and heard!

He got his cue when Reading Clerk recited titles of Bills for which royal



"The gallant ex-Guardsman marched to the door and stood on guard."
(The Sergeant-at-Arms, H. D. Erskine, Esq., C.V.O.)

assent was sought. The list was read with Clerks facing Woolsack, view of their backs icily bestowed on Speaker at the Bar. As each Bill was named the Chief Clerk, turning halfway towards the Bar, threw over his right shoulder the humbly desired boon.



"Couldn't see Fitzalan signalling on his left."
(Mr. J. Fitzalan Hope.)

"*Le roy le veult*," he said, preserving the Norman French in which Plantagenet kings flung surly assent to presumptuous Commons.

Where the fine delicacy of the little part shone was in the sharpening of tone, the clipping of syllables, the less generous turn of head over shoulder, as assent was reiterated. *Per contra*, there was throughout no scamping of the reverential bow towards the Woolsack prefacing every citation of name of a Bill.

End of long catalogue reached, Speaker and Commons, making reverence to the Woolsack, withdrew into outer world, where were electric trams, taxi-cabs, a network of telegraph wires, and use of the telephone.

Business done. — Lords, exhausted with their labours, adjourn till 30th inst.

House of Commons, Thursday 8.41 A.M. —Just up after another all-night sitting with Budget Bill. Mr. Caldwell, heedless of Bob Cecil, in great form. Knocked over groups of amendments like ninepins. Once, on the question being put that certain words be inserted, Fitzalan, Hope-ing he didn't intrude, rose to point of Order. Deputy-Chairman, adapting to Parliamentary exigencies historic trick of Nelson's, put his telescope to his blind eye. Couldn't see Fitzalan Hope signalling on his left.

"The question is," he breathlessly said, "that these words be here added. Those of that opinion say 'Aye,' the contrary 'No.' The 'Ayes' have it."

So motion was carried. No use saying anything more about it.

Faber illumined debate with one of those phrases the world would not willingly let die. On report of Resolution providing for expenses of Valuation, he remarked that once the principle and machinery were established, all required was a turn of the screw. Ironical cheer from Ministerial benches. Quick as lightning, Faber turned on interrupters.

"Ah!" said he, "those cheers let the cat out of the bag."

Which was very careless of them.

Business done. — Sitting eighteen hours, Committee nearly finished Part I. of Budget Bill dealing with Taxation of Land.

"According to the 'World's' informant, whose name has not been divulged, no foundation exists for the report that King Edward will intercede on behalf of Miss Elkins. It is represented that he has shown such hostility to the match that Mrs. Elkins, who is now travelling in Europe with her daughter, has omitted from her itinerary all places which the British monarch might visit during their trip abroad."
New York Herald.

Even Royalty has its special trials and troubles.

GETTING IN THE FIRST WORD.

I KNEW it would happen. When I see a man riding on a bicycle with a bag of golf clubs on his back, I always expect the worst. When that man is myself, I am sure of it, and ride accordingly. Indeed, the worst had happened to me several times that day, but I was riding so slowly at the time that nothing resulted save a ripple of laughter among the rustic population.

But with George it was different. His bag was large, his brake broken and his speed terrific. So I picked him out of the ditch at the bottom of the hill, bent the bicycle as straight as it would go, and explained to him how well I knew it would happen. He thanked me for the information and demanded a rough estimate of the damage.

"The bruise over the left eyebrow," I answered, "I assess at one-and-sixpence, but against that we must set the improved appearance of the nose. Internal examination may reveal that the appendix . . ."

"I mean the damage to the bicycle," he said shortly.

"I think you are well rid of that," I advised. "You will forgive me for saying this, but I, who have observed your conduct at the tiller, think that, excellent though you are in other respects, you are not a fit and proper person to be a bicycle owner."

"No?" he said reflectively. "Perhaps I am not. That is probably the reason why I do not own a bicycle."

"Come!" I said. "It is not as bad as all that. Though we cannot point to any definite part and say, 'Here is a back, there a front wheel; here is a handle-bar, there a saddle,' what remains is still a bicycle."

"Maybe," said George; "but not my bicycle. Perhaps you would not mind taking the raw material home and explaining your theory to James. When he learns what it is, he will probably be interested."

"So," I said, "it is James's bicycle, is it? The James whom I know is a hot-headed man, prone to complain. Come, George, we must go straight home, rout out this James person, and start the abuse. . . . It is very kind of you, but I think I can manage my own bicycle best, and it is no trouble. Perhaps you would not mind carrying my clubs?"

* * * * *

It was a tense moment when we met James. For ourselves, we should have been glad to say nothing, but we felt that we must monopolise the conversation. James, on the other hand, was obviously bubbling over with remarks which he must not be allowed to make. So, "James," said George sorrowfully, "I am ashamed of you."



Hotel Visitor. "ARE THERE EVER ANY DEER ABOUT HERE?"
Gillie. "WELL, THERE WAS YIN, BUT THE GENTLEMEN WERE AYE SHOOTIN' AND SHOOTIN' AT IT, AND I'M THINKIN' IT LEFT THE DEESTRICT."

"What," cried James, turning to me, —"what does he mean? I . . ."

"George is annoyed with you," I said, "and I must admit that he has a right to be very annoyed. I like you very much, James, but was it not a little mean?"

"Look here . . ." James shrieked.

"It isn't right," said George, with an unflinching eye fixed upon James. "You know it is not right, and no amount of blustering on your part will carry it off. To leave a bicycle about in that dangerous condition was little less than criminal. As it happens, nothing worse has resulted from your carelessness than a broken golf-club or two (which I will allow you to replace at no great expense to yourself), a severe shock to my nerves (which I overlook), and irreparable damage to my face (which Thomas assesses at fifty shillings). But suppose something serious had happened to me, suppose . . . ah, no! it is too horrible to think of . . . could you ever have forgiven yourself?"

Again James started to speak, but he got no further than the preliminary oath. "Surely you are not going to argue about it?" said George, with astonishment. "It is bad enough to possess such a bicycle, for that is almost suicide. But to leave it about in a prominent position, practically to invite me, who never did you an injury, to risk my neck upon it in happy ignorance . . . James, aren't you a little ashamed?"

"What do you mean," got in James at last, "by smashing my bicycle?"

"James," I said, "that sounds to me a little weak."

"James," said George, "I did not expect you to apologise, but I did expect you to show a little decent feeling. Oh, James!"

James appearing likely to get out of hand, George took my arm and turned from him. "Let us leave him," said he, placing his other hand in front of his eyes. "I cannot bear to think that this is my real brother James." And to James as we moved off—"You will find me in the billiard-room when you want to ask my forgiveness. I am not angry with you, James, only a little pained."

NATIONAL DEFENCE IN A NUT-SHELL.

A luminous and epoch-making paper was read last night at the Chandos Street Banqueting Hall to the S. N. P. (Society of Nucivorous Patriots) by Mr. Eustace Miles, P.S.N.P. The dangers that confronted England at the moment, he maintained, were the possibility of foreign invasion and the insufficiency of her home-grown corn supply. In the face of these awful crises he proposed to outline a scheme which would render the country immune from external danger, and crack (as it were) the Gordian nut at a single blow.

His suggestions were:—

1. The re-afforestation of England with nut-groves.

2. The substitution of nut-meal for cereal foods as a staple of national diet.

Nut only, he argued, was the nut the most sustaining, body-building, and (if he might be allowed to say it) nutritious of all known comestibles, but the value of belts of hazel-trees, chestnuts, and the like as a source of national wealth and prosperity was almost unutterable. They would constitute firstly a forest of refreshing shade for tired townsmen, and, secondly, a cover from which marksmen could fire in safety at the advancing foe. It was while England was still England that the grand old ballad, *Here we come gathering nuts and may*, was written, and one of the wisest and most successful of British kings was named Cnut. To members of what he would term the Dreadnut School he could only say, "Try a six weeks' course of my diet, and all your cares and worries will cease for ever." There might come a day when the safety of England would be said to lie, not, so much as of old, in her wooden walls but in her wooden walnuts. In conclusion he advocated an armed nutrality and reminded his hearers of the glorious motto of their association, "*Ex nihilo fit nihilum*" (Out of nutting nothing comes).

The meeting was followed by a repast of silkstone nuts washed down with oil of cocoa.

CHARIVARIA.

The new Army dirgible balloon is to be called No. 2 A. We are still awaiting the A 1.

***

One result of the Imperial Defence Conference is that the words of command in our over-seas armies are to be the same as those obtaining here, and Colonial non-commissioned officers will shortly receive instructions to discard the brief "Shoulder Arms!" in favour of "Shoulder Harms!"

***

Reading in an account of the training camp of Lord Roberts's Boys that "a good tie was shot off between the Natal delegate and a Swan Street lad," a dear old lady has expressed the wish to replace it, and thinks it marvellous that no one was hurt.

***

Sir John Forrest, in his Budget speech, mentioned that the human population of Australia now numbers nearly four and a half millions. He also stated that the Commonwealth has ninety million sheep. How many of these are black is not stated; but anyhow we cannot help thinking that it is foolish to publish such figures. When the sheep realise their enormous numerical superiority the temptation to start a revolution will be almost irresistible.

***

Mr. Robert Harcourt, in the course of the proceedings before the Censorship Committee, pointed out that *Œdipus Rex*, which was prohibited by Mr. Redford, was the subject of instruction at Eton. Yes, but do the Eton masters understand it as Mr. Redford understands it?

***

It is reported that when a lady asked Sir Herbert Tree the other day whether he was for or against the Censor, the distinguished actor replied that he had been reading a report of his evidence before the Committee and he really could not quite make out.

***

The Willesden police have issued a warning against counterfeit half-crowns and florins which are being largely circulated in the district. The spurious coins, it is said, are excellent imitations of the genuine ones. In our opinion this makes the crime far more reprehensible.

***

At a recent athletic meeting in America (*The Express* tells us) the programme included a "Salome race," which is thus described:—"After twenty-five yards, coats go; after twenty yards more, shorts are abandoned; and after another twenty-five yards all but the tights." We dread to think of the inevitable further development of this idea in less puritanical countries.

***

Some idea of the severity of the recent heat wave may be gathered from the fact that during its course the Liberal Members of Parliament have been working "in shifts."

***

The danger of allowing children to read the newspapers received startling proof the other day when a small child who had been perusing an article on Celestial Pork took a china pig from the mantelpiece and consumed half of it before being arrested in his perilous course.

***

Mr. De Morgan's new book is to contain 320,000 words, but each volume will bear on the back the guarantee, "It Never Can Happen Again."

***

"A very good test of soap," says *The Nursing Times*, "is its taste. No good soap tastes nasty." This sampling of soaps must be one of the most trying duties of conscientious housewives.



The Visitor. "You didn't 'arf fall orkard, Jim. The chaps up at the yard ain't done chucklin' about it yet."

442,077 persons entered the Zoological Gardens from January 1 up to the end of July, and it speaks well for the excellent behaviour of the animals that no fewer than 442,077 persons also left the Gardens during the same period.

***

A lady's hat caught fire in Fleet Street one day last week owing to a lighted match having been thrown from the top of an omnibus. Fortunately a passer-by drew the owner's attention to the fact that a conflagration was proceeding in a far-away corner of her headgear in time to prevent the entire edifice being destroyed.

***

The erection of the air-ship *garage* on Wormwood Scrubs is, we hear, causing considerable excitement among the inmates of the neighbouring prison, all of whom take a more than ordinary interest in the problem of flight.

***

The East Preston guardians have sanctioned arrangements to enable the inmates of the workhouse to play golf in the grounds. It is rumoured that this step was taken at the instance of Mr. Lloyd-George with a view to reconciling the Dukes to the idea of their future homes.

THOUGHTS ON HEARING A BAND.

Sing, Muse, if so conventional a theme
May serve to rouse you from your summer's dream,
By what mysterious influence a band
The most unlikely creatures may command.
Sing not of nomad Teutons who encamp
Beneath the rays of some suburban lamp,
Whose brazen instruments emit a sound
As cheerless as the post they circle round:
Such is not music, and the notes they play
Drive not men's cares but men themselves away.
But rather, Muse, for illustration take
A regimental band of British make,
And then behold a miracle achieved,
Which must be seen before it be believed!
The deafening drum, the penetrating fife,
Awake the office boy to signs of life;
Observe him, as the distant sound he hears,
Lay down the ruler and prick up his ears;
He scans the room with comprehensive glance,
And in a moment, quick to seize his chance,
Slips from his stool and hies him to the street,
Propelled for once by not unwilling feet.
There, mingling with the crowd, he sweeps along,
A joyous item in a joyous throng;
No thoughts arise in his official mind
Of duties left undone and left behind:
He marches on with spirits soaring high,
He cares not whither and he knows not why.
That is a feat by martial music wrought
Which baffles reason and surpasses thought;
You, Muse, if you should deem it worth your while
To seek so crude a listener to beguile,
However ravishing or sweet your strain,
Might work on such material in vain.
Orpheus himself, though credited with skill
Sufficient to make rivers flow up-hill,
Whose melodies, as many are aware,
Produced the earliest type of dancing bear,
In spite of all the art he could employ,
Was never followed by an office boy!



Curate (to Mrs. Budge, who has advanced crockery for a local tea). "I trust, Mrs. Budge, everything was returned safely?"

Mrs. Budge. "Puffickly, Sir, everythink barring one spoon as come back short."

The Absent Treatment.

From an advertisement in *The British Weekly*:—

"To quickly cure headache, for instance, all one has to do is to drop one of the powders in a small cup of hot tea or milk or water. In from two to five minutes the headache will disappear."

"Yesterday there were thousands of men who, adopting an American style, discarded the superfluous and suffocating waistcoats and wore belts instead."—*Daily Mail*

On the other hand, quite a lot of people wore braces instead.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

If India has been lucky in her Keir Hardie, so has Egypt in her Hall Caine. With the unerring instinct of the casual tourist that gifted author has detected at a glance the mischief underlying the administration of such mediocrities as Lord Cromer. In *The White Prophet* (published by Heinemann in a novel and delightful form) he proves by the simple method of repetition that

"Though East be East, and West be West,
Yet shortly the twain shall meet,"

and by quotations from hymns of both districts, amplified by socialistic sermons of his own, he dismisses any difficulties which might have been supposed to exist in the matter of religion. He has conceived the ideal Englishman in *Charles Gordon Lord*, an officer ready to argue at any length his superior's orders, and to obey them or not as may seem good to his higher morality. This splendid fellow, acting as deputy to the local prophet, and associating with a host of good, bad, and indifferent characters, much to be commended for the scrupulous consistency of their goodness, badness, and indifference, controls fate and the Consul-General with the few well-chosen words, "It cannot, must not, shall not be." Thus, while solitary but corpulent tears roll down cast-iron cheeks, and "sainted" mothers languish by easy stages, he brings himself, his love, Egypt and the world to a prosperous convalescence. If Mr. Caine cannot claim to be inspired, he has certainly spared himself no pains. The complications of his plot are infinite, and his reproduction of the Oriental atmosphere lacks none of the detail and subtle suggestion of the *Continental Bradshaw*. Lastly, his illustrator has managed to impart to at least one page of this wonderful book quite a tolerable resemblance to real life.



THE IMPRESSIONABLE BILL-STICKER.

Admiral Moresby's *Two Admirals* (Murray), "a record of life and service in the British Navy for a hundred years," is a work of exceptional interest. The two admirals of the title are Admiral of the Fleet Sir Fairfax Moresby, and his son, the author, and between them they touch all the years of the period which is bounded by the *Victory* and the *Dreadnought*. Thus there are pages which make one long to read Marryat all over again for the sake of being able to believe every word. There are yarns of the convoy of gold from Mexico, with officials all feathering their own nests, and even British captains on the make; yarns of Chinese pirates and of Celestial cunning; of Japan in the days of the feudal Daimios, with warriors still clad in black burnished chain armour; of the first British ironclad; of wrecks and wreckage-looters on the coast of Ireland; of many more things, indeed, than I can mention. Admiral Moresby, it will be remembered, has already published a book on his discoveries in New Guinea, and some considerable amount of space in the present volume is given to an account of his explorations in the then unsurveyed waters of that part of the world. His achievements included the addition to the chart of many first-class harbours and navigable rivers, and upwards of a hundred islands, and the finding of a shorter route between Australia and China. All this is good reading, but it is not good to read that the Admiralty hydrographer, when he received the report, remarked, "Discoveries, Captain Moresby! I was not aware that you had made any. I suppose New Guinea was discovered before you went there. We have work like yours coming in every day." Nor is it pleasant to be reminded, as the author very rightly does remind us, that Germany had taken advantage of the labour and seized the fairest portion of New Guinea before the British Government woke up and made a colony of what was left.

"*Susannah* and Several Others" might serve as a generic title for most of Madame Albanesi's books. For since *Susannah's* time *Caroline* and *Mary* and *Louisa*, and now *The Invincible Amelia* (Methuen) have all figured on the bookstalls in the sweet simplicity of their Christian names. *Amelia* is as fresh and piquant as the rest of the sisterhood, and as truly feminine as the style of punctuation affected by her godmother. Only she should have been called the Incredible instead of the Invincible. I don't believe a dashing young *Dreadnought* cruiser of her build could have sailed in such shallow waters and so close to the shore without running aground. As she resolutely declined to do any honest work, and as she had nothing a year but her wits to live on, it takes all her own and Madame Albanesi's ingenuity to supply her with enough money-making adventures to keep her from starving. In fact, they would ignominiously fail to support her if it were not for occasional timely cheques, sent by her humdrum but useful feminine relatives whenever her fortunes are at their lowest ebb. She would be more possible if she were an out-and-out adventuress. As it is she is too good for the job, and is like a poor privateer that is continually running alongside rich merchantmen and then declining to board them. So she passes a fairly exciting but distinctly anxious existence, in company with various moneyed strangers whom she meets in trains and motor-cars and restaurants and the streets, always sailing under false colours, when all the while there is a certain person in the Temple, with a "strong, nice hand," who is only too anxious to take the tiller of her life and steer her into the quiet haven of matrimony. But that Madame Albanesi does not allow him to do till the last page of the book.

SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

1816—1909.

Let the theme of loyal service other pens engage;
Let them praise the friend of Rulers, counsellor firm and sage,
Laud the art wherewith you echoed in our English tongue
Golden voices from the ages when the world was young;
Be it ours in grateful homage to recall the lays
Chanted by the good Bon Gaultier in his salad days.

Sixty years have passed since Aytoun joined your gay crusade—
Dicky Doyle and Leech and Crowquill lending you their aid—
Sixty years have passed since *Fhairshon* swore his famous feud,
Since the flight of *Gomersalez* wondrously pursued;
Yet although our lives be moulded by a different rule,
Still the cap you deftly fashioned fits the modern fool.

Comrade of our "roaring forties," in your pages still
From the midmost fount of laughter may we drink our fill—
Watch you, Rabelais' disciple, sunshine in your eyes,
Shooting with an aim unerring folly as it flies.

A LONG-FELT WANT.

"I AM going to found a new agency," said Ponker, "that will supply a long-felt want, and at the same time offer gentlemanly and remunerative employment to out-of-work dramatists, novelists, barristers with occasional spare time, and others. No outlay required, and no canvassing.

"We all admire," he continued, "the versatility, the boundless fecundity of *The Daily Mirror's* dinner-table conversationalist. But, in the hands of persons of ordinary mental calibre, might not the use even of his generous list of topics result in rather pedestrian table-talk?

"It will be the business of the young men employed by my syndicate to frame, every morning, epigrams, verbal ripostes, puns, fragments of light banter, to be used in countering *The Mirror* man's topical remarks. These will be supplied to the dining public at ten shillings per half-dozen, or six specials (exclusive) for one guinea.

"Now let us see how the thing will work.

"Ferdinand is going out to dinner, and expects to meet Miranda, whom, for reasons, he wishes to dazzle with his brilliancy. Knowing himself to be really rather a dull dog, he goes to the office of the syndicate, which opens at noon sharp, and says: 'I want half-a-dozen specials, please.'

"'Certainly,' says the obliging shopman briskly, 'what kind will you take? We have them in several lines — cynical, broadly humorous, informative, or mixed.'

"He ruminates for a moment; through the glass door behind the counter he can see the impromptu manufacturers hard at work. Miranda has rather piqued him of late, and at first he thinks he will go in for the smartly cynical. But finally he hedges: 'Mixed, please,' he says. The shopman gives him an envelope, and he puts down a guinea and goes out.

"During soup he has an unpleasant fear that Miranda is not going to play the game, and that his guinea will be wasted. Their talk flags; but then Miranda has recourse to the diner-out's best friend, and something like the following results:—

"*Miranda (indifferently):* 'Were you at the Hardacre wedding this morning? No? By the way, what do *you* think the proper age for a girl to marry at?'

"*Ferdinand (brightening perceptibly):* 'But *is* there a proper age? Marriage is too often like a shop egg. Spooning ends as soon as you become conscious of the yolk.'

"*Miranda (surprised at his ready wit):* 'I had no idea you were such a cynic. Really I am half afraid of you. Let us talk of something else. Let us talk about the drama. Musical comedy has held its own during the past season, has it not? Perhaps we have lost the taste for tragedy.'

"*Ferdinand (without turning a hair):* 'Precisely. On the modern stage the main difference between Comedy and Tragedy is that one ends with billing and cooing, and the other with killing and booing.'

"*Miranda (with increased respect):* 'Really, that is rather apt. Have you—but no, it's not possible—have you, by chance, anything new to say about the Budget?'

"*Ferdinand:* 'Certainly. The Budget is like a lobster; it sheds claws after claws without losing its identity, and it finishes by getting red.'"

("She talked to the man on the other side of her after that," said Ponker's audience with quiet conviction.

"Nothing of the sort," said Ponker irritably, "she was electrified by his delightful vein of humour. But, to continue:)

"*Miranda:* 'Er—the holidays, now. Some people say we have too many holidays,—but don't you think they help to prolong our youth?'

"*Ferdinand:* 'Exactly. Less than a century ago, when a man reached fifty he began to think about "making his soul," as the Irish say. Now he begins to think about learning golf.'

"*Miranda (thinking what a novelist the world has lost):* 'After all, the race for wealth is so keen we must turn aside sometimes, or the pace would kill us.'

"*Ferdinand (mournfully):* 'Ah! yes. The money market is too much with us. In the City of London Gog and Magog have given place to twin monsters of more portentous growth — Gammon and Mammon.'

"*Miranda (meek with reverence for his conversational powers):* 'Speaking generally, are we not all too eager to "get rich quick"?'

"*Ferdinand:* 'Hasty generalisations are seldom just; you may say that bounders with full pockets are always vulgar,—but what about the kangaroo?'

"*Miranda (aside):* 'Good Heavens! and this is the man I twitted with his want of small-talk. . . . .'

"And so," said Ponker, "whatever their precise relations with one another may have been, be sure that Ferdinand has bettered his position—and all for one guinea."

"Yes," replied Ponker's captious critic, "but having, like a spendthrift, used up his guinea's worth, won't there now be a sudden falling off—won't she think him sulky or something?"

"Then," said Ponker sharply, "the remedy is easy. He should go in for two guineas' worth."



Bertie (in Piccadilly). "I RATHER LIKE TOWN THIS TIME OF YEAR SEEMS MORE SORT OF SELECT."

"When dinner came up I scratched my name on the dark paint very effectively with the knife (which is, I think, made of tin); and when I had finished 'Annie Bell, Suffragette,' the point was entirely gone."—*Votes for Women.*

Well, well, there never was much point.

THE DOLL'S HOUSE.

"WHY did you never writed to me on my birfday?" asked Margery.

"Your *what?*" I said in alarm.

"My birfday."

"I have—I mean I'm going to. It's to-morrow, Thursday."

"I *fink* it did be on Monday."

"I know you were born on a Thursday, anyhow," I argued, beginning to feel anxious.

"My baby dolly," said Margery, forgetting the point at issue, "is *always* born on a Fursday."

"So it would be Monday this year," put in Margery's mother. "She was so disappointed—it wasn't like you to forget."

"I didn't forget," I said angrily. "And I wish you wouldn't interrupt us when we are conversing."

"My baby dolly," said Margery, "*never* interrupts conversings."

"There you are. We may learn a lesson even from the youngest. Margie, dear," I went on, "I'm so sorry. What would you like?"

Margery fetched a chair, climbed up on to it, and, standing on tip-toe, whispered in my ear:

"Some strorrrbries."

"Bother," I said.

"I fought you was going to bring me some strorrrbries yesterday-to-morrow."

"Yes, so did I. I just missed it somehow. Isn't there anything else?"

"Lady Betty," said her mother, looking at the swellest doll, "wants a new nightie. I don't know if you would like to make her one."

"She does want a new nightie with pink ribbon," said Margie plaintively, "and a 'lannel petticoat, and a——"

I heaved a great sigh. If it had only been a bat or a stamp album.

"Very well," I said, "if she wants them I suppose she must have them."

The Chief Proprietor (to judge from his smile) of The Doll's House came forward with a bow. All these people seem to know that when once they get me into their shop they can make me buy any old thing they like. There must be some sort of Tramps' Code in use amongst them; I have no doubt that I carry on my back a chalk mark from the last shop, meaning, "A Silly Ass—but you must leave him two shillings for the cab home."

"A wet morning," he began. "Allow me to take your umbrella. What can we have the pleasure of showing you?"

"I want," I said, "a ni—er—something for a lady—that is to say, for a young doll."

"Dolls upstairs on the right."

"On the right, thank you. Oh, here we are. Good morning, madam."

"Good morning. What can I show you, Sir?"

"Well, that's just it. Now we are in the thick of it, you know. The truth is, if you must have it, that I want some—some clothes for a doll."

"Yes, Sir. Any particular garment?"

"A *very* particular garment," I said. "One can't be *too* particular in referring to it."

"What exactly do you require? We have everything here."

"To be absolutely accurate, I want a nightgown with pink ribbon for Lady Elizabeth."

"A nightgown. Certainly." She brought out several, and we selected one.

"Jove, that is ripping. You never see a stamp album like that. I mean, what trouble they take over children's toys now. In my young days——"

"Yes, Sir. You will have two, I suppose?"

"Eh! I—— No, only—er—oh yes, perhaps I'd—— Two, thank you."

"And the next article?"

"Well—er—I really think that's all. Something *was* said of a flannel petticoat, I believe; but I don't know if that's possible."

"Certainly, Sir. I will show you some."

"Oh, no. What I meant was that this Lady Elizabeth goes to the Opera *every* night, and is—well, generally speaking, one of the nobs. So I should hardly think that a flannel—— Oh, well, if you really—— Two, thank you."

"Shoes, stockings?"

"Oh—er—no. Unless you——"

"We have some very pretty silk open-work stockings," she said, and she brought them out.

"Golly—I mean Right-o."

"What about frocks?"

"Oh, no, thanks. She's got this one she goes to the Opera in, you know, and that's all she wants."

"What does she do in the day-time?"

"I *fink* she does go to bed. That's why I wanted the—— I say, those are awfully pretty. Perhaps, if you think . . . Yes, I'll have them both."

"Underclothes?"

"Under what? Oh, look here, if once we begin talking about *them*—— Do you really think so? Well, then," I sighed, "take it from me that Lady Elizabeth is just going to get married, and wants two of *everything*. Now then."

"In that case I have just the thing for her."

She went away, and came back with a blessed wardrobe. Looking-glass, cupboard, chest-of-drawers, everything. Wonderful.

"I suppose that costs billions of pounds?" I said in awe.

"Well, there is a doll that goes with it, and if you don't take that, we let you off three-and-sixpence." She opened the drawers. "Hats, frocks, sunshade, shoes, brushes——"

I pulled myself together—only just in time.

"Don't be silly," I said. "What do I want with a wardrobe? I told you that Lady Elizabeth was about to be married; naturally Viscount Bendish will do the furnishing."

"We have them all in a trunk, if you would prefer that."

She took me away and showed me a trunk full of clothes—all higgledy-piggledy, like my kit-bag when they give me a week's holiday.

"That's simply rotten," I said.

"Then you'll have the other?"

"Well, I suppose——" I stopped myself; again only just in time. "Look here," I pleaded, "are you being quite kind to me?"

"*Il faut vivre*," she said.

"I don't speak German, but I know what you mean. So must I."

"I'm sure your—your little niece——"

"Grand-daughter," I corrected.

"Would be delighted with it."

"After all," I wavered, "I *did* forget her birthday was on Monday, didn't I? And I needn't take the doll, you say?"

"We let you off three-and-sixpence, if you don't take the doll. Of course all the clothes are made to fit this particular one, and if——"

"I gather that the brushes would fit *any* doll," I said severely. "And your man's got my umbrella already . . . Oh all right then—if you *must* live."

* * * *

Down below, the Chief Proprietor smiled; and as he handed me my receipt he made certain chalk marks on my back. They were slightly different from the ones with which I entered, and the interpretation of them was:—

"You're right about the 'Silly Ass,' but there's no need to leave him two shillings for the journey home. The cabman can always call at the bank on the way."

A. A. M.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see that the claims of Epping Forest are vigorously upheld in some of your contemporaries as an ideal setting for the London Pageant of 1910. So far as I can see there is only one objection to this choice—the proximity of the spot. Distance lends enchantment to the view, and while we are about it, why should not the Pageant be held in the beautiful scenery of the Falkland Islands or St. Helena? Yours, ANTI-PAGETT, M.D.

"For Sale, Bay Gelding, 15.2, with Doctor's Rubber Tyre Brougham. Doctor no further use." A most callous way of referring to the accident.



OUR YOUNGEST LINE OF DEFENCE.

Boy Scout (*to* Mrs. Britannia). "FEAR NOT, GRAN'MA; NO DANGER CAN BEFALL YOU NOW. REMEMBER, *I* AM WITH YOU!"



Uncle helping Harold to write to athletic outfitters for an air-gun. "AND NOW, HOW ARE YOU GOING TO END UP—'YOURS AFFECTIONATELY,' EH?" *Harold.* "NO. I KNOW BETTER THAN THAT; THIS IS A BUSINESS LETTER. I'M GOING TO SAY, 'YOURS TO HAND.'"

THE ARTIST.

I MEET him in the daily walk
That takes me through a London square—
A man who writes his soul in chalk
Upon the flagstoned thoroughfare.
His art untrammelled is; he knows
None of the laws of may and mayn't
Which schools impose at will on those
Who bow and worship Paint.

His weapons lie exposed to view,
All in a grimy cloth outspread—
Yellow and brown, a green or two,
Some blue, a double dose of red;
Deftly with these he paves your way
To Nature (as his visions see't),
As who should say, "Behold I lay
Earth's beauties at your feet."

His works are few. I call to mind
A ship at sea in parlous state,
A sunset landscape—this is signed,
A fish, say haddock, on a plate;
Others he shows upon his pitch,
Slight in themselves, and yet his zeal
Will these enrich with legends which
Make infinite appeal.

That portrait, for example. That
At various times does duty for
A criminal, a plutocrat,
A Budget-framing Chancellor;
BLÉRIOT, BULLER, C. B. FRY,
Sure as the turn of each one came
To occupy the public eye,
Have lent that form a name.

He 's found, in short, Life's key. To him,
Viewing the world with lofty calm,
A primrose by the river's brim
May be a poppy or a palm;
He 's learned—nay, always he has known
Art's greatest truth, sublime, supreme,
Cold as the stone he makes his own—
Things are not what they seem.

THE SUPER-BEASTS.

IT is on record that Mr. A. J. WEBBE, on being bowled by an underhand from MORDECAI SHERWIN, the Nottingham wicket-keeper, remarked, on his return to the Pavilion, that it was like being run over by a donkey-cart. What then does it feel like, after trying in vain for years and years to perform even the simplest feat of equilibrism, to stray into the Coliseum and find a sea-lion doing it with ease? Humiliation is not the word. Had one been asked at random, a few years ago, which was, of all the strange and varied animal kingdom, the least likely creature to be taught to balance billiard-cues on its nose, and play intelligently at ball, and catch clowns' hats, and generally behave like CINQUEVALLI, one would probably, after mature thought, have said the sea-lion. Yet here are sea-lions who do these things to perfection; and having done them, roguishly lead the applause.

Captain FRED WOODWARD's sea-lions at the Coliseum are wonderful. They understand, they laugh, they talk, they play, they are artists. They do exquisitely difficult things to perfection.

The lion may be the king of beasts in point of nobility and beauty; the cat may comfort the old maid; the donkey may draw the chaise of the feeble; the suède may provide the gloves for the élite; the otter may distil roses; the horse may be the friend of man; the dog may be faithful and protective; the elephant may be strong and serviceable; the cow may give milk, and the sheep blankets and mutton; but they are all fools beside the sea-lion. The sea-lion is the true super-beast, and Captain FRED WOODWARD should be made an O.M.

JOHN.

He 's a boy,
And that 's the long and (chiefly) the short of it,
And the point of it and the wonderful sport of it;
A two-year-old with a taste for a toy,
And two chubby fists to clutch it and grasp it,
And two fat arms to embrace it and clasp it;
And a short stout couple of sturdy legs
As hard and as smooth as ostrich eggs;
And a jolly round head, so fairly round
You could easily roll it,
Or take it and bowl it
With never a bump along the ground.

And, as to his cheeks, they 're also fat—
I 've seen them in ancient prints like that,
Where a wind-boy high
In a cloudy sky
Is puffing away for all he 's worth,
Uprooting the trees
With a reckless breeze,
And strewing them over the patient earth,
Or raising a storm to wreck the ships
With the work of his lungs and cheeks and lips.

Take a look at his eyes; I put it to you,
Were ever two eyes more truly blue?
If you went and worried the whole world through
You 'd never discover a bluer blue;
I doubt if you 'd find a blue so true
In the coats and scarves of a Cambridge crew.

And his hair
Is as fair
As a pretty girl's,
But it 's right for a boy with its crisp, short curls
All a-gleam, as he struts about
With a laugh and a shout,
To summon his sister-slaves to him
For his joyous Majesty's careless whim.

But now, as, after a stand, he budges,
And sets to work and solemnly trudges,
Out from a bush there springs full tilt
His four-legged playmate—and John is spilt.

She 's a young dog and a strong dog
And a tall dog and a long dog,
A Danish lady of high degree,
Black coat, kind eye and a stride that 's free.

And out she came
Like a burst of flame,
And John,
As he trudged and strutted
Sturdily on,
Was blindly butted,
And, all his dignity spent and gone,
On a patch of clover
Was tumbled over,
His two short legs having failed to score
In a sudden match against Lufra's four.

But we picked him up
And we brushed him down,
And he rated the pup
With a dreadful frown;
And then he laughed and he went and hugged her,
Seized her tail in his fist and tugged her,
And so, with a sister's hand to guide him,
Continued his march with the dog beside him.

And soon he waggles his way upstairs—
He does it alone, though he finds it steep.
He is stripped and gowned, and he says his prayers,
And he condescends
To admit his friends
To a levée before he goes to sleep.
He thrones it there
With a battered bear
And a tattered monkey to form his Court,
And, having come to the end of day,
Conceives that this is the time for play
And every possible kind of sport.

But at last, tucked in for the hundredth time,
He babbles a bit of nursery rhyme,
And on the bed
Droops his curly round head,
Gives one long sigh of unalloyed content
Over a day so well, so proudly spent,
Resigned at last to listen and obey,
And so begins to breathe his quiet night away.

R. C. L.

MORE BOOKS THAT WILL NOT SELL.

I.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I also have written a book which for some unaccountable reason does not sell. It is not about Germany: any ass could understand a book about Germany not selling; it is a story of love and adventure, containing, in fact, every ingredient that the public wants, and yet it does not sell. The title is *Passion in Mid-air* (this shows how up-to-date it is) and the publishers are Messrs. Bills and Moon, and yet it doesn't sell. Can you suggest a reason? I can't; but I will gladly give any one five pounds who will lift its circulation to 32,000 copies. Yours, &c.,

ORVILLE UNREDD.

II.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—*The Daily Mail* seems to think it occupies an abnormal position in being unable to sell more than 32,000 copies of a book. But I can assure it that the experience is more common than it fancies. I, too, am with it. My last volume of poems, *The Heart's Tuning-fork*, stopped well under that figure, and apparently cannot recommence its sales without the assistance of some violent cataclysm of nature, art or artifice. German statistics naturally make no claim on an Englishman; but here is a book full of appeal to their sympathy and understanding. I adjure you to help me unload a few more copies. I will give away a copy of Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE's Limehouse speech and a portrait of one of the DARES with each. Yours, etc., P. N. NONFIT.

III.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have written a book, copies of which were sent to the PRIME MINISTER, the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, Mr. BERNARD SHAW, Mr. EUSTACE MILES and Lord ROBERTS, each of whom replied that he was greatly honoured to be the recipient and would lose no time in reading it—and yet it does not sell. How to make it do so is my constant thought day and night. The book, one would have thought, would have gone like hot cakes, since it deals with the important question of chemical manure and the best means of making two blades of grass grow where only one grew before. What could be more valuable than that? And yet we have sold up to the present moment only thirty-two copies. I await your sage counsel. Yours, &c. SCRUTATOR.

IV.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have written a book which won't sell, and I can't think of any reason except that it is not interesting enough. But surely that is absurd. Yours, &c., QUERIST.

CHARIVARIA.

In spite of his No Surrender attitude in the House of Commons Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE has been contemplating flight at Riviera.

***

And is the Government, after all, going to withdraw from its uncompromising attitude to the Beer Trade? The abandonment of Mr. BURNS's Pure Milk Bill looks like a sop to the brewers.

***

In connection with a right-of-way dispute at Newport a fence belonging to Colonel LOCKWOOD, M.P., has been forcibly pulled down. This strikes us as being a peculiarly heartless outrage, for, in the case of a politician, a fence may be needed at any moment for sitting on.

***

No wonder Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL was always cheerful during the all-night sittings. They were serving his purpose. He was training for the KAISER'S Manœuvres, at which he is to be one of a batch of distinguished guests, who, we are told, will not be allowed more than four hours' sleep.

***

One result of the Imperial Defence Conference, we are informed, is that Canada and Australia and New Zealand are to have navies which will be local in ordinary circumstances, but liable to be called on by the Admiralty when Britain's Command of the Sea is threatened. Locally, we take it, they may only fight in time of peace.

***

An airship is being built hurriedly for the Spanish Government, and the Moors are said to be not a little proud that theirs will prove to be the first war in which such a machine will be used. It will undoubtedly be an additional attraction, and excursions from the more distant parts of Morocco are already being arranged.

***

The POPE has given the motor-car which was presented to him by certain American admirers to Cardinal MERRY DEL VAL. In future, we suspect, American admirers will mark their gifts "Not transferable."

***

Miss HELEN MATHERS thinks that the decline of the novel is due to a large extent to motor-cars. There is no doubt that a large class of readers has been almost entirely eliminated by these vehicles. We refer to those persons who used to read as they walked along the roadway.

***

"The Censor is a plain man," said Mr. WALKLEY in his evidence before the Censorship Committee. We think it regrettable that this controversy cannot be carried on without personalities.

***

Lieutenant SHACKLETON, whose powers of endurance are well known, has been elected a vice-president of the Poetry Recital Society.

***

Signor CARUSO appeared at Plymouth last week in a dress suit of golden-brown, and Signor LECOMTE in one of purple, and the local Pierrots are complaining bitterly of the unexpected competition.

***

The price of rubber, it is alleged, is being artificially inflated by the manœuvres of certain companies. If this be true, the mis-printer who referred to "the manipulations of the robber companies" showed something like genius.

Meanwhile we hear that a number of artists are seriously contemplating pooling all their pieces of india-rubber and floating the same as a limited company.

***

A Northumberland farmer was astonished to find, on reaching home the other day, that a bull which he had sold at a neighbouring market for eighteen guineas a few hours previously was back in its shed. And yet people say that Agriculture cannot be made to pay.

***

ART GOWNS
FOR ATHLETIC GIRLS

announces a contemporary. This will scarcely be an innovation. Most of the Art Gowns that we have seen look the very thing for sack races.



Wicked Boy (whose offer to carry bag has been somewhat abruptly refused). "THEN SHALL I 'OLD YOUR BEARD STILL, GUV'NOR, WHILE YOU LIGHTS YER PIPE?"

"HOLD."

I KNOW, where Hampshire fronts the Wight,
A little church, where "after strife"
Reposes Guy de Blanquely, Knight,
By Alison his wife,—
I know their features' graven lines
In time-stained marble monotone,
While crouched before their feet reclines
Their little dog of stone!

I look where Blanquely Castle still
Frowns o'er the oak wood's summer state,
(The maker of a patent pill
Has purchased it of late),
And then through Fancy's open door
I backward turn to days of old,
And see Sir Guy—a bachelor
Who owns a dog called "Hold"!

I see him take the Tourney's chance,
And urge his coal-black charger on
To an arbitrament by lance
For lovely Alison;
I mark the onset, see him hurl
From broidered saddle to the dirt
His rival, that ignoble Earl—
Black-hearted Massingbert!

Then Alison, with down-dropped eyes,
Where happy tears bedim the blue,
Bestows a valuable prize
And adds her hand thereto;
My lord, his surcoat streaked by sand,
Remounts, low muttering curses hot,
And with a base-born, hireling band
He plans a dastard plot!

* * * *

'Tis night—Sir Guy has sunk to sleep,
The castle keep is hushed and still,—
See, up the spiral stairway creep,
To work his wicked will,
Lord Massingbert of odious fame,
Soft followed by his cut-throat staff;—
Ah, "Hold" has justified his name
And pinned his lordship's calf!

A growl, an oath, then torches flare;
Out rings a sentry's startled shout;
The guard are racing for the stair,
Half-dressed, Sir Guy runs out;
On high his glittering blade he waves,
He gives foul Massingbert the point,
He carves the hired assassin knaves
Joint from plebeian joint!

* * * * *

The Knight is dead—his sword is rust,
But in his day I'm certain "Hold"
Wore, as his master's badge of trust,
A collarette of gold:
And still I like to fancy that,
Somewhere beyond the Styx's bound,
Sir Guy's tall phantom stoops to pat
His little phantom hound!

FEEDING THE LONDONER.

I.

"JAMES," said George, "our common friend Thomas tells me that there is a big Furnishing Establishment in the West End which gives a free lunch to its better-class customers. I have induced our common enemy, Henry, to believe that he wants a new carpet for his study, and I have undertaken to purchase it for him. I am bound to confess that he did not appear too willing to assent, but I kept him quiet by telling him that he could always return the carpet if he didn't like it."

"Thomas has mentioned the shop to me, too," I said. "He told me that he started with a chair and went on ordering cushions till the Superintendent invited him to lunch. Then he stopped ordering cushions and countermanded the chair. He would not, however, give me the name."

"He did not want to tell me either, for he is essentially greedy. But I doubted his word with such persistent derision that he had to tell it me in the end. I further elicited from him the information that they placed an ample wine-list before him, but that the prices were so obviously marked on it as to lead him to suspect that that part of the meal was less hospitality than a commercial transaction. So he ordered a small lager, and found out in the end that they stood alcohol too. He says that the thought of what he missed spoilt his day's pleasure. Let us go and purchase this carpet and have a pleasant meal together, not omitting to benefit by Thomas's experience with the drinks."

II.

We arrived at the shop at about one o'clock, feeling that at that time one gets the best light for carpet choosing.

"We have come," said George to the Superintendent, "to buy a great deal of furniture — carpets, rugs, mats, more mats, rugs and carpets. Then of course we shall want some rugs. If you are prepared to undertake an enormous order, let us begin with the carpets. . . . What is the time, James?"

I looked at my watch. "Hello!" I said, "would you believe that it is very nearly, if not actually, lunch-time? I had no idea it was so late."

"Time for lunch?" said George. "Well I never!" and we both turned to the Superintendent appealingly.

"I catch your meaning, gentlemen," he said, with conspicuous inaccuracy. Then to an uninfluential assistant, "Show these gentlemen some carpets at once. They are in a hurry to get away."

This first failure cast a little gloom over the carpeting, and we were both determined not to see anything we liked until we were certain about the meal. When we discovered further that the assistant was a new hand and was not even aware of the existence of a restaurant on the premises, we felt that this would never do. So George started looking over another pile of carpets, while I wandered off in search of the Superintendent.

"Mr. Superintendent," said I, "we find that this is a bigger job than we thought. Your assistant is a good fellow, but I doubt if he is experienced enough to deal with an order of this magnitude. So I thought I would come back to you. We have plenty of time now, as we are too late for our luncheon party in the City, and shall have to get a snack where we can." The Superintendent made no movement. "Look here, suppose I and my friend got our lunch now and we all went along afterwards and dealt with this colossal order of ours, when you are less busy?"

"Just as you please, Sir," said he.

"What?" said I.

"I said, 'Just as you please, Sir,'" he answered.

I gave him time, and then continued:—"You don't happen to know of a convenient place on the spot where we could get a bite?"

"If you go out of the front door and turn to the left . . ." he began.

"Come," I said, candid for the first time in my life, "I have told you that ours is going to be the most enormous order you have ever had. I understood you provided a little refreshment for your better-class customers?"

"We *used* to," he said. "Now we have abolished the restaurant and leave our customers to pay for their own food, ourselves making a corresponding deduction from the price of the goods purchased."

III.

When it had been agreed beyond all chance of misunderstanding that each paid for what he ate, George and I lunched simply at an A.B.C. shop. I suppose Henry scored in the long run, without knowing it, for I have no doubt that he returned the carpet that we chose for him without troubling to look at it twice.

"The argument would be that the Lapps were to eat blubber, the English beef, the Italians figs and daisies, and the Cingalese rice, each group by virtue of its geographical position."—*The Daily Mail.*

Now we know why Antonio went away.

Mr. W. W. ASHLEY, M.P. (the famous philanthropist) on the Budget:—

"The next time they heard a Minister denouncing the Lords, let them ask him who it was he dined with the night before."

The dinner wouldn't have been as bad as that, though.



"ETHEL DEAR! I'VE GOT THE POWDER AND THE PINS, BUT I CAN'T FIND YOUR HAIR-NET ANYWHERE!"

THE DANGEROUS LIFE.

["Live dangerously."—NIETZSCHE.]

THERE are who love the levels
Of Brooklands course. There are
Who, like demented devils,
Devour the track of tar.
They find the chance of spilling
So gloriously thrilling,
They love the pace that 's killing
To driver and to car.

There are who do not shudder
To man the submarine
And turn the fearless rudder
To Ocean's deepest green.
Down, down their ship is taken
With snorts that well might waken
The ever-slumbering Kraken
No mortal eye hath seen.

There are who fain would follow
Young Icarus and fly
More swiftly than the swallow
Across the summer sky;
And though the breezes blow them
Away to sea and show them
The Channel far below them
They gaze with fearless eye.

But if the brass be threefold
About the breasts of these,
How many times must we fold
Our valiant hearts with *aes?*
For though we Cockneys try not
Frail submarines, and fly not,
The wonder is we die not,
Such risks our marrow freeze.

There 's nothing in the Strand which
With safety may be done:
Suppose we take a sandwich
And glass of milk at one,
Who knows what weird bacillus
May enter in to fill us
With tubercle or kill us
Before the set of sun?

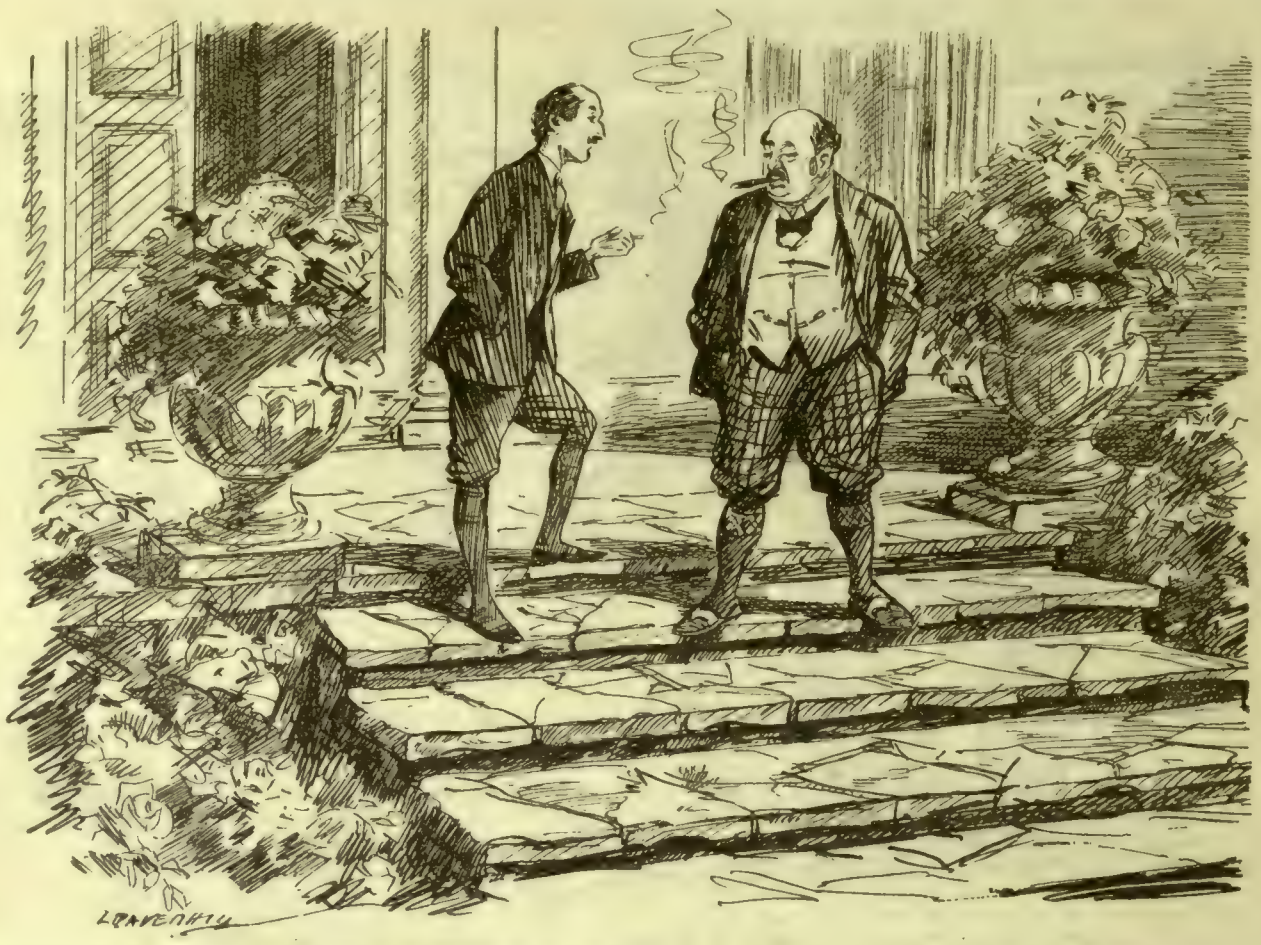
When motor-cars are skidding
With all their wonted zest
We bravely do the bidding
Of NIETZSCHE with the best;
When taxis, flying faster
Than whirlwinds, bring disas er
And need of sticking-plaster,
We follow his behest.

Then microbes by the billions
In tube-lifts may be found
To catch us toiling millions
Who travel under ground.
Your so-called brave have none done
The things we 've every one done—
'Tis we pale sons of London
That live the riskful round.

The Grammar of the Air.

A good deal of Aero-Anglo-French was ejaculated last week around the *piste* at Rheims, and the vocabulary of aviation still seems somewhat in a state of flux. A short and satisfactory word for the motion of aviators in flight is wanting. We would suggest a ready-made one in the verb *av-oir* = "to 'ave" or "av." This is conveniently bilingual, and would come in handy for the International Meeting at Wembley. Most Britishers know as far as "*avez-vous*" in French, and this would now stand for "Do you proceed through the air in a flying-machine?" or words to that effect. "*En avant! j'ave!*" (not *j'ai*) would be the bird-man's utterance at the start, equivalent to the golfer's cry of "Fore!" while "Avast!" and "Avaunt!" might also be brought into use. We offer this linguistic hint to the various Aeronautic Clubs and Leagues. It has classical authority in the gladiators' cry of "*Ave, Cæsar.*"

Mr. MERRIMAN-LABOR, in his book, *Britons through Negro Spectacles*, says "The white man is really whiter than he looks." This is very true. Take our colliers, for instance.



Eminent Artist. "I'M GLAD TO SEE, SIR MULTIMILL, THAT YOU HAVE A LITTLE WORK OF MINE IN YOUR CORRIDOR."
Bloated Plutocrat. "OH —'AVE I?"

RUTHLESS RHYMES FOR HEARTLESS HOMES.

UNCLE.

UNCLE, whose inventive brains
Kept evolving aeroplanes,
Fell (from an enormous height)
On my garden lawn, last night.
Flying is a fatal sport;
Uncle wrecked the tennis-court.

MABEL.

Mabel's chronic inflammation
Led at length to amputation.
Oh, her cries were loud and deep!
I could scarcely get to sleep.

INCONVENIENCE.

I collided with some trippers,
In my swift De Dion Bouton;
Squashed them out as flat as kippers,
Left them "*aussi mort que mouton.*"
What a nuisance trippers are!
I must now repaint the car.

WASTE.

I had written to Aunt Maud,
Who was on a trip abroad,
When I heard she 'd died of cramp,
Just too late to save the stamp.

SHOPPING.

[*In the near future—perhaps.*]

Customer. Er—I want a monoplane.

Shop-walker. Certainly, Sir. Step this way, please. Mr. Jones, forward! Monos for this gentleman.

Shop Assistant. Monoplanes, Sir? Yes-sir. Made up or to fly yourself? To fly yourself? Yes, most gentlemen prefer them. This is the very latest shape in "Blériots." Perfect fit guaranteed—especially the first time you use it.

C. Does it float in water?

S. A. Float? Oh, no, Sir; it 's not *meant* to float. It will never be necessary. You 're thinking of the "Latham," I expect. We *have* a very cheap line in "Lathams," if you would care to——

C. No thanks, I 'll take the "Blériot."

S. A. Thank you, Sir. That will be two ninety-nine nineteen eight—sale price. Sign, please! Will you fly it now or shall we send it?

C. Oh, I'll fly it now, I think, that is if——

S. A. It is ready for *instant* wear, Sir, and we can have it on the roof in five minutes. Can I show you anything else this morning? Dirigibles, biplanes——

C. Nothing more, thank you.

S. A. Nice little thing in Zeppelins here, Sir, for the children; sale price——

C. No, thank you.

S. A. We have some great bargains in slightly shop-soiled British Army Aeroplanes——

C. No, thank you.

S. A. Thank you, Sir. Lovely flying weather, isn't it? Your change—fourpence. *Good* morning.

C. Good morning. [*Exit to roof.*

"EXPRESS TELEGRAMS IN BRIEF."

"Hoji-Len-Akh has been appointed the young Shah of Persia's instructor in political science."

For the chief news of interest this week we are indebted to *The Express*. Guess who has been appointed to instruct the young Shah of PERSIA in political science? HOJI-LEN-AKH!

"The Master reported that Mr. Agnew, Local Government Board Inspector, visited the workhouse, and that one of the pigs died."—*Irish Daily Telegraph.*

Yet they say that joy never kills.



BLAST AND COUNTERBLAST.

John Bull. "I 'VE MET WITH MANY A BREEZE BEFORE, BUT NEVER SUCH A BLOW."—Hood.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, August 23.—Sauntering through a country fair, did you ever come across well-set-up



REPRESENTING THE WAR OFFICE, AGRICULTURE, AND THE TREASURY.
"The Vice-Chamberlain stepped to the front."
(Mr. J. M. F. Fuller.)

smartly-dressed chap in tights, engaged, *inter alia*, in keeping three balls in the air at the same time? If you chanced to be in House this afternoon—and there was plenty of room—you would have seen J. M. FULLER, Junior Lord of the Treasury, Vice-Chamberlain H.M.'s Household, doing analogous trick with grace, ease and certainty that suggested long practice.

Apparently been stampede of Cabinet Ministers. Treasury Bench empty save for presence of HOME SECRETARY, CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND, UNDER SECRETARY BOARD OF TRADE, and the VICE-CHAMBERLAIN. Front Opposition Bench, not to be outdone in game of abstention, represented solely by WALTER LONG and GEORGE WYNDHAM, the latter allured by prospect of fresh conversation on new Irish Land Bill. Fair number of Questions on Paper, some addressed to SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR, representative of BOARD OF AGRICULTURE, and CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. The last at the moment at Rheims—"He was wearing," one of the morning papers breathlessly announced by telegraph, "a soft grey hat and a light overcoat"—studying the science of aviation.

"With a Budget like mine, never know where you may be, TOBY, dear boy," LLOYD-GEORGE said, wringing my paw on eve of departure. (He was, I remember, dressed in rather large check suit, with blue necktie, tweed cap, tan leather boots, over which one caught a gleam of purple sock, and an umbrella.) "If things come to the worst with the Dukes, it will be a great thing to have an aeroplane in your back-yard, into which you step and disappear over the hills and far away."

It was in respect of this triple flood of questions that VICE-CHAMBERLAIN stepped to front. In turn he answered for War Office, Agriculture, and the Treasury. The three balls, so to speak, revolving round each other in the ambient air with surety, swiftness, precision, were watched by Members with rapt attention. FITZALAN HOPE had spent an hour in his study evolving intricate question designed to show that LLOYD-GEORGE blundered hopelessly in calculation of the yield, during current financial year, of increase on spirit duties. Put it with assurance that it would bowl over the hapless deputy.

"The answer to all the questions is in the affirmative," said the VICE-CHAMBERLAIN, bowing to the interrogator and showing instinctive tendency to retire a few paces backward as upon occasion he does at Court, an impulse checked by unrelenting bench at back of his legs.

Nothing could be neater. FITZALAN HOPE gasped for breath. Expecting



"Detected (by Sark) in playful little manœuvre."
(Tim Healy.)

to find representative of Treasury collapse under his conundrum, was not prepared with another. Help came from unexpected quarter. Up gat PETER



Mr. Jimmy Caldwell as Lord Robert Cecil hoped to see him.
(The Deputy Chairman of Committees)

WHITE from Nationalist camp below Gangway, and this is what he said:—

"If duty is only paid on 24,000,000 gallons during the present financial year that will be only half of what was paid last year, and although 3*s.* 9*d.* is paid on this, 11*s.* will be lost on the other 24,000,000 that will not be taken out of bond. Will not that be a loss of revenue?"

This sort of thing, suddenly sprung on a man, would knock down anyone but a Vice-Chamberlain. Of course FULLER knew no more about the subject than did the Mace on the Table. Written answers were placed in his hand on behalf of absent Ministers. Not his to wonder why. All he had undertaken to do was to read them. As much as he had been able to do up to now was to keep the three classes in proper order. Very nearly read out War Office reply about new Howitzers when some one interested in Agriculture was wanting to know particulars relating to Dead Meat Trade. For a moment seemed done for. Only for a moment.

"Perhaps," he said, "the hon. gentleman will allow me to make enquiries;" and straightway he sat down.

Business done.—With help of Closure, Irish Land Bill rattled considerable way through Committee.

Tuesday.—TIM HEALY turned up in one of his rare meteoric flights. Finds himself standing with back to wall, his countrymen above and below the Gang-

way fighting each other for the love of Ireland, united only in their impulse to gird at him. Seems rather to like it. Generally manages to give as much as he gets, an honest habit appreciated by House.

Lynx eye of MEMBER FOR SARK detected TIM this afternoon in playful little manœuvre. As everyone knows, tickets securing particular seat for a sitting are obtainable only at prayer time. For obvious reasons, TIM doesn't attend on ministration of the Chaplain, whom everyone is glad to see back on service temporarily interrupted by a grievous sorrow. But he has an affection for corner seat on third bench below Gangway. It places him in proximity to his dearest friends. JOHN DILLON sits on his left, immediately behind him, JOHN REDMOND. Unless he inserts in receptacle at back of bench, card bearing his name, it is open to any Member in his temporary absence to displace him.

What SARK saw this afternoon was TIM, entering just after Questions were embarked upon, turn round, and in casual manner drop in its place the prized ticket. Then he faced DEPUTY-SPEAKER with countenance of almost supernal interest, assured that he was safely seated for the night, none daring to make him afraid.

Incident recalls episode in a Parliament dead with the last century. Liberals were at that time in Opposition. LABBY—known to-day in his adopted home at Florence as Signor LABBI — taking an active part in Parliamentary proceedings, established a freehold in corner seat below Gangway to left of SPEAKER, a place ever connected with the budding fame of GRANDOLPH. There was no doubt about the legitimacy of his holding. There, to be seen of all men, was his honoured name set forth on white ticket placed in back of seat. But LABBY, though living in close proximity to Westminster Abbey, was never in his seat at Prayers. How did he manage it?

SIDNEY GEDGE, happily then still with us, a never-failing attendant on Divine Service, had his suspicions. His ordinary seat was above Gangway, in faithful proximity to his pastors and masters on the Treasury Bench. On a day he quietly shifted his quarters to a bench below Gangway immediately opposite that from which MEMBER FOR NORTHAMPTON used to make mischief. The seat was at the moment tenantless. Bending his head in reverent attitude whilst the CHAPLAIN read prayers, through the open fingers of hand held before his face, MR. GEDGE distinctly saw CHARLES DILKE drop a ticket into receptacle at back of LABBY'S seat.

Presently, Prayers over, LABBY, with smiling countenance, strode in and took his place beside his accomplice. MR. GEDGE forthwith rounded on him. The House chuckled, SPEAKER administered grave reproof, but there followed no intermission of tenancy of the corner seat.

Business done.—Irish Land Bill in Committee still merrily closured.

Thursday.—Lord ROBERT CECIL has some moments of pained reflection on MR. CALDWELL'S conduct in the Chair. Ten days ago he felt constrained to give notice of a motion formally calling attention to it. This arose upon alleged omission of Chairman to cry aloud, "Clear the Lobby," before finally putting the question. House looked forward with keen expectation to seeing JIMMY standing at the Bar in a white sheet, peradventure with a candle in his hand, what time Lord ROBERT enlarged on his shortcomings.



"Lord Robert . . . staring at Jimmy as if he were some new incomprehensible product of Nature."

Nothing came of the threat. Encouraged by impunity, JIMMY has been at it again in even aggravated form. Debate on an amendment having gone forward for considerable time, CHAIRMAN proceeded to put question. At same moment Lord ROBERT rose with intent to continue debate.

"MR. CALDWELL," he called out in a voice that travels far.

JIMMY, however, not looking up from the paper, continued to recite the amendment, put the question and declared the Noes had it. House cleared for Division, Lord ROBERT in due form put on his hat and sternly reminded the CHAIRMAN that he had risen to speak before the amendment was put.

"I did not obsairve the noble lord," said JIMMY, glancing sideways at the top corner seat above Gangway.

Lord ROBERT gasped. For anyone to fail to observe him when drawn to his full height of 6 feet 2, his voice uplifted in angered reiteration, seemed to verge on the impossible. But you can't flatly contradict the personal assertion of a Member, much less a Deputy-Chairman. So Lord ROBERT sat silent, staring at JIMMY as if he were some new incomprehensible product of Nature.

Business done.—Irish Land Bill still in Committee.

AN EXPLANATION.

[A doctor has recommended flirting as a tonic for dyspeptic and bilious people. When two young people commence a flirtation, he argues, they become animated and gay. Their hearts beat quicker and the blood circulates more freely. Thus the sluggish action of the liver is quickened by the increased blood supply.]

NAY, Phyllis! I've never intended to wed:
A course I consider so stupid
Has not for a moment come into my head,
I don't care a cuss about Cupid.
I call on you often, I talk with you much,
I salute you with amorous greetings,
But now let me hasten to tell you that such
Are purely medicinal meetings.

We prattle together, exchanging our views,
But vows do not enter the question;
Love-making is merely a physic I use
To quicken a doubtful digestion.
Your charming society freely dispels
A hump which were otherwise chronic;
In short, dear, platonic flirtation excels
All other descriptions of tonic.

Did anyone offer me you as a wife,
I fear I should laugh at the giver;
I think of you, *not* as the "star of my life,"
But merely a stir to my liver.
Yet do not imagine I'm treating you ill,
But rather rejoice at the notion
That I have esteemed you as good as a pill
And ranked you as high as a potion.

"The annual regatta, which was held on the 10th inst., was, to a great extent, spoiled by want of wind. In all the events the courses had to be shortened. It is to be regretted that the genuinely sporting efforts of this club have met with so poor a response this year."—*The Yachtsman.*

It really does look sometimes as though the weather wasn't trying.



GROUSE SHOOTING MADE EASY.

Tyro (to old Keeper, who has been very successfully occupying the end butt). "I CAN'T HIT THESE CONFOUNDED DRIVEN BIRDS AT ALL! HOW IS IT YOU DO IT?"

Keeper. "WEEL, I GIE IT THEM IN THEIR FACES WHEN THEY 'RE COMIN,' AN' I FOUR IT ABOOT THEIR TAILS WHEN THEY 'RE GONE BY, JUST ACCORDIN' TAE CIRCUMSTANCES."

WHEN THE DUKES CAME BACK.

IN 1924 there was not a solitary duke or millionaire left in the country. Capital had gone. There was no money save CHIOZZA MONEY, and this foreign currency was considerably depreciated. The United States had absorbed every duke. By a special constitutional amendment dukes of foreign birth were allowed to become President. The Duke of WESTMINSTER was just completing his second term. The Duke of NORFOLK, whose admirable management of Tammany Hall was the envy of all native-born politicians, had just secured the Democratic nomination for Presidency. He had delivered an ultimatum in a letter to a leading senator. An obscure politician named ROOSEVELT had striven for a special income-tax on dukes, but had been defeated by the Duke of PORTLAND, who instantly discharged his thirteenth butler, and intimated that he was prepared to take even stronger steps.

In England the great leaders of the Conservative Party, Mr. JOYNSON-HICKS and Mr. VICTOR GRAYSON, had striven in vain to overthrow the KEIR HARDIE Government. The Government had the steady support of all the Old Age Pensioners, and as this included every one over forty, opposition was futile. Even a resolution of censure on Viscount BYLES, the Viceroy of India, for giving precedence at his levees to (coloured) bomb-throwers, had been defeated by 624 votes to 10. But one day, as Parliament was discussing an important Government measure for giving free meals to all married or engaged couples, an armed mob appeared in the Lobby. The Press photographers, feuilletonists, and short story writers of England had risen *en masse*.

Mr. SILAS K. HOCKING and Count WILLIAM LE QUEUX (of the Principality of Monaco) placed their demands before the trembling House:—

"Whereas we the petitioners have derived our livelihood in the past solely from dukes and millionaires; And whereas some tens of thousands of British subjects have in the past earned an honest living by selling to the papers such snap-shots as 'The Duke of Norfolk smiles,' 'The Duke of Bedford puts up an umbrella,' 'The Duke of Leeds tells a friend a good story.' And whereas the industry of feuilleton-writing (which hitherto employed on *The Daily Mail* and its allied papers alone one thousand tax-payers) has become extinct owing to the public's lack of familiarity with dukes and millionaires—the essential raw materials of the feuilleton; And whereas two million writers of short stories are driven to seek their material in the slum, the kail-yard, and Upper Tooting; Therefore we the petitioners demand that all protective taxes on their raw material, dukes and millionaires, be instantly removed. And in the event of your honourable House failing to comply with this demand then the members of the House will be forcibly restrained whilst the petitioners' representatives read aloud typical feuilletons of their own production."

There was a shriek of horror from the frightened House. Mr. CROOKS, the Secretary for War, fainted. Then the forms of the House were unanimously suspended and the veteran Premier introduced a Bill providing that dukes and millionaires should be exempt from all taxation and become Old Age Pensioners from birth.

Two days later every illustrated paper in England contained a snap-shot, "The Duke of Norfolk paying his taxiplane driver at Liverpool aerogage," and *The Daily Mail* announced a new feuilleton by the author of *Lepers in Purple*, entitled *True Hearts in Tiaras*. England was herself again.

A MORNING DIP.

SHE tripped down the sand
For a dip in the briny,
And cautiously scanned
The breakers at hand;
Her costume was grand,
Her temerity tiny.
She tripped down the sand
For a dip in the briny.

The water was blue,
And so was the maiden,
Her nervousness grew,
She was shivering too
As she bobbed her way through
The rollers spray-laden.
The water looked blue
And so did the maiden.

Her machine she mislaid,
And searched for it blindly;
To doorways she strayed,
Recoiling dismayed,
For their inmates conveyed
Their reproaches unkindly.
Her machine she mislaid,
And searched for it blindly.

But she found it, of course,
And took hours over dressing,
While the unbathed, in force
On the steps, became hoarse
('Twas their only resource)
In—the converse of blessing.
But she found it, of course,
And took hours over dressing.

THE BENEFIT OF LITERATURE.

AT North Walsham on Saturday the 21st ult. two lads were charged with stealing "a bottle of brandy, a bottle of Chartreuse, a box of Sure Shot cigars, a box of Tortoise-shell cigarettes, seven boxes of Colonel Bogey cigarettes, a box containing 10 packets of Colonel Bogey cigarettes, a bicycle wrench, 10 packets of Player's cigarettes, six packets of Woodbines, and nine cigars, value in all £1 2s. 6d," from a hotel at Bacton. The prisoners, one of whom explained that they had been reading "a book called *Raffles* which appears to have turned our heads," were dealt with under the Probation Act and were bound over in their own recognisances of £50, and their father's surety for a like amount, to come up for judgment if called upon within twelve months.

Several eminent novelists have written to us to contrast the effect of the novel in question with that on the ingenuous minds of the readers of their own beneficial fictions.

Mr. Halk Ayne, the author of *The Great Black Loss*, informs us that two Egyptian Nationalists have been so moved by the perusal of his romance that, hearing of a recent regrettable robbery at Pastor's Hotel at Cairo, in which the thieves carried off a dozen of champagne, six bottles of Benedictine, 2000 gold-tipped cigarettes, 100 Magnifico Pomposo cigars, valued at £22, or exactly 20 times the amount of the goods abstracted by the readers of *Raffles*, they asked and obtained permission to recompense the proprietor for his loss. "I leave all unprejudiced readers," Mr. Halk Ayne modestly adds, "to draw the obvious inference."

Miss Carrie Morelli writes to state that none of her readers have ever been prompted by the study of her works to any confusion between *meum* and *tuum*. On the contrary they have led to the diffusion of a spirit of such boundless benevolence that, as recently published wills testify, various charitable institutions have directly benefited to the extent of many thousands of pounds.

Meanwhile the Scotland Yard authorities are seriously considering the importance either of enrolling extra police during the forthcoming run of *Arsène Lupin* or arranging for some dramatic antidote to that further attractive exploitation of the gentleman thief.



MORE BUDGET DEBATES.

"YUS, BUT YOU JEST PUT YOURSELF IN THE DOOK O' WESTMINSTER'S PLACE."

"Mr. C. E. M., Parish Church and Burgh Organist, resumes his Professional duties on Wednesday, 1st September.

"Mr. W. H., Organist and Choirmaster, commences his Professional Duties on Tuesday, 1st September." *Port Glasgow Express.*

Thus there is no clashing.

OUR MERRY MUSICIANS.

No surer indication of the advance in public musical taste could be afforded, as *The Daily Mail* justly points out in a recent issue, than the popularity achieved at the Promenade Concerts by the *Valse Triste* of the Finnish composer, SIBELIUS. To quote from our contemporary: "It is, indeed, sad and ghostly, written as a part of the incidental music to a drama, 'Death,' by Arvid Järnefelt (brother-in-law of Sibelius). A sick and sleeping mother suddenly awakens to the sound of soft music, which develops into a waltz refrain. She waves her hands in time to the music, and strange visionary couples appear and dance to the weird valse rhythm. Then a knock comes at the door; the mother utters a despairing cry; the door flies open, and Death stands on the threshold."

Although the *Valse Triste* may not enjoy the questionable distinction of being whistled everywhere, *The Daily Mail* confidently predicts that it will become very popular with orchestral societies, especially those having a limited but efficient band.

It is pleasant to know that this campaign against unseasonable levity is being carried on by native as well as foreign composers. Thus "The Last Gasp" is the pleasing title of a new symphonic poem which Mr. Schubert Coffin has undertaken to compose for the Kensal Green Festival. The *scenario* of this exhilarating *morceau* is as follows. A patient suffering from the *sequelæ* of acute influenza is lying prostrate on his couch when his room is invaded by two burglars, who, after garotting their victim, dance a *Valse macabre* round the bed. This number cannot fail to commend itself to orchestral societies in the suburbs, especially during an epidemic of housebreaking.

Again, Mr. Cyril Keltie, noted for his cadaverous charm, has been commissioned by the Woking Choral Society to compose a cantata illustrating the horrors of premature burial. The orchestra is muted throughout, and the ordinary instruments will be supplemented by a group of four oboes *d'orrore*, two screech owls and a banshee, and the conductor's desk at the first performance will be placed on the top of a sarcophagus specially constructed for the occasion.

Finally we are rejoiced to hear that Messrs. Bury and Tombs, the famous musical *entrepreneurs*, have arranged a series of Lethal Chamber Music Concerts. The full programmes will be announced in due course, but we understand that they will include a charming cycle of Death-bed Ditties and a set of Skeleton-Army Quadrilles.

OLD JOKES FOR NEW.

As I climbed the stairs to the editor's office I recalled my last night in London, when I sat with pen and paper before me, racking my brains for a subject on which to write, and cursing the roar of motor-buses that came in at the window. (The roar came in.) I do not remember the name of the country, or how I got there; but I was far from the land of my birth, in a place where the prospect of a fresh start filled me with hope.

I was assuring the editor that I could do all the things the London editors had mistakenly decided that I could not do, when he interrupted me:

"What we want is something fresh," he said, "new treatment, novel points of view, bright ideas, and"—with a wave of the hand—"and so on."

"Exactly, just my line," I said.

"Take my 'Wit and Humour' page, for instance. It's so difficult to get out of the old ruts, away from the old stories——"

"I know—the curate's egg, and the rest of 'em," I said.

"The curate's egg? I don't understand."

"I mean the story—the story of the curate's egg, you know; 'parts of it excellent,' you remember."

"No, never heard it. Is it a good one?" he asked. So I told it to him. He laughed loud and long, slapped his leg, and summoned his assistant, to whom he repeated it. I began to wonder whether I was dreaming. However, I was encouraged to try again, and I recounted the incident of the man who attempted suicide on the metals of a slow line, and died of starvation before a train came, following with the tale of the nervous page-boy at the Bishop's bed-room door. They were convulsed.

"Young man," said the editor, wiping away his tears, "I'll pay five pounds for a column of stories like those."

"Done!" I said. "And could you do with a couple of thousand on the Mother-in-law?"

"No, Sir; humour's your line. You stick to humour."

"But she *is* humorous," I replied.

"Not in this country," he declared grimly. So I told him a mother-in-law story. His face lit with the light of a new discovery, and he ordered two columns, adding that the boys would enjoy reading it. It required great restraint on my part to reserve the Scot for a future suggestion.

I had reached a land where the old jokes were unknown. Could a humorist hope for anything better even in his dreams? As I rushed back to my lodgings I had visions of wealth and fame. I wrote easily and rapidly, page after page; then I sat back to read what I had written.



"NANNY, NANNY, *do* COME TO MAX. *he 's lost his place in bed!*"

But as I read the writing faded away, the roar of motor-buses came through the open window, and the paper before me changed into the same clean sheet that I had meant to write on before I fell asleep and emigrated.

A BALLAD OF THE SCOT.

I LAY among the heath and ling,
  Close as a rabbit 'neath a root,
For I had faced that fearsome thing,
  A Scottish tenants-shoot!

The beaters bawled, the birds were raised,
  And, heartened by his country's wine,
Each vassal venomously blazed
  All up and down the line!

The drive came volleying to an end;
  I crawled from out my shelter place;
I heard a grey-beard greet a friend—
  O woeful was his face!

The friend he turned him in his butt,
  Quoth he, "Whit ails ye, Alick Baird?"
"O wae is me, for I hae put
  Twa pellets in the Laird!

"O weary fa' the morn's ill work,
  O weary fa' this weepon fell,
To think an Elder o' the kirk
  Maun tinker up Himsel'!"

Out spake his friend: "Awa' wi' ye;
  Nae maitter that for sic a roar,
Ye 've shot the Laird, ye 're tellin' me,
  But, fegs, it micht be waur!

"Thank Heeven that it hadna' been
  Yin o' they feckless beater loons;
The Laird 's Himsel',—a scarted wean
  Had cost ye twa half-croons!"

The Elder raised his drooping head;
  He dropped the dour and tragic mask,
And, "Aiblins ye 'll be richt!" he said,
  And took the proffered flask.

"Incumbent desires exchange. Country parish, very healthy position. Excellent train service. Station."—*The Record.*

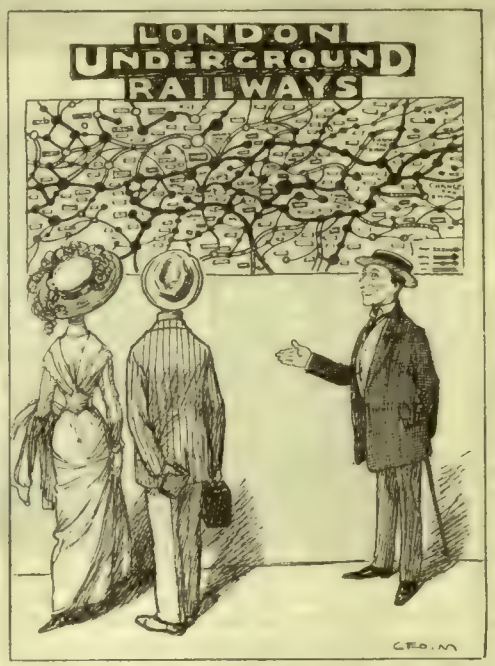
It is a great idea to have a station as well as an excellent train service; the difficulty of disembarking vanishes altogether.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IF novel-readers ever go out on strike and break windows, one of their first demands, I think, will be, that couples who played together during childhood must be happily united in the last page: it is one of the natural rights of romantic sentiment. The principle is rather flagrantly violated in *Diana Dethroned* (LANE), by W. M. LETTS, for the two young people who romped about at the beginning of the book have only got as far as an engagement, when the arrival of an unexpected wife, supposed to have been burnt in Paris, and belonging to *Robin Daynant's* recently discarded past, upsets their apple-cart. The lady dies, but not before *Phœbe Lankester* has bestowed her hand on a rather uninteresting cousin who takes morphia and comes from Australia. The author's mythology is not a little puzzling, for *Phœbe*, or "Diana," although passionately devoted to horse and hound, is to some degree identified with Ceres, being supposed to reach the full perfection of her womanhood after having been married for five or six years. Historically, no doubt, certain local Dianas could be identified with the Syrian Astarte, if one wished to do it, but where the title of a book is concerned it is surely fairer to stick to the instructions in the *Gradus*. I am the more concerned to make this criticism because the first part of the story is, I think, much the best (the writer is particularly happy in her sketches of children and animals, and when dealing with garden and wood), and I rather lost interest in *Phœbe Lankester* after her marriage. Perhaps "Diana Materfamilias" would have been a fairer indication of what the reader had to expect.

Mr. HOWARD PEASE, who has written *With the Warden of the Marches* (CONSTABLE), is at least master of the art of chapter-heading. "Of the Coming of the Stranger," "Of the Rescue of Elfrida," and the like, is how he distinguishes them, and to one who remembers the glorious AINSWORTH thrill there is much virtue in that "of." Truth, however, compels me to add that the story itself falls a little short of the promise thus implied. It only fills half the book, and without Mr. PEASE's picturesque style, and his store of borderland knowledge to quicken it, would be decidedly commonplace. I suppose no heroine in historical fiction ever yet swore a blood-feud against the house of her father's foes without promptly thereafter falling in love with its chief. Anyway that is what *Elfrida* did, and when the gallant *Rinyon*, having rescued her in the most approved style from the clutches of false *Clennell*, turned out to be one of her hereditary enemies, she evinced a surprise which I confess I was unable to share. Naturally there was nothing then for *Elfrida* but to dress herself in doublet and hose, ride to warn her lover of the feud, and fall gracefully into his arms. All of which she did, so promptly indeed as to leave Mr. PEASE with more than a hundred pages of his book to fill up. He achieves this by the aid of some short stories, which give me the impression of being early work, and not particularly worthy of their present form. Surely there were devices by which such a writer could have kept the interest of his longer tale for the space required to sell it at six shillings; at present the make-weight is a little obvious.



Londoner (proud of the Tube system, to friends from the country). "THERE'S THE WHOLE THING, YOU SEE! *ABSOLUTELY SIMPLE!*"

That Mr. EDWARD NOBLE knows
The ropes, and other things marine,
Lords of the Sea (from METHUEN) shows,
Like former books of his I've seen;
But what this one makes clear as day,
And what the earlier ones did not,
Is that he also knows the way
To frame a very powerful plot.

Mainly his purpose is to paint
The ugly side of life at sea—
Fierce competition, with the taint
Of P. P. I.'s and barratry.
He does it well, though not so much
By truth to things as they exist,
As by the very human touch
He gives to the protagonist.

I propose a vote of sympathy with the heroine of *Fiona* (MURRAY) because her charm has been eclipsed by the obtrusiveness of her creator. It is a pity and more than a pity, for if Lady NAPIER OF MAGDALA would realise that a novel is not a fitting place for the airing of countless prejudices her work would be really delightful. In this book, however, she is out to tilt, and one feels at last that a rescue-party ought to be formed to save *Fiona* from such a very wicked pharisaical world. The desire to pillory snobbishness is commendable enough, but I cannot help thinking that *Mr. Venables* (a member of the great banking house of *Venables, Venables, Venables and Pickington*) is more of a caricature than a character. I can believe a good deal of *Mr. Venables;* I can believe in his mottled cheek, his creaking boots, his huge soft hands and his self-importance; but I cannot believe that, with so portentous an outward curve to his waistcoat, he would spoil his social aspirations by wearing his thumbs in the armholes of that garment. Chapter IX. could be aptly named "A Straight Talk with Smart Society," and I hope devoutly that this mysterious set will be more improved than amused by it. Lady NAPIER, needless to say, is in deadly earnest and wholly on the side of the angels, but in her wish to make the world a better place she is in danger of treating her characters unfairly, and —what is worse—of boring her readers.

"Hospital Sergeant Royal Marines, seeks Situation to take charge of doctor's surgery and accounts, or any place of trust."—*Northern Daily Echo.*

He is evidently tired of telling things to the Marines.

From the report of a cricket match in *The Glasgow Herald*:—

"W. White, thrown out 93."

It is no part of the scorer's duty to comment on a bowler's action.



TOIL.



PLEASURE.

CHARIVARIA.

Mr. Lloyd-George's Development Bill provides the machinery for the construction of motor roads with no speed limits. Clearly another bid for votes, addressed this time to the Medical and Undertaking Professions.

***

The War Office is about to issue a number of landscape targets to assist in the training of recruits and young soldiers. This opening of a new field for painters is welcomed in Art circles, and it is said that a certain Royal Academician whose landscapes are often a butt for the critics has already brought himself before the notice of the military authorities.

***

The Kaiser has done much to encourage aviation, but when Count Zeppelin reached Berlin he kissed him on both cheeks.

***

A subscriber to *The Daily Mail* has been complaining of the way in which his favourite journal has been booming the aeroplanes, which he believes will prove a curse to mankind. We understand it to be a fact that it was only after long and careful consideration that our contemporary decided to give its patronage to the new method of locomotion, instead of letting it die of obscurity.

***

So few persons have a good word for the rook that we are pleased to find a well-known writer whitewashing that much maligned bird. Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, in recounting his impressions of the aerial week at Rheims, remarks:—"The Antoinette, coming up towards one high against the horizon, suggests an eagle sailing on vast white wings—or a rook, perhaps, since eagles are not white."

***

A representative of *The Mirror* has been interviewing the proprietor of a registry-office on the subject of complaints by servants. "Servants in general," we are told, "always consider themselves much aggrieved in being called by their first names, old as the practice is, preferring the use of the surname." Our experience of menials named Ermyntrude, Gwladys, and Daphne is the other way round.

The new American Tariff imposes a duty of 20 per cent. on violin rosin, and Kubelik and Marie Hall, who had already entered into contracts with Yankee managers, are said to be faced with ruin.

***

Judge Woodward, of New York, holds the opinion that, while American people many years ago were probably over boastful, the pendulum has now swung the other way, and the average American is too modest in asserting the glories of his native land. But this was said before the Stars and Stripes had been run up at the North Pole.

***

The *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, on her way across the Atlantic, cut clean through a large whale lying asleep on the top of the water. For some time past, we believe, the problem of the reckless sailing of the big liners—or "sea-hogs," as they are called—has been receiving attention in whale circles, but has not yet been satisfactorily solved.

***

More decadence! A shop in one of our best streets is boldly advertising "Fashions for the Fall."

THE NEW CORDON BLEU.

TO DR. COOK, OF THE NORTH POLE.

IF you can swear upon your soul
That, having passed the icy seas,
You have unearthed the long-lost Pole
(And, though your tale sounds like a wheeze
Told to Marines by giddy middies,
I must not doubt its *bona fides*);—

If it is true that you achieved
The dash across those dismal floes
In isolation unrelieved
Except by stuffy Eskimos,
Let me, although a mere land-lubber,
Anoint your head with oil of blubber.

On you the general gaze is bent;
Our feelings even grow obtuse
About that other world-event,
The football-gladiators' "truce;"
A deed like yours seems, after all,
More vital than a game of ball.

And most we marvel how you nursed
So long in secret such a sprint;
I should have thought it would have burst
Out through your pores in sudden print;
Is there a case of such restraint
In Yankee records? No, there ain't.

Even *The Mail* was months behind
The date of your accomplished fact,
Nor should I be surprised to find
Its Polar Correspondent sacked,
Who missed you in the Arctic night
Through an amazing oversight.

Meanwhile it weighs you in the scale,
It puts you through the critic's sieve,
And finds *The New York Herald's* tale
"AN UNCONVINCING NARRATIVE,"
In rival type it almost looked
As if the whole account was Cooked!

Yes, there are sceptic eyes to face,
Men who will cry, "You talk about
Your Eskimos who joined the chase?
Well, let us see 'em; trot 'em out!"
And others, "If you reached the goal,
Where 's the result? Produce your Pole!"

Myself, I liked that first report,
Laconic as a rifle's crack,
Which showed (without details of sport)
You 'd done the journey—Pole and back,
Fulfilling your tremendous mission
"While on a Polar expedition."

In that last line there is the ring
Of Truth that proves your word is good;
Some might assert they found the thing
While skating in the neighbourhood;
But *you* located its position
"While on a Polar expedition."

Well, there have been great COOKS before,
Voyagers famed beyond eclipse—
JAMES who discovered many a shore,
And THOMAS who invented trips,
Nor can there be, in my poor view,
"Too many Cooks" like them and you.

O. S.

CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME;

OR, LITTLE ARTHUR'S ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.

(*Little Arthur, aged* 12; *Papa, aged* 48.)

Little Arthur. Papa!

Papa. Yes, my boy.

L. A. May I ask you a question?

Papa. Yes, yes. What is it?

L. A. Are you a very plain man, Papa?

Papa. Am I a—— Well, I'm dashed! What on earth do you mean? It's remarkably good of you to take such an interest in my looks. I don't suppose I'm better or worse than most other men as far as that goes.

L. A. Oh, Papa, I didn't mean your looks. I've never thought about them. Besides, Mamma said we mustn't judge people by their looks. She said an ugly face often concealed a heart of gold; and I'm sure we all know——

Papa. I daresay, I daresay. You all know I've got a heart of gold. Was that what you were going to say?

L. A. Yes, Papa, something like that. But, of course, I didn't mean that you 'd got an ug—— I shouldn't *dream* of saying such a thing as that.

Papa. Well, we won't pursue that subject, if you don't mind.

L. A. No, Papa; but I wasn't thinking of that subject at all when we started.

Papa. What were you thinking about, then? You asked me if I was a very plain man.

L. A. Yes, Papa, I did. I heard you tell M. Lagrange yesterday that you were only a plain Englishman; and I've heard you say the same thing to other people lots of times.

Papa. Oh, that 's what you 're after, is it?

L. A. Yes, Papa, that 's what I 'm after. And M. Lagrange said, "*Quant à moi, je ne suis qu'un pauvre Français, moi,*" and you said it didn't matter and he wasn't to mind, or something of that sort—so I thought I'd ask you what you meant by being a plain Englishman.

Papa. Come, there 's nothing so very difficult about that. Anybody can see with half an eye what that means. It means a man who 's outspoken and downright, a man who means what he says and says what he means, a man who—who 's an Englishman, in short.

L. A. Then are all Englishmen like that, Papa?

Papa. It 's a national characteristic.

L. A. Yes, Papa, but Mr. Mortimer is an Englishman, isn't he, Papa?

Papa. Certainly he is—a very good old English family, the Mortimers.

L. A. But Mamma said the other day she never quite knew what Mr. Mortimer was up to—he never seemed to say what he really meant; and you said she had hit him off to a T, and that you couldn't stand a man who had always got something behind what he said and was always laying traps for you. You said there were too many men like that.

Papa. Yes, that 's true enough.

L. A. But then, if Mr. Mortimer 's an Englishman, Papa, and if he never says what he really means, he isn't a *plain* Englishman, is he?

Papa. I never said he was.

L. A. No, Papa; but if there are too many like him——

Papa. Foreigners, my boy.

L. A. But, Papa, you don't know *many* foreigners. You only know Mr. Blinkenstein and Mr. Schmitz and M. Lagrange, and they 're only three, and I'm sure they say what they mean, don't they?

Papa. What 's Miss MacBrayne doing? Why aren't you having lessons with her?

L. A. She 's got a holiday, Papa. She 's celebrating the battle of Bannockburn with some Scotch friends in London.



THE BILL-DRIVE.

Lord Halsbury. "NO SIGN OF A BIRD YET."
Lord Lansdowne. "NO, IT'S ALWAYS LIKE THIS. AND THEN THEY'LL COME WITH A RUSH AT THE END OF THE DAY, AND WE SHAN'T BE ABLE TO DO OURSELVES JUSTICE."



VARIETY.

Boatman. "NO, THERE AIN'T MUCH TO DO 'ERE EXCEPT BATHE. BUT SOME FOLKS, WHEN THEY GETS TIRED O' BATHIN' FROM THIS SIDE OF THE BREAKWATER, THEY BATHES FROM T'OTHER."

Papa. The battle of what?

L. A. The battle of Bannockburn, Papa, where the Scotch beat the English. She says the Scotch always——

Papa. I don't want to hear what Miss MacBrayne says about the Scotch. What were we talking about?

L. A. I was going to say, Papa, that, as you only know three foreigners and as they're all plain men, you must have been thinking about Englishmen when you said there were too many like Mr. Mortimer.

Papa. Well, I wasn't.

L. A. Weren't you, Papa? Then I wonder what kind of people you *were* thinking about?

Papa. You can go on wondering.

L. A. Yes, Papa. But you *do* think Englishmen are better than foreigners, don't you?

Papa. Of course I do. So does every sensible man.

L. A. But isn't M. Lagrange a sensible man, Papa?

Papa. Oh, sensible enough, I daresay.

L. A. Well, he doesn't think Englishmen are better than Frenchmen. He says France is at the head of civilisation.

Papa. Does he? Well, she isn't.

L. A. No, Papa. And he says Frenchmen have won just as many battles as Englishmen—I think he said many more; and he said French poets——

Papa. What on earth do I care what he said about French poets? You needn't take every word he says for Gospel truth. After all, he's a Frenchman.

L. A. Yes, Papa, that's just what he said about us.

Papa. Said we were *Frenchmen?*

L. A. No, Papa. He said, after all, we were Englishmen, and we couldn't be expected to look at these things fairly.

Papa. I see I shall have to give Lagrange a bit of my mind if he goes on talking to you like that.

L. A. Oh, I don't mind, Papa. I'm a plain Englishman.

Papa. Are you? Well, you can run off into the garden and be a plain Englishman there.

The Daily Mail has been approaching certain great explorers with the question, "What proof would you ask from Dr. COOK that he had reached the Pole?" and the following is Sir MARTIN CONWAY'S decisive reply:—

"The statement of a reputable explorer, backed by a consistent story and supported by such observations as circumstances made practicable, would be accepted by the scientific world, if the story were found on examination to 'hang together,' as proof that the explorer had reached the point he claims to have reached."

After reading this definite pronouncement we have no longer hesitation in saying that Dr. COOK has either been telling the truth or else a lie.

Mrs. RAMSAY MACDONALD is reported by *The Chronicle* to have said that women should not be prevented from becoming Fellows of the "Royal Chemisal Society." Can this be an off-shoot of the Anti-Corset League?

AN ENGLISH CRICKETER'S LOVE LETTERS.

THE following correspondence was thrust in our letter-box last week with the demand that it should be printed in our next issue. We have not the least doubt that it is unauthentic—or premature, at any rate; but at the same time it certainly seems to convey the atmosphere of the authorised letters. It may be of course that our contributor has only got hold of the rough drafts.

Dec. 24, 1908.

MY DEAR CRAWFORD,—A merry Christmas to you. I hope you are keeping fit for next season; we must try to beat the Australians. Can you possibly drop in to tea to-morrow?

Yours affectionately,
ALVERSTONE.

July, 1909.

MY DEAR CRAWFORD,—We are all horrified at your conduct in refusing at the last moment to play against the Australians, when you had promised LEVESON-GOWER to do so. Unless you can see your way to making a public apology to the Committee, in the presence of APTED and the other groundsmen, it will be our painful duty never to let you have the Saturday half-holiday again.

Yours very truly,
ALVERSTONE.

MY DEAR LORD ALVERSTONE,—All I said was that I wouldn't accept the responsibility of captaining a team which consisted entirely of HARRISON, PLATT and DUCAT. No reason was given to me why the others weren't asked, and I think I ought to at least have been consulted, seeing that it was entirely owing to my captaincy that we won the last match. A lot of people look upon me as a sort of professional, instead of being a very young man with an experience and knowledge of the game unrivalled even by W. G. GRACE.

Yours sincerely,
JOHN N. CRAWFORD.

MY DEAR PROFUMO—I mean CRAWFORD,—My instructions are to the effect that, anyhow, you are quite old enough to know why all the Surrey professionals except three are in disgrace; if you didn't know, you ought to have guessed. The fact that they are playing to-day against Middlesex has nothing to do with it. If the wicket had been soft some of them would have been left out. *Will* you apologise? Yours faithfully,
ALVERSTONE.

MY DEAR LORD ALVERSTONE,—It is awfully nice of you to write me such jolly letters. The official captain, which I won't sully my pen with his name, only told me that HOBBS wasn't good enough for Surrey, and never said anything about the others. Under the circumstances I don't see why I should apologise to him or anybody—except NOBLE.

Yours sincerely,
JOHN N. CRAWFORD.

MY DEAR JACK,—Awfully sorry I hadn't time to nod to you when I saw you to-day, but the Committee have ordered me to cut you. I will write you a nice long letter when I get home.

Yours ever,
H. D. G. LEVESON-GOWER.

MY DEAR JACK,—I am amazed, revolted and disgusted at your conduct. To think that you should refer to *me* in this way in your letters to Lord ALVERSTONE, when you know how good I have always been to you! You bad boy! I shall tell STRUDWICK how wicked you have been. Under the circumstances I shall have to cancel your season ticket to the White City—and KIRALFY quite agrees with me in this. It is also obviously impossible that we should both go with the M.C.C. team to South Africa, and so I have asked the South Africans to choose which one of us they would rather played against them in Test Matches. They have unanimously chosen *me*. Yours ever,
H. D. G. LEVESON-GOWER.

DEAR CRAWFORD,—At a meeting of Surrey stockbrokers it was decided that the following resolution be sent to you:—

"That in view of young CRAWFORD'S refusal to play against the Australians, and the bad style and construction of his letters to Lord ALVERSTONE, he be asked never to play cricket again. And a jolly good riddance."

Yours sincerely,
W. FINDLAY.

DEAR FINDLAY,—Why I should be practically branded as a criminal for refusing to take the field eight short, when you might at least have thanked me for past services, I'm sure I don't know. Anyhow, I hope that others will do the same.

Yours for the last time,
JOHN N. CRAWFORD.

The Manchester Evening News on the Brighton walk:—

"Edwards has made great strides this season, and if his improvement has been maintained during the last few weeks the distance between Payne and himself should be considerably lessened."

He certainly couldn't do better than to keep on with his great strides.

Dogget's Cap and Jersey.

"The entry for Jerseys eclipsed anything known before, no fewer than 147 names being included in the catalogue. Mr. Pocock was not able to go himself."—*North Wilts Herald.*

A pity that he couldn't have had a shot for the jersey—he might have won it.

CONCERNING THE CAUSES OF THINGS.

I.—KISSING.

I KISSED HIM:—

Because he told me he was an orphan.
Because he looked so unhappy.
Because he gave me a bull-pup.
Because Elizabeth kissed him.
Because it was Bank Holiday.
Because he was going away for ever.
Because he came back for ever.
Because he had such nice curly hair.
Because he was an anti-vivisectionist.
Because he joined the Territorials.
Because he didn't like Dorothy's hat.
Because the light went out.
Because he dared me to.
Because he'd been bitten by a lion in Somaliland.
Because he made a hundred, not out.
Because he was a sailor.
Because; well, just because.

I kissed HER:—

Because she said no man had ever kissed her.
Because she was so kind to her mother.
Because our Christian names began with the same letter.
Because we both loved MARIE CORELLI.
Because she had red hair.
Because it was the first chance I'd had.
Because it was the last chance I'd get.
Because she was so sensible.
Because I always *had* kissed the girls in that family.
Because it was the first time I'd seen her with her hair up.
Because it was the first time I'd seen her with her hair down.
Because she had a dimple.
Because she dared me to.
Because she began to cry.
Because I heard someone coming.
Because I couldn't hear anyone coming.
Because; well, on general principles.

II.—MARRIAGE.

I married HIM:—

Because he said I was the only girl he had ever loved.
Because he was a vegetarian, a total-abstainer, and a non-smoker.
Because I didn't want Beatrice to get him.
Because I was tired of living at home.
Because he thought he understood women.
Because I thought I understood men.
Because he didn't know what I was aiming at, until it was too late.
Because he was a clerk in the War Office.
Because I wanted to reform him.
Because my people forbade me to.
Because he had a thousand a year.
Because I thought he'd be easy to manage.
Because he was the first man that proposed to me.

Because his brother was already married.
Because he read ALFRED AUSTIN'S poems so beautifully.
Because he looked so romantic.
Because I was thirty-four.
Because; well, I often ask myself why I did it.

I married HER:—

Because she was the first white girl I met after three years in Zululand.
Because I loved her.
Because I didn't meet her mother before we were married.
Because she had five thousand a year.
Because she was the daughter of a Cabinet Minister.
Because I proposed to her one night on the river.
Because she didn't talk silly rot about Art and Music.
Because she was such a jolly good sort.
Because I wanted to settle down.
Because I wanted to settle up.
Because a fellow can't help himself with that kind of girl.
Because I thought she understood me.
Because I thought I understood her.
Because she was beautiful.
Because Kate jilted me.
Because I wanted to put that ass Blankley's nose out of joint.
Because she told me she wasn't of a jealous disposition.
Because; well, hang it all, I really don't know why I did.

LOCOMOTIVE DRAMA.

WE are delighted to hear that the example set by M. MAETERLINCK in his recent production of *Macbeth* is to be emulated in the operations of the new Locomotive Theatre, Ltd., which will shortly open with an extensive classical and romantic repertory.

It will be remembered that at the Abbey of St. Wandrille at Caudebec-en-Caux the tragedy was "lived" rather than acted, the witches dancing in the moonlight round real cauldrons, the spectators who followed the actors from point to point having to travel a mile or two in pursuit of the *dramatis personæ*.

The directors of the Locomotive Theatre, realising to what an extent exercise conduces to the well-being of the spectators, have arranged that in every one of their productions the various scenes shall be represented in the actual places indicated by the authors.

Arrangements have accordingly been made for a production of *Macbeth* in Scotland, where, with the aid of motor-cars, dirigible balloons and other means of rapid transport, the audience will be able to cover several hundred miles during the progress of the drama, travelling from Forres to Fife and the English border with the utmost rapidity and convenience.

The claims of realism will be rigorously consulted in a variety of ways. Not only will real cauldrons be provided; but real brindled cats, hedgepigs and other animals will take part in the witches' orgies. The cast will include the Earl of CAWDOR, who has kindly placed his castle at the disposal of the company, the ghost of *Banquo* and other apparitions will be supplied by the Society of Psychical Research, and Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE will officiate as the Scotch Doctor.

Arrangements are also being made for the production of *Othello* on similar lines. As students of the immortal bard are well aware, the First Act takes place in Venice, while the scene for the rest of the play is laid at a seaport in Cyprus. Negotiations are accordingly on foot with the Italian Government and the Colonial Office with a view to fulfilling the dramatist's intentions, but it has not yet been decided whether the transference shall be effected by the North German Lloyd steamers or a fleet of dirigible balloons. The cast is not yet complete, but it is hoped to secure EL ROGHI to impersonate the Moor, the Duke of the ABRUZZI the *Duke of Venice*, and Miss ELKINS *Desdemona*.



"WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY ORCHARD?"
"IF YOU PLEASE, MA'AM, I JUST CAME TO SEE IF YOU WOULD LEND ME A FEW APPLES."

"In another instance they threw the carter's load about in Tib Street, unharnessed the horse, and put the animal back in the shafts tail first."—*Daily Dispatch.*

This is reported as being an "amusing feature of the picketing operations." Next time they must put the animal back head first and be really funny.

"The trained eye knows how to distinguish the plop of a water rat as it drops off the bank and disappears from sight from the sound made by a fish rising under the bank."
The Staffordshire Sentinel.

Cf. Chapter XXI., p. 314, of that anonymous masterpiece, *Plops I have Seen.*

A TRUE STORY.

THE Author feels quite justified in publishing the following correspondence, if only to show up to the Editor (as being the only man not directly implicated) the detestable character of a person who has hitherto traded upon a false reputation for fair and honest judgment.

The Author to the Man in the Street.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to inform you that I intend to tell you a story concerning *The Classification of John*, and wish particularly to call your attention to the fact that it is a true story.

Yours faithfully, THE AUTHOR.

The Man in the Street to the Author.

30*th Aug.*, 1909.

DEAR SIR,—I am in receipt of your letter of what (in the careless omission of a date) I assume to be the 29th inst., the contents of which are duly noted. In reply I have to inform you that I have no interest whatsoever in the affair, and that it is a matter of complete indifference to me whether the story concerning *The Classification of John* is a true one or a mere fabrication.

Yours truly,
THE MAN IN THE STREET.

The Author to the Man in the Street.

31*st Aug.*, 1909.

DEAR SIR,—Yours of the 30th inst. to hand. I must confess that I am surprised at the attitude you adopt. I cannot recollect a previous instance in which I have met with such an unblushing confession of indifference to the truth. However, I may at once state that I adhere to my intention of telling you the story concerning *The Classification of John*, and that no amount of prevarication on your part shall deter me from my purpose. In your reply please refer to "J. 1909 (T. S.)"

Yours truly, THE AUTHOR.

The Man in the Street to the Author.

1*st Sept.*, 1909.

J. 1909 (T. S.).

DEAR SIR,—In spite of the fact that you most improperly failed to lick the flap of the envelope containing your impertinent communication of the 31st ult., I am in receipt of the same, and have handed it, together with your other letter, to my solicitors. Anything further you may have to write on the matter, you will kindly address to them.

Yours truly,
THE MAN IN THE STREET.

The Author to the Solicitors of the Man in the Street.

2*nd Sept.*, 1909.

DEAR SIRS,—After a long and fruitless correspondence with the Man in the Street, I am now referred by him to you. Briefly to recapitulate the circumstances, I have the fixed determination of telling to someone (I do not care to whom) a story concerning *The Classification of John*, particularly emphasising the fact that the story is a true story. I understand that you will accept service of the same, and shall be glad to hear from you at your early convenience.

Yours truly, THE AUTHOR.

The Solicitors to the Author.

3*rd Sept.*, 1909.

Re Classification of John.

DEAR SIR,—We are in receipt of your letter of yesterday's date, but are at a loss to understand its contents. We make a point, in the interests of our clients, of being in receipt of letters, but being at a loss to understand their contents. This is of course without prejudice. Yours truly,

THE SOLICITORS.

The Author to the Solicitors.

(Don't Know.)

DEAR SIRS,—I am flabbergasted at the attitude *you* choose to adopt. In the face of such discourteous treatment I shall say no more, but proceed to tell the story, merely changing the name of the hero to satisfy the general lust for falsehood. Yours truly,

THE AUTHOR.

[1 Enclosure.]

THE CLASSIFICATION OF WILLIAM.

William, though not himself of an adventurous nature, was ever ready to oblige. When first his brother asked him to come out to West Africa and look for lions, William answered with considerable accuracy that he did not think that he had lost any. Later, in order to avoid argument, he consented to go, and together they set off to West Africa, or, if there are no lions in West Africa, then to East Africa.

Arrived there, they equipped themselves with rifles, food and a negro servant apiece, and started forth in their search for ungotten lions. Very soon, however, William and his negro got lost in the desert. Possibly there are no deserts in East Africa, in which case this all took place in any country you like where there are lions, negroes and deserts, but no signposts. Anyhow, they wandered about for some weeks together, managing to subsist by some means best known to themselves. There were discomforts and little awkwardnesses in the situation, but they managed to scrape along all right until the negro took it into his head to run amok. His idea of running amok was to dance round William with a long, naked knife.

William, roused to argument at last, disputed the propriety of this, and told his negro servant to go away and be quiet, but the latter merely replied irrelevantly:—"If you had not been a good master to me I would murder you."

"Go away," said William; and, thinking the matter was at an end, "Don't make a fool of yourself."

The negro ceased his dancing suddenly, and regarded William with a fixed eye. "I am not so sure," he said slowly, making a humorous grimace, "that you *have* been a good master to me."

The Solicitors to the Author.

6*th Sept.*, 1909.

DEAR SIR,—Referring to *The Classification of John* (alias *William*), we withhold comment until we have communicated with our client upon the matter. Meanwhile we may say that it reminds us of a little incident which happened to ourselves only the other day. We will write you to-morrow with full details.

Yours truly, THE SOLICITORS.

The Author to the Solicitors.

DEAR SIRS,—This correspondence must now cease. Yours firmly,

THE AUTHOR.

THE SUN AND THE SINGER.

The sky is absolutely bald,
No cloudlets spoil its iridescence,
The heat wave has begun to melt
The butter, and is being felt
By persons having what is called
A presence.

This is the day when those who choose
To make the god of sport their fetish
Are found on golf-links and on lawns,
With faces of the tint of prawns,
And growing ever, as they ooze,
More pettish.

But not the bard, whose tuneful shell
Is evermore Apollo's servant:
He shall not roam the fields and prod
Alluvial strata from the sod
Until his hide becomes too—well,
Too fervent.

He shall not wave (to suit your whim)
The ineffectual tennis racket,
Nor leave to some indignant fair,
Who muffs it with a mute despair,
The lob that came too high for him
To whack it.

Here on the lawn I mean to sit
While you indulge your gambols yonder;
Roofed by a tent of waving boughs,
My handkerchief across my brows,
And murmur to the Muse a bit,
And ponder.

Thus I believe those pastoral men,
Watching their tender goatlets eat thyme,
The bards of old were wont to lie
And weave their songs,—and so will I,
If one of you will wake me when
It 's tea-time.



LABOUR LOST.

Sympathetic Fast Bowler. "WHAT! HAS IT KNOCKED A TOOTH OUT, OLD CHAP? HARD LINES!"
Injured Batsman. "YES, AND I 'VE ONLY JUST HAD IT STOPPED TOO!"

THE IDLER.

I AM a keen motorist. I have got no nerves; they were all destroyed years ago. I am very fond of driving; indeed, I spend the best part of my day driving the largest car that is at present made. You may be very proud of your own car, but it is not nearly so large as mine. When I say that I can take sixteen people inside and eighteen on the top, you will see that this is no vain boast.

I have come to look upon myself as a fairly busy man. True, I do not start work much before eight and rarely continue after midnight, but while I am at it I have one or two little matters of some importance to attend to constantly. At a rough computation I should say that I have seven hands. I have never actually seen more than two of these, but I know that I can manage my steering-wheel, my gears, my lubrication, my hand-brake and my throttle all at the same time, and yet have one hand to spare to wave at intending passengers and another for my cigarette. But then, of course, the steering is not really difficult. All I have to do is to realise at the very first that it is impossible to get my little lot through, and to hope for the best. Now and then there does seem to be a spare foot or two of unoccupied space in the road, but that is generally filled by half-a-dozen taxicabs before I get there.

Bless you, I am quite used to these taxicabs, for there are always three pressing me on my right, three on my left, two nipping across in front of me, and six running into me behind. Very likely lots of them go underneath me, and I should not be surprised to learn that one or two jump over me.

I get plenty of time for quiet meditation, because the passengers always take great care to give me enough opportunities for stopping. They feel that the hills tire me, so they generally arrange to get on and off when I am halfway up. I appreciate the kindness with which they determine among themselves that no two of them get off at the same time. If this seems likely to occur, one of them stays behind, waits till I have got four or five yards further, and then makes me stop again. These little occasions I use for philosophic contemplation. The chief object that I contemplate philosophically is a ruined engine, the position from which I do so being usually on my back in the road. But there is always the motor-bus above me to keep the sun off. Of course I lo e money on these delays, but one cannot have one's holidays for nothing.

So much for myself. If you would only condescend, I should be delighted to see you any time you cared to come for a little jaunt on my motor. Choose a really wet day, stop me as suddenly as you can, and then watch me skidding. If we are lucky in our day, I and my 'bus will be carried into a private carriage driving on the wrong side of the road. The coachman will abuse me and the occupant of the carriage will abuse me. Then we shall all gather round and have a chat with a policeman, who also will abuse me. You, of course, will abuse me too, and (if you don't mind my giving you a little hint about the etiquette of these occasions) you will be doing the proper thing if you tell the policeman, and see that he takes it down in his notebook, that it was entirely my fault.

"Lord Lansdowne, speaking at Calne last night, denounced the Bridget."—*The Pioneer.*

One hears all sorts of stories about this lady.



District Visitor. "GOOD MORNING, MRS. PERKINS. I HOPE YOU ARE COMING TO THE UNIONIST ASSOCIATION GARDEN PARTY AT SIR ARCHIBALD'S THIS AFTERNOON, TO HEAR OUR CANDIDATE SPEAK?"

Mrs. Perkins. "WELL, NO; YOU SEE, MUM, MY NEIGHBOUR, MRS. 'OPKINS, SHE BELONGS TO THAT, SO I JOINED THE LIBERAL GOVERNMENT, SO WE CAN LOOK ARTER ONE ANOTHER'S BABIES WHILE T'OTHER'S AT MEETINGS."

THE TRUTHFUL ANGLER.

(A Confession to his Host.)

No, it was not with cunning, not with guile,
Not with the "far-flung battle line" of "Zulus,"
Threshing the stream for many a weary mile,
Waving my arm like one that hath a screw loose,—
Not thus that, while the midges murmuréd
Their mournful incantations round my head,
I took this monster from his ancient bed
Of cool ooze.

He did not leap all panther to the lure,
Rush at the hint of steel like Wall Street buyers,
Struggle for ages ere I had him sure,
And seek to foul me underneath the briars;
Jones would have told you that or some such myth,
So would a hundred of his craft and kith;
But I am WASHINGTON, where Jones and Smith
Are liars.

No, with a leaded line, deliberate, calm,
Standing behind a bush as I was bidden,
There in an evening hour of bats and balm,
When all the swollen flood was flotsam-ridden,
I towed him to his meritorious doom,
I and a fat red worm the undergroom
Had garnered over-night from (I presume)
The midden.

Heavy he came and bloated to his end,
A sheer dead lump to pull, and not a skilled haul,
Like some stout City merchant who must wend
(After the speeches and the wine have thrilled all)
His way to villadom, from where he sat,
Doing his duty by the turtle fat,
Helping to feast some high-souled hero at
The Guildhall.

(Homeric simile.) But ere I close
Observe once more the *triplex aes et robur*
Of this stout rodsman as compared with those
Who lie from early March to late October;
Though, had I not observed (with some chagrin)
That Jack, your son, was standing near the scene,
My story too had very likely been
Less sober.



DEUS CUM MACHINA.

LORD ROSEBERY (*emerging once more from his retirement*). "ANOTHER OF MY PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENTS!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.



"Banbury probed the depths of rare historical lore to find parallel to President of the Local Government Board."
(Rt. Hon. John Burns, as seen by Sir Frederick Banbury.)

House of Commons, Monday, August 30.—A night of discursive conversation, punctuated by the Closure. Housing and Town Planning Bill comes up for Committee. Runs to seventy-three clauses and six schedules. House allotted two days for Committee stage. Seems on face of it inadequate. Fact is last year Grand Committee, microcosm of House, sat for weeks shaping the ends of measure rough-hewn by Local Government Board. What 's the use of a Grand Committee if, after this, House is to go all through the work again?

Opposition small but expansive. In Division Lobby mustered thirty-six. Clogged paper with amendments. Met Bill on threshold of Committee with no fewer than ten Instructions. Had a single one been in order, the whole sitting might have been appropriated for discussing it. Speaker, Closure incarnate, made short work of the group. It was the old story of the Ten Little Niggers. Nine ruled out on point of Order "and then there was one." This also the ruthless Speaker smothered; "and," he added, "all the Instructions being out of order, I will now leave the Chair."

Which he forthwith did, spending a pleasant evening in his library with Plato, whilst Committee wrestled with Frederick Banbury, who, in absence of Prince Arthur, undertook to lead Opposition.

He probed the depths of rare historical lore to find parallel to President of Local Government Board. Came to conclusion that he was "a kind of Julius Cæsar." John Burns, blushing modestly, disclaimed honour thrust upon him.

Walter Guinness made excellent start. Seconding amendment for omission of Clause 1, which compulsorily endows Local Authorities with power to deal with unhealthy areas, he remarked:

"If this clause be adopted, Local Authorities will put up houses without assurance that they can make both ends meet."

John Bright once talked about impossibility of turning his back on himself. An easy achievement compared with problem here suggested. As Member for Sark points out, it is only during earthquakes that both ends of a house ever meet.

Hardest case of all Dickson-Poynder's. On Clause 30 conversation drifted into comparison between sanitary arrangements of continental cities and London. At end of hour's talk D.-P. interposed.

"I think, Mr. Emmott," he said, addressing the Chair, "it is time to come back to England from Paris and Berlin."

The moment he had landed, so to speak, on his native shore, prepared to enjoy its many privileges—to speak by the card having worked off the first sentence of what promised to be lengthy and interesting speech, Chairman rose and put the question. D.-P. abruptly subsided.

Banbury, making further study of the President of Local Government Board, desires to supplement his previous similitude. John Burns is not only "a kind of Julius Cæsar"; in his (Banbury's) opinion, he further resembles a Star Chamber President or (alternatively) an anonymous personage attached to the Court of Louis XVI.

More blushes from J. B. Has long been accustomed to being called names. Acknowledges that no effort in that direction equals fertility of resources of Member for the City.

Business done.—Between 3.30 and 11.30 fifty-two clauses of Housing and Town Planning Bill passed through Committee.

Tuesday. Never since *Dogberry* delivered his charge to the watch patrolling the streets of Messina has there been nearer parallel to the situation than is found in the case of the outraged House



FRA SLIPPO SLIPPI AT WORK.

"He would like to know whether the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the President of the Board of Trade had reached those unapproachable heights of public morality in which they could use language which, though it seemed absurd and almost hypocritical in the case of ordinary men, became natural and excusable in the mouths of *these political saints*."

of Commons and the peccant Duke of NORFOLK. Some weeks have elapsed since His Grace wrote encouraging missive to "My dear Profumo," Unionist candidate for the High Peak. In it SWIFT MACNEILL's quick eye detected breach of Privilege. Is there not solemnly passed at the opening of every Session an order forbidding Peers to interfere in Parliamentary Elections?

Long experience has shown that inevitable result of flaunting Breach of Privilege flag is to place Commons in ridiculous position. As sometimes happens, action of august assembly was in this case directed at level of wisdom of least discreet Member. Committee of Privileges appointed, with PRIME MINISTER in Chair, to consider the alleged naughtiness of NORFOLK. Decided to invite His Grace to make any observations that might occur to him. Hinted at desirability of his attendance in person. Duke wrote polite note to say he couldn't conceive what information the Committee required beyond what was common property. As to walking into their parlour, he presumed application would have to be made to the House of Lords.

This afternoon enquiry addressed to Treasury Bench elicits reply that PREMIER is not yet in position to present report on case.

Here the matter stands, and here comes the quotation from *Dogberry's* discourse, with a single verbal variation suited to the political times:—

Dogberry.—This is your charge. You are to bid any man stand in the Prince's name.

2 *Watch.*—How if a' will not stand?

Dogberry.—Why, then, take no note of him but let him go, and presently call the rest of the Watch together and thank God you are rid of a Duke.

Business done.—Another night in Committee on Town Planning Bill. With the regularity proverbially attributed to clockwork, blade of guillotine fell at seven and again at 10.30. At latter hour 156 amendments chopped off. Soon after midnight Bill through Committee.

Thursday.—It would not be true to speak of Captain CRAIG'S martial spirit as being subdued. It is certainly saddened by recent extraordinary procedure of Post Office. House has already by frequent questioning been made familiar with fact that accommodation for His Majesty's Post Office in Collinstown is located in a pigsty. Later information has reached the Captain which seriously aggravates the situation. Submitted it to House to-day in form of further question addressed to POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

"Can the right hon. gentleman state," the gallant Captain asked, fixing the hapless Minister with glowing eye, "if the pigsty has a chimney?"

As everyone knows, this convenience is common to pigsties in Ireland. In the West there frequently are in addition, SARK tells me, a fireplace, fire-irons, and, in some cases, settles within the spacious chimney upon which "the gintleman who pays the rint" may on winter evenings repose and mentally review the events of the day. If Captain CRAIG has been well informed—and on these matters he has established an enviable character for accuracy—the pigsty at Collinstown, wherein His Majesty's mails are received and distributed, has not even a chimney.

Painful to see POSTMASTER-GENERAL shuffling with the question. At the end of conversation, animated on the gallant Captain's part, House was left in doubt as to whether the pigsty has or has not a chimney. Captain CRAIG may be relied upon to remove uncertainty. In his hands it has become *the* Irish Question. SYDNEY BUXTON may just as well, sooner rather than later, make up his mind frankly to answer it.

Business done.—Lochaber—I mean the Budget Bill, once more.

"It was generally recognised in aviation circles last week that either the claims of Wembley Park must be sacrificed to Blackpool or that Wembley Park must give way to Blackpool."—*Daily Dispatch.*

It is a knotty question which will, we hope, be decided without blood.

A thought for to day:—

"Miss B. Fish looked nice in cream."—*Blackpool Herald.*

THE DONKEYS' PAGEANT.

By kind permission of the Earl of Mokehampton, K.T., the Donkeys' Pageant, which has been so eagerly anticipated, will be held in his grounds next week. The author of the book is Mr. L. Ascelles.

Tableau I. — EUCLID inventing his famous side-splitting Pons Asinorum.

Tableau II. — The Old Kent Road. Grand procession of costers and their donahs, each with his little moke. Selections from his répertoire by Mr. GUS ELEN, including a new song written for the occasion, beginning—

O I tell you 'e 's a treasure,
Is that artful little ass,
We call 'im Neddychadnezzar
Cos he 's such a king at grass.

You should see 'im in the barrer
On an August 'oliday,
Trots to Epping like an arrer,
Beats St. Martin all the way.

But when he starts a-braying you should 'ear 'im—well, I 'm blowed,
You can 'ear 'im from the Garding right away to Mile End Road.
I dunno wot 'e does it for, I dunno wot it means,
But it stands the onions' 'air on end and petrifies the greens.

And so on.

Tableau III. — The Hallie League Restaurant. Congress of rootarians, seedarians, messarians, cabbagarians and other reformers at a thistle soup orgy.

Tableau IV.—The invention of the Donkey-Engine. This intensely interesting episode will be graphically impersonated by the entire staff of the *Asinæum*.

Tableau V.—The apotheosis. *Bottom* the weaver in his ass's head sings "*The Vicar of Bray*," surrounded by all the famous asses of history, from the Golden Ass of APULEIUS to Sir —— ——.

TWO FABLES

I.—THE STOPPED CLOCK.

ONCE upon a time there was a discredited politician whose nostrums no longer took anyone in. And being thrown out of office he wandered about, seeking, like many men before him, for comfort and consolation among his inferiors. These, however, failing him, he passed on to the lower animals, and from them to the inanimate, until he came one day to a clock which, the works having been removed, consisted only of a case, a face, and two hands.

"Ha," said the politician, as he stood before it, "at last I have found something beyond question and argument more useless than myself. For you, my friend, are done. I, at any rate, still have life and movement. I can speak and act; I have a function still to perform in the world; whereas you are a mockery and a sham."

"Kindly," the clock replied, "refrain from associating me with yourself. I decline the comparison. Lifeless I may be, but not useless. For two separate moments every day I am absolutely right, and for some minutes approximately right; whereas you, Sir, are, have been, and will be, consistently wrong."

II.—THE SAGE.

A City was once besieged by a large and powerful army, and the inhabitants were reduced to severe straits and starvation. At length they were saved by an aged man who discovered a secret method of converting wood and stone into food by soaking it in a fluid of his own invention. So they ate up their houses and left only the walls of the city, and in course of time they were relieved by reinforcements. Then the chief men of the city seized the aged man and charged him with the destruction of their houses and public buildings, and demanded of him that he should tell them what they should do to restore their prosperity. "Continue," said he, "the use of the magical fluid, and devour now also the walls of your city. Then you need have no fear of conquering armies, because there will be no city for them to attack."



HINTS TO BEGINNERS.

IF, HAVING RENTED A DEER FOREST, YOU ARE CONTINUALLY STORM-STAYED, IT PASSES THE TIME AND IS A GOOD MENTAL EXERCISE TO CALCULATE EXACTLY HOW MUCH THE AMUSEMENT IS COSTING YOU PER MINUTE.

The very Farthest North.

"Dr. Cook's telegram to M. Lecointe states definitely that he reached the North Pole on the date mentioned above, and that he discovered land to the northward." *Daily Telegraph.*

We should like to hear what ETUKISIBOOK thinks of the country north of the North Pole.

Advt. in *The Birmingham Post*:—

"The Committee earnestly appeal to the public for increased Subscriptions, so that the Subscription List may be greatly increased."

You see the idea?

AT THE PLAY.

"MID-CHANNEL."

I AM not sure that Sir ARTHUR WING PINERO is quite innocent of false pretences in the matter of the title of his new play. *Mid-Channel* might have meant so much. It might have meant collisions in a fog, collapsing swimmers, submerged Lathams, or at least a touch of *mal-de-mer*, but it meant none of these things; any more than the POET LAUREATE meant them when he composed his batch of sonnets on the same marine neighbourhood. What the author meant was



COMFORT IN MID-CHANNEL.
Theodore Blundell . . MR. LYN HARDING.

that halfway between Folkestone and Boulogne there is a shoal where even in weather of the most halcyon the waters are ruffled. It is an allegory. It illustrates a certain type of marriage. Sir WING has noticed that after a couple have been married about fourteen years or so, and all has hitherto been smooth sailing, there comes a period when the waters of conjugal union are troubled and the two feel a bit sick of one another. Get over this period, by sitting tight or holding on patiently to the nearest fixed object, and you will soon be in quiet water again, with a clear run before you on a calm course of progressive jubilees. On the other hand, jump overboard and you will regret it, for at the best you may lose your hat and are sure to get your other clothes wet, and at the worst you will be drowned, for the shoal is not so shallow that you can stand on the floor of it with any comfort.

All this takes a lot of explanation in a play, and the only flaw in the smoothness of the author's construction was when he stopped *Peter Mottram* in the middle of an exit and dragged him back by the hair for the express purpose of throwing off a solution of the titular allegory. Mr. LOWNE, who played the congenial part of *Peter* (a friend of both parties) with a very perfect felicity, had in his répertoire a large assortment of excellent advice, part earnest, part banter, including several hallowed platitudes, on whose antiquity the author was the first to remark; but when he had to work off this homily on the title for general future reference I nearly mistook him for a prig and a bore.

Before leaving the Mid-Channel theory, which doesn't quite hold water when you look at it closely, let me say that the lady ultimately throws herself overboard. I am glad that Sir WING had the courage to make her do this, for an early scene made it clear, and the lurid course of subsequent events made it clearer still, that even if she and her husband had weathered the shoal there would have been some dreadfully choppy water waiting for them between there and Boulogne.

The play must rank with the author's best. Its dialogue did not err on the side of terseness, but it was so brilliantly rendered, and nearly always so natural in its fluency, that our attention never faltered. Less interest was to be got out of the fate of the three leading characters (two, if not more of them, seemed tainted with a rather superfluous vulgarity), but the sneaking tenderness which husband and wife retained for one another in the course of their separation and mutual infidelities made us hope forlornly, against our better judgment, that they might patch up their quarrel. Still, I am afraid I was not as much "purified by pity" as I should like to have been, for the estranged pair were hardly worth it, and I could not get myself to worry properly about the girl whose lover was nearly sacrificed to the married woman. Somehow she failed to contribute her right share to the irony of things.

Miss IRENE VANBRUGH was almost better than herself, especially in the quick play of light and shade in the earlier scenes, when there was more chance for the contrast of emotions.

Mr. LYN HARDING, as the husband, was not supposed to be too refined for the Stock Exchange, but there was no need for him to look so much like a professional bruiser. Now and then he was perhaps a little lacking in finesse, and hovered on the verge of melodrama; but it was a good performance in a vein not quite his own.

Mr. MATURIN, as the lover, a part which was just a little beyond him, was too angular, but he also did some good things. Miss NINA SEVENING was the erring *Mrs. Annerly*, and had one very nice speech:—"I'm sure I don't want to get into the Divorce Court again. I hate the hole." But she is not built for an adventuress.

As for *Lena*, the lady's-maid, I must suppose that she said and did what Sir ARTHUR meant her to, but most of it looked and sounded very improbable. I speak without peculiar knowledge, having never made more than one careful study of this type; but I suspect that my inexperience is shared by the author.

To whom, and to his interpreters, and to Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, who schooled them, my best compliments on a fine piece of work. O. S.

"ARSÈNE LUPIN."

Arsène Lupin was a very bad boy. In the Fourth Act we are told that he began his career of crime at quite an early age by stealing sugar and jam. It must have been *quite* an early age, for



SENTIMENT AMONG THIEVES.
Arsène. "Sonia, you have stolen my heart."
Sonia. "Well, what else was there to take? You should have worn a tie-pin."
Sonia . . . . . MISS ALEXANDRA CARLISLE.
Duc de Charmerace MR. GERALD DU MAURIER.

I have read e'sewhere that when only six he stole a diamond necklace, and (as the vulgar say) popped the stones. Yet do not judge him harshly. Remember that he had the artist's love for the beautiful, the politician's desire that wealth should be properly distributed.

Arsène, masquerading as the *Duc de Charmerace*, was betrothed to *Germaine Gournay-Martin*, but fell in love with her hired companion, *Sonia*. *Sonia*, as it happened, was also a thief; but again I must ask you to reserve your judgment. *Sonia*, with the necessity for living staring her in the face, had had the choice of selling her honour or some-



THE MOTOR ALARM.

STUDY OF A SCHEME FOR EXTENDING THE USEFULNESS OF CHURCH-TOWERS, BLACKSMITHS' BELLOWS, AND THE DAUGHTERS OF THE CLERGY.

body else's jewels, and rightly chose the latter. That was a long time ago; but even as recently as the First Act she took *Germaine's* pearls. The reasons she gave the *Duc* in the next Act for her conduct were unconvincing; still more unconvincing her assurance that she had stolen nothing since she loved him; at best she would only have had time to pinch his watch. Yet there can be no doubt that both he and she were good at heart, and that thieving is a fine profession.

Having swept away the moral difficulty we may now settle down to enjoy the play. The first two Acts are merely to prepare you for the last two, when the great duel of wits, revolvers, handcuffs, and bombs takes place between *Arsène Lupin*, the world-famous gentleman thief, and *Guerchard*, the world-famous detective. In the First Act, for instance, some quite ordinary thieves come on with the object of deceiving you as to the identity of the real burglar. It had that effect on the small boy behind me, for I overheard him betting that it was *Anastase*. It didn't deceive me; I knew it was GERALD DU MAURIER. Mr. DU MAURIER was playing the part of the *Duc de Charmerace*?—then the *Duc* was *Arsène Lupin*.

But the Third and Fourth Acts are properly thrilling. Revolvers are pulled out, handcuffs are burst open (I didn't know that this was done much. Neither, by the way, did *Guerchard*—I never saw a man so surprised), bombs are threatened, and secret passages disclosed. Through it all go Mr. DU MAURIER and Mr. DENNIS EADIE as cool as you please; and when in the end *Arsène* escapes in *Guerchard's* own motor with *Sonia* (Miss ALEXANDRA CARLISLE) at his side the cheering is terrific. "By Raffles, a proper pair of villains."

Only it is a mistake to try to whitewash your villains. M.

GREAT INTERNATIONAL POLITENESS TOURNAMENT.

WE are glad to be able to announce that, as a result of the recent correspondence on the subject in *The Daily Error* and other leading journals, arrangements are now on foot for a grand International Politeness Congress and Tournament, which will be held in London some time during the next summer.

From a rough prospectus which has been kindly forwarded to us by the promoters, we gather that a series of searching tests will be instituted, amongst which we may specially notice the "Post Office Ordeal" and a contest in courtesy between booking-office clerks.

Another very interesting and opportune competition will be restricted to Radical and Socialist Politicians. A real live Duke, of the most atrocious character, will be placed on a platform wearing the insignia of his order, and the competitors will be called upon to vie with each other in a contest of delicate eulogy. Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE and Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL have kindly consented to act as adjudicators.

The Corn-stampers' Test will also impose a severe strain on the equanimity of the contestants, who will only be allowed to wear sand-shoes, while the stamping will be done by specially selected operators weighing not less than 17 stone and equipped with hobnailed boots of several horse-power.

Prizes will also be given to the most tactful Tax-collector, the perfect policeman, the most benevolent 'bus-conductor, and medals for gentleness to jostlers and courtesy to cats.

"Cries for a speech from some of the Australians were raised; but the Colonials preferred to remain modestly in the background; the crowd would not be satisfied, however, until Mr. Gregory and Mr. Bardsley had come forward and bowled their acknowledgments."—*Sussex Daily News.*

We understand that they bowled them with a strong swerve from the leg.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT is some time since Mr. BASIL LUBBOCK published *Round the Horn before the Mast*, a book which was welcomed immediately as the work of one of those rare authors, such as Mr. JOSEPH CONRAD and Mr. FRANK T. BULLEN, who mix their colours with real sea-water, as distinct from those who merely drop a pinch of salt into the paint-pot. With *Deep Sea Warriors* (METHUEN) Mr. LUBBOCK justifies his earlier welcome. It is the log of an English officer who for a wager ships as a seaman and spends his furlough on a voyage from India to the Cape. He poses as a novice, with just that amount of nautical experience which belongs to the enthusiastic amateur yachtsman, but every page proclaims the man to whom the call of the sea is irresistible. Mr. LUBBOCK, of course, writes from personal experience of the life which he has himself gone out of his way to adopt. Much of the interest of the narrative lies in the author's portrayal of sea life in its effects on a number of widely different types of character. He describes a ship which has a reputation for bad luck and worse food. Such a ship attracts for the most part seamen who cannot pick and choose, and the crew is consequently a very mixed company. The captain is an opium-smoker, the first mate a Yankee, hard as nails, yet with tender spots in places; and the rest are, in the mate's words, "half babes, half savages," among whom the hardest hitter gets fewest knocks. The book is a record of their doings, and a record so vivid that to read it is almost as good as to live through it. Indeed, for a landsman, I'm not sure that it isn't better.



THE CIVILISATION OF AFRICA—THE LAST LION.

In *Fancy O'Brien* (from CHAPMAN AND HALL)
Miss ELLA MACMAHON has written
A tale which is like to be wormwood and gall
(More or less) to the average Briton.

A youth of Old Ireland exhibits a bent
As a bounder unblushing and thorough—
Result, in the main, of a holiday spent
In Blackpool's salubrious borough.

His thoughts and his doings are sordid, and end
In a climax that's fitting, though gory—
A sombre recital in spite of the blend
Of Hibernian wit with the story.

Take a liberal amount of love and a small quantity of licence, serve with Court sauce, add a flavouring of Royalty and season to taste,—this seems to be the usual recipe for the making of historical novels. But if there is little scope for originality in this kind of fiction, the maker of the historical dish can still find his opportunity in the mixing of his ingredients, and with Mr. HAMILTON DRUMMOND'S treatment of *Shoes of Gold* (PAUL) it is impossible to be captious. *Monsieur de Saintonge*, the penniless nephew of a rich, parsimonious uncle, fared ill at the Court of LOUIS XV. Too poor to dress himself becomingly, he was the butt of Versailles, where "the one unforgivable sin was to be ridiculous." Despatched, however, to Russia on what I will—by stretching the truth to its limits—dignify with the name of a diplomatic mission, and dressed no longer in tatters, he filled a position which, although extremely precarious, was infinitely preferable to his former post. Ordinary stuff, no doubt, but it is very well served. The minds of men are exercised as well as their muscles, and the movement of the story is not accompanied everlastingly by the music of clashing weapons. Indeed, Mr. DRUMMOND has so nice a sense of style and his reflections upon life are so sane, that I think he is wasting his time in dealing with Court intrigues.

Excuse me, Mr. RICHARD MARSH, but may I just have a word with you about *The Girl in the Blue Dress* (LONG)? I don't know whether you have read her; anyhow, you have written her, and that is good enough for me. In the first place, is not the short story used too much nowadays as a makeshift for overworked novelists, rather than as a medium of a peculiar art? In the second place, if you don't mind my saying so (and even if you do), are you not growing a little too free with your stolen necklaces and your apt coincidences? In the third place, however, is there not a sufficient combination of excitement and quiet humour in these stories to justify me in recommending them to ardent magazine readers as being of at least as good a quality as anything they will find in the current illustrated monthlies? There is, indeed, and I make the recommendation. But farther than that I cannot go. No, not an inch. Good morning, Mr. MARSH.

The Daily Chronicle has conceived the idea, brilliant in its novelty, of publishing a parody on FITZGERALD'S version of OMAR. It is entitled "The Budgai'at of I'm a-Khrying." This remarkable word-play (for the striking similarity between the sounds of Omar Khayyam and I'm a-Khrying can escape no sensitive ear) still leaves us unchanged in our opinion that *The Daily Chronicle's* humour is at its best when unintentional.

From Aberdour Notes in the *Fife Free Press*:—

"Excellent weather conditions favoured the 52nd annual regatta held at Aberdour on Saturday, and there was a large exodus of visitors."

The regatta doesn't seem to have been very popular; unless, perhaps, "exodus" is a mistake for "Numbers."

"I do not claim to possess the key to the problem of life and thought, or the secret of evolution."—M. BRIEUX in *The Daily Mail*.

The modesty of our great men is proverbial.

CHARIVARIA.

"POLE reached. Roosevelt safe," cabled Commander PEARY. Big Game in Africa seems to have got wind of this new triumph of the American flag, and to be treating the ex-President with increased respect.

* * *

Last week a party of Suffragettes scaled the walls at Lympne Castle, Hythe, where Mr. ASQUITH was residing, broke the windows, and did other damage. Yet Mr. ASQUITH still refuses to give them the vote. This surely is sheer obstinacy.

* * *

Mr. BIRRELL describes the Budget as "a tooth-extracting machine." We cannot help thinking that some members of the Government are using an excessive amount of gas.

* * *

Mr. ALFRED MOND, M.P., says that he feels it almost a disgrace to belong to a class—the rich—who take such short-sighted, selfish views of our national, communal needs. Cheer up, Mr. MOND. It won't be for long. The next Socialist Government will do its best to relieve you of the source of your bitter shame.

* * *

Proof is at last forthcoming of the statement that the rate at which Germany could have her *Dreadnoughts* ready for action has been grossly exaggerated. The *Westfalen* has found it impossible to make the passage down the Weser from the construction yard to the open sea, and will be obliged to remain in dock for fully four weeks until the next spring tides.

* * *

As the result of diplomatic representations MULAI HAFID is to treat the Pretender with greater leniency, and it is rumoured that, instead of being hanged, drawn, and quartered, the distinguished prisoner will only be drawn and quartered.

* * *

Tobacco, it is said, is gradually being ousted by sweets. We fancy, however, that it will be some little time before it will be a common sight to see men about town walking down Pall Mall with a sugar-stick in the mouth instead of a cigarette.

* * *

"The male sex, as a whole, shows far less independence about clothing itself than the female," says *The Lady*. "Even in the matter of colour men bow slavishly to the fashion." Black men, for instance, are rather out of fashion just now.

* * *

The People's Friend advocates that motorists should now and then give pedestrians a lift, as a means of abating prejudice against motor-cars. And yet our experience is that it is just those persons who have been picked off their feet by a car who become the most rabid opponents of this method of locomotion.

* * *

"Brain work," says *The Family Doctor*, "should be forbidden after dinner." A well-known author, who never writes except in the evening, has long anticipated this advice.

* * *

The house-surgeon was surveying the newly arrived out-patient. One eye was bandaged and the other blackened, there were ugly scars on his forehead, and a piece was missing from his left ear. "Had a fair knocking about?" remarked the house surgeon. The sufferer's face lighted up. "T'other bloke 's a *hin*-patient," he said.



Servant (who has been sent to chastise a stray cat for stalking chickens). "I—COULDN'T—CATCH 'IM—MUM—FOR THE NEARER I GOT TO 'IM—THE FURTHER 'E GOT AWAY."

Extract from a pathetic letter in a country paper:—

"Ever since I have known starlings, I have noticed that their habits seem to have deteriorated."

The society of the writer seems to have been too much for them.

From an Edinburgh paper's report of a shooting-match:

"At luncheon time the Royal Scots led by 19 pints."

We can only faintly imagine what they led by at the end of luncheon.

THE BATTLE OF THE POLE.

TO DR. COOK ONCE MORE.

LAST week the world was at your beck;
We saw you fêted, mobbed and fed;
'Twas roses, roses round your neck,
And Copenhagen off its head,
And Princes putting bumpers down
To mark their sense of your renown.

To-day the bakéd meats are off,
The streams of medals cease to flow,
And maffickers remain to scoff,
Saying, "We always told you so;"
And just because Commander PEARY
Adds to your claims an awkward query.

He too, it seems, surveyed the place,
And, though he made a careful search
For tubes and footprints, found no trace
Of you about the Pole (or perch);
Indeed he hints our Arctic flier
Is little better than a liar.

'Twas *he* who fared through glacial fogs
And nailed "Old Glory" to the Pole;
You merely went and pinched his dogs
And took a trifling northward stroll;
(I fear ETUKISHOOK and Co.
Have been and given away the show).

So far from having reached the spot
Where he put in a recent call,
He says you never even got
Anywhere near the scene at all;
That 's his account; it only shows
How leaky are the Eskimos.

He wires to Mrs. P. to say,
"I have him nailed" (another *clou*!)
Omitting in his kindly way
To mention what he 'd nailed you to;
It cost his generous heart a pang
To use this piece of Polar slang.

For me, I leave, with great content,
The task of telling black from white
To partisan arbitrament—
The Cookster and the Pearyite:
Let them decide—it 's their dispute—
Which gets the bulge and which the boot.

At worst it means a civil feud—
This lot alleging you have lied,
While that, becoming almost rude,
Heaves carrion at the other side,
And calls your rival record-breaker
A fetid tough, a champion faker.

Meanwhile at home we well may thank
Our stars that it did not occur
To one of you to be a Yank,
And one by birth a Britisher;
U. S. would now be arming for
A long and bloody Polar War.

O. S.

"Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, Suffragist, was struck off Division 3, at Chelsea, which contains the Local Government list, on the ground that she had removed from Cheyne-walk."—*Daily Paper.*

"Sylvia, this day I will disfranchise thee," as SHAKSPEARE very nearly said in *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act III., Scene 1.

THE IDEAL DENTIST.

["THE idea behind the construction of the ideal dentist's surgery shown at the International Exhibition of the Society of Extractors and Adapters of Teeth, now being held at the Horticultural Hall, Westminster, is to charm the senses of a patient, and to keep out of sight anything that would suggest a dentist's operating-room. Tasteful pictures hang upon the art-papered walls; footsteps are deadened by a thick pile carpet; finely inlaid furniture fills the room, with a luxurious easy-chair in the centre. Every instrument is hidden. The paraphernalia of the profession repose in a mirrored cabinet, which opens noiselessly. . . . The usual drilling machine is absent. In its place is a suspended silvered globe, from which hangs a flexible tube, which is worked by an electric motor secreted in the wall, with even the switch hidden. No customary dentist's basin is there, but a bowl like a pedestal rose-bowl. Even the anæsthetic bag appears disguised as a large silk handkerchief."—*Daily Mail.*]

Which is all quite charming, so far as the ideal operating-room is concerned. But if the Ideal Dentist is to live up to his surroundings he will surely require some appropriate small talk for professional purposes.

Mr. Punch begs to submit some specimen sentences which he trusts will be found suitable to any ordinary requirements. He makes no charge for them.

"How do you do, my dear Sir? Most friendly of you to look in on me like this. . . . You find me quite alone, as you see. . . . No, I am not particularly busy—at *present*. . .

"This is what I call my 'Snuggery.' . . . You are very kind; I have done my best to make it a really pleasant apartment. . . .

"A 'New Art' wall-paper, you observe. The pattern is perhaps just a trifle wriggly, but it grows on you. I see you are struck by that view of the '*Dent du Midi*.' Magnificently drawn, is it not? . . . Yes, I have attempted it myself many a time with a pick, though I must confess that hitherto it has resisted all my assaults. . . . On the whole I consider the Lösfang more accessible, while the Milchzahn is, of course, the merest child's play. But evidently you are not an enthusiast. . . .

"That cabinet? Yes, it *is* an antique. Beautifully inlaid with ivory and steel. . . . Inside it? Oh, well, nothing particular, *bric-à-brac* of sorts. . . . I shall hope to have the pleasure of showing you one or two of them before you go. . . . No, I shouldn't call myself a *connoisseur*, precisely. If I *have* a hobby, it 's collecting objects in ancient ivory—if you know what I mean. . . . No, it is not difficult to get hold of them—if you are anything of an expert.

"Pardon me, that is *not* a basin. I should rather describe it as a 'Rose-bowl,' supported, as you perceive, on an ornamental pedestal of—let me *see*, now, is it *Jasper?* No, I 'm wrong—*Bloodstone*, of course. . . . Perforated, is it? Why, bless me, now I come to look at it, so it *is!* I wonder *why*.

"*Do* sit down. I am sure you must need a rest. This is not a chair which I am in the habit of occupying myself, but still I trust you will find it fairly comfortable.

"Believe me, I fully understand that you have come here on serious business, not merely to gossip. You have only to open your mouth, my dear Sir, and you will find me all attention. . . .

"Why have I attached an electric searchlight to my forehead? Well, really, I hardly know. *Habit*, I suppose. From no idle curiosity, I assure you. Nor yet conceit, though you must admit that it is a decorative form of head-dress. And you would hardly believe how it amuses the children!

"H'm—dear me—tut-tut-tut! Excuse me a moment. . . . No, I am merely going through my cabinet of curios. . . . Isn't this one charming? Such a delicate feeling in it!

"Eh? That little silvered globe suspended there? Ah, I *thought* that would appeal to you. 'Cinque-cento' work,



THE TACTICIAN.

THE BUDGET BOY. "BUT SUPPOSING HE WANTS TO EAT ME UP?"

UNCLE ASQUITH. "IT'LL BE THE GREATEST MISTAKE HE EVER MADE IN HIS LIFE. I'VE ONLY BEEN WAITING FOR A REALLY GOOD EXCUSE TO DESTROY HIM."



Absent-minded Detective. "SPEAK UP, PLEASE!"

that is—engraved with a classical subject in low relief, 'Cadmus sowing the dragon's teeth.' Singular fancy, is it not? Wonder what on earth put it into the artist fellow's head. . . . Allow me to bring it a little closer. . . . Really, I think you *must* be mistaken. It *can't* be causing you any really acute discomfort, because it's quite impossible to see the switch that turns on the motor. . . . Drilling a hole in your front tooth, is it? You don't *say* so! How *very* odd! But these things *will* happen occasionally—and after all, my dear Sir, what you lose in ivory you will gain in gold. We Adapters of Teeth are the modern alchemists, if you'll excuse the flight of fancy. . . . Pray consider yourself at perfect liberty to sing out if you feel so inclined. . . . You cannot out-sing my canary.

"And now let me recommend you to take one more look at the Rose-bowl. . . .

"Ha! here we come to the—ah—*fons et origo mali*. Do you know, my dear Sir, I'm *afraid* I must ask you to leave this entirely in *my* hands. . . . Let me introduce you to my medical assistant. You will find him excellent company. . . . What is he showing you? Oh, merely a silk handkerchief. The design is quite artistic, is it not? What people used to call 'æsthetic,' do you think? You may be perfectly right—still I should have said myself that it was quite the reverse. But deliciously perfumed. Try it—just one sniff. . . .

"I will detain you no longer, my dear Sir. I have enjoyed our little *tête-à-tête* immensely. . . . Pray don't *think* of it! I am more than repaid already by the pleasure of your society. . . . However, of course, if you—— Forgive me, *not* three guineas—*four*. You are doubtless unaware of it, but in the first stage of recovery from the anæsthetic you blacked my medical assistant's eye and knocked me flat under the Elizabethan buffet. . . . Oh, not at all. Don't mention it. We were only too delighted to observe *any* symptoms of returning animation. . . . *Good*-bye. You mustn't let so long a time pass before you pay me your *next* visit. And *do* notice the umbrella-stand on your way out—pure fourteenth-century Gothic!" F. A.

ARCTIC ITEMS.

(From "The North Pole Daily Frost.")

TOURIST.—The tourist season opened early this year, our first visitor arriving on April 6. It will be remembered that last year the rush for the Pole commenced on April 21.

TO LET.—The North Pole (just off) old-fashioned snow-bungalow standing on its own floe. One kitchen-bed-sitting-room. Suit family of nine. Southern exposure on four sides.

WANTED.—Great Northern Hotel, Peary Avenue, night-porter; hours September to March. Six months' holiday annually. Protestant, sober, sleep out; salary to suitable man two walrus tusks and eight dried penguin per month.

CAN any Lady recommend single-handed housemaid for small family in ice-cave, must help with fur-repairing, but all thawing sent out.

BLUBBER.—For indigestion try our Pasteurised Jersey Whale Blubber. No cooking required. Sold only in two-pound blocks.

WHY eat cold food when one bear-tooth will buy you a pound of our patent THERMOXO?

CANDLES.—The most suitable Christmas present for a Lady is a package of our carefully matured tallow candles. If used as an illuminant one of our candles will maintain a one-candle-power light until consumed; if used as a condiment it will supply more than three times as much nourishment as an equal bulk of whale-bone.

FOR SALE.—One-third share in the smell of a musk-ox, healthy young animal, whose scent can be perceived at a distance of five furlongs in the face of a six-mile breeze.

LECTURE.—On December 12 Professor Kosplatnik, the famous equatorial explorer, will deliver an open-air address upon "How I nailed the North Pole flag to the Equator."

LOST.—A metal cylinder containing a record of the discovery of the North Pole. Suitable reward offered by the owner.

THE UNEARNED INCREMENT.

PEOPLE pass me in the street without a second glance; sometimes even—I can't say why—with a slightly amused smile. And yet, did they but know it, I am no common man. I have done what no one ever did before—what, in all human probability, no one will ever do again.

It happened this summer, when I was staying in the country with the Plimpleys. (Quite a respectable family. At least, they have gryphons on their gate-posts.) When I had been there three days, and had beaten them all at golf-croquet, I asked if there was such a thing as a *Bradshaw* in the House. "Oh, but," they said, "you must stop for our Church Bazaar to-morrow. *Such* fun." It seemed that the parishioners of Market Shortwayte had recklessly built a Gothic cottage for their sexton, and now owed £429 13*s.* 1*d.* for it. So I stayed.

When we got into the marquee the Plimpleys, to a woman, deserted me, and I stood stranded in a circling throng till a girl came up to me with something large and smooth and round, worked all over with white cauliflowers.

"You *will* buy it, won't you?" she said.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Only ten shillings."

"Yes, but *what* is it?" I persisted.

"Why, a cushion, of course," said she.

"Sorry," said I, "but my size is nines." So I lost her, and went and stood by a lucky-tub, where a female bevy was fishing, with loud shrieks, for parcels, at a shilling a bite: sheer gambling—horrid! I turned to a grim, military-looking person who was watching with apparent disapproval, and said, "Tut, tut, this sort of thing"—I had met him the day before at the Squire's but hadn't a notion who he was—"this sort of thing makes one almost sigh for Dis-establishment—what?"

It was a bad effort, because he happened to be the patron of the living, and vicar's warden, and all that. So I lost *him;* and then a girl came up to me with a sort of camp-bed—same girl and same cushion, in fact.

"Won't you change your mind?" she said.

"I have changed it," said I; "I thought they were cauliflowers, and now I believe they are pine-apples."

"Oh! you're horrid," she said. So we parted again, and I drifted up to the end where the band (brass) was playing a selection of ecclesiastical music. At least, "The Gadabout Girl." But, the breeze from a bombardon setting in too stiffly for me, even with my collar up, I won through to the Art Gallery. You know the sort of thing—a framed receipt for overweight luggage labelled "The Last Charge at Waterloo," and so on.

"Tut, tut," I said to the curate-showman, "if the Church encourages you to do this, my boy, I shall have to think about voting for Dis-estab——" And then I found the patron of the living beside me, eyeing me suspiciously askance. *Real* Pan-Anglicans rather terrify me—I always suspect them of a hankering after thumbscrews; so I went out again; and *she* came round for the third time.

"It's getting shop-soiled," I said. "Better have your Summer Sale, and let it go at half-price."

"Oh! you *are* horrid," she said; but she smiled (such a kind face), and I wandered away upon a disconsolate search for Plimpleys.

Next time she came round it was green; it had been red before.

"This is the other side of it," she explained.

"Heavens! ... Well, at any rate I know the worst now," said I. And then the arrival of a plethoric gentleman in gaiters and a black apron threw the tent into a state of seething excitement, and we had to look to ourselves. By the time I had straightened my collar and tie and recovered my hat she stood before me once more.

"Look here," I said, "you're the ninth girl with a cushion—Oh! it's you! No, not to-day, thank you." But the next time we met, as I couldn't think of anything more to say, I bought it for ten shillings. "And will you kindly put it in paper for me?" I said.

"Hold it while I go and look for a *Telegraph*," she commanded, and straightway deserted me.

Shortly afterwards, catching sight of a Plimpley at last, I made towards her eagerly, to ask if I might go home and have a quiet cry. Without a sign of recognition she turned from me and deliberately got lost again! I tried to approach others; I thirsted for human companionship; but I had become an outcast. People thought I wanted to sell It. Cowards! Oh! the cowards!

When I was at my very lowest a voice sounded mockingly in my ear: "Aren't you glad you came?"

I scowled fiercely, and she passed on with a pink-and-purple tea-cosy.

The slow minutes wore on, and there seemed nothing in all the world to do but cast my cushion down on some unoccupied spot and sit on it. I was debating whether to do this, or to jam it suddenly into the trumpet of the gramophone that had opened fire on my left, raise the wild war-cry of my clan, and make a dash for freedom, when a lady in front of me put up her lorgnette and studied my cushion with a cold and passionless gaze.

"Mildred," she said to her daughter,—who was old enough, as even Miss SUTTON would admit; but no matter—"Mildred, ask that young man the price of his cushion."

At that—perhaps it was something in the tone of her voice—an inexplicable longing to show my independence assailed me; to look her straight in the eyeglasses and say: "No, madam, no. Take your paltry money elsewhere. *Civis Romanus sum*,—and it's my cushion. A large thing, but mine own." But as I stood there, bowed down like a man grown prematurely old, holding up my incubus desperately with both hands by a fold of its skin, my spirit weakened.

"What is the price of that cushion, please?" said Mildred frostily.

"Fifteen shillings spot cash," I replied. "Thank you."

They took it from me. Somehow they took it from me, and I stood erect again, a free man. Oh! the blessedness of that moment! Free, free, and with the best years of my life, perhaps, still before me. I plunged gaily into the thick of the crowd, I laughed aloud, I no longer minded the band. . . .

Then came a fleeting vision of purple-and-pink, and an anxious voice in my ear: "Good gracious! whatever have you done with *It?*"

"Sold it again," I said triumphantly, "for fifteen shillings."

"*No!* The Vicar *will* be pleased," she exclaimed.

"I don't see why he should be," I answered coldly, and so pushed on, heedless of the troubled wonder in her eyes.

Well, others may fly the Channel or wander hungrily in absurd realms of ice. I will not belittle their achievements. But I am the only man who ever walked out of a Church Bazaar richer than he entered it.

That is my title to Fame. I am content to let it rest at that.

From a circular distributed by the School Board of Glasgow:

"Arrangements have been made to form Classes in which special attention will be given to English, Grammer, and Composition."

For the moment let us confine ourselves to spelling.

Modern English.

"Aviation" is vexation,
"Dirigible" is as bad,
The "monoplane" is quite insane,
And "aero" drives me mad.

The Journalistic Touch.

"At this time of year wasps are a subject of perennial interest."—*The Daily Telegraph.*

HUBERT WRENCH.

AN ESSAY IN UNCTION.

[With acknowledgments to Mr. RAYMOND BLATHWAYT's appreciation of Mr. HUBERT TRENCH in a contemporary.]

OF all the figures who have recently swum into the histrionic ken, none is more arresting than Mr. HUBERT WRENCH, the new tenant of the Pall Mall Theatre. His is truly a luminous personality, with his Titanic Michelangelesque torso, and those piercing velvety black eyes which remind one by turns of the aquiline optics of the Ancient Mariner and the most powerful BLÉRIOT acetylene lamp. As a youth he was a famous athlete, renowned for tossing the caber and heaving the hundredweight—he represented the University of Oxford in both of these events, and established a record in his last year by hurling the caber amongst the spectators and seriously injuring the Prime Warden of New College. Viewed from an anthropometric standpoint, again, he is a man of singular and massive proportions, measuring no less than two inches more round the head, six inches round the chest and four round the calf, than Mr. HALL CAINE.

But enough of externals. It is the exuberant mentality of the new director that lends him his chief charm. Bred up on the classics he had translated PERSIUS into Maeso-Gothic before he entered his teens, and had set the paradigms of τύπτω to music before he left them. On leaving Oxford, where he was one of the most notorious "bloods" of the Bullingdom Club, and took a double First, HUBERT WRENCH studied bombination at Barcelona, Esperanto at the Cape of Good Hope, double bass at Burton, and jiujitsu at Tokio. For many years a highly-placed official on the Board of Education, he had a third of England under his control, and ruled it with a rod of iron. Indeed he is said to be the only man in the world of whom the redoubtable Sir ROBERT MORANT was thoroughly afraid. So it has come to pass that he combines the spiritual intensity of a Bollandist with the athleticism of a C. B. FRY; the elasticity of an Archimandrite with the austere iconoclasm of a Doukhobor. . . . He is, in short, a histrionic aviator who soars on the bi-plane of a centrifugal enthusiasm far into the empyrean of choriambic hallucination. A hero-worshipper of the most catholic temper, it is hard to say whether he cherishes a deeper devotion for SIDNEY WEBB or SIDNEY LEE, for ALCIBIADES or Dr. CLIFFORD, for SEMIRAMIS or Mrs. PANKHURST. An academic Socialist of the most advanced type he nevertheless condescends to associate with members of the hereditary aristocracy, and with characteristic heroism has gone so far as to offer a small non-speaking part to a ducal enthusiast in one of his forthcoming productions.

But this spiritual anarchy, this cosmic antinomianism runs right through his sumptuous and sonorous nature. He will present SHAKSPEARE with the same relentless impartiality that he will deal out to PAUL RUBENS, TOLSTOI, Lord ROSSLYN, STRINDBERG, CECIL RALEIGH, MOLIÈRE and Lord SAFFRON DE WALDEN.

Much more might be said of this brave, this beatific hierophant of the higher histriónics, but the utmost exploits of unbridled eulogy must always fall far short of the transcendental reality. Indeed, it is difficult to speak of him without screeching. For HUBERT (as he graciously permits me to call him) is already enrolled amongst that hierarchy of elect souls whose pellucid purpose and high-souled enthusiasm for the reformation of social conditions make them "lovely and endurable [*sic*] in the sight of man and ultimately secure them the conquest of the world."

[Ought I to put "Advt."?—ED. *Punch*.]



Ethel (finding the sermon tedious, and thinking it high time for the collection). "OH, MOTHER, DO PAY THE MAN, AND LET 'S GO HOME."

"The Rev. T. T. Blockley, a tourist, was suddenly approached by some young men and asked to marry a couple inside the church. Mr. Blockley did as he was requested, and made the bride happy."—*Daily Mail*.

What about the bridegroom's feelings?

AN UNCONVINCING NARRATIVE.

[Yet a third claimant to the Pole has arisen. We print his statement with reserve, and must request our readers to await the necessary scientific proof before giving credence to his story.]

COME, gather around, my 'earties, and listen awhile to me,
For I 'ave a yarn to spin you, a yarn of the Polar Sea;
It 's as true as I'm standing here, lads, as true as it blows a gale,
That I was the first as nearly burst a-finding the Great Big Nail—
As sworn to by ETUKISHOOK, GAUKRODGER, J. C. CLEGG, Sir FORTESCUE FLANNERY, and the Cardinal MERRY DEL VAL.

It was all of a parky morning that wunnerful 4th of March,
When I put on a hextry weskit and made for the Marble Arch;
So I sez good-bye to my country, "Lunnon," I sez, "adoo!"
And I up and strode down the Edgware Road athirsting to see it through,
Followed by ETUKISHOOK, GAUKRODGER, J. C. CLEGG, Sir FORTESCUE FLANNERY, and the Cardinal MERRY DEL VAL.

I 'adn't no blooming gum-drops, I 'adn't no polar bears,
I 'adn't no sextant neither, but I thinks to myself, "'Oo cares?"
And I waggled my watch-chain jaunty, which was jewelled in every hole,
"I can always steer by my cumpas 'ere, it 's pointing straight to the Pole."
"*So* it is!" said ETUKISHOOK, GAUKRODGER, J. C. CLEGG, Sir FORTESCUE FLANNERY, and the Cardinal MERRY DEL VAL.

I walked for the 'ole of that morning, then I sez to myself, "Old son,
This here is a dash-for-the-Pole like, and it 's darn little dash you 've done."
So I enters an 'andy station, and I sez to the man in the 'utch,
"'Ere, gimme a ticket as goes to Wick—no, a first-return —'ow much?
Ah, and five third singles for ETUKISHOOK, GAUKRODGER, J. C. CLEGG, Sir FORTESCUE FLANNERY, and the Cardinal MERRY DEL VAL."

We sailed from Wick to the northward for 'undreds of days and nights,
Till we came at last to the ice-floes and followed the Northern lights,
The Horroreo-boreo-balis, which it turned us all 'orrible pale,
And I sez to my men, "To-morrow and then we shall land at the Great Big Nail."
"'Ooray!" said ETUKISHOOK, GAUKRODGER, J. C. CLEGG, Sir FORTESCUE FLANNERY and the Cardinal MERRY DEL VAL.

'Twas the cumpas as went and found it—it seemed to have turned its head,
It would spin like mad for a minute and then it would lay like dead;
It took on just like a wild thing, you 'd almost 'a sworn it cried,
Till at last it shot through the glass and got right up on its end and died.
"That *proves* it," cried ETUKISHOOK, GAUKRODGER, J. C. CLEGG, Sir FORTESCUE FLANNERY, and the Cardinal MERRY DEL VAL.

We gave three cheers for ole England and we up with the Union Jack,
And we plugged our pipes and we smoked 'em and we thought about getting back;
But a wunnerful pride so filled us as we sat on top of the Ball,
That innocent tears (the first for years) rolled out of the eyes of all,
Partikerlarly out of those of ETUKISHOOK, GAUKRODGER, J. C. CLEGG, Sir FORTESCUE FLANNERY, and the Cardinal MERRY DEL VAL.

Then I called for a pen and paper, and I wrote to the KING,
"Dear King,
I've found the Pole, and I'm tying a piece of it up with string;
I'll send it round in the morning for your Majesty's grace to see;
Just drop me a wire, if you like it, Sire, and I 'll collar the lot! *Signed:* ME.
Witnesses: ETUKISHOOK, GAUKRODGER, J. C. CLEGG, Sir FORTESCUE FLANNERY and the Cardinal MERRY DEL VAL."

So that 's how it 'appened, my 'earties, no matter what others may say.
(Did they *see* the Pole? They didn't! That *proves* I 'ad took it away.)
It 's as true as I 'm standing here, lads, as true as *The Daily Mail*,
That *I* was the first as nearly burst a-finding the Great Big Nail. A. A. M.

ON MAKING A BEGINNING.

A CORRESPONDENT of *The Daily Telegraph* complains of the "leave-me-aloneness" prevailing among business men in City restaurants. He would like "to alter the existing state of things so that one might exchange a few friendly remarks to lighten the burden of the day." "I wonder what would bring about such an agreeable change in the deeply insular and absorbed ways of the Londoner?" he asks.

Well, there is of course the weather with which to start friendly conversation. A common mistake with those who use this topic is to make some obvious remark that can be dismissed with a monosyllabic reply of polite agreement. But, properly used, the subject can be made to lead to discussion. On a bright autumn day, for instance, remark to your neighbour, "Very snowy, isn't it?" He will give you a discourteous look, and say, "I beg your pardon." Your reply should be, "Very snowy, I said—not here, of course, but at the North Pole"; and there you are with the subject of the day before you.

Another way of getting into conversation is to call the manager and accuse your neighbour of picking your pocket. After the disturbance is over the exchange of profuse apologies and genial assurances that it is nothing may be the beginning of a life-long friendship.

A method that has rarely failed is that of asking for the honour of paying for your neighbour's lunch. This generally brings a reply of some kind, and as often as not the bright chat which follows can by tactful management be made so interesting that the offer that began it is quite forgotten by both parties.

A further graceful introduction to conversation we witnessed in a City restaurant only last Friday. Two strangers were lunching at a table, one an Englishman and the other apparently a Frenchman. Suddenly the latter, with all the charm and *abandon* for which his race is noted, filled his glass from the Englishman's bottle, and heartily drank his health, afterwards addressing a few felicitous and well-chosen words of admiration and esteem. It was an exceedingly pretty incident.

"It was also rumoured that the Pole was surrounded by ice."
This startling report is being circulated by a Shetland paper, and still awaits denial.



Match-seller (indicating Motorist who has brusquely refused offer of his wares.) "'ERE Y'ARE! NORF POLE STIKES! 'OO'LL BACK 'IM FER A PLICE?"

"THOSE DUKES, HOW THEY HARASS US!"

Mr. Lloyd-George.

A VIVID commentary on the above historic phrase is furnished by two events recorded in the same issue of *The Daily Chronicle*.

First of all we read with ever-growing indignation how "Silverlands," the bijou and appropriately named Surrey residence of Sir JOHN BRUNNER, M.P., standing in its well-wooded grounds in a lonely spot a mile and a half from Chertsey, was entered by burglars, who succeeded in getting away with—

Two enamel boxes.
Four small silver ships.
Bottom of a large ship in silver.
Several silver vases.
Small silver table.
Two small silver jars.
Small silver cradle.
Silver knives and forks.
Foreign neck collar studded with jewels.
Old-fashioned ring.
Small silver piano.
Silver photo frame.
Four Indian ornaments.
Two fluted silver vases.
Silver card-case.
Antique French clock.

And finally twelve silver trowels and silver keys presented to Sir JOHN BRUNNER when opening institutions or laying foundation stones in different parts of the country.

The calamity which has befallen Sir JOHN BRUNNER is grievous enough in itself, but its severity is enhanced a thousandfold by its coincidence and contrast with a similar visit paid to a notorious representative of that class now generally admitted to consist of the enemies of the human race.

While the Duke and Duchess of NORTHUMBERLAND were in residence at Syon House, some burglars carried a ladder a quarter of a mile across Syon Park and effected an entry into the library. The Duke's private desk was forced open and his papers tumbled about. But with a cowardly consideration that cannot be too severely reprobated the burglars did not touch the valuable silver articles, inkstands and other ornaments, which were lying about, while the priceless collection of portraits of the Seymour and Somerset families, in a corridor, which might easily have been cut from their frames, were not interfered with.

Of the silver opportunity thus neglected we say nothing, but that burglars, presumably equipped with suitable weapons, should have thrown away the golden chance of purloining the pictorial family records of a ferocious despot gives rise in Radical bosoms to thoughts that lie too deep for tears.

We have good reason to believe that when the news was broken to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER and Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, their anguish was something painful to witness.

The theory that the burglary at Syon House was committed by Sir EDWARD GREY in his desire to possess himself of the originals of his correspondence with the Duke has met with credence in certain quarters, and Mr. BELLOC, M.P., will probably ask a question of the Foreign Secretary at an early opportunity.

"Congratulations are to-day due to the Rev. A. A. Dauncey and Mrs. Dauncey, who are celebrating their 'silver wedding.' Mr. and Mrs. Dauncey were married on September 3rd, 1184.

"On Sunday last Mr. and Mrs. Elias Neel, of 21, Maze-hill, East Greenwich, celebrated their 'golden wedding,' they having been married on August 29th, 1895."

The Kentish Mercury.

After all, the day of the month is the great thing.



FOOTBALL RESULTS.

AMID THE RUSH AND ROAR OF OUR MODERN BABYLON, IT IS ALWAYS BEAUTIFUL TO GO APART AND COMMUNE WITH SOME TWIN SOUL UPON THE THEMES WHICH GIVE A MEANING TO LIFE.

THE NEW HEAVY PATERNITY.

[*With acknowledgments to the Editor of "The Wonder Box."*]

MY DEAREST TOTLETS,—We can never say quite what we want to say in this imperfect world of ours. And as I sit in my old armchair in my dear old den and think of all the

BILLIONS OF BRIGHT-EYED BABES

who will take this letter out of our first BILGE TUB, heart and voice fail me and the foolish tears will flow. In the really great moments of life words are of little use. We can only ladle out the slush of sentiment from the slop-pail of a full heart.

Thus it is that at this supreme moment I wish I could divide myself into a billion pieces so that we could gaze into each other's billion eyes and wallow in the undiluted

SLOB OF MUTUAL ADMIRATION.

I long to come into your lives, to share your infantile joys and ailments, to whoop with you in the whooping cough, to mumble with you in the mumps—in a word to help you and to have your help, financial as well as moral, as we meander, hand in hand, through the good old maudlin world.

For although I am overflowing with the oleo-margarine of pure benevolence I want you, my dearest Totlets, distinctly to understand that I cannot afford to provide you with all these chunks of cheerfulness, all these rivers of joy, all these bright and brainy puzzles, without a modest recompense. I want your love, but I want your pennies as well. I cannot catch sunshine for nothing. It is too arduous and heating a pursuit.

I count on you therefore, even while I am bathed in the dew of Christian superiority and universal benevolence, not only to buy the BILGE TUB yourselves but also to recommend it to everyone you know. My best wishes for you always.

Your affectionate Friend, THE EDITOR.

FROM A STOCKBROKER'S HOLIDAY DIARY.

Stubbleton-super-Mare. Monday.

TO-DAY'S business opened somewhat unfavourably on a rumour that bad weather would prevail, occasioning postponement of yachting option. Wife's temper flat, but reviving on change in weather conditions allowing the cruise to be made. Self suffered severe depression on the water, and after many fluctuations finished up slightly above the worst of the day.

Tuesday.

Wife and self maintained healthy tone throughout day. Fish in strong demand, but no rise recorded. Pierrots dull.

Wednesday.

Shopping brisk. Strong buying by wife. Anticipate heavy withdrawals of gold from bank. Saturday is Settling-day, when reaction is certain.

Thursday.

To-day promised to be generally uneventful—with nothing doing, and wife's mood very uncertain on my inability to offer anything brilliant in the way of a suggestion. Rally brought about by loan of a car. Wife buoyant. Rate well maintained on the road, but reduced in places on signals from scouts. In spite of "bear" opposition (her description of my warnings) wife insists on taking the wheel, and chauffeur's spirits drop 17 points. Anticipated crash takes place, followed by something like panic. Wife flung across ditch and hedge into field, where bulls are active. Runs to cover. Carry-over successfully accomplished.

Friday.

Heavy slump at bridge.

Saturday—Settling-day.

In view of last night's disastrous break, have been compelled to sell back portion of wife's Wednesday purchases at considerable loss on balance.

Hammered by wife.



AN UNDISPUTED CLAIM.

American Eagle. "MY POLE, ANYWAY!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, September 6.—Remarkable how closer and closer the manner of REES OF HINDUSTAN when interpolating a question resembles action of torpedo. The MEMBER FOR SARK's most vivid recollection of the sea pageant at Portsmouth was the torpedo attack on the *Dreadnought*. The battleship lay at anchor, a line of swiftly-steaming black-painted ships passing at a distance of something under a mile. As one after another steamed by, lookers-on observed something leap from a porthole into the sea. It sank beneath the water, its deadly course marked by pathway of bubbles tumultuously floating on the surface. Swiftly it advanced, and as it finally struck the guard of the battleship's hull there rose to the surface what looked like head of a dull-eyed fish with indication of a body shaped like a dolphin.

The passing ships were destroyers; these, torpedoes launched with unerring aim at the mighty target. Against the steel network that protected the hull they dashed impotently. There was an almost human look of despair about the fish heads as again and again they beat against what bluejackets call the ship's crinoline in frantic attempt to get at the hull.

Thus, or uncannily like it, is action of REES OF HINDUSTAN at Question hour. Someone having put Question on paper, he rises with craftily devised counter-blast designed to bring the inquirer to ignominy. As soon as Irish Members catch sight of him they raise a shout of contumely. In low clear voice, making the most of pauses in uproar—the torpedo trying to make its way through the steel netting—REES persists. Again and again he is beaten back, till sometimes, as happened this afternoon, the SPEAKER interposes with suggestion that notice should be given of the question.

It was Chinese pork that brought the torpedoes into action to-day. Dr. FELL, momentarily turning his attention aside from naval matters, dragged the alien on to the stage. O'SHAUGHNESSY, burning with patriotic jealousy, put supplementary question indicating that pork recently imported, tastily coloured in ochre or vermilion according to the predisposition of the purchaser, pertains to an animal which, prior to decease, fulfilled in its native town or village the function of street scavenger. JULIUS CÆSAR BURNS met this allegation by recitation of an idyll for which he quoted authority of Consul-General at Hankow. The rainbow-hued pork which of late illuminated Smithfield Market has (so he sang) its parentage in a special tribe of pig which, fed on rice scrupulously selected, roams flower-decked through the fair valley of the Yangtse.



DR. FELL DRAGS IN THE CHINESE PIG.

It was at this juncture that the torpedo discharged from the corner seat above Gangway on Ministerial side was observed on its relentless course. The attack was marked by a peculiarity that added interest to the episode. The first torpedo was launched with unerring aim from the hon. Member's usual seat below Gangway. Probably with object of getting better aim, possibly on principle of alderman at City feast who, feeling the pangs of repletion, took a cool chair, REES for his second shot stepped across the Gangway, firing away from adjoining corner seat. Effect the same. Torpedo foiled, the baffled destroyer steamed out into the silent sea.

Business done.—Development and Road Improvement Funds Bill read second time by overwhelming majority.

Wednesday, 1 A.M.—Mr. VERNEY, waking up just now, having suffered nine hours' talk round Clause 30 of Budget Bill, found himself famous. The Opposition were at his feet. It seemed as if he needed but to lift a finger and they would crown him Leader of a finally united Party. SHENSTONE, comfortable under care of mine host at Henley, recorded how he "found the warmest welcome at an inn." The burst of enthusiasm that this morning broke on VERNEY's astonished head greeted him on leaving an inn.

Debate turned on new version of ancient jape. "When is an inn not an inn?" was the question put. Answer: "When it's a restaurant." After long wrangling, VERNEY in voice trembling with emotion told a story about "a small well-conducted country inn" threatened with ruin by the Budget.

"I know that inn," he said. "I have often been there."

The note of pathetic memory that made musical this last remark touched a sensitive Opposition.

"Vote with us," they cried, metaphorically mopping the moist eyes of the Member for North Bucks.

Idea caught on. Here was a good Liberal, moved by personal experience, in revolt against the Budget. If they could only get him into the Division Lobby with them it would not turn out the Government, but it would be a useful object-lesson. The BOY SAMUEL, scenting danger, moved the Closure. Hereupon what had been a ripple of genuine sympathy meandering through Opposition camp bounded over Treasury Bench a cascade of indignation.

"Why don't you answer your own side?" WINTERTON, always eager for information, shouted.

Turning upon VERNEY, who began to



"THE BOY SAMUEL, SCENTING DANGER, MOVED THE CLOSURE."
(Rt. Hon. Herbert Samuel.)

grow alarmed at the turmoil, Opposition with one voice (and that loud) besought him to come over, help, and be helped. Scene was in its way reminiscent of the crisis in the war between North and South America, when Maryland hung trembling in the balance. Someone—was it Lord ROBERT CECIL?—hummed the old war-song:

"The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland, my Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Revenge the patriotic gore
That stained the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland!"



"MARY'BONE, MY MARY'BONE!"
"Someone—was it Lord Robert Cecil?—hummed the old war-song."
(Gen'ral Robert K. Cecil, U.S.A.)

Like Maryland, VERNEY was wavering. LEIF JONES seated himself by his side with evident intent of bucking him up. Hereupon a perfect howl of execration rose from Opposition. A little mixed in moment of excitement, one shouted across the floor:

"Lief him alone, LEAVE JONES."

But everybody knew what was meant. Amid the din the CHAIRMAN mutely put the Question. Tellers named and the order given to clear the Lobby, the Opposition remained seated, watching the champion of the country inn.

"Vote with us, VERNEY!" they shouted.

"Come along, now 's your chance!"

Slowly VERNEY uplifted his columnar form. There was a look of anguish on his face as he glanced first at door of Opposition Lobby, then at that through



"VERNEY WAS WAVERING."
(Mr. F. W. Verney.)

which Ministerial host streamed. As he finally turned in latter direction, an agonised cry of "Oh!" went up from the Opposition, rising and falling like the moaning of the wind in bleak pine forest on a winter night.

But VERNEY voted with his party only on the Closure. On the consequential division, dealing with the hostile amendment, Maryland went with the South.

Business done.—At 3.25 A.M. House adjourned, having passed Clauses 30 and 31 of Budget Bill.

Thursday.—LLOYD-GEORGE laments the turn of fate that placed the North Pole under a foreign flag. Had it been added to British Territory it would have brought with it illimitable opportunity of fresh taxation. What countless miles of undeveloped land surround it at respectful distance! What unparalleled richness of ungotten minerals the dark unfathomed caves of ocean beneath it bear! But there is no hope.

GILBERT PARKER, with untameable instinct for added Empire, asks the PREMIER, Who owns the Pole? Assuming it be true that Commander PEARY has, as he affirms, nailed the American Flag to the concrete projecting spar, will the action give the United States right of possession over the region?

PREMIER not easily drawn. You can't touch him up with a Pole, however long, howsoever far north.

"The question," he said, "involves too much hypothetical matter to justify a definite answer."

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S eyes now turn hopefully to Antarctic regions. If the American eagle has swarmed up the North Pole, the British Lion must fold his tail round the South Pole. In that region also there is unlimited land undeveloped, ungotten minerals galore.

Business done.—Licensing Clauses of Budget Bill through Committee.

FOR ALL TIMES AND SEASONS.

MESSRS. Press, Button & Co., the enterprising American firm, whose object in life is to save time and labour, have just issued a most admirable skeleton article for the use of magazine editors, which it is claimed will reduce the expenses very considerably, while doing everything that the public requires. As is well known, the reader to-day of magazines or weekly papers has but one desire, and that is to learn all he can about his heroes on the stage, in politics, or in literature, and he is especially pleased when they describe what they consider their best achievement. There must be the personal touch. He does not mind how familiar, how hackneyed the setting, provided there are enough new gems in it. In any capable interview the gems are of course supplied by the celebrity; the setting is the work of the interviewer. It is slight enough work, but it costs something, and the thanks of all editors should be given to Messrs. Press, Button & Co. for saving them even that something. The invention takes the form of a skeleton interview with a number of spaces to be filled up by the celebrity, to whom it is posted—with a stamped envelope enclosed. That is not particularly novel; the striking thing about this patent is the fulness of the directions, very American in their minuteness and clarity, which accompany it. It begins thus:

WHAT WAS MY BEST WORK?

It was a beautiful morning on which our representative wended his way to [*here insert address, or name of town*],

with the pleasing purpose in view of calling upon [*here insert name*] the well-known and popular [*here insert line of country: actor, politician, artist, author, motorist*], the record of a chat with whom, he knew, would prove so acceptable to the readers of [*here insert name of periodical.*] Mr. [*name*], who had just returned from [*here insert his occupation: riding, spin in his motor, rehearsal, visit to Premier, or whatever it is*], grasped his hand with cordial warmth and a bright smile of welcome and courteously led the way to his sumptuously upholstered [*here insert studio, den, library, study, garage, or whatever it is*], where, waving him to a seat and producing the cigarettes, he asked what he could do for him. [*Note: there is also a form of this article in which spaces are left for the name of the maker of the car, upholsterer, brand of cigarette, and so forth.*] "I make a point," Mr. [*name*] began, "of never being interviewed, but I have received so much kindness at the hands of the [*name of periodical*] and I have so much sympathy with its outlook that I cannot refuse a few words for the readers of such an admirable [*paper or magazine*]. You want to know what I consider the best thing I have ever done? It is not an easy question to answer, but I will try. I think that [*here insert the particulars: name of picture, title of book, rôle in a play, or whatever it is*] is the best thing I ever [*painted, wrote, played.*] I think so because it fulfils the greatest number of the conditions required of the highest canons of art. There is a story connected with this [*picture, book, performance*] which, though to recount it may lay me under the charge of vanity, I must do myself the pleasure to repeat. The late [*duke or earl*] of [*title*] told me not long before he died that he had derived extraordinary comfort from it. 'That [*picture, book or performance,*]' he said to me, 'is unique. I maintain that you are the only man in Europe who could have [*painted, written, or performed*] it.' Very gratifying, was it not? The conversation took place at the [*name of club*], and I remember that there were also present [*name*] and [*name*] and [*name*] the wit, and poor old [*name*], one of the kindliest of Bohemians."

Mr. [*name*] was interrupted at this point by the entry of his beautiful wife, who, linking her arm affectionately into his, joined in the conversation with vivacity and charm.

There is a lot more, but enough has been given to illustrate the extreme value of the article. The price is so low that no editor can afford to be without a parcel of them, and no journalist can afford to compete with it. And surely that is one of the ends of American enterprise!



Fisherman (chaffing Pensioner). "THEY TELL ME, KENNY, THAT ALL YOUR OLD-AGE PENSION GOES IN DRINK."

Kenny. "NO, MAN, NO' A PENNY O' MY PENSION AM I SPENDIN' ON THE DRINK."

Fisherman. "WHERE DO YOU GET THE MONEY FOR WHISKY, THEN?"

Kenny. "JUST FROM REAL GENTLEMEN LIKE YERSEL'."

BAYARD AND PUSS IN BOOTS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Who says that the age of chivalry is dead?

Listen to the following unvarnished tale of rescue by a modern knight-errant:

"I was on the pier at a large seaside resort the other evening, and, happening to go down on to the landing stage, I, in a remote part of it, came upon a young lady in great distress, in fact she was on the verge of hysteria. She told me that one of her heels had become fixed in the grating, and in trying to release it the other had also jammed, and she had been a prisoner for over an hour. I unbuttoned her boots and assisted her to get out of them, and then with some difficulty succeeded in rescuing them from the grating in a more or less damaged condition. I found them to be a pair of very smart patent leather boots, with heels very little short of four inches in height. It would of course have been quite simple for her to have got out of her boots before, but apparently her waist was so pinched and her dress so tight that she was unable to stoop down to unbutton them."

Surely the hero of this poignant incident, who recently vouched for its veracity over his own name in *The Chronicle*, would be a fitting recipient of the Order of Merit.

Cordially yours,

MORDECAI SMYTHERS.

Paradise Lodge, Southend.

ONE BETTER.

DEAR, when I gaze into your eyes,
Whose light—I give my word—outvies
The very sun,
Show me, I say, a pair as blue,
As deep, as clear, and so forth—pooh!
There isn't one.

And when beneath the friendly trees
I give your hand an ardent squeeze
Down in the wood
I feel, whate'er of ill may be,
It is the solid fact to me
That this is good.

When coyly on my heaving breast
You, in expansive moments, rest
Your head and hat,
Why, then to all the world I cry,
Take it or leave it, what care I?
You won't beat that!

But when the failing day is low,
And love (inversely) seems to grow
Ever more fond;
When, somewhat nervously, I press
Upon your lips a chaste caress,
And you respond;—

I am as one that's blind—I reel—
I don't know what to say—I feel
A swift shock strike
My whole soul through; and in my bliss,
"This," I remark with fervour, "this
Is something like."

DUM-DUM.

A SLUMP IN NICOTINE.

MANY are the insidious and far-reaching effects of the present Budget, and now we have to note an especially poignant and olfactory outcome, of which we trust that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER will take due notice—and mend his ways. The Goddess Nicotine is in a fair way to be dethroned by My Lady Lollipop. It appears that an increasing class of smokers, unable to meet the enhanced price of tobacco, are finding a substitute in sweets. A large proportion of football enthusiasts, it is said, are being obliged to steady their nerves and control their hysteria with the soothing acid drop, *vice* the more full-flavoured, but ruinous, fag. The next step will be to provide Peppermint Compartments in railway trains.

We shudder for Mr. BARRIE, forced to bring out his next successor to *Peter Pan* under the influence of brandy-balls. Ourselves, at the present moment, are trying to light a chocolate cigarette with a tandstickor and have laid in a stock of Edinburgh rock to the confusion of Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE.

"DR. COOK ON THE RACK," says a *Daily News* poster. This must be our old Danish friend, the Skager Rack.

AT THE PLAY.

KING LEAR.

IF among those who saw Mr. HERBERT TRENCH'S presentation of *King Lear* last Wednesday there were any who had never read the play, there must have been times when they were rather puzzled. The First Act seems on the stage so childish: *Lear's* division of his kingdom among his daughters perfect farce; *Edmund's* villainy perfect melodrama, even down to the forged letter. Is this, he



Scene—A Heath (more or less blasted).
Time—Circ. 900 B.C.
Weather—Present Day.

King Lear . . . MR. NORMAN MCKINNEL.

would have asked himself, really the greatest tragedy in the world? Afterwards he would have admitted that it was; but minor difficulties of construction would then have arisen to puzzle him. What, for instance, were the relations of *Goneril* and *Regan* with *Edmund?*

Now, although *King Lear* will always read better than it plays, Mr. TRENCH and his company must not be held blameless for the mystification of the unread spectator. We might well have been given more of the scenes between the wicked sisters and the villain, and the fact that these were cut down brought about, in the midst of tragedy, a most laughable situation. Thus:—

ACT V., SCENE 2 (*on the stage*).

Gentleman. Help! Help! O help. . . . O, she 's dead!

Albany. Who dead? Speak, man.

Gentleman. Your lady, sir, your lady. And her sister by her is poisoned.

Edmund (*dying, in a very melancholy voice*). I was contracted to them both.

This of course is the actual text; but owing to the omission of previous scenes the situation came upon the audience so suddenly that there were titters all over the theatre.

I don't think Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL helped us to get through the first scene as well as he might have done. *Lear* was, I imagine, an obstinate and rather silly old man, who had already decided how to divide his kingdom and had thought of a little birthday joke with which to pass it off. It had seemed to him quite a funny idea, and when *Cordelia* was sweetly serious over it he lost his temper; each of them being obstinate the tragedy followed. Mr. MCKINNEL was too big and strong and dignified for this. I am sure that he didn't realise that old men will have their little jokes; I am sure that in that first scene he didn't realise how old he was. He was splendid afterwards, when the character suited him better.

I have no quarrel with Mr. DAWSON MILWARD because the childish villainies of *Edmund* were not made to seem more natural. *Edmund* belongs to an age, when the most simple plot seemed supernaturally cunning and the jokes of the *Fool* were bearable. Yet it was a pity that of all the players he and *Edgar* had the most modern manner. The surprise of the cast to me was Mr. CHARLES V. FRANCE'S performance as the *Earl of Kent*. I have seen him play well in many modern comedies, and I thought that he least of all would give the illusion of 900 B.C. Yet he did; he was *Kent* every inch; and I found his performance the most enjoyable of the evening. Mr. FISHER WHITE was excellent as the cruel *Cornwall*, but nobody would have expected anything else from such a talented actor. All the three sisters were good; one would have liked to see more of so sweet a *Cordelia* as Miss ELLEN O'MALLEY.

It was a fine performance, interesting for every moment, at times almost overpowering. Mr. TRENCH is to be congratulated on his first venture; Mr. CHARLES RICKETTS on his beautiful scenery and costumes; Mr. MCKINNEL on the acting, both particularly and generally. On one point I must sympathise with him. When in the Fourth Act he came to the words:

"Get thee glass eyes
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not—"

a prosperous gentleman behind me, who thought it was an impromptu gag, cheered lustily. I am afraid that this will happen on every night. M.

"Showers of rain notwithstanding, a large crowd of inhabitants of the district attended. Included was a sprinkling of Radicals."
Devon and Exeter Gazette.

This is even worse, writes a stalwart Tory, than raining cats and dogs.



EPISODES IN THE LIVES OF THE GREAT.—II.

JULIUS CÆSAR INTERVIEWING BARBARIAN CAPTIVES ON THE SUBJECT OF THE PREVENTION AND CURE OF BALDNESS.

ROOSEVELT.

WHAT ails our ROOSEVELT? Where on earth is he—
On earth, or haply on the crested sea?
Where does he make his home? The months have passed
In slow procession since we glimpsed him last.
ROOSEVELT, with one of his Homeric laughs,
Had shot, I think, some four or five giraffes:
And KERMIT, whom I also keep my eye on,
Had greatly foiled a partly damaged lion.
These were their deeds; since then the wires are dumb;
From Afric's wastes no joyous word has come,
And, though with budgeting we may be busy,
We still find time to ask ourselves, "Where is he?"

* * * * *

For now the Filipinos hear no more
The massive sound of Mr. ROOSEVELT'S roar.
The Standard Oil is fitly wrapped in gloom
Since TAFT is throned in Mr. ROOSEVELT'S room;
And Congress stirs no more with any presage
Of Mr. ROOSEVELT'S million-worded message.
They miss him there. In London *The Spectator,*
That patient animal-investigator,
Must miss him too, for, oh, it loved him well,
And oft to all the wondering world would tell
How Mr. ROOSEVELT was in truth a man
Formed on the patent Spectatorial plan,
A man as great as SOLOMON or HOMER,
And very nearly equal to Lord CROMER—
And now how changed and joyless are the days
It cannot fill with Mr. ROOSEVELT'S praise.

* * * * *

Ah, but I know the song will sound again
Some day, and joy will be exchanged for pain.
No, not in Africa—not there, not there
Lingers our ROOSEVELT, swift to do and dare.
No lions tempt his rifle, but the bear,
The white, the Arctic, to his icy home
Lures ROOSEVELT on across the frozen foam.
And many a dog and many an Eskimo
Goes with him on his perilous journey slow;
And soon a message will rejoice our soul:—
"PEARY and COOK be hanged! I, ROOSEVELT, have the Pole!"

What to Do with Our Parents.

"Clergyman (Edinburgh) recommends exceptional home for one boy or young child; parents abroad, or attending school."—*The Scotsman.*

From the narrative of an old sailor called BARCLAY:

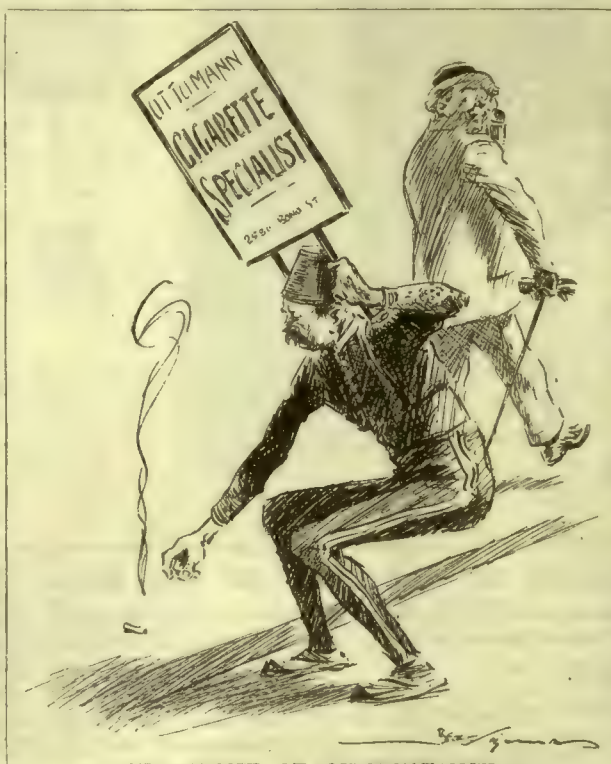
"Three years and four months ago I was sitting in a public-house in the herring station of Reykjavik, Iceland, when Dr. Cook came in. I had been there then two years."—*Liverpool Echo.*

In these alcoholic circumstances we should prefer the evidence even of E—— K. (We *cannot* give his name again.)

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

SINCE the days when he began to write for the old *St. James's* I have consumed a good deal of Mr. PETT RIDGE'S patent food for grown-up infants (that 's you and me and all novel-readers of discernment), and I can cordially recommend the latest brand. The label, *Splendid Brother* (METHUEN), is of course ironical, for irony is to Mr. PETT RIDGE'S books in the same proportion as water to the human body, and that, though I will never believe it, is said to be about 97 per cent. But the forcefulness of his irony is always tempered by a kindly sympathy with human nature, and his stupid, vulgar, low-down characters are positively almost as intelligent and chivalrous and high-minded as the people we see in the mornings when we are brushing or "doing" our hair. *Leonard Drew*, contractor, the "splendid" elder brother of *Henry Drew*, who tells the story, was a paragon of selfishness. But, like *The Egoist*, he had a leg, a happy knack of doing everything well and taking everybody in, especially his biographer. *Splendide mendax*, he lied and borrowed and stole his way up from the little New Cross shop where his mother sold American Cheddar and yellow soap, till, *viâ* the County Council, he almost became a Member of Parliament. And all the while *Henry*, who was virtuously but unpriggishly plodding his way towards a dear little wife and a tidy little fortune, believed in him, and financed him, and got him out of scrapes, and finally shipped him off to Australia, just as *David Copperfield* did with *Mr. Micawber*, to try a fresh start. In endeavouring to make him a little blind to his splendid brother's faults I think Mr. PETT RIDGE has rather overdone it. But he has overdone it very well.



THE IRONY OF CIRCUMSTANCE.

So many thoughts crowded my mind when I had read a few pages of Mr. IAN D. COLVIN'S book, *South Africa*, in the "Romance of Empire" Series (JACK) that I found it quite difficult to get on. I wondered, for instance, whether everybody else who talks familiarly of the Cape is as ignorant as I was, before Mr. COLVIN taught me the facts, that the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope was really a move in the fifteenth-century conflict between the Cross and the Crescent —an incident in a great Portuguese expedition to solve the mystery of the Moorish sources of wealth which were found to lie in their trade with the East in the Indian Ocean. There are hundreds of other things in Mr. COLVIN'S fascinating book which I didn't know, but I cite this one because, if the mention of it should chance to hit anybody else rather badly, he can argue that it happened about five centuries ago, and there is some excuse for having forgotten it. Besides, as Mr. COLVIN himself says, "it is a little hard to realise that the Portuguese were exploring East Africa when the English were still fighting the Wars of the Roses, and that an army was being led three or four hundred miles up the Zambesi when Shakspeare was little more than a boy." But he does not confine himself to these distant times. After the Portuguese came the Dutch and the English, the two joining sometimes "to doe the Portingalls all the spoyle that may bee, and to destroy their carracks and galleons." Then other nations. And so he traces the story, never dully, down to the British conquest and to still more recent times which even to me are not quite unfamiliar. A fine book for boys—of all ages.

When Mr. E. F. BENSON wrote *The Image on the Sands*, he wanted to make us believe that people might be possessed by two sorts of spirits, black and white (no, this is not an advertisement); but his brother, R. H., seems to have the authority of his Church for holding that it is only possible to evoke the powers of darkness. In *The Necromancers* (HUTCHINSON) he tells the story of a young man who dabbles in magic with disastrous results, and is only saved after a terrible crisis by the will-power of the girl who loves him. A sympathetic study of a thoroughly sincere and able medium is introduced; and the hero's aunt, a lady whose religious thought moves on a very ordinary plane, makes a good contrast to the "intenseness" of most of the characters. The author's imaginative skill and descriptive power throughout are quite at their best, but as to his argument I confess I am not quite clear. The spirits of the blest, he seems to say, cannot return to earth, because they are otherwise and more happily engaged; so the dæmons of evil seize the opportunity of mediumistic trances and occupy mortal bodies. But, seeing that spirits are admittedly beyond all temporal and spatial limitations, it is surely impossible to prove that they cannot be in two places or doing two different things at once. Perhaps Mr. A. C. BENSON will step into the breach and smooth away my mystifications. At any rate I think a book of his might be guaranteed to lull the most malevolent and vindictive spooks to rest.

In compensation for an unfaithful father, an invertebrate mother, a prudish sister and a garrulous aunt, Miss PRISCILLA CRAVEN has given *Ghita Streatfield*, the heroine of *A Lighted Candle* (ALSTON RIVERS), the quality of grit. But considering the handicap it was not enough, and I wish that, along with this grit, she might have been given a little more womanliness. Her lack of this virtue may be chiefly ascribed to her aunt, *Mrs. Meyer*, who possessed a *mari aveugle* and a tiresome habit of talking about her infidelities. *Mrs. Meyer*, one is led to suppose, was a very smart lady, but however smart she may have been, and however prone to superfluity of speech, I do not believe that she could have said, "Give me over the matches." In the end *Ghita's* grit was defeated by *Mr. Gottschalk's* iron will, and had I been told more about him and less of her relations I should have returned thanks; for Miss CRAVEN can draw a self-made man without making him ridiculous, and is far more successful with her serious characters than with those who endeavour to be amusing but only succeed in being flippant.

THE OLD SPORTSMEN.

"SEPTEMBER! Come out, 'tis September,
The moon of the hunter is young,"
This style, as perhaps you remember,
Stamped songs that our grandpapas sung:
I can see the old boys, in their day-time's December,
But ruddy as pippins and mighty of lung!

I can see the green coats and white beavers,
The guns (the old flint-lock affair),
The cockers they used as retrievers
To pick up their partridge or hare;
No beaters to bungle, no bag-making fevers
Destroy the old-fashioned repose of their air!

I see them come down by the spinney,
They measure and ram in their lead,
Then start through the turnips, with "Primy,"
And "Dash" working gaily ahead;
If a covey is flushed I would wager a guinea
They'll aim for a minute—but kill their birds dead!

They go with their old-world precision,
Their quaintness of garb and of gun,
Till out of my day-dreaming vision
They fade in the slant of the sun;
Let 's hope they are tramping o'er manors Elysian,
With asphodel-cover to give 'em good fun!

CHARIVARIA.

"MANY thanks," writes S. W. to *The Daily Chronicle*, "for your splendid defence of the Budget. . . If it comes to a question of the Lords and Tariff Reform *versus* the present Government and the Budget, the latter will have my whole-hearted support." And now, if the Lords decide, after all, not to throw out the Budget, S. W. will know the reason.

***

"Who 's Mr. TAFT?" asked a small boy of his father. "Oh, he 's the man who is always having North Poles given him," answered the source of all knowledge.

***

The "Young Egyptians" have been giving a demonstration of their extreme youth at Geneva.

***

"TRAMCARS OVER BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE" was the alarmist announcement in a contemporary last week, but happily no lives were lost.

***

The Bow Street magistrate has held that omnibus companies have no power to charge fares for carrying dogs. In canine circles it is considered that this decision does not go far enough. Seeing how the interior of the vehicle gains in beauty and interest from the presence of these pretty creatures it is thought that they should be supplied with free bones during the journey.

***

A lady has just received from the Chief Commissioner a reward of a sovereign for assisting the police. This is a great *coup* for the old adage, "Look after the Coppers and the Pounds will take care of themselves."

***

A report just issued by the Local Government Board mentions that, when other accommodation is lacking, navvies sometimes sleep in drain-pipes. Is it not, however, just possible that the men do this voluntarily in order to preserve their figures?

***

Farm and Home states that a new kind of pig is wanted. This announcement will no doubt hasten the arrival of the air-hog. "If pigs had wings—" has long been an aspiration.

***

Reading that two hairless dogs have arrived at the Zoo, a dear old lady, who suffers from baldness herself, has sent them, according to our information, a couple of wigs.



Voice from the Bridge. "I SAY, CHARLES, AS YOU 'RE DOWN THERE, YOU MIGHT HAVE A LOOK ROUND FOR MY GOGGLES!"

TO HALLEY'S COMET.

(SHORTLY EXPECTED IN OUR NEIGHBOURHOOD.)

HALLEY (for short), what moving sights
  Beyond the range of vulgar seers
Must have delayed your non-stop flights
  During the past two thousand years!
Amid how many strange events
  From time to time you 've been to see us,
Since you appeared above the tents
  Of good old JUDAS MACCABÆUS!

On one of your too transient trips
  You marked the Huns hot-foot for Rome;
Later, you watched the Norman ships
  (W. Conqueror's) cross the foam;
Saw Dutchmen, at Gibraltar, break
  The Spanish frigates, mast to kelson;
Assisted at the Lisbon quake,
  And beamed upon the birth of NELSON.

Not bad. But yet your visual scope
  Should soon be more severely tried,
If, as I hear, you rather hope
  To join us in the winter-tide;
For we 've a Budget hard to match
  In your experience as a comet,
And you might like to try and catch
  Some coruscating humour from it.

And, should your other plans permit,
  We shall be pleased for you to stay
And notice how our native wit
  Decides the issue of the day;
For then, if comets lack for mirth
  And find a human farce consoling,
You 'll see the brightest show on earth—
  The People in the act of polling! O. S.

THE BUDGET.

"I 'M fair tired o' this Budget," said the slave-girl from the ground-floor flat, addressing the porter. "There 's bin nothin' but worry ever since it come along. It 's knocked our family sideways, and I don't know when we can get together agin. Mother 's got a crack on the side of 'er 'ead, father's lost 'is best pair o' Sunday braces, my new 'at 's torn to pieces, and Uncle Bill 's gone orf in a 'uff with the 'andsomest black eye I ever see on a man's face, and all along o' the Budget."

"Which bit o' the Budget give 'im a black eye?" said the porter.

"Go 'long," said the girl; "I don't want any suckasm about it. It 's bad enough without that."

"I thought the inkerrament tax might 'a done 'im," said the porter.

"Oh, I don't know nothin' about your taxes. I 'm only tellin' you the story. It was last Sunday night. We 'd bin to 'Ampstead in the arternoon, and we 'd come 'ome tired, father and mother and me, and we was settin' in the front parlour, when Uncle Bill come in. Uncle Bill 's mother's brother, and 'e 's got on in the world and laid by a pot o' money. 'Ouse property 's 'is game. When 'e saves a bit 'e goes and puts it into bricks and mortar. 'Ouses can't run away, 'e says. It 's made 'im a bit uppish. When 'e makes a joke 'e wants you to laugh at it. Mother 's always 'ad a 'ard job to keep father orf of 'im. Father says it fair chokes 'im to 'ear Uncle Bill talk o' the rights o' property when 'e remembers 'im sellin' newspapers in the streets not so many years ago. Well, Uncle Bill come in very 'earty, and 'e says 'e knows there 's a steak pudden for supper; 'e could sniff it, 'e says, 'arf a mile away, and 'e 's bound to 'ave 'is share of it. Father 'ad took orf 'is coat and unbuttoned 'is weskit and undone 'is braces—made 'isself comfortable like, and 'e told mother to pull up a chair for Uncle Bill and 'urry up with the pudden. Then they began to talk. Uncle Bill says if 'e could get 'old o' LLOYD-GEORGE 'e 'd smash 'im. 'What 's LLOYD-GEORGE done to you?' says father; and Uncle Bill let go for five minutes about the Budget and the 'Ouse o' Lords. 'You 're very thick with the 'Ouse o' Lords,' says father; 'you 'll be bringin' 'ome a Duke to dinner,' 'e says, 'and askin' 'im to 'ang 'is coronit be'ind the door and put 'is feet on the table if 'e likes. That 's your sort all over,' says father. This made Uncle Bill mad, and 'e says 'e won't 'ear a word agin Dukes, and as for LLOYD-GEORGE 'e 's a Socialist, and 'e 's drivin' capital out o' the country with 'is death duties and 'is supper taxes. 'Well,' says father, 'if there is a supper tax you ain't payin' it. It 's my steak-pudden, and the tax comes on me and I 'm willin' to pay. I don't 'owl for *Dreadnoughts* and then squeal when the bill comes in. That ain't my sort.'

"Uncle Bill couldn't stand this. 'Is face went white with little red spots all over it, and 'e got out of 'is chair and said 'e wouldn't stay to be insulted. 'E was goin' 'ome to alter 'is will, 'e said. 'Leave it all to the Duke o' Bermondsey,' says father, ''oo cares what you do with your dirty money?' Mother come in as father said this, and she was just in time to get a crack o' the side of the 'ead from Uncle Bill's clay pipe. 'E meant it for father, but it landed on mother, so we kep it in the family. Father 's a very proud man, and when 'e saw mother rub 'er 'ead 'e fair lost 'is temper and 'e give Uncle Bill one in the eye. 'There 's a bit of capital for you,' 'e says, and 'e knocked Uncle Bill backards agin the wall. That ended it; and Uncle Bill got out quick, and we ain't seen 'im since. My new 'at got trod on in the scuffle. You can't wear a 'at after father 's put 'is feet through it."

"'Ow did your father come to lose 'is braces?" asked the porter.

"'E says Uncle Bill must 'a took them when they was wrestlin' about together; but 'e won't demean 'isself to send round for 'em, 'e says. But you can understand I don't want to 'ear any more about this 'ere Budget."

"SANDWICHES (TO MAKE) ("Moorside")—The cook in this case would cut the sandwiches, the parlourmaid packing them, together with the other addenda.—ED." *The Queen.*

This is only possible however with a well-trained staff. In some houses the undergroom comes bustling in, and insists on inserting the potted meat.

"I must confess that when the home-grown poppy has gone to seed either ripe or unripe, there is a real pleasure in lying outdoors and absorbing spoonful after spoonful of it."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

The writer is welcome to *all* the poppy seed so long as we may have the peaches.

"Familiar Quotations."

"Literally, in Mr. Chamberlain's memorable phrase, he 'toils not, neither does he spin.'"—*Daily Chronicle.*

The Daily News on the escaped tigress:

"As I telegraph, the spotted beast is still at large."

From our Special Correspondent on the spot.

"Several Scottish breeders make it their custom to offer the cream of their bulls in autumn."—*Birmingham Daily Post.*

Rather a rash offer to make. And the Scotch are supposed to be such a cautious race!



THE CELIBATES.

[Mr. Balfour, speaking on a clause in the Budget Bill which deals with property passing between man and wife, remarked, "I cannot be accused of personal interest in the matter. Like the right hon. gentleman opposite (Mr. Haldane), I approach it from an absolutely impartial standpoint."—*See* "*Essence of Parliament.*"]



Examiner. "NOW, CHILDREN, WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN 'PRO' AND 'CON'?"
Bright Boy. "PLEASE, SIR, THEY 'RE SPELT DIFFERENT."

TO SECUNDUS.

(*Aged 20 months.*)

You have capable fingers, Secundus, my son,
And a firm yet a delicate touch;
Though you turn out the visiting-cards one by one
And strew them around you—oh! isn't it fun!
They are, none of them, bent very much;
And you know it 's untidy, this game that you play,
For you look up and smile—and then what can I say?

You 've adventurous tastes and a will of your own,
And I count it the worst of your sins
That you instantly make for the dangerous zone
Of the fender and coal-box if suffered alone
To toddle about on your pins.
And your rink-like performance I cannot admire
When you fetch up and balance in front of the fire.

There 's a music that lurks in each word that you say,
Be it *Tick-tick*, or *Gee-gee*, or *Done*!
And the sound of your laughter no speech can convey,
It is really the sparkle alive in the spray
Of a waterfall lit by the sun.
In your breath there is magic that "Sesame" cries,
For you blow on my watch—pfif!—and open it flies!

'Tis your quick sense of fun that I like in you best,
And the fact that you never disdain
To evince your delight at my sorriest jest,
Which, however familiar, is greeted with zest
And demanded again and again.
You 've a joke of your own with the bell-push, but this
Is a joke that the housemaid has taken amiss.

You 're so fond of a game that there 's trouble unless
We admit you to every *partie*;
And you add to the fun, though it 's little you guess
That your singular notions of how to play chess
Are a source of discomfort to me.
And your sister has also been known to refer
To your manner with dolls as distressing to her.

You 're a mischievous chap, and I freely admit
That I like you for being a Turk;
But there 's one thing about you disturbs me, to wit
Your absurd fascination, for here do I sit
When I ought to be up and at work.
You are surely a wizard, Secundus, my lad,
And have bound by a spell your susceptible Dad.

"RELIGIOUS TERRORISM IN LIVER."—*Undigested Headline in "The Daily Mail."*
You never know where it will get you.

TAKING A CALL.

"MAY I come in?" said Miss Middleton.

I looked up from my atlas (I am going in for the geographical competition) and stared at her in amazement.

"Hullo," I said.

"Hullo," said Miss Middleton doubtfully.

"Are you going to have tea with me?"

"That 's what I was wondering all the way up."

"It 's all ready; in fact, I 've nearly finished. There 's a cake to-day, too."

Miss Middleton hesitated at the door and looked wistfully at me.

"I suppose—I suppose," she said timidly, "you think I ought to have brought somebody with me?"

"In a way, I 'm just as glad you didn't."

"I 've heaps of chaperons outside on the stairs, you know."

"There 's no place like outside for chaperons."

"And the liftman believes I 'm your aunt. At least, perhaps he doesn't, but I mentioned it to him."

I looked at her, and then I smiled. And then I laughed.

"So that 's all right," she said breathlessly. "And I want my tea." She came in, and began to arrange her hat in front of the glass.

"Tea," I said, going to the cupboard. "I suppose you 'll want a cup to yourself. There you are—don't lose it. Milk. Sugar."

Miss Middleton took a large piece of cake. "What were you studying so earnestly when I came in?" she asked as she munched.

"An atlas."

"An atlas? *Don't* say you 've been too! *I 'm* going to the South Pole—it 's much more splendid. I expect I shall dress like the Esquimaux women; I 've seen pictures of them, and Father agrees it would suit me. Do they have Esquimaux at the South Pole? They must have *somebody*, because how would the polar bears live? But perhaps they don't have polar bears."

I took a deep breath.

"I 'm awfully glad to see you," I said, "and you 're looking jolly, but *do* you think your chaperons would mind if you sat down for a moment and stopped chattering? Because I want your help in rather an important matter."

Miss Middleton sat down and drank her tea. "I love helping," she said.

"Well, it 's this. I 've just been asked to be a godfather."

Miss Middleton stood up suddenly. "Do I salute?" she asked.

"You sit down and go on eating. The difficulty is—what to call it?"

"Oh, do godfathers provide the names?"

"I think so. It is what they are there for, I fancy. That is about all there is in it, I believe."

"And can't you find anything in the atlas?"

"No, there 's nothing in the atlas. 'Sierra Leone' and 'Teddington' are the best."

"How about quite a simple name? Had you thought of 'John,' for instance?"

"No, I hadn't thought of 'John,' somehow."

"Or 'Gerald'?"

"'Gerald' I like very much."

"What about 'Dick'?" she went on eagerly.

"Yes, 'Dick' is quite jolly. By the way, did I tell you it was a girl?"

Miss Middleton rose with dignity.

"For your slice of plum cake and your small cup of tea I thank you," she said, "and I am now going straight home to Mother."

"Not yet," I pleaded.

"I 'll just ask you one question before I go. Where do you keep the biscuits?"

She found the biscuits and sat down again.

"A girl 's name," I said encouragingly.

"Yes. Well, is she fair or dark?"

"She 's very small at present. What there is of her is dark, I believe."

"Well, there are millions of names for dark girls."

"We only want one or two."

"'Barbara' is a nice dark name. Is she going to be pretty?"

"Her mother swears she is. I didn't recognize the symptoms. Very pretty and very clever and very high-spirited, her mother says. Is there a name for that?"

"*I* always call them whoppers," said Miss Middleton under her breath.

"How do you like 'Alison Mary'? That was my first idea."

"Oh, I thought it was always 'William and Mary.' Or else 'Victoria and Albert.'"

"I didn't say 'Alice *and* Mary,' stoopid. I said 'Alison,' a Scotch name."

"But how perfectly sweet! Did you make it up yourself, or does it come from the atlas? Oh, why weren't you *my* godfather! Would you have given me a napkin ring?"

"Probably. I will now, if you like. Then you approve of 'Alison Mary'?"

"I love it. Thank you very much. And will you always call me 'Alison' in future?"

"I say," I began in alarm, "I 'm not giving that name to you. It 's for my godchild."

"Oh no! 'Alisons' are *always* fair."

"You 've just made that up," I said suspiciously. "How do you know?"

"Sort of instinct."

"The worst of it is I believe you 're right."

"Of course I am. That settles it. Now, what was your next idea?"

"'Angela.'"

"'Angelas,'" said Miss Middleton, "are *always* fair."

"Why do you want all the names to yourself? You say everything 's fair."

"Why can you only think of names beginning with 'A'? Try another letter."

"Suppose *you* try now."

Miss Middleton wrinkled her brow and nibbled a lump of sugar.

"'Dorothy,'" she said at last, "because you can call them 'Dolly.'"

"There *is* only one."

"Or 'Dodo.'"

"And it isn't a bird."

"Then there 's 'Violet.'"

"My good girl, you don't understand. Any of these common names the parents could have thought of for themselves. The fact that they have got me in at great expense—to myself—shows that they want something out of the ordinary. How can I go to them and say, 'After giving a vast amount of time to the question I have decided to call your child "Violet"?' It can't be done."

Miss Middleton absently took another lump of sugar and, catching my eye, put it back again.

"I don't believe that you 've ever been a godfather before," she said, "or that you know anything at all about what it is you 're supposed to be going to do."

There was a knock at the door, and the liftman came in. Miss Middleton gave a little cough of recognition.

"A letter, Sir," he said.

"Thanks. . . . And as I was saying, Aunt Alison," I went on in a loud voice, "you are talking rubbish."

* * * *

"Bah!" I said angrily, and I threw the letter down.

"Would you like to be left alone?" suggested Miss Middleton, kindly.

"It is from the child 's so-called parents, and their wretched offspring is to be called 'Violet Daisy.'"

"'Violet Daisy,'" said Miss Middleton solemnly, trying not to smile.

"Why stop there?" I said bitterly. "Why not 'Geranium' and 'Artichoke,' and the whole blessed garden?"

"'Artichoke,'" said Miss Middleton gravely, "is a boy 's name."

"Well, I wash my hands of the whole business now. No napkin ring from *me*. Here have I been wasting hours and hours in thought, and then just when the worst of it is over they calmly step in like this. I call it——"

"Yes?" said Miss Middleton eagerly.

"I call it simply——"

"Yes?" said Miss Middleton.

"'Violet Daisy,'" I finished, with a great effort.

A. A. M.



IF CABINET MINISTERS MUST HAVE SIX POLICEMEN IN ATTENDANCE WHEN THEY PLAY GOLF ON SATURDAY AFTERNOONS, THEN EACH POLICEMAN MIGHT SURELY CARRY A CLUB. THIS WOULD SERVE A DOUBLE PURPOSE:—(1) CADDIES COULD BE DISPENSED WITH; (2) THE CLUBS WOULD SERVE AS WEAPONS OF OFFENCE AND DEFENCE IN CASE OF A SUFFRAGETTE RAID.

POLAR PROTESTS.

CAPTAIN SCOTT has received thousands of applications from persons ambitious to join his expedition in search of the South Pole. He has also received letters urging him not to accept certain candidates, and of these letters we are able to print a few.

A FOND MOTHER writes:—"I am greatly distressed by my son Harold's determination to join your expedition. He feels sure that his experience gained as a Boy Scout since last Easter would be most useful to you in discovering the South Pole. He certainly *is* a clever boy, but he suffers from a weak chest, and even in summer he runs great risk in the scanty uniform of the Scout. On the sea and amid the ice and snow I cannot think what might happen to him, and I beg of you to let a mother's pleading persuade you to spare him to me, whatever inclination you may have to avail yourself of his knowledge, which really is considerably above the average."

Another letter runs:—"Captain Scot, if my husbun arsks you to taik him to the soth Poal dont you. he as got to stop hom and do a bit of wurk for me and his ofsprings like whot I kepe on tellin him. his name is called Sam Brown but is artfull enugh to call hiself Robinson or anythink. he will sure to say you nede not trubble to bring him back and you will no him by that and if he coms to see you he as got a wudden leg. Yours sinserly Mrs. Brown."

SWEET SEVENTEEN writes: "Harry has made me *so* miserable by saying that he will volunteer to go with you. It was all over a stupid necktie: he wanted a *horrid plain* one; I wanted him to have the one with little pink flowers, and I made him buy it. Please, *dear* Captain SCOTT, he is not so strong and clever as his letter may lead you to think—at least, he is not strong and clever enough to fight polar bears and learn Equimox (is that the way to spell it?), though he is *awfully* handsome. Of course it would be *splendidly* heroic of him to find the South Pole; but there are other heroic things that need not take him away from England—like the Territorials and that sort of thing. *Dear* Captain SCOTT, I am *sure* you know *just* how I feel, and I think you are such a nice and courageous man, so *please* don't take Harry."

The Editor of a popular magazine writes:—"I have learnt to-day that Mr. —— ——, the well-known author, is desirous of joining your expedition, his purpose being to gain local colour for a South Polar romance, and to escape for a time from the house-dinners of the Authors' Club. As the withdrawal of this popular writer's work from our pages even for a time would be disastrous to this magazine, I consider that I am justified in informing you that Mr. —— —— is an inveterate and shockingly bad bridge-player, and that he suffers from chronic and acute indigestion—things which render him but poor company in a confined space like an ice-cabin or a snow-hut. If you could see your way to avoid accepting his offer I should be most grateful; and as some recognition of your assistance I should be happy to consider the publication of the exclusive serial rights of your 'story' when you return, at our usual rates of payment."

THE BORDER LAND.

WHEN forty years had taken toll
Of love-locks from my plundered poll,
I smugly smiled within my soul,
"For now," thought I, "I'm mated
To peaceful middle age. No more
Need I attempt to ply the oar,
The bat I always found a bore,
The racquet which I hated.

"It is no more my painful lot
To train away what flesh I've got
In hopes of capturing some pot
Or silly bit of ribbon."
I hailed the prospect of repose,
And so, with spectacles on nose,
I settled in my chair to doze
At leisured ease through *Gibbon*.

Serene and calm life's evening grew,
And sweetly swift the moments flew
Till soon—yes, all too soon—I knew
Without my wife I'd reckoned;
She, thirsting with a fiery thirst
For youth, grew wrath when I, immersed
In the delights of tome the first,
Would offer her the second.

She still has ears to hear the call
Of sportive youth that cries, "Love all!"
Refusing to decline and fall
Into the sere and yellow;
She craves the fast and furious set,
The lightning rally at the net—
She is not ripe for *Gibbon* yet,
While I am richly mellow.

So when returning tired from town
At four o'clock I settle down
To read the master, fierce her frown,
And rage begins to bubble;
She fidgets in her chair. I see
Nerve-shaking glances shot at me
And wonder what on earth will be
The end of all this trouble.

Will her white hairs, which draw a groan
When in the mirror they are shown,
First shame her into playing Joan,
Contented to be one with
This Darby? Or perhaps the shame
Of having but a waist in name
Will drive me to resume a game
That I had hoped was done with?

THE COMPLEX LIFE.

"I HAVE seen a good deal in the papers lately," said Ponker, "about the unwisdom of bringing up boys and girls with separate sets of ideals; and when I read anything under that head, I think of poor Tarleton Weir smoking his lonely pipe o' nights by the pale light of the Southern Cross, and dreaming all the while of the London street lamps."

He allowed a minute for the visualization of this pathetic picture, and then continued:—

"For ten years Tarleton lived very contentedly in a garret. Not a garret really, you know, but three top-floor, Turkey-carpeted rooms overlooking the gardens of one of the Inns of Court; and his sober wishes never learned to stray very far from the scene of his daily labours at the Chancery Bar. At night, for example, he would often spend long hours by his own fireside, nursing an unread French novel, and thinking about things. (Most people are incapable of thought, and that is why jig-saw puzzles and the musical comedies are possible.)

"Well, it was at some semi-public function that he met Cartwright; and Cartwright, by one of those mischances that *will* happen, took a great fancy to him. 'Now mind,' he said, as he gripped Tarleton's hand at parting—he was a loud, genial, elderly man, this Cartwright person—'mind, you've promised to dine with us this day week. Not a party, you know—you must just take us as you find us.' 'Oh! not at all,' murmured Tarleton, which obviously was not the right answer, but sounded polite. (What is the proper answer, by the way, to this inanity?)

"Tarleton was never a good hand at excuses, and as he failed to frame one within the week, he had to go all the way out to Raynes Park and take the Cartwrights as he found them.

"He found them attaching more importance to table decorations than to the quality of their claret, and he soon suspected that Mary, the eldest daughter, was not blameless in this matter.

"Now, although (so he afterwards assured me) he was dull and distrait that evening, the Cartwrights (for some reason never discerned) persisted in liking him. So other invitations followed, and passive resistance seemed unavailing. There were Sundays up the river, a week-end visit . . . and then there came a day when one of the Cartwright flappers said, 'Oh, Mr. Weir will come on with Mary, of course, in the canoe.'

"He knew there was no way out of it then. He never blamed Mary or the flappers or anyone, but accepted the situation manfully.

"There seemed to be no good reason for delay. And so these two poor dears prepared, each in separate fashion, to tread the thorny path of Life together. Tarleton bought a ticket for the Stores, because he thought he would get his tobacco a little cheaper that way, and Mary decided that she ought now to go to a dressmaker whose charges were really ruinous.

"But still there might have been no catastrophe, I think, if Tarleton had not been shown the wedding-presents *all at once*, or if Mary had been tactful enough to say, 'You know, my dear, we can easily sell them, and spend the money on cigars.'

"At first Tarleton was merely bewildered; he had never seen so many unnecessary things collected together in one room before. He looked blankly about him, and saw hideously-distorted reflections of his own face mowing at him from a hundred plated butter-coolers. Then, in a flash, he realised it all, and knew that he had got to *live* with these horrors. Hand-painted milking-stools, that upset at a touch, would dot his drawing-room. The sacred breakfast hour would be made turbulent by the bubbling and steaming of patent urns and egg-boilers. For a pepper-pot he must make choice between a silver owl with perforated head and an electro-plated lighthouse. Books must be cut with a jewelled scimitar, instead of with the forefinger. There were surgical implements for the elaborate dissection of walnuts and lobsters, and a tantalus promised the misery of hunting for a key every time he wanted a whisky-and-soda. . . . And clocks! Nineteen of them! and each to be wound daily, or only on Fridays, or biennially, or something! And a silver-and-ebony pipe-rack! ('So kind of the dear Dean to remember your tastes,' said Mary; 'you'll have to be tidy now, Tarleton.' 'Yes, but what on earth is it for?' gasped Tarleton. And then it was broken to him. Pipes were to be kept, if you please, *sus. per coll*, like criminals—as if mantelpieces had never been invented—in a little dark room under the hot-water cistern—the 'smoking-room,' gadzooks! And Tarleton, mark you, was the author of that sublime phrase, 'The world is my smoking-room'—the noblest rebuke, surely, ever administered to an over-officious club secretary.)

"Life stretched before him in dreary perspective, with every daily act transformed into a hideous little ceremony, to be carried out with the aid of glittering appliances of wrought silver or the best electro-plate. New and trivial duties confronted him, too—as, for example, to be sure and press grapes upon the Jacksons when they dined at his house, because they were the givers of the silver grape-scissors. A great disgust of over-civilization seized him. Mary he could have liked, but Mary's Fancy Bazaar—never! It was all too terribly complex . . .

"The night before the wedding-day a pale man slunk inconspicuously through the dock gates at Southampton; and when the light of morn broke out over the waters he was lying very, very ill in a comfortable state-room somewhere south of the Wight."

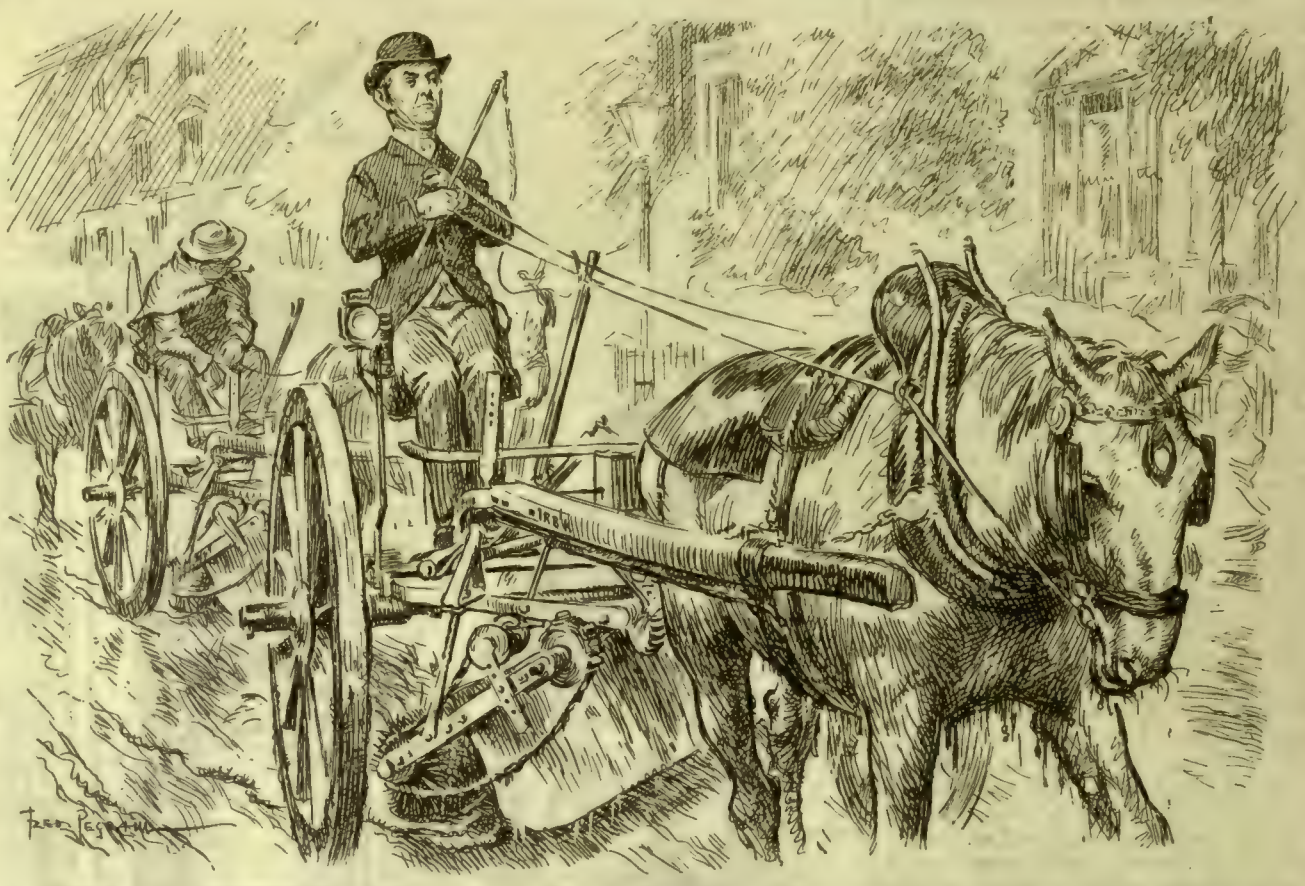
"He behaved very badly," said Ponker's audience severely.

"I don't know," replied Ponker slowly. "I think Mary's education was to blame. Girls are brought up to think the silver superfluities of life are essential to married happiness, while man's natural tendency is to go and live without sugar-tongs in a tent. Woman ought to meet him halfway. And I think," he added, grave beyond his wont, "I think these two might have lived very happily together if Mary could have been content to crack nuts—if nuts she must have—in the ordinary way, in the dining-room door. . . ."

He shook his head sadly, and fell into a reverie.



Pat. "COULD YER GIVE A MAN A JOB, YER HONOUR?"
Barber. "WELL, YOU CAN REPAINT THIS POLE FOR ME."
Pat. "BE JABERS, I CAN, SOR, IF YOU'LL TELL ME WHERE TO BUY THE STRIPED PAINT."



THOMAS JARVIS (FORMERLY HEAD-COACHMAN TO THE VERE DE VERES) WHO, THOUGH OUSTED FROM HIS PLACE BY THE MOTOR-CAR AND OBLIGED TO ACCEPT LESS SPLENDID EMPLOYMENT, YET RETAINS HIS OLD DIGNITY AND STYLE.

OUR FLYING AUTHORS.

THE example of Signor GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO, who has been tasting the joys of aviation at Brescia, has not been lost on his British *confrères*.

Mr. HALL CAINE has recently communicated to a representative of the Aerated Head Company his wonderful experiences when aviating with Lieutenant CALTARARA and General BOUM in their remarkable Manx triplane, driven by a 3-cylinder Catter-Wall motor. "When the flying machine soared aloft," says the famous novelist, "I experienced a sensation of delirious ecstasy only comparable to the sensations of a reader of one of my books or a spectator of one of my plays. So powerful was the enchantment that I was insensibly moved to sing, and warbled the following lines in my fruitiest baritone:—

But Poetry in Fiction takes delight,
And, mounting up in figures out of sight,
Leaves Truth behind her in audacious flight.

The effect of my singing was so overwhelming that the General and the Lieutenant both simultaneously let go their hold of everything, and the triplane plunged down with appalling velocity. Realising our danger, by a supreme effort of volition I distended my cranium with such extraordinary success as to counteract the downward swoop and practically to convert an aeroplane into a balloon. Reassured by my intrepid intervention, the two sky-pilots recovered their equanimity and soon manœuvred the machine gently to mother earth."

Mr. CHESTERTON, after flying with Mr. CODY on Laffan's Plain, expressed himself as follows to a representative of the Paradox Club:—

"When CODY'S aeroplane rose, I found, like D'ANNUNZIO, that the consciousness of the weight of my body seemed entirely lost, and the relief was so ecstatic that in order to render it justice I was obliged to chant the lines from *Quinault*:

Il est beau qu'un mortel jusques aux cieux s'élève,
Il est beau même d'en tomber.

I may say that I returned to earth reluctantly. But the effect will not soon pass off. My mental vision has been clarified, my thoughts codified by my flight. I must fly again with CODY or BLÉRIOT or WRIGHT, but not with THOMAS WRIGHT."

Mr. CLEMENT K. SHORTER, who has also recently made a trip in Mr. CODY'S aeroplane, writes as follows:—

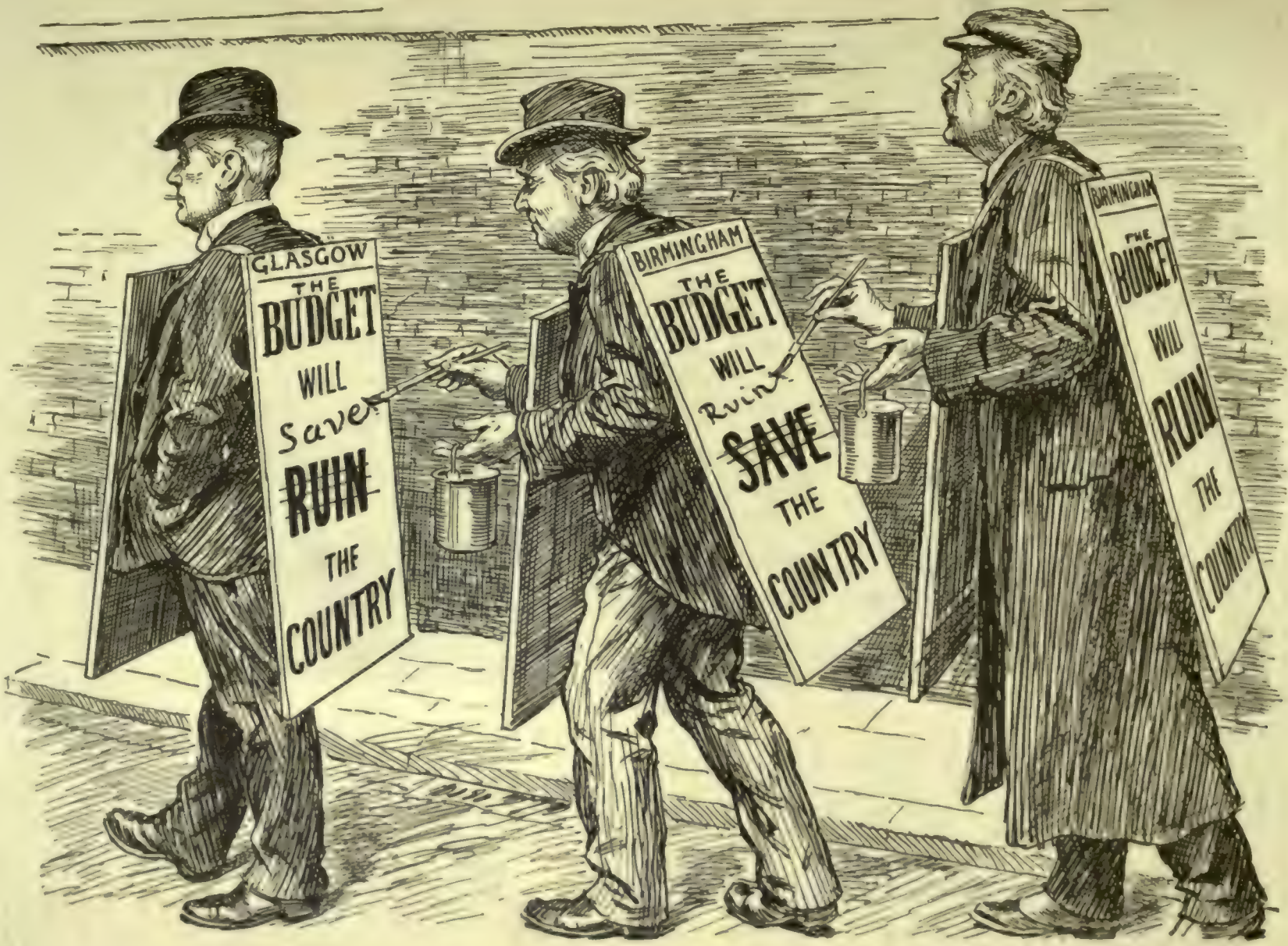
"When CODY'S aeroplane arose
I felt, as you may well suppose,
A tingling feeling in my toes
And at the apex of my nose,
Quite incompatible with prose.
And ever as we higher flew
I sang to CODY of LE QUEUX,
MAX PEMBERTON and EUGÈNE SUE,
And other bookmen old and new.
It was, in short, a trip sublime,
And curiously, all the time
My thoughts expressed themselves in rhyme
Quite faultless in its tuneful chime."

"The 7.15 p.m. train from Dolgelley to Barmouth will continue to run every week-day up to September 30th instead of up to September 30th as advertised."—*The Barmouth Advertiser.*

The distinction between, say, "Chippendale" and "Chippendale as advertised" is equally marked.

"In the Furness district adders grow to an unusual size, from 25in. to 30s. being apparently the normal development."—*Leeds Mercury.*

Another sixpence and it comes to as much as three feet.



GUIDES TO TRUTH.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, September 13.—When NAPOLEON BONAPARTE found himself enmeshed in his Moscow campaign, disaster staring him in the face, he turned to the constitution of the newly-founded Imperial Opera at Paris and busied himself with formulating rules for its management.

Curious how in varied fashion, sometimes slavishly, more often indirectly, history repeats itself. For fully three years NAPOLEON B. HALDANE has been engaged in the work of re-establishing the British Army. Not since the days of CARDWELL—a reformer much maligned in his time, now on a pedestal crowned with laurel by a grateful nation—has the task been pursued with equal boldness, originality and success. To-night he lightly takes in hand direction of a section of the Budget.

Whilst CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER rests from his labours with the Land clauses, and the PREMIER plumes himself on having successfully carried Licensing Duties through Committee, N. B. H. buckles to the Death Duties, handling them with an ease and skill that could not be exceeded were they a battalion of Territorials.

Personal sacrifice more marked by reason of counter-attraction. Though he sits on the Treasury Bench listening to EVELYN CECIL proposing to barter DON'T KEIR HARDIE'S trousers with the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER in default of landed estate subject to Death Duties, his heart is not here. It is away in the highlands by Mergentheim, a-chasing the Red Army or the Blue, according as he has been assigned position by the GERMAN EMPEROR. Of all the stirring delights life offers to an ex-Barrister, there is none more riotously stirs the blood of N. B. H. than galloping at the head of a troop of cavalry, making straight for the guns of the enemy, with sure knowledge that they are not loaded.

Such might have been his privilege at the War Manœuvres this week conducted in Germany under the personal supervision of the EMPEROR and our PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE. Duty calls to the humdrum business of Committee on the Budget. Instinctively he salutes and obeys, leaving to WINSTON the privilege (in conjunction with the Imperial War-Lord) of showing German Generals and Captains how a campaign should be successfully conducted.

Business done.—In Committee on Death Duty clauses of Budget Bill. PRETYMAN, back after brief holiday, takes up the running. In despair at prospect of increased toll levied on big estates, he met Ministerial argument that the burden was placed on strong shoulders able to bear it.

"Yes," said PRETYMAN, "but after the strong have been destroyed, who will look after the rich?"

"They'll look after themselves," said a matter-of-fact Labour Member.

PRETYMAN hadn't thought of that.

Amendment against increase of Death Duties negatived by more than two to one. 82 for, 170 against.



"AN EX-BARRISTER" (HAD HE GONE TO THE GERMAN MANŒUVRES).

"Galloping at the head of a troop of cavalry, making straight for the guns." (Rt. Hon. Mr. Haldane.)

Tuesday.—Throughout Session the Ladies' Gallery has been so quiet Members have almost forgotten its existence as an integral portion of the Chamber. No banners suddenly hang out on its outer walls. No irrelevant remark announcing the prime ambition of woman interrupts ordered speech. No case of unrequited affection is disclosed by discovery of forcible attachment of more or less young person to unresponsive grille.

State of things made more noteworthy a sudden unmistakable flash of interest that at particular moment of to-day's sitting passed through the group seen, as through a glass darkly, behind the iron casement. It happened when PRINCE ARTHUR interposed in debate on amendment to Budget Bill exempting from operation of second sub-section of Clause 42 property passing between husband and wife.

"As an individual Member of the House," he observed, "I cannot be accused of personal interest in this matter."

Looking shyly across Table at that other gay young bachelor, the WAR MINISTER, he added: "Like the right hon. gentleman opposite, I approach it from an absolutely impartial standpoint."

Of course nothing new in condition of affairs indicated. Every mother in Israel knows that PRINCE ARTHUR and NAPOLEON B. HALDANE are still "on the market." But the pointed reminder came so unexpectedly, dropped so suddenly on arid waste of discussion about one per cent. succession duty and the like, that it naturally fluttered the dovecote over the Press Gallery.

One day in the last Parliament, COUSIN HUGH, strolling down Bond Street, had his attention drawn to an article displayed for sale in a modiste's shop-window. Forget at the moment what was the occasion or what the argument sought to be established. Well remember Lord HUGH standing below the Gangway, blushing to the roots of his hair, wringing his hands in pitiful embarrassment as he informed the House that the article was "what he believed was called a corset." Mentioned its price and other particulars, which indicated that his



"A LIVELY MEASURE!"

(With grateful acknowledgments to J. Seymour Lucas, R.A.)

study had not been so fleeting as introductory remark implied. And here was COUSIN ARTHUR, sheltering himself in the companionship of a celibate on the Treasury Bench, coming forward as the champion of married couples harried by a blood-sucking Chancellor of the Exchequer.

"Why," he cried, in voice vibrating with indignation, "by the operation of the Income Tax you fine husband and wife for living together, and by the imposition of Estate Duty you fine them because they do not die together."

Later, whilst avoiding the picturesque particularity of COUSIN HUGH, PRINCE ARTHUR enlarged upon the topic of female dress. Amazing figures had been given to him setting forth extravagance under this head of domestic expenditure.

"I have no means of testing them," he added. (SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR: "Hear, hear!")

But he accepted them with full confidence in their accuracy. Under proposal of the Bill executors are required to act as a Grand Jury and decide whether during the five years preceding death of testator expenditure upon his wife's frocks was justifiable. The dresses, "and so on," would have to be looked over first by the executors and then by the commissioners.

"It is idiotic," PRINCE ARTHUR thundered, bringing down on Table resounding blow which happily covered shrill murmur of approval from Ladies' Gallery.

Unlike majority of speeches delivered, whether on one side of the House or the other, this manly outburst had instant effect. CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER capitulated on two important points. Excluded marriage settlements from range of Death Duties; reduced from five years to three the period preceding death within which gifts shall pay tribute to the Treasury.

Business done.—Twenty-eighth sitting in Committee on Budget Bill.

Thursday.—"Having, man and boy, been in the House for nigh forty years, I am prepared for anything. But never thought I would live to hear TIM HEALY denounced by his fellow-countrymen as a landlord."

Thus the MEMBER FOR SARK, distractedly brushing his hair the wrong way.

Event happened on consideration of report of Irish Land Bill. It was Mr. FLAVIN who, breaking a silence that has long eclipsed the gaiety of the House, levelled the charge. IRISH ATTORNEY-GENERAL introduced new clause defining untenanted land. TIM briefly described it as "botched and discreditable." JOHN DILLON struck the note of indictment by sarcastically suggesting that opposition would have come better from the Ulster landlord camp above the Gangway.

This gave Mr. FLAVIN his cue. TIM interpolating a remark, he leaped to his feet and shouted at the top of his voice, "The hon. Member for North Louth is fighting to protect his own property in Kerry."

A burst of cheering rose from compatriots and companions dear among whom TIM doggedly sits for greater convenience in the matter of occasionally sticking pins into them. The House looked on in amazement. Here was startling discovery! That TIM is a prosperous man, as prosperity goes at the Irish Bar, everybody knows and of it most people are glad, recognising the reward of supreme capacity. But TIM a landlord, "a sort of" Knight of Kerry, as Lord HALSBURY would say, gave pause, and for a while stopped progress of the Bill.

"Next thing we shall hear," said WALTER LONG, visibly dismayed, "is that TIM has been shot at from behind a hedge by a tenant evicted from his Kerry estate. That would be a picturesque and characteristic episode in the Irish Question."

Business done.—Irish Land Bill passed Report stage.

"To Englishmen the record will ever be remarkable of that July morning when the inhabitants of Dover awoke to find that the historic route from the mainland of Europe into England had been traversed for the first time on a machine heavier than air."—*The Times.*

All the same we have often done it on a fairly weighty steamboat.

"In all likelihood he will confess that he has never read, and perhaps never heard of Johnson's 'Lines and the Poet.'"—*Evening News.*

In which case we don't blame him.

"The Common sin Committee again took up the Finance Bill."—*Glasgow Herald.*

It almost looks as if *The Glasgow Herald* might be a Unionist paper.



THE GIFT HORSE.

Grandchild (from town—to Grandfather, who has given her a pony). "I SUPPOSE YOU WENT TO A HORSE-SHOP AND BOUGHT HIM?"
Grandfather. "WELL, NOT EXACTLY. I BOUGHT HIM FROM A FRIEND." *Grandchild.* "OH, I SEE—SECOND-HAND."

FRESH WOODS AND PASTURES NEW.

"To authors retiring. Send for free pamphlet containing full directions as to new careers. —Restall & Co."

ACCUSTOMED as I am to the notice to "Tobacconists commencing," I rubbed my eyes when they first alighted upon the above sign of the times; and it was not long before I was seated, note-book in hand, in Mr. Restall's office.

"Yes," he said, "it has already had a great success, that ad. We have been besieged for advice."

"Are so many authors, then, giving up?" I asked.

"Practically all," he replied. "There's nothing in it any longer. The seven-penny novel, you know—Motoring—Aviation—Polar Exploration—Music Halls. So many distractions. The public are tired of books; they want life; and the novelists are acting accordingly. It's very wise of them, I think. Miss HELEN MATHERS deserves a statue. I would erect one to her on Peckham Rye."

"Why Miss HELEN MATHERS?"

"Because she began it. Took to the wall-paper trade instead. Then the *Pigs in Clover* genius: the very frank DANBY. She gave it up too, and turned all her energies to embroidery; and now the others are pressing in—all but a few obstinate ones. And *they* 'll find out their mistake soon."

"Who have you had to-day, for example?"

"To-day. Lots and lots of them. You wouldn't believe! Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT. Yes, no other. Wants a complete outfit as a travelling tinker. He hadn't been gone but a minute or two when in bounded Mr. H. G. WELLS. Dead sick of books; could I tell him of any aero-garage in need of a manager? Mr. BELLOC is taking an inn and will do well: he's a fine young fellow."

"Is that all?" I asked.

"Oh, dear, no. Here's Sir GILBERT PARKER wanting to know if Mr. HARRIMAN'S position has been filled up yet; and Mr. CHESTERTON is applying for the post of waiter at the Eustace Miles Restaurant. Mr. KIPLING wants Lord KITCHENER'S place in India, and Mr. HENRY JAMES is thinking of intensive French gardening. Mr. BERNARD SHAW is going to be a professional artist's model."

"And the authoresses?" I said.

"Oh, the ladies! Plenty of them. Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD refuses to give up, but Miss CORELLI 's written to me. Can I, she asks, use my influence to get her the post of Mistress of the Robes in succession to the Duchess of BUCCLEUCH? ANNIE S. SWAN is retiring too; she and Mrs. L. T. MEADE are taking a school. ELIZABETH GLYN writes inquiring after a post as manageress of a pickle factory."

"What will become of the publishers?" I asked.

"Oh, I've got snug little berths in the workhouses bespoken for most of them," said Mr. Restall.

Lord ROSEBERY as reported in *The Daily Mail*:

"For five years, therefore, a man is not a human bing but a phost, and as nobody knows when he will die, we are all perpetual whosts."

Yet there are many who would rather be a phost for five years than a bing, human or inhuman, all his life. As for the perpetual whosts, we prefer to speak of *them* in our next number.

GREAT SCOTTISH INTERNATIONAL WEDDING.

GRAND DUCHESS AND ARGENTINE BRIDEGROOM.

DAZZLING SCENES.

THE historic burgh of Comrie, in Perthshire, was one blaze of epithalamic splendour yesterday for the nuptials of the Grand Duchess Volga to Hector Hirschbergheimer, the Argentine millionaire, son of the late Melchisedek Waterbury Hirschbergheimer, of Odessa and Pittsburg. The town, which, true to its reputation for seismic activity, had signalised the occasion by a series of genial earthquake shocks, was profusely decorated with bunting, and the streets were lined from an early hour with Highlanders, Gauchos, Patagonian Hussars, and a squadron of the Imperial Cossacks of the Ukraine, of which the Grand Duchess is the Honorary Colonel.

The first to arrive at the church for the ceremony were Lord and Lady Leyds and the Hon. Marma Leyds, of Inversquish, Lord and Lady Skibo, the Bamburgher of Bamburgh, Enver Bey of Loch Enver, Sir Jeroboam Szlumper of Inchnadamph (wearing the uniform of the Joppa Fusiliers), Mr. Virgil P. Boyles, Miss Gulielma Zeltinger, Mr. Alonzo Kimball, the Hospodar of Wallachia, the Ban of Croatia, Mr. Homer P. Tonks, Mr. and Mrs. Baddeley Tartan (of New York), and other representatives of leading Highland county families.

The bridegroom, a magnificent albino, clad in the superb magenta uniform of the Magellan Carabiniers and accompanied by his cousin the Bamburgher of Bamburgh, arrived promptly at noon, the band of the Black (Waterbury) Watch playing the national anthem of Tierra del Fuego as he passed beneath the sumptuously decorated pergola into the sacred edifice. On the arrival of the Grand Duchess, who wore a sumptuous chinchilla *poncho* with platinum pompoms, and was accompanied by her brother the Grand Duke Prosper (in Highland costume), who gave her away, the band played "The Star-spangled Banner." There were no bridesmaids, but the sermon was preached in Esperanto, and after the service the entire wedding party proceeded to Inversquish Castle for the wedding breakfast. In honour of the principals the viands were specially chosen to illustrate the international character of the alliance, and included *maté*, pemmican, capercailzie and sturgeon steaks, while the fountains ran with vodka until a late hour. The presents, which numbered more than a thousand, included three dirigible balloons, twenty samovars, a complete set of the works of Gogol, a fine cottage guanaco, a diamond-hilted *chistera*, and postal orders from local admirers.

AT THE PLAY.

"FALSE GODS."

I AM afraid that Sir HERBERT TREE has overrated the magic of M. BRIEUX'S name, and thought that with a little stage management it could be made to work miracles, like the statue of Isis. But because a man can write freshly enough upon modern questions, such as the problem of Co-operation or that of Maternity, it does not follow that he will have anything but the baldest platitudes to give us when he gets among the ancients. I speak without knowledge of the original and cannot say how far M. BRIEUX has been Faganised



The Agnostic to his Love. "It's such waste of a really nice girl to throw you into the Nile; and anyhow you're much too slim to make it overflow properly."

Satni . . . MR. HENRY AINLEY.
Yaouma . . MISS EVELYN D'ALROY.

by his translator. But if the adaptation is an honest one then I gather that M. BRIEUX credits himself with having discovered a brace of bright new truths: (1) That there must have been agnostics in most ages; (2) That it is poor work destroying old creeds unless you can offer something satisfying in their place. Well, it doesn't take much genius to think of things like that. I believe I could have guessed them both myself, with my socks down.

The trouble came about through a potter's son (trained for the priesthood) going on a two-years' tour and getting his mind broadened. Where he picked up his agnosticism I can't imagine. At this period—whatever it was—most other nations were busy with creeds as crude as his father's. Anyhow, he returned home and denounced the bestial gods of his country—and well he might, for they were an ugly-looking lot. Dead scarabs in his path had no terrors for him, and the accident of a thunderstorm coming at a moment when a human sacrifice was about to be made to the Nile brought him the reputation of miraculous powers. Either he must be a god himself, or in touch with gods more potent than the local ones. As poor *Mieris* pathetically put it (she had lost her sight and had also apparently mislaid her sense of humour):—"Nothing is impossible to our gods, and his gods are stronger still." However, he conscientiously declines to be a deity, and indeed will not commit himself to assert that there is any such thing, not, at any rate, within range of mortal advances. He contents himself with a sort of glorified Socialism, and, if the "false gods" had only been British Dukes, he might have been a Budgeteer after Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE'S own heart, though perhaps a shade too scrupulous. In the end the old order prevailed, which should be an encouragement for the Peers.

Talking of politics, Mr. BIRRELL, who was present on the first night, may have caught the dear old maxim: "We must not make martyrs, if we can help it." If so, I hope he thought of his Irish cattle-drivers.

Mr. HENRY AINLEY, as *Satni*, the potter's son, had practically the only acting part. I never mistook him for an Egyptian, but I was bound to admire the courage of his convictions and his masterly alternations of restraint and expansion. But the human interest of the play, which had its opportunity in the clash of love and conscience, was never properly developed. True, there was promise in the scene between *Satni* and his lover, the girl who had been chosen by the god for sacrifice that the Nile might be persuaded to overflow (Miss EVELYN D'ALROY played the part of *Yaouma* with a very quiet dignity), but both of them, the girl especially, were too preoccupied with the claims of their respective creeds to give love a dog's chance.

It was rather sad to see Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL playing a superfluous part in a sketchy dress that ill became her, and to hear her wasting her golden voice over some very tedious pathos with only here and there a touch of poetry in it.

As for the Actor-manager, he reserved himself, as High Priest, for the pomps of the Final Act. His get-up was admirable, and he had the satisfaction of making a fool of the Pharaoh, and even threatened him with the disestablishment of the State. Also, he threw off some very sound cynicism on the social advantages to be derived from even the rottenest hierarchy. But it was not a great part, and, for what there was of it,

Sir HERBERT, the Actor, had chiefly to thank Sir BEERBOHM, the Manager.

The minor characters seemed to occupy a needless amount of our time over trivialities—such as the repairing of the broken horn of the hippopotamus-goddess, or the lesson in the elementary principles of moral intelligence, though the last was, no doubt, a necessary part of the game.

The scenery, with the exception of the dull foreground of Act III., was very effective; but the crowds (organised as admirably as ever) were for the most part without attraction and never came near to moving my sympathy, except for their ugliness. Indeed, I cannot think how the Agnostic was ever induced to set the machinery of the Isis-miracle in motion out of pity for a collection of supplicants who were merely noisy and repellent. Nor did the frequent spectacle of individuals prostrating themselves with their back view to the audience contribute greatly to the general sum of beauty. O. S.

"THE GREAT DIVIDE."

There was a large crowd of Americans and me at the Adelphi to welcome Mr. WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY'S melodramatic play, *The Great Divide*. I have had a warm corner in my heart for Arizona since first I saw it on the map, and it was in a *Phillip Jordan's* cabin in Southern Arizona that the First Act took place. When I saw that they all had six-shooters and brown shirts I knew that it was correct, but in spite of this I was very unhappy for the first few minutes. I couldn't keep up at all. At last I began to realise that the author was making desperate efforts to leave *Ruth Jordan* alone in the cabin, but could *not* get some of the other characters to go. However, he managed it in about twelve minutes, and then the fun began. Entered three "greasers" (jolly word)—*Dutch*, *Pedro*, and *Stephen Ghent*. To save herself from the others, *Ruth* offers herself to *Stephen*, the least depraved, our Mr. HENRY MILLER no less. *Stephen* buys off one of his companions, shoots the other, and carries off *Ruth* to the deputy-sheriff or some such cheese, who marries them at break of day.

Act II. finds them in *Stephen's* cabin in the Corderilla Mountains. I ought to say that his character had completely changed at the moment that he first saw *Ruth*, and that he is now a kindly and stoutish mine-owner. So at least he appears to us (and to himself); but *Ruth* cannot forget the drunken greaser who carried her off. After many words, and many attempts by *Ruth* and the author to explain her mixed feelings, *Phillip Jordan*, the brother (a man to whom I took an intense dislike), turns up, and with the lady's consent takes her home to *Mrs. Jordan*, who lives at Milford Corners, Mass.

By the time Act III. begins there is what *Stephen* calls a "little rooster." *Ruth* has not seen or heard of her husband, nor has he seen his child. But there has been a plot by *Mrs. Jordan* to bring them together; and now *Stephen* appears in his town clothes looking more like a fairly bad butler than anything else. There is one more attempt at explanations, and *Stephen* says a lot of things to her which he ought to have said before (and one thing which he ought never to have said—namely, that all the angels "working overtime" could not blot out his sins: a typical American joke at which the American audience laughed boisterously). In the end *Ruth* realises that she will never explain *just* how she feels, and *Stephen* realises that as long as he is in his best suit nobody could possibly love him; and so they start off together to the Wild West again. Accompanied by the little rooster.

Miss EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON was superb in a very difficult part. She understood the character at least as well as did *Ruth Jordan* and Mr. WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY. Mr. HENRY MILLER I should like to see in comedy. He has great gifts of facial expression and a quiet natural manner, but the "strong (and stoutish) silent man" is too easy a part for him. M.



BOTH WAYS.

Tube-Lift Man "IT SAYS 'NO SMOKING'—CAN'T YOU READ?"
Way. "PARDON ME—IT SAYS 'SMOKE P. P. C.,' AND THAT 'S WHAT I 'M DOING."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Tilda is indeed the dearest and most nimble of gutter-snipes. Thoroughly alive to all the charms of the Black Country, she is not slow to discover that the chief of them is the romantic ease with which you escape thence into the fairest fields and pastures of England. Manipulating the rescue of a sweet boy child from his orphanage prison, she drifts by canal barge from Wolverhampton-way to Stratford-on-Avon, glides by canoe to Evesham, rushes by motor to Tewkesbury, and sails triumphant per SS. *Evan Evans* to her island goal, Holmness. In all this she is aided by no tiresome miracles, but relies only on her shrewd use of the better nature of chance acquaintances. The pathetic opening of *True Tilda* (J. W. ARROWSMITH) is perhaps a little commonplace, but that small blemish is soon forgotten in the rare sense of atmosphere which "Q." maintains. As the reader progresses he will see that none of the poetic and humorous possibilities of the situation has been overlooked, and, if at any time he ventures to predict the end of a chapter, he will always be delighted to find that he has predicted it wrongly. He will be kept incessantly agog by turns and twists of frolic and caprice, which are never laboured, and, as he finishes the book with the poetry of the sea still ringing in his ears and the only laughter which is worth laughing still bubbling from his lips, he will place his hand on his heart (if he can find it) and breathe a fervent "Thank Q."



EPISODES IN THE LIVES OF THE GREAT.—III.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH TAKES HIS FIRST LESSON IN SMOKING.

Mr. Walkingshaw, the hero of *The Prodigal Father* (MILLS AND BOON), was a reputable Writer to the Signet until—in a gouty moment—he consulted *Professor Cyrus*, and started rather precipitately upon what I need not apologise for calling his backward career. Indeed the result of the treatment prescribed for him was that he cast off his years with amazing rapidity, and that his spirits rose most indecorously as he pursued his wild course down the ages. A middle-aged widow to whom he had been engaged in his exemplary days was no longer gay enough for his rejuvenated notions; even "a little blow-out in London," refreshing as it was for the time, could not curb his increasing youthfulness. We leave him standing first in the batting averages of a select private school, though he would soon have to pass preposterously on to a kindergarten establishment or to his cradle. I see that Mr. STORER CLOUSTON has dedicated his book "to an unknown correspondent who once made a certain suggestion;" but if the idea is not Mr. CLOUSTON'S I can nevertheless congratulate him upon the amusing way in which he has treated it, and upon the sanity which is to be found in this farcical entertainment.

In the uncompromising title of his new novel, *Low Society* (CONSTABLE), "ROBERT HALIFAX" makes no attempt to mislead his public. Here is fair notice that we are invited once more to breathe the uninspiring atmosphere which the author so admirably assimilates. This time we move among the jerry-built purlieus of Barking, and *Mr. Matt Casswade*, professor of bricks and mortar, is the shoddy villain of the piece. The book is a collection of types associated rather by the accident of neighbourhood than by any very strong dramatic relationship. We miss the bright thread of love-romance that runs through the author's last work, *The Borderland*; for the wooing of *Selina Shadd* by *George Baversham* is too cynical to come within that category. But romance was probably never the dominant feature of this down-river locality, and Mr. "HALIFAX" knows what he is doing when he confines himself to its native flora and does not worry about exotics. He observes sympathetically, and has the power to make others see what he has seen. The environment of his characters is naturally rather sombre and colourless, but he relieves it with many gay touches of humour, not too subtle for the conditions which provoke them.

When I began to read *A Reaping* (HEINEMANN), I thought that the first person singular of Mr. E. F. BENSON'S charmingly discursive reflections was an imaginary author, not to be confused with Mr. BENSON himself. Had not this author a wife, *Helen*, and was not Mr. BENSON one of the noble company of bachelors? Afterwards, when I discovered references to his own *Book of Months*, I saw that I had made a mistake. Mr. E. F. BENSON and his author are the same person, but for this occasion only he has married. Well, I congratulate him on choosing, and being chosen by, so delightful a lady as *Helen*. Their cousin *Legs*, who lived with them, was also delightful, and I was sorry when Mr. BENSON found it necessary to lose him. But of course I knew that there had to be an accident or an illness in Mr. BENSON'S books to make them legal; the copyright expires unless the hero does, as one might say. Each month has a chapter to itself—a pretty arrangement, but one which makes for artificiality. Thus, being quite sure that *Helen* didn't really rush around the Continent in that last month but one, I could not help remembering that Mr. E. F. BENSON was a well-known Greek authority, full of pleasant thoughts on Athens in spring which would just fill a chapter. Yes, it is a good chapter, but I think his wife's health should have come first.

"The crooked stick which was stated to be a Tam o' Shanter, but which was really a helmet, was somewhat less remarkable than the wheel."—*Newcastle Chronicle.*

It sounds more like HARRY LAUDER.

"From the church to the street ran a pagoda adorned with the Braganza colours—crimson and blue."—*The Evening News.*

"One can fancy them thinking they were being conveyed in pagomas after the Chinese fashion!"—*The Ashton Reporter.*

What very handy things they must be. Here, as a beginning, are two ways of spelling and using them.

CHARIVARIA.

IT is rumoured that Lord LANSDOWNE and Mr. BALFOUR will be found to have tied for the prize offered by a certain firm of tea-planters to the person sending in the most correct detailed forecast of "What the Lords will do with the Budget."

***

Are the Dukes at last beginning to cultivate a humble spirit? One at least has confessed himself a goose. The Duke of DEVONSHIRE, speaking at Haddon Hall, advised that the Government should not kill the goose that lays the golden egg.

***

The police have issued a warning against a thief who is masquerading as a political agent. Rumours, too, reach us of yet another who goes about disguised as a statesman.

***

The recent outbreak of sickness at Chatsworth House, when the ducal owner and some of his children suffered from what is described as "a slight gastric disturbance," is now thought to have been caused by Cabinet Pudding.

***

Since Lord HUGH CECIL stated that he thought he paid less in taxes than he might reasonably be asked to pay, he has, we understand, received offers from quite a number of persons expressing willingness to help him over his difficulty.

***

During his stay in Scotland General BOTHA devoted himself to golf. The General, it may be remembered, received some lessons in driving from Lord KITCHENER.

***

An advertisement from *The Liverpool Echo*:—

"LIVERPOOL PHILHARMONIC HALL
CARUSO
WILL SING TO A
——— PIANO TO-NIGHT."

This seems a poor sort of audience for so distinguished an *artiste*.

***

There would seem to be no finality as to the material out of which sea-going craft may be made. There is, we believe, already a Cork Steampacket Company: and now a contemporary informs us that, as the result of the enterprise of a commercial combination, nine new meat steamers will shortly make their appearance.

***

This is essentially the Age of the Poor Man. He may now even be said to be fairly on his way to obtain his own motor-car. Several "Halfpenny Bazaars" have been opened in London, and, among other articles which may be obtained there for the price mentioned are, we are told, motor goggles.

***

An Englishman who stated that he intruder had a wash. This should render identification easy.

***

Lightning, last week, saved some men of the 1st Cheshire Regiment the trouble of striking a tent.

***

These are black days for men. Their last point of superiority over the other sex has now vanished. The newest tailor-made gowns for women are to have pockets.



WAX FIGURES OF THE EXPLORERS COOK AND PEARY ARE ABOUT TO BE PLACED WITH LIEUTENANT SHACKLETON'S AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S. IT IS HOPED THAT A CAREFUL WATCH WILL BE KEPT OVER THEM, OR SOME SUCH CATASTROPHE AS THIS MAY OCCUR.

"He (Mr Birrell) was suffering from a relaxed throat on Friday. . . . The engagement he had entered into to take part in the laying of the foundation stone of a new Baptist Chapel at the Mumbles cannot, of course, be fulfilled."—*The Daily News.*

It sounds just the place for a relaxed throat.

Mr. CODY as reported in *The Manchester Evening Chronicle*:—

"Hills, tall trees, spires, chimney stalks, using a biplane now, I believe firmly in the principle of the monoplane."

Quite right. One must be decently exclusive.

"A tempest of laughter was unchained by this very palpable hit."
Daily Chronicle.

The reader mustn't get into the way of thinking that any old hit will let a tempest off the chain. It has to be a very palpable one.

"Man wanted to bring up a Spaniel Pup."—*Newcastle Evening Chronicle.*

Hark to the trumpet's clarion call! Verily there is still work for men to do in England.

"Cook Mr. Oxton
Pearcy Mr and Mrs"
Buxton Gazette Visitors' List.

ETUKISHOOK and gum-drops are forbidden subjects at the *table d'hôte*.

Secrets of Success.

"Each floor is on the same level, which is not always the case in mammoth Hotels."

A Mixed Character.

Extract from Mr. ROOSEVELT'S letter to the Bureau of Fisheries:—

"The water is fairly temperate. It is slightly alkaline, but it is habitually drunk."

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The explanation of the KITCHENER-CURZON coincidence is as clear as mud. Lord KITCHENER, being essentially a man of action and not an orator, applied to his old friend and colleague, Lord CURZON, to draft him a speech, and Lord CURZON, unconsciously reconstituting the scene of his own farewell, re-wrote, with very slight variations, the address which he had himself delivered on that historic occasion.

Yours truly,
SPLENDIDE VERAX.

DEAR MR. PUNCH, — The practical identity of Lord KITCHENER'S farewell speech with that of Lord CURZON is, I think, to be attributed to a rare but not unprecedented manifestation of dual personality. Lord KITCHENER, as everybody knows, was engaged for a long time in a heated controversy with Lord CURZON, in which he ultimately carried the day, with the result that Lord CURZON resigned the Viceroyalty. Lord KITCHENER, having thus ousted and eaten up his antagonist, naturally came to regard himself as the legitimate successor to his position and influence and by a natural transition to his entire mentality. This absorption involved the appropriation of his thoughts and general outlook, and so his farewell banquet induced him to repeat the speech of his vanquished rival.

Yours faithfully,
RECORDATOR.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I was discussing the strange episode of the KITCHENER-CURZON speeches this afternoon with my friend that inveterate punster, Mr. OSCAR BALTHASAR MOUAT. "The speeches are certainly curiously similar," I observed. "Naturally," retorted the inveterate punster, "because they were both Simla (similar) orations." Thinking that this was too good to be lost, I at once took a note of the witticism, which I place unreservedly at your disposal.

Very truly yours,
ALGERNON ASHTON.

DEAR MR. PUNCH, —No one has yet suggested the most satisfactory and convincing explanation of this puzzling affair of the KITCHENER-CURZON speeches. Lord KITCHENER, it will be remembered, was embroiled in an acute controversy with Lord CURZON, but being one of the most gentle and kind-hearted of men, he conceived the charming if somewhat Quixotic plan of burying the hatchet by confessing himself unable to better the oratory of his antagonist. A more magnanimous compliment could not be imagined, but unfortunately its subtlety has defeated its aim.

Yours faithfully,
A SUFFOLK J.P.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The explanation of the similarity between Lord CURZON'S remarks and Lord KITCHENER'S is simplicity itself. They both employ the same tired speech-writer.

Yours, etc., SLEUTH.

THE SENTIMENTAL GOLF-ROUND.

(An attempt to realise the romantic spirit of local advertisements.)

WHERE the purple gloom of heather,
Where the golden stars of gorse
Twine and twist their roots together,
Let me linger and endorse
Praises of the moorland stretching
Into vistas faint and fetching,
Praises that the guide-book uttered of
this pretty nine-hole course.

By this tor, a famous beacon,
Once, no doubt, were British huts;
Places that you ground your cleek on
(Full of tantalising ruts)
Saw the minstrel Druids gather,
Solemn men with beards like lather,
Witless that in time their temples
would provoke a Saxon's "Tuts."

There to leftward lies the ocean,
Shining as a silver pall,
Moving with its magic motion
Onward till the breakers fall,
Onward till the foam-flake splashes
O'er the sea-weed, like my mashies
Tumbling on to greens where TAYLOR
could not stop the berserk ball.

Right, you have the moorland swelling,
Mile on mile, with countless kinks,
Mother of the streamlets welling
Into vales where Ceres winks,
Where the natives murmur "Thiccy"
And their tongue is soft and tricky
As this mass of vegetation which they
choose to term a links.

Stalwart men on tiny ponies,
You shall see them in the dale,
See them draining with their cronies
Mugs of cider and of ale.
Slack they seem and pleasant spoken,—
Doubtless, though, their hearts are oaken,
Witness my undaunted caddy searching
on a tee-shot's trail.

Ah, but now the shadows darken,
Hushed the fairy-haunted scene,
Beauteous land of Devon, hearken!
Help me, as with some chagrin,
By the souls of seadogs beckoned
I prepare to play my second
Out of this enchanted fern-tuft, to the
faith-envisaged green.

"For Sale, Bay Mare, 15 hands; warranted quiet in all harness, or would let out weekly."—*South Wales Daily Post.*

There can be no particular call for him to "let out" at all. Unless it would be just to show what he could do when he liked.

EYES ACROSS THE SEA.

WE are very glad to be able to supplement the somewhat meagre account of the recent meeting of the Atlantic Union which has appeared in *The Westminster Gazette*, with a further record of the impressions of our English-speaking guests.

Professor Elihu Lick, of the University of Tipperusalem, solemnly adjured his hearers to keep the well of English pure and undefiled. "You have," he said, "too many dialects," in particular specifying those of Bayswater, Hindhead, Oxford and Whitechapel. Even at Harridge's Stores he had heard several words mispronounced, notably "coffee," "salt," "surreptitious" and "aerated."

Mr. Slingsby Timrod, a ruddy Vancouverian, summarised his impressions as hereunder:—

FAVOURABLE.	UNFAVOURABLE.
Girth of policemen.	Language of golf players.
Beauty of sandwich-men.	Tyrolese hats.
Herefordshire cider.	The tabloid habit.

Mr. Victor Slumper, a Rhodes Scholar from Woolloomoolloo, was painfully struck by the increased consumption of China tea in good society and the rage for Pekinese dogs, and he quoted with great effect TENNYSON'S line:

"Better fifty peers of Europe than a title of Cathay."

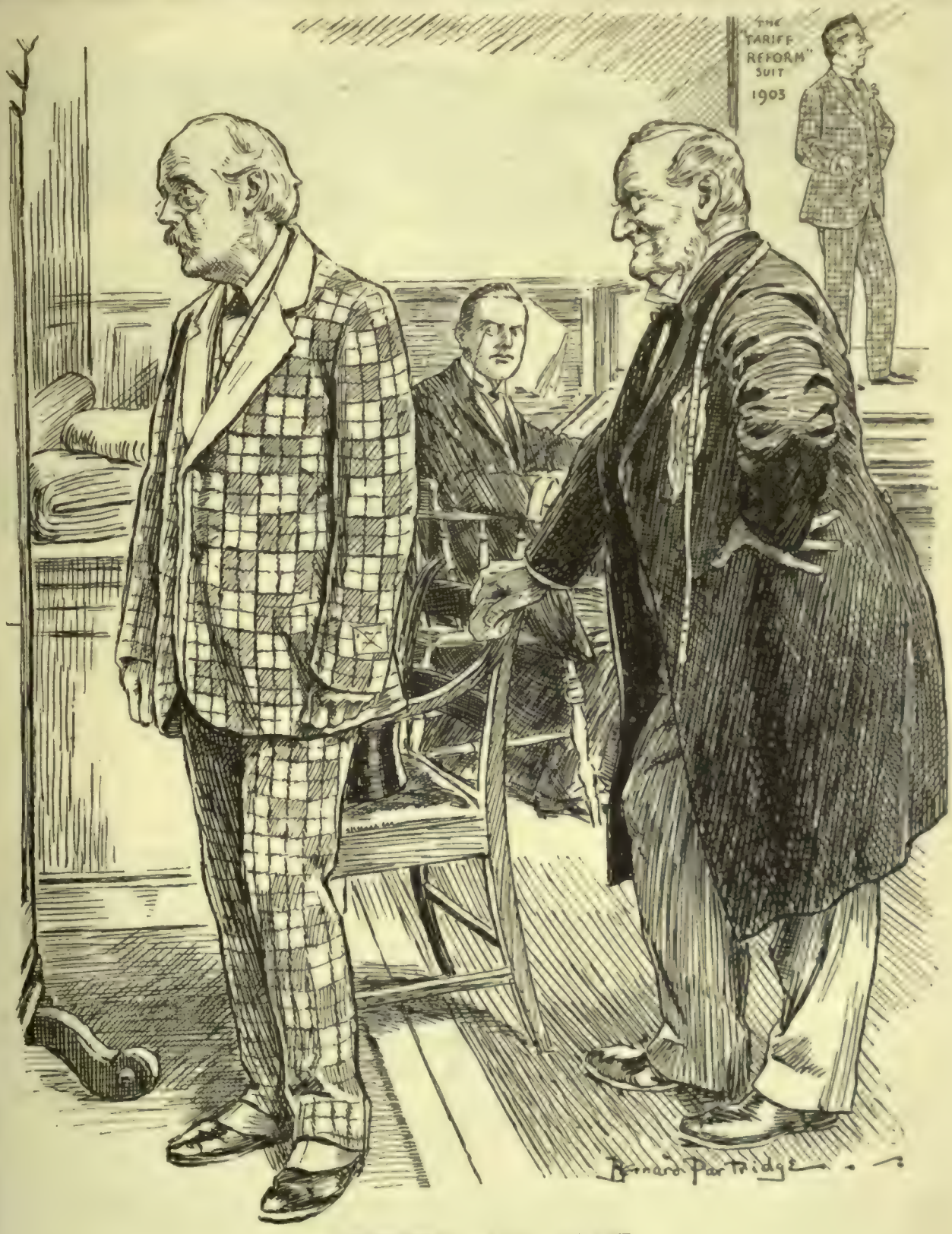
Dr. Wilford Harbottle, of St. Helena, stated that he was somewhat bewildered by a multiplicity of impressions, but perhaps the most striking was that created by the appearance of Mr. Corridor Abel, the famous novelist. From reading his books Dr. Harbottle was led to suppose that he was at least seven feet high, instead of which he was of frail physique and weighed only 9 stone 3 lbs.

Archdeacon Mangles, of the Falkland Islands, was chiefly impressed by the penetrating voices of the newspaper boys, which reminded him of the cries of the sea-birds at home, and the sumptuous luxury of the National Liberal Club.

Miss Wilburina Spacker, of Ithaca, Va., speaking in fluent Esperanto, deplored the lack of skyscrapers, rapid elevators and quick lunches.

Mr. Hiram Pimblott, of Philadelphia, expressed his astonishment at the gentleness and sleekness of the police.

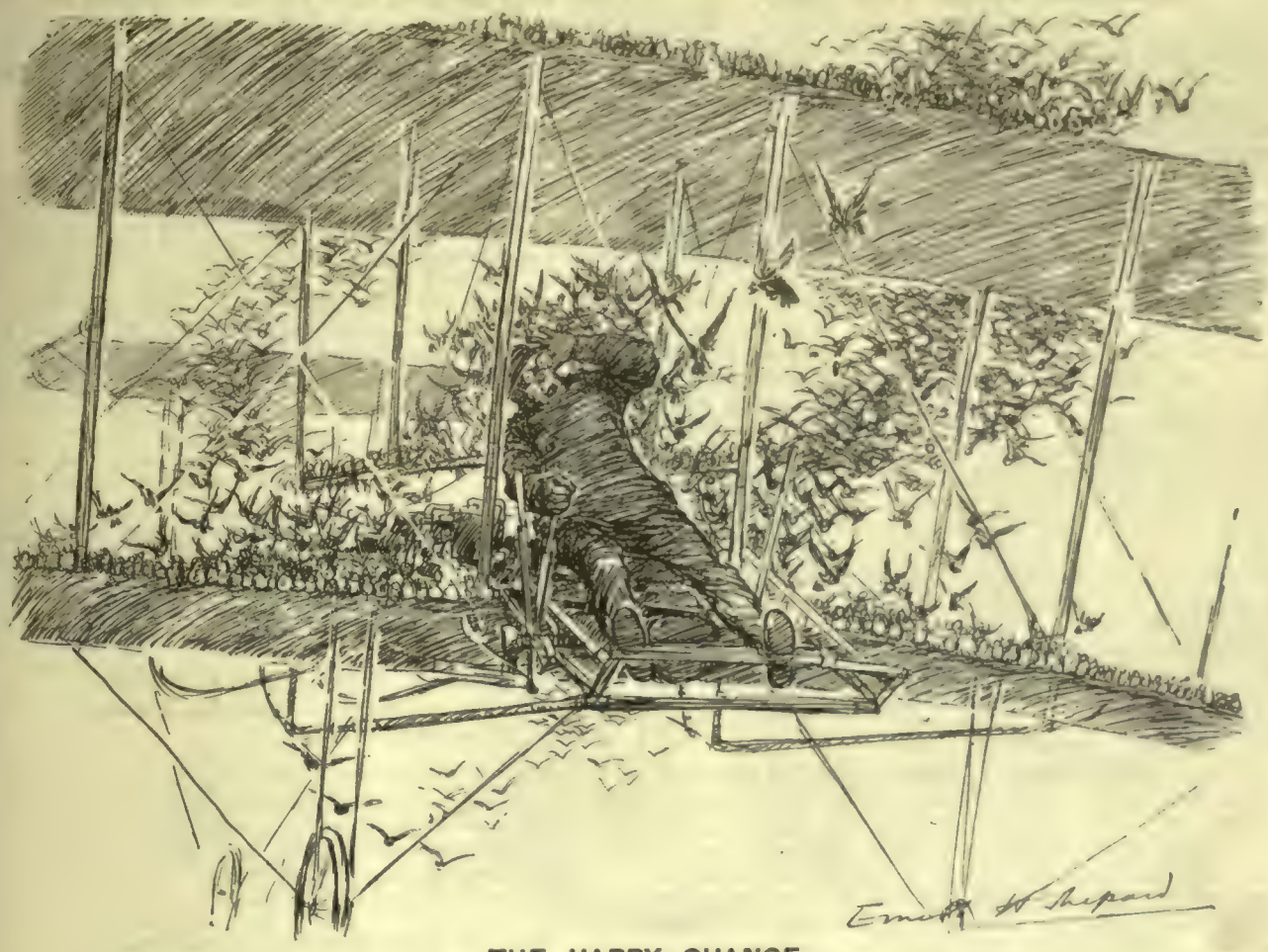
Besides the other performers already mentioned who diversified the entertainment by their performances, mention should be made of Miss Rotorua Vampa, who sang Maori war-songs to the accompaniment of the nasi-flauto, Dr. and Mrs. Cyrus Shyster, plunkophone duettists, and Sig. Onoto Pennini, who gave his celebrated farmyard imitations.



FITTED AT LAST.

MR. CHAPLIN. "YOU 'LL NEVER REGRET DECIDING ON THAT, SIR; IT WILL MAKE A PERFECT SUIT FOR THE COUNTRY."

MR. BALFOUR. "I'M SURE I HOPE SO."



THE HAPPY CHANCE.

Chorus of Migrating Birds. "COME ON, BOYS, THIS SPECIAL'S GOING DUE SOUTH!"

THE WHEREABOUTS OF MRS. BILBROOKE.

THE bell was there to be rung, so he rang it. The door was there to be opened, so she opened it. If he had not rung the bell, she would not have opened the door. He might have stood upon the doorstep and whispered, "Open, Sesame," till his tongue worked loose on its bearings, and nothing would have happened. The housemaid's name was not Sesame, and, even if it had been, she would not have acted until he had said "Please." So, to save the bother of a "please" and to avoid a re-christening, he rang the bell and she opened the door.

"Is Mrs. Bilbrooke at home?" he said, to serve his own private ends.

"Maybe, Sir," answered the maid, "or may not be."

"There is no 'may' about it," he continued. "If she is at home, the proper answer is, 'Yes'; if she is not at home, 'No.' Again I ask, 'Is Mrs. Bilbrooke at home?' Be careful how you answer, for you are on your oath, madam."

"I can't say whether . . ." began the maid.

"I was always taught in my infancy," he interrupted severely, "that there was no such word in the English language as 'can't.' I suppose you won't say, although you know. Is it not a little mean, when you know a sure thing like this, to keep it to yourself?"

"At my school, Sir," said the maid, "they always said that silence was golden."

"That," answered he, "is a theory long since exploded. Tell me, is Mrs. Bilbrooke at home?"

"I do not know, Sir."

"Think."

"My mistress has often directed me that I am not here to think but to do as she tells me."

"Disregard that instructive advice for the moment and try for this once to think."

"I think, Sir," said the maid, "that in all probability Mrs. Bilbrooke is at home."

"That is much better," said he cheerfully; "you improve rapidly with your lessons. Your thinking is very good and your conduct for the term fair to medium. Mrs. Bilbrooke being at home, I should like to see her."

"If I may be permitted to say so," said the maid, as she started to shut the door, "she might quite possibly like to see you."

"Stop," said he, placing his foot in the door, "you make a mistake. Your next move should have been to throw open the door and to make, at any rate, some show of welcome. You say that Mrs. Bilbrooke is at home?"

"I said, Sir, that I thought she might be at home."

"That is good enough for me," said he, endeavouring to force an entrance. "I will step inside, taking it that. . . ."

"Take it how you like, Sir," said the maid, not swerving from her policy of the closed door. "Whether Mrs. Bilbrooke be at home or not at home at the moment, this certainly is not Mrs. Bilbrooke's home."

SHADOWS FROM THE PAST.

THE DANISH STEELYARD.

IT is a long time since I first met him—thirty-five years ago, to be strictly accurate—and our acquaintance lasted only some eight weeks. In that short period I got to know him intimately, learnt, I suppose, to appreciate all his sterling necessary qualities, interfused him, so to speak, in the substance of my mind, passed an incredibly futile examination which contained him—and then dismissed him into blind forgetfulness. Indeed, I have hardly thought of him again until to-day.

Perhaps I ought to ask pardon for speaking of the Danish Steelyard as a person. I plead that it is more picturesque to say "he" and "him" than to keep on with a reiteration of "it," and besides I have absolutely and entirely forgotten what he was or why he was, or for what reason I was compelled to study his characteristics. In the place in which I am writing there are at my service innumerable books of reference, and in a few moments I could grind up and communicate all the knowledge that ever existed about all the Danish Steelyards that were ever created, but I prefer to remain as I am. Thus I am not tied down to a possibly hideous actuality; if I like I can summon an ideal D. S. to my mind; I can picture him as a cosmic force, a beautiful illusion of youth, a knitter of friendships, a comforter in affliction, a thousand happy and transitory things out of which dreams and high ambitions were once fashioned. No, I shall not renew my once intimate knowledge of the Danish Steelyard.

It was in Trinity College, Cambridge, that he first swam into my ken on an October morning. Nine o'clock was but a minute off. A thin mist lay lightly over the Old Court, and a pale sun was faintly struggling through. The cook's porters, white-robed and balancing blue kitchen-boxes on their heads, were making their way to the rooms of the haughty second and third-year men who were about to breakfast. We were freshmen, a large bunch, in all our new glory of caps and gowns, and we were gathered together for a 9 o'clock lecture. Directly afterwards 9 o'clock began to strike, and we trooped into the lecture-room.

Somehow, as I think of this throng, I invest it with the weary splendours of the present as well as with the glamour of the past. That youngster with the brown skin and the flashing dark eyes of a Spaniard is the Judge of a County Court. He is styled "your Honour," and yet at other times it seems that men call him "Black Jim," to distinguish him from "Scholar Jim," who is a Headmaster and a mighty player of Rugby football. Another Headmaster is there, too, a bluff, downright fellow with a straight clear look in his eyes. I can see him also, and his brother, at Lord's on a July day, and the brother merges into a Right Honourable front-bencher. And there are barristers and parsons not a few; and a Governor of the Bank of England slaps me on the back; and a shy, pink-cheeked family solicitor from Gloucestershire takes his seat next me. A silent man moves about pricking off our names on a sheet of paper. He never asks even a freshman's name: he knows it by instinct. Then the lecturer begins to talk to us, and suddenly he mentions the Danish Steelyard.

I believe the D. S. had a humble relation who was generally spoken of as the Common Steelyard. I have a vague notion that there was something British about the Common Steelyard, something that distinguished him to his advantage from the alien adventurer who was foisted upon us at this early stage of our Cambridge career; but I am no more sure about him than I am about the other. I half think, now that I bend my mind to it, that he was slightly less complicated; that he was a sort of take-me-or-leave-me Steelyard with no special pretensions, while the Dane was arrogant and insisted on his own surpassing merits. This, however, is the mere shadow of a shade of a recollection.

There, at any rate, I must let the matter rest, for it is strange that when, as now, I think of the D. S. I straightway forget him, and remember only the vanished magic of this delightful world—youth, high spirits, vigour and friendship; the grey courts and rugged towers of the College; the hazy commons, the beat of eight oars in unison—all that made life a joy thirty-five years ago. And I know that when, a century hence, some careful investigator affects to paint the manners and describe the feelings of our time and the causes of them, he will remember all the unessential things, but he will forget to mention the Danish Steelyard.

THE LAST STRAW.

[The chameleons at the Zoo are reported to be in a bad way. Their sole food, it appears, is the greenfly, or blight, and this year the roses in the Zoological Gardens (and the poet's backyard) have been singularly free from this affliction.]

FULL oft I voiced the loud and impious cuss,
With visage growing glum and ever glummer,
Over the totally ridiculous
Vagaries of this recent English summer,
Wherein I burned my Yuletide log in June
(A jolly sight too soon).

And yet *one* consolation came to me,
My fur-lined coat at least was decked with posies,
And I grew glad at heart again to see
The perfect health of my small patch of roses.
I counted it a bit of real all right
To find them free from blight.

They did not go to swell an insect's tum,
Falling (if roses can) as dead as mutton;
Not mine to mourn at seeing them become
A summer banquet for a greenfly glutton.
No, they were healthy, fragrant, fresh and sweet,
In fact, a fair old treat.

But now no sort of solace can I win;
My sympathetic eyes must fain weep freely on
Learning this present season's shortage in
The commissariat of the poor chameleon,
A rummy little brute, who makes, 'tis said,
Greenfly his daily bread.

Bare platters at the little lizard's meals
Leave no good point remaining with the weather,
And there is nothing more to do, one feels,
But cuss it once again—this time together.
So come, chameleons, let your voices go;
When I count three, say, "Blow!"

Our Weekly Recipe. No. LLLLLL.

"LAUNDRY HINT.—If an ounce of alum is added to the last water used to rinse children's bottles they will be rendered non-inflammable."—*The Cape Argus.*

You didn't know that.

"After a sharp gymnastic display Mrs. Talbot distributed the prizes."—*The Morning Post.*

It sounds as though the *Encyclopædia Britannica* was one of them.

CONSOLATION.

Sybil, Mildred, Rose and Vi,
Emma (Em) and Amy (Ame),
Rose the Second, Janet, Di,
Mamie, Grace and What's-your-name,
Gladys, Olive, Joyce and Fay,
Hear what I have got to say:—

I have wooed you, ladies dear,
One and all but one by one;
For you all I've let appear
Marked appreciation—
Marked, that is, at various dates
By flowers, gloves and chocolates.

To the whole sixteen of you
I had something to propose,
Which, when I had dared to do,
I was met with fifteen No's.
(From my second Rose I got
Merely an indignant "What?")

Sybil, Mildred, Gladys, Grace
Frankly owned they did not care;
Em and Olive liked my face,
But their hearts were booked elsewhere.
Rose the former, Mamie, Vi
Jibbed, but gave no reason why.

Sordid reasons prompted Fay,
Janet, Amy, Di and Joyce.
There I witnessed with dismay
Woman's mercenary choice.
She, whose name I have forgotten,
Thought the bare idea was rotten.

Cruel ladies, do not smirk
In the illusory belief
That my disappointments irk,
That I am obsessed by grief.
Nay, I fill myself with airs
On my numerous "affairs":—

What with Sybil, Mildred, Amy,
Emma, Gladys, Olive, Jane,
Violet, What's-her-name and Mamie,
Rose and Grace and Rose again,
What with Joyce and Fay and Di . . .
What a fickle dog am *I!*

"THE RED RAG."

DEAR SIR,—*The Daily Wattle*, which I brought out recently, has been so successful, greatly owing to the wide publicity given to it in your columns, that I have ventured to go further afield, as it were, and to cater for the cattle. In the hope that you will extend the same courteous assistance to this my latest venture, I beg to enclose a few cutlets from the forthcoming number of *The Red Rag*:—

Mustard and Cress.

Mr. Wilson Steer's Exhibition of Pictures at the Calfox Gallery has been one of the events of the season, being visited by enormous herds.

Sir Loin and Lady de Bœuf's Concert last Sunday was a great success. Miss Hereford, one of the latest *prime donne* from the Midlands, sang several songs, her magnificent rendering of "For Heifer and For Heifer" being particularly appreciated.

Professor Galloway Bull has been appointed Master of Porterhouse, Cambridge.

At Goring Petty Sessions last Saturday two young Bulls were heavily ringed for playing pitch-and-toss.

From the Stalls.

Kerry's Theatre:—*The Banderilleros*, by Mr. Shan F. Bullock.

The Oxford:—Horn and Hyde; The Buffaloes; Little Ticks; The Two Ayrshires in their daring feat "Chewing the Cud;" Happy Smith Fields, etc., etc.

Late News.

DUCIE STEAKS.

Prime Cuts	1
Silver Grid	2
Buttercup	3

Won by a Shorthorn.

Mid-Suffolk.—Polls to-day.

Stock Exchange.

Markets bullish. "Milks" rose two pints.

Miscellaneous.

High-class Confectionery. Linseed Cakes a speciality. B., 902, Long Acre.

Silverside, Alderney. — Board residence. Good manger kept. Write Miss Meadows.

Apartment for single young Heifer. Apply, The Chine, Shanklin.

Take Calves' Liver Pills.



Interlaken Pension Bore (still pursuing). "—AND IS THAT REALLY SNOW AT THE TOP——?"
Victim (who thought she had at last finished). "WELL, MADAM, SOME DO SAY IT'S SHERBET."

From the programme of the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester:—

"Press Cuttings. A Tropical Sketch by Bernard Shaw."

This may explain why it was censored.

"Lost black Pomeranian dog, white on breast, three paws, and round mouth."—*Daily News.*

We should know it anywhere.

THE BUDGET A.B.C.

[AUTHOR'S NOTE.—This is meant as a handy guide for all decent people who still respect the Church, the Empire, Family Life, our Old Nobility, and Sir SPENCER MARYON-WILSON, Bart. (The order of the foregoing is merely alphabetical.) In the Great Struggle which is approaching between Order and Chaos, Freedom and Slavery, Tariff Reform and Socialism, such ammunition as this cannot fail to be useful. (In pamphlet form, 5s. per 1,000.)]

Alligators.

The connection between the humble Saurian and the tyrannical LLOYD-GEORGE may not be apparent at first sight; but it is obvious that the more our rich men are taxed the less money they will have for spending abroad on the banks of the Amazon. Tariff Reform, therefore, means free food for alligators; Socialism means the decay of family life amongst our larger reptilia.

Tariff Reform means more gaiters for alligators.—(ADVT.)

Balfour.

The policy which our great leader first announced in 1903, and has advocated untiringly ever since, is Tariff Reform. What *is* Tariff Reform? (*Loud and prolonged Cheers, and a Voice, "Shame!"*) We shall come to that later on.

Tariff Reform means Full Speed Ahead.
(ADVT.)

Correspondence.

There are only two ways of writing letters just now. The first begins, "DEAR SIR BARONET,—I humbly venture to enclose my little account," and ends with a respectful reference to the weather. The second is more important, and must be given in full:

* { 999, *Grosvenor Square, W.*
The Castle, Perthshire.
Broadlands, nr. Evershot.
Llwynpwllgch, Dolgelly, Wales.
Thomas Towers, Leicester.
S.Y. Araminta, }

(* Strike out five of these.)

DEAR SIR,—I much regret that owing to the increased taxation imposed by the Budget (which I shall never pay, as it is certain to be thrown out by the Lords) I am compelled to economise at somebody's expense, and that therefore I shall be unable to renew my subscription to your Children's Holiday Fund. You may also miss the beef at Christmas.

Yours regretfully, MIDDLESEX.
(Including most of the Embankment.)

P.S.—I am sending a copy of this letter to the Press—all except the bit about the Lords.

Tariff Reform means Beef at Christmas.
(ADVT.).

Dukes.

(Hats off, please.)

I want you to follow me very carefully here, because the position of the Duke is often misunderstood by tactless persons. Suppose that a Duke receives £200,000 a-year for his services to the country. Now, at first sight, that seems a lot of money, and hasty people say, "Oh, we must tax this man heavily, he is so rich." But let us pause and reflect a moment. What does he do with this money? He doesn't bury it or drop it down a well. No, he spends it; and by spending it he gives employment to the poor people of England whom we are all so sorry for. Suppose you take away £10,000 from our Duke in taxes. What is the result? *Why, he spends* £10,000 *less!* That is to say, the poor working people lose £10,000 worth of employment. So that in trying to tax a Duke you are really robbing the widow and the orphan, besides hurting the feelings of a wise and kindly legislator!

Tariff Reform means Happier Dukes.
(ADVT.)

Employment.

This is really a continuation of my last paragraph, only I thought you might like to put your hats on again. Roughly speaking, the nation may be divided into Employers and Employed. (And, under this beastly Government, Unemployed.) Now I have already shown the iniquity of putting these extra taxes on to the very men who *create* employment, and of course the same argument applies to all the old taxes. That is to say, no Employer ought to pay *any* kind of tax. Who should, then? for we must have a Navy (*see small bills*). Why, the Employed, of course; in other words, the working man! *Surely* you see that?

Tariff Reform means Common Sense.
(ADVT.)

Fiscal Reform.

This is simply another name for Tariff Reform, which is the only alternative to this Socialistic Budget. Other names for Tariff Reform are "Protection" and "Free Trade."

Tariff Reform means ELLIS BARKER.
(ADVT.)

Foreigner (The).

(Shame!)

We are raising this year some hundreds of millions in taxes. The money is spent in carrying on the work of the country, in policing our streets and in defending our shores. Who pays these taxes? You and I! LLOYD-GEORGE makes *us* pay them! And this is called "The People's Budget"! Now the alternative to this Budget is Tariff Reform; and what does Tariff Reform mean? *It means making the foreigner pay!* It means making Germany pay for our Navy! Supposing you had a wife and two pretty children, wouldn't you *hate* having to work for them? Wouldn't you much rather that somebody else—the man that lived opposite whom you disliked so—supported them for you? Of course you would! And in the same way every patriotic Englishman *detests* the idea of paying for his own ships and men, and looks about for some way of making Germany do it.

Tariff Reform means making Germany pay for our Navy.—(ADVT.)

George, Lloyd-.

Let us never forget in mentioning this person that ours is the "gentlemanly party." Our references to the little Welsh attorney who was educated in a Board School must therefore be moderate. "Thief, Traitor, and Foul-mouthed Tub-thumper" is perhaps as far as we may go with propriety.

Tariff Reform means more gentlemen.
(ADVT.

Lords (The).

It is now practically certain that the Lords will do something; *The Daily Express* (Unionist), *The Westminster Gazette* (Radical), and *The Times* (Independent) are all agreed upon this. The probability is that they will insist upon a general election, call for the resignation of Mr. CHURCHILL, disfranchise the working man, and abolish the safety miss at billiards. In such a course they would be supported by the whole country.

Tariff Reform means Lord BLUMENFELD.
(ADVT.)

Property.

If this Budget is allowed to become law there will be no such thing as property. Your little patch of garden will be wrested from you. You may be in the middle of a game of croquet—actually in position for the third hoop—but that will not deter LLOYD-GEORGE. One of his hirelings will come and take the lawn away from you; as likely as not, he will pinch the mallets too.

Tariff Reform means croquet for all.
(ADVT.)

Socialism.

Socialism means—

I. (*actually*) The nationalisation of the means of production and distribution;

II. (*roughly*) Atheism, Free Love, and Death to EDWARD THE SEVENTH;

III. (*for the moment*) Anything in the Budget.

Tariff Reform means *God Save the King.*
(ADVT.)

Tariff Reform.

After the lucid explanations of my advertisement manager it is hardly necessary for me to speak at any length about Tariff Reform. But in a general way it may be said that Tariff Reform means what the other side say the Budget means, only more of it (or less of it, as the case may be).

Tariff Reform also means ELLIS BARKER.
(ADVT.)

Zinc.

And so I arrive at Z. It is now generally admitted by all moderate thinkers that the Budget will ruin the Zinc Trade. Tariff Reform would establish it for ever. Englishmen, for which will you vote?

A. A. M.

LE CHIEN TERRIBLE.

[To A YOUNG-OLD RETRIEVER.]

No, Rupert, no: the glory has dispersed
The sweet impression (and the muddy splash)
You left upon me when I met you first
And faintly called you "Dash."

Flattered, I thought, "He knows an honest face;"
But riper friendship has betrayed how cheap
Your adulations were, and dulled their grace:—
Get down, you dingy sweep!

All canine humour may be overdone:
My gloves were meant to wear, I want my hat:
More, there are moments when it wearies one
To improvise a rat.

(The cosmic verities are rarely gained,
But none the less I differ from your view
That earth's phenomena may be explained
By boning them to chew.)

Yon slipper doubtless was a work of art
Before your earnest fangs revealed its woof:
Nor should the soundness of a golf-ball's heart
Be shown by dental proof.

Yes, you have splendid teeth, and must have made,
While young ambitions yet were undeterred,
The most distracting tyro of your trade
That ever mouthed a bird.

Those, and a very tidy turn of speed,
Topped by a bell-mouthed bay of blood-hound tone,
Give you the finest points of every breed
(Barring, of course, your own).

But even genius is apt to tire
When so assertive, and so prone to range
Regardless through the fouler sorts of mire—
Besides, you have the mange.

I shall not wrestle for that chunk of wood,
I shall not hurl you boulders any more;
The nameless glamour of your puppy-hood,
Take it from me, is o'er.

Go and amuse yourself with village fights,
Or, if you lean to some less active bout,
Proclaim a pogrom of your parasites;
But not in here! Get out.



THOSE WHO ASK SHAN'T HAVE.

Jeannette (lunching out). "OH, WHAT A SILLY GIRL I AM—*I FORT I HAD ANNUVER PLUM!*"

HEROIC MEASURES.

ADVANCES IN HOMŒOPATHY.

(By our Medical Adviser.)

[The cure of rheumatism by bee-stings was demonstrated at the Exhibition of the Surrey Bee-Keepers' Association.]

MEDICAL men are showing great interest in the new red-hot-poker treatment for stuttering. The poker is applied freely to various parts of the body until it fizzles. The treatment is useless if anæsthetics are employed, but it may be discontinued, if the patient is in a weak state or elderly, as soon as he becomes incoherent and the eyeballs protrude.

The mad-bull cure for acute sciatica is a theory lately advanced by a German investigator, and is based on the supposition (not so far endorsed by any sufferers) that the complaint is purely nervous and therefore imaginary. The subject is placed in a large field containing from three to five insane bulls with highly-pointed horns, and is recommended to run for the nearest hedge at a speed of from twenty to thirty miles per hour, regardless of pain. Owing to an unaccountable difficulty in procuring patients, experiments are for the present confined exclusively to reformatories and convict stations.

An open-air sanatorium for sufferers from asthma is being erected at the South Pole. Invalids, wearing only a kilt, winter and summer, will bathe for half-an-hour twice a day until their temperatures fall below zero. They sleep on icebergs. Before retiring for the night the feet are placed in salted water until raw and then singed, jumping being generally indulged in during this exercise. The diet prescribed is a simple one of half-a-pound of cold mutton and two drachms of soda-water per diem. Over-heating should be avoided.

Other remedies under examination by the faculty are the bull-dog treatment (for nervous diseases in children), the Australian wild cat, and the ants' nest one-night-cure.



AN EARLY BIRD.

"I SAY, WHAT ON EARTH DID YOU SHOOT THIS 'CHEEPER' FOR?" "I DON'T CALL THAT A 'CHEEPER.'"
"WELL—IT *IS* OUT OF THE EGG—YOU'RE RIGHT SO FAR!"

TO A MICHAELMAS GOOSE.

["But fill me with the old familiar goose,
Methinks I might recover by-and-by."]

Not of thy feats of war, intrepid bird,
Sing I; as when the slumbering Romans heard
From their steep citadel the clarien call
That bade them rise and bang the stealthy Gaul.
Not of the cloth-yard shaft, goose-winged to slay
The caitiff as he legged it from the fray,
What time the haughty Frenchman lived to feel
The Free Companion's death-compelling steel,
Or punctured his invaluable pelt on
The point of a Sir Nigel or a Shelton.
Not mine to praise thine intellect, or glean
Tales of that Nestor of the village green,
Whose sage "Ga! Ga!" for o'er a hundred years
Moved an attentive neighbourhood to tears.
And those seven glaucous gluttons who (one reads)
Flew o'er seven virid and herbaceous meads;
Not mine to tell their travels, or to hymn
All the wise geese of ANDERSEN and GRIMM.
Rather thy minstrel I, majestic goose,
As thou appearest in domestic use;
When plump with sage and roasted to a T,
Men dish thee up; and I regretfully
Pass by the fish that I may have more room for thee.

Oh, when, a youth, I used to stuff and stuff,
Yet never felt as if I'd had enough;
When nothing eatable about the place
Got by my indefatigable face;
Well I recall how on Saint Michael's day
Proud relatives would summon me from play,
And weigh me thoughtfully, ere they turned me loose,
And watched me forge my way into the goose.
I was a sickly lad and rather thin,
And people wondered how I crammed it in,
Nor ever guessed the heroic strength of mind
With which a seventh helping was declined.
Ay, and though multiplying lustres cause
A certain inanition in the jaws,
And appetite's inexorable term is
Set by an inelastic epidermis,
I still achieve the old familiar thrill
When I observe "Roast Goose" upon the bill,
And letting out my belt go to it with a will.

Once at a country fair I saw engage
The champion eater of the vicinage.
Three legs of mutton and a keg of ale
Vanished like chaff before the autumn gale;
Twelve pounds of cheese and fourteen apple pies
Were blotted out before our dazzled eyes.
And "Oh," I cried, "how gladly would I give
The futile ends for which my fellows live;
Success in science, letters or the law,
For that sublime, incomparable maw!
Love might elude me, Fortune pass me by,
Unknown to fame I'd gladly live and die,
Had I that power to eat without surcease,
And cash enough to buy a flock of geese!"



"AUSTRALIA EXPECTS . . . ."

(Mr. Cook's Defence Bill has just been introduced in the Commonwealth Parliament.)



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, September 20.—Everyone has heard of the painful scene that took place in Committee Room C last Friday. Standing Committee at work on Development Bill. CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, having (secretly) breakfasted late, opposed usual interval for light luncheon refreshment. At 2.45 ROBERT CECIL, who though transcendental by nature is of a frugal mind, rang bell for restaurant waiter. Result of interview disclosed when ten minutes later the Minion brought in tray and set it before the noble Freefooder. Napkin removed, behold one of those shilling meals which serve to keep green the memory of our dear ALFRED JACOBY, longtime Chairman of Kitchen Committee.

As Lord ROBERT sipped his turtle soup, toyed with his *Zephir de Ris de Veau*, lingered over his ortolan, battened on his Banbury cake—what irony there was in the appearance on the scene of the familiar delicacy!—his colleagues eyed him askance. Captain CRAIG tightened his belt. Finding it made no impression on his figure, he produced a short briar pipe, filled, lit, and smoked it.

FREDERICK BANBURY, 1st Bart., sat proudly aloof. Some might eat, others smoke; he would starve. Happy thought suggested by example of Suffragettes battling with myrmidons of the law. Denying themselves food, they were released lest worse things should happen. What woman could do, BANBURY would. Straightway resolved to take no food as long as Committee on Development Bill sit upstairs on days when Finance Bill is to the fore in the House.

Shortly after Questions opened to-day, the tragedy was brought home to Members. Leaning on arm of sympathetic Messenger the Baronet entered by glass door; was led as far as Bar. Thereafter, on his way to his seat above Gangway, he must needs go unassisted. Would he be able to do it? Pulling himself together, he struggled on. Spirit triumphed over flesh, of which latter, truth to tell, scarcely any remained worth speaking of. Not a dry eye in crowded House. Murmur of cheers greeted his slow arrival in safety to his seat. BOB CECIL, mindful of the inspiriting effects of a generous meal, pressed on his acceptance a stale Bath bun. CAPTAIN CRAIG furtively thrust into his hand a briarwood pipe. He repelled both advances.

Awaiting opportunity whilst PREMIER was catechised, he enquired whether, "if the right hon. gentleman intends to compel us to sit all day and all night, he will also compel the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to be present?"



THE MAN WITH THE PIPE.
(The Sir Walter Raleigh of the Committee Rooms, Captain Craig, M.P. for East Down.)

There the rub. Bad enough to be kept-in starving. To know that absent CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER is enjoying the privacy and privileges of his room, gorging himself with leek prepared in various forms in the way of concessions on the Budget Bill, is more than human nature can stand.

FITZALAN HOPE crystallised scene and story in a question addressed to PREMIER. "If," he asked, "any Member of the Committee dies in the course of the proceedings, will he be accorded a public funeral?"

The PREMIER, averting his glance from BANBURY, but fearing the worst, declined to give any pledge.

Business done.—Dealt with Income Tax clauses of Budget Bill.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—The Earl of CREWE rules but does not govern. Nominally Leader of the House, actually representative of the strongest Government of modern times, he is as wax in the fingers of Lord LANSDOWNE. The Marquis does his squeezing gently. Effect all the same. The Earl proposes, the Marquis disposes. Omnipotent in the other House, His Majesty's Government have not much more influence over direction of affairs coming before Lords than have the policemen in the passages or the messengers at the door.

Droll situation forcibly illustrated to-day. Housing and Town Planning Bill in Committee. On second reading it met with reception that seemed to give glowing promise of triumphal progress. Criticism of noble lords on Opposition side chiefly confined to regret not unmingled with resentment that a measure admirably calculated to promote the symmetry of big towns and the welfare of their inhabitants had not been brought in earlier.

Hadn't been in Committee five minutes when bang went important provision of Clause 2.

Great occasion for CAMPERDOWN. Gripped it with that dogged tenacity that distinguishes him as Convenor of Forfarshire. Ponderous, pragmatical, pertinacious, he (using the phrase in a Parliamentary sense) butted CREWE aside. Leader of the House had taken precaution of setting up BEAUCHAMP as buffer between him and movers of what he plaintively described as "a series of amendments which it is in the power of your Lordships to carry and which fill the mind of the Government with dread and alarm."

After first division, in which Ministers mustered only 30 against 112, CAMPERDOWN returned to attack with fresh strategy. Moved to insert new subsection to Clause 2. It ran to exactly two hundred words! Breathlessly recited as a sentence, with no interval of rest save an occasional comma and two semicolons. Noble lords gasped. What it meant or might portend, who should say?



"AS WAX IN THE FINGERS OF LORD LANSDOWNE."
(Lord Crewe.)

There stood the Convener of Forfarshire, grim, implacable. Doubtless he knew what it meant. Study of its bearings was kind of intellectual rhapsody occasionally permitted himself amid the more serious avocations of arid life.

CREWE's gallant spirit quailed. Accustomed to face hopeless odds, he invariably makes show of fight. This stupendous sub-section, with its "but if's," its "and if's," its "unlesses," and its "or other circumstances," too much for him. As for BEAUCHAMP, he collapsed before the sanctuary of the first semicolon was reached. When the LORD CHANCELLOR—whose wig slowly, without touch of visible force, got hopelessly awry as the sub-section was read—put the question, Ministers sat mute; CAMPERDOWN's amendment agreed to without division.

In a sitting that lasted up to midnight, only one other division taken. It recorded the presence of twenty-four Ministerialists. Where were the odd six? CREWE, looking anxiously round, concluded they had succumbed to weight of the sub-section. Paper still crowded with amendments. If he challenged further division, his minority would altogether disappear. So he meekly bowed his head to the storm, and the Opposition mercilessly remodelled the Bill.

Business done.—Town Planning Bill in Committee.

House of Commons, Thursday.—Light incidentally flashed on pampered condition of Territorials. ORATOR HUNT held the candle. Wanted to know if it is true that during the camping-out of the Gordon Territorials at Aultmore the men were accustomed to shave in lemonade?

No one doubts the courage of NAPOLEON B. HALDANE. Notable that on this occasion he found it desirable to be engaged elsewhere. Shaving in lemonade is a small, to some people an unaccountable, foible. Why a man should hanker after lemonade as a solvent for his bar of shaving soap is one of those things not easy to understand. Next he'll be asking for ginger-beer, on field-days for champagne.

In WAR MINISTER'S absence, ACLAND, mildest-mannered man that ever faced an infuriate economist, put up to reply. Took refuge in ignorance. Never heard of the lemonade fantasy. Probably incident result of personal taste and possession of private means. Certainly there was no record that in addition to super-tax, increase of 2*d.* in the pound income-tax, and other severities of the Budget, the British tax-payer is mulct in charges for lemonade served out to the Territorials at shaving time.

ORATOR HUNT desired to continue the conversation. Glancing at the SPEAKER, who this week has developed welcome stringency with regard to the plague of supplementary questions, he resumed his seat, contenting himself at intervals with vocal imitations of the popping of corks of lemonade bottles.

Business done.—Budget Bill in Committee. Major COATES illumines dull debate by "viewing the Stamp Duties from point of view of a business man, not a politician." This innovation proved instant success. ORATOR HUNT has "a talk about Tea."



BEAUCHAMP IN ALL HIS GLORY.
(Earl Beauchamp, K.C.M.G.)



ON MANŒUVRES.

Army Service Corps N. C. O. in charge of forage (to Officer's groom who has come for extra rations for a horse). "HAVE YOU BROUGHT A REQUISITION?" *Groom.* "NO. AIN'T GOT NONE WITH US, BUT I'VE BROUGHT A BUCKET."

WIGGY AND THE FARES.

WIGGY was more than usually talkative to-night after he had set me down and I had, as usual, grossly overpaid him.

"Lord love me, Sir," he said, with the Londoner's elision, "if everyone was like you what a pleasure cab-driving would be. But there, they ain't. Only this morning I had two old ladies to drive from the Grand Hotel to the Natural History Museum and back again. They took me for an hour, and they got back exactly to the minute. What do you think they gave me? Half-a-crown."

"But that's the fare," I said; "one hour, half-a-crown. They probably were strangers to London, and, having read it in the regulations, thought it was the proper amount."

"Right you are, Sir," said Wiggy. "I thought something was up on the way back, and I opened the trap-door and catched them breaking their necks trying to read the table. So I was prepared for the worst. But what part of England do you suppose people come from where they don't give a cabman a penny for himself?"

He paused to gather fresh impetus. "Do you think they'd treat a taxi-driver like that? Not arf. Look at those shovers! They never say a civil word to anyone, but who dares ask one for any change out of a bob, even if there's only eightpence on the clock? Oo? No one."

Wiggy leaned down to bring his head closer to mine. "What is it about those shovers," he asked mysteriously, "that makes them so different from us? Why are people so frightened of them?"

I murmured something about machinery, unknown forces, and so forth.

"Yes, I daresay that's part of it; but do you suppose if I was to learn to shove," said Wiggy, "anyone would be afraid of me? Nar! It's more than that. Smoke cigarettes, too, all the time, and has more meals in a day than I get in a week, and passes on the wrong side. I dunno what London's coming to."

Wiggy shook his head tragically.

"You don't mind me talking, I hope," he said. "It isn't costing anything, you know—not like talking to a taxi, what's going on all the time!"

I laughed.

"But that's not all about those two old ladies," Wiggy resumed. "What do you think they did? They didn't give me the half-crown themselves; they nipped indoors and sent it out by the porter. There's lots of different kinds of meanness in fares—there's the people who are 'so sorry they haven't got any coppers;' there are the people who think that giving the driver an old newspaper is enough to make him their slave; there are the people what pat your horse and ask questions about it, and then offer a bare bob; but of all the mean tricks getting the porter to pay you is the worst. That's mean twice over: because, to begin with, it's mean, just mean; and secondly there's the porter's meanness, too, in not sticking up for the cabman and telling the people that the fare by itself's not enough. That's what I complain of. Why couldn't old brass-bound have said to the ladies that in London we give a tip as well as the fare, especially when we fill up the blooming hour to the tick? He's a working man, just like me, and in fact feeds on tips. But no, he just hands it to me, and says the ladies give it him for me for an hour's hire, and off he goes back to his armchair and *Daily Mail*."

Wiggy sighed.

"Fancy giving a man an hour's fare for an hour's hire!" he concluded. "England's breaking up; that's what I say."

PAGE SEVEN.

I ALWAYS used to read those little books with a clear conscience. They were given to me only on a Sunday following an unblemished week. I am proud to say that I never once missed my Aunt Belinda's gift. The good little boy, I remember, was always called Willie—while the dreadful youth, who went on the river on Sunday after robbing the poor little birds of their eggs, was always George. Perhaps the author had an enemy called George, but I preferred to believe that it was the finger of Fate. I, who prided myself upon being a model child, was christened William. The son of our next-door neighbour—a reckless, vulgar boy—bore the name of George! I used to pass the little books on to him (after I had committed them to memory). The bad little boy, I pointed out to him, *seemed* to have the better time for the first six pages of the book, but Willie always secured the lion's share of total benefits at page seven. So hardened, however, was his conscience that he used to roar with laughter over George's untimely fate, and was even moved to merriment by the excellent moral that was printed inside the cover. Finally I gave up all hope of doing him good. I left him to go his own wicked way and shunned his society.

* * * *

Twenty years later we met again. As might have been expected, he had gone on the Stock Exchange. He was dressed as a millionaire could dress if he wanted to.

"I'll eat my hat if that isn't Willie!" he cried.

"George," I said reproachfully, "supposing it *hadn't* been me?"

"Just the same old Willie!" he shouted. Then his eye travelled over my well-worn but scrupulously clean attire. "Haven't got to page seven yet, eh? Well, come down and stay with me for a week next Friday. You are free?"

"I am," I replied, as I took the card he offered me. "I was forced to rebuke my late employer."

"You would!" said George.

I sighed in pity for him. Page seven must be *very* near for him.

* * * * *

I gave the porter his twopence with a few well-chosen words on alcohol, and hid myself behind my paper. I did not wish George to find me. He was too selfish to give up his first-class smoker, and I object on principle to smoking. Moreover I do not consider it right to travel first-class with a third-class ticket. As soon, however, as he had been deferentially shut into the next compartment, I put down my paper and looked out of the window. As I did so an elderly lady made a dash at George's door.

"This is a *smoker!*" he shouted.

She wrestled ineffectually with the handle. George, I doubted not, was holding it firmly from within. "Smoker!" he roared. "*Smoker!*"

The guard whistled and the train jerked forward. In an instant I was out on the platform. "Madam," I said with a running bow, as I hoisted her into my carriage, "there is room here." The guard helped me in.

"Did you hear what he said?" I inquired anxiously.

"No. What was it?"

I retired hastily behind my paper.



TO AVOID FURTHER UNFORTUNATE MISUNDERSTANDINGS, MR. PUNCH SUGGESTS THAT A VISITORS' BOOK SHOULD BE PLACED AT THE NORTH POLE.

The first paragraph I read described how a youth named William had assisted a lady in distress, and five years later had been left a fortune by his grateful fellow-passenger. I put down the paper again.

"Madam," I said, "I am delighted to have been of some trifling service to you."

"Ah, when one is left all alone in the world one doesn't get much attention," she said with a sigh.

Two hours later she descended at a wayside station.

"We have had a most pleasant journey," she said, "and I can promise that you will not find me forgetful."

She handed her shawl to a magnificent footman, and as her car drove out of the yard she turned to wave to me.

"This is page seven," I said.

* * * * *

"*Blow!*" said George. "Ruined!" He tossed the paper from him as I stooped to pick up my piece of toast.

I scraped some pieces of carpet off the buttered side before replying.

"I expected it," I said. "It is page seven."

"If I could only hang on for the rise!" he exclaimed. "Pity you can't lend me a few thousand for a week, Willie."

"I am a poor man, *at present*," I said, "but in any case I could not bring myself to aid and abet in a gambling transaction. Do you remember that moral in one of the little books about the punishment of vice?"

George made no reply. There *could* be no reply. He savagely tore open an envelope that lay by his plate. "Lawyer's letters already! . . . . By Jove! By *Jove!* Listen to this, Willie! 'Dear Sir—On Saturday last our client, Miss Priscilla Goodman, made a fresh will, under which you have become entitled to a sum of close on half-a-million pounds. Whilst deeply regretting her sudden decease we beg to congratulate you on your good fortune. You will doubtless remember a lady asking for your card after your kindness to her on a journey to Warwickshire. Awaiting your instructions and hoping——'"

I heard no more. A terrible thought had struck me. I snatched out my card-case and opened it. The card which George had given me was gone! I hastily counted my own cards. I always carry exactly half-a-dozen. One, two, three, four, five, *six!* "I gave her *your* card!" I shouted.

George laughed aloud. "Why, there's some hope for you yet, Willie! Very smart! On the spur of the moment, too!"

"I *did!*" I said. "I *did!*"

"Anyway," said he, "she has left *me* the money."

"But I helped her into the train and was kind to her! That money is my reward!"

"Do you remember the moral in another of those little books," said George, "about Virtue being its own reward?"

* * * * *

There must be something wrong with those little books.

In our forthcoming work "Telegraphic addresses one would rather have left unregistered," the following (for information as to which we are indebted to *The Buenos Ayres Herald*) takes a prominent position upon the first page:—

"Hotel Sud Americano—'*Hotelsudam.*'"

EVENING.

You may talk of the splendour of morning
When the sun on some primitive Alp
Glows pink on the snowfields adorning
Its hoary and pinnacled scalp;
You may dwell on the thrills of emotion
You feel when the vanguards of day
Shimmer up from the dark o'er some tropical ocean
In golden array;

When in August your being rejoices
At the first faintest twang of the horn,
When the puppies are flinging their voices
As they crash through the bramble and thorn,
When the mist in the valley still grey is,
While the gossamer's draped on the stem,
You may say that the very best hour of the day is
Five-thirty a.m.;

You may boast of the moments that waken
The delights of a fly-fishing day,
Of tobacco ambrosially taken
That blends with the scent of the may,
And, burnt through the lanes to the river,
Where the wild rose bedizens the hedge,
Seems a delicate incense to Pan—the great giver
Of mayfly and sedge;

But the fulness of day may cloud over
The peaks where the sunrise shone fair,
And hounds may be slipped out of cover
And you somehow fail to be "there;"
And noon may bring storm to the billows
That smiled under morning's clear skies,
And the monster that lurks in the shade of the willows
May heed not your flies;

Therefore evening for me—when the chances
And hazards of daylight conclude
In the lamp-lighted hour that enhances
The pleasures of friendship and food,
When Castles of Spain are projected
In outline of turret and keep,
For the land where alone you may find them erected—
The Kingdom of Sleep!

SMALL WANTS—GRATIS.

A CORRESPONDENT of *The Daily Mail* (a morning paper) asks: "Why is it that dog-stealers are so leniently dealt with compared with other offenders?" He then adds: "I write feelingly, for on September 12 my valuable brindle Scottish terrier disappeared, and all efforts to trace him have proved futile, despite the offer of a £10 reward. He answers to the name 'Jannock,' is three years of age, and weighs 22 lb. He was last seen at Fryshill, Lymington, Hampshire. I shall be glad to have tidings of him."

Now here we have a device for which so many persons have long been pining: the free advertisement. A skilful letter to a confiding editor does all that is needed, free of charge, and, indeed, wins notice in a way that no ordinary paid-for advertisement ever could. Thus:

SIR,—I am annoyed at the amount of attention that is given to such an unpractical matter as the discovery (or not) of the Pole (North or South), a hypothetical spot, the reaching of which cannot add one jot to the sum of human happiness, while really important domestic questions touching the comfort of the home are neglected. Take, for example, the scarcity of servants. Can nothing be done to remedy this defect? At the present moment I happen to want both a cook and a parlour-maid. To the cook I am prepared to give £30 a-year, and to the parlourmaid £26.

H. BANKES-MITFORD.

23, *Marylebone Square, W.*

Could anything be simpler?

Or again:

SIR,—I observe with some surprise your panegyrical remarks upon foreigners and their success in hotels. The desirability of praising foreigners at all is of course open to question, but that is not my point; my point is that it is idle to suggest that English youths shall become waiters, because of course they will not; what you should do is to name reasonable employment for them. I am twenty-three and have been well educated. I speak French and German and can write shorthand. I am open to any trustworthy post requiring intelligence. Salary £150 to begin with. I may add that I am one of the few persons who both bought and read your excellent book on our German cousins.

T. HARRIS GARLAND.

108, *Guilford Street, W.C.*



INGRATITUDE.

(Old Man, who has just received his Old-Age Pension, tenders the usual three-halfpence for half an ounce of tobacco.)

Tobacconist. "IT IS TWOPENCE NOW, OWING TO THE EXTRA DUTY IMPOSED."

Old Man. "GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT WILL THIS GOVERNMENT DO NEXT?"

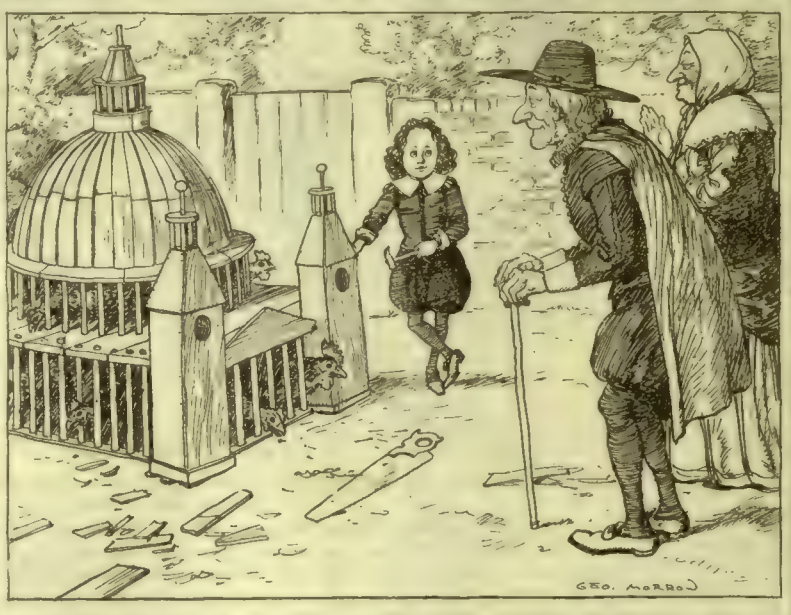
OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHEN a highly virile explorer, gifted with all the primitive and barbarous attractions of his fatal type, swoops down upon an ancient manor, we may be sure that trouble is brewing—especially when the manor contains a delightful and confiding girl. In *The Squire's Daughter* (METHUEN) Mr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL deals with such a situation. Having read his novel with sustained interest from the first page to the last, I am bound to say that he deals with it admirably. He is never mawkish; he never gushes unseasonably; he never offends by misplaced sentimentality. To these virtues of a negative sort he adds extraordinary positive merits. I have said that the book is very interesting. It owes that supreme quality not merely to its skilfully managed plot, but also to the abundant and cheerful humour—the twins, for instance, are quite irresistible—the deft, light touch, and the excellent characterisation of Mr. MARSHALL. *Mr. Clinton* is a live Squire, puzzle-headed, arbitrary, affectionate and absolutely convincing in his reality; and *Cicely*, his sweet daughter, with her innocence, her gaiety and her charm, is just such a daughter as any Squire may well be thankful for. All the persons, in short, stand out clear and well-defined. Mr. MARSHALL has done good work before, but *The Squire's Daughter* is by far his best.

Some time last year I read in one of the monthly magazines a story by Sir GILBERT PARKER, which struck me and remained in memory by reason of its simple poesy, its freshness of character and scenery. I find it in *Northern Lights* (METHUEN), one of nearly a score of short romances from the same pen. The rarest thing to find in current literature is a first-class short story. When a man has a tale to tell, he naturally is disposed to extend it over the orthodox space of a six-shilling novel. Sir GILBERT PARKER is more generous. He gives of his best within the compass of an average of twenty pages. *Northern Lights* shine over the Far West country of Canada. One-third of the tales, in which the red man and woman figure, are reminiscent of FENIMORE COOPER at his best. Of late years the author has been more familiar with the wastes of Carlton House Terrace and the wanderings of that mighty river, the Thames. But he has not lost touch with scenes of earlier life, can still paint the glory of Canadian skies, and enable the reader to realise the vastness of Canada's prairies and its forests. These form the background of a succession of stories in which a few short, sharp strokes of a deftly-wielded pen lead up to a variety of dramatic situations.

Its publisher (GRANT RICHARDS) has painted a very simple-looking fly on the cover of *Multitude and Solitude*, Mr. MASEFIELD's last book. It has a wicked heart, however, for it is the tsetse, whose bite conveys sleeping sickness to the inhabitants of Uganda, though not, of course, to the people who read about it in a novel. Mr. MASEFIELD makes no bones about dispensing with the conventions of his craft, for his heroine dies quite early, and we never, in fact, meet her in flesh and blood. It is the influence of her memory, however, which causes *Roger Naldrett* to desert play-writing for science, and set out for East Africa with another altruistic entomologist in search of a cure for trypanosomiasis. The author is quite at home among jungles and swamps and winged horrors; he is, in fact, one of the most imaginative pen-explorers I have ever read; but I am not sure that his psychological analysis of germs and flies consoles me for the substitution of medicine for romance. Also he commits one or two mistakes on other matters, which make me a little distrustful of his accuracy as a leech. There is no such plant, I believe, as an "aspodesta;" and when I hear of golfers "loafing" round the links I should like to assure Mr. MASEFIELD that the bite which produces the golf-fever is far more like that of the gad-fly than the tsetse.



EPISODES IN THE LIVES OF THE GREAT.—IV.

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN, WHEN QUITE A BOY, CONSTRUCTS A HEN-HOUSE FOR HIS GRANDFATHER.

I have this against Mr. C. F. KEARY, who has written *The Mount* (CONSTABLE), that after beginning his book as a placid if cynical study of provincial snobbism, with which I was beginning to be restfully interested, he without warning plunged it and me into lurid melodrama. Thus the story is really in two parts, of which the second is at once the more thrilling and the less convincing. The squalid, ugly life of a Staffordshire pottery town, and the social relations of its inhabitants with the richer manufacturers who dwell in the decayed country that surrounds it, are told entertainingly enough. But when *Wilfred Ingram* invites *Hector Robinson* to an interview in his study at The Mount and incontinently shoots him dead, I was surprised and shocked. I join issue with the author over his contention that, given the help of an old servant (who seems to take things astoundingly for granted), it would be possible for the body to be removed and all evidence so destroyed that no suspicion would fall upon the murderer. Personally, I doubt it. But Mr. KEARY evidently knows Staffordshire better than I do, and if he thinks the local police incapable of discovering where *Robertson* went that evening, and who wrote the anonymous letter, I am bound to believe him. At all events he has written a book which is well worth reading.

From the rules of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds:—

"Subscribers . . . have the privilege of wearing the Hunt Button on hunting waistcoats or on scarlet evening coats with white facings. The same, *mutatis mutandis*, applies to ladies."

"*Mutatis mutandis*" is a cowardly way out of it. Why not mention boldly the Hunt hook-and-eye on the evening frock?

CHARIVARIA.

It is reported that Dr. Lunn, the Liberal candidate for Boston, Lincolnshire, has declined to ingratiate himself with his constituency by giving subscriptions to local objects. And now that "Lunn's Cheap Trips to Westminster" have been inaugurated, hosts of imitators are sure to spring up.

***

At last—and not a moment too soon—a serious attempt is to be made to raise the waning *prestige* of Parliament. Mr. George Alexander has consented to stand for a constituency.

***

He has presumably come to the conclusion that now is the time to act, and will appear in the *rôle* of a Tariff Performer.

***

Mr. Hall Caine, we have reason to believe, was quite serious when he told the Censorship Committee that, if the theatres are to be given over to the drama affected by Mr. George Edwardes, he will take to sweeping a crossing. He has already provided himself with a mop.

***

Meanwhile, all honour to Mr. Caine for putting in a good word for the unpopular Mr. Redford. He informed the Committee that one play of his was never completed owing to his fear of the Censor.

***

Mr. Chesterton tells us in his latest book that he once projected a volume of poems "entirely about the things in my pocket," but abandoned it because he found it would be too bulky. So, you see, he is not so stout, after all: it's the things in his pocket.

***

Professor Percival Lowell, of Boston, states that recent observations have revealed the fact that the canals on Mars are gradually disappearing, and he regards this as tending to prove the theory that Mars is inhabited by rational beings. The canals, we take it, cannot withstand the competition of the railways and motor traffic.

"In restaurant work," writes Mrs. Eustace Miles, "there are many trade secrets which it would be harmful to our interests to divulge." We are sure that this does not mean what it appears to mean.

***

Reading that over 2½ tons of fish will shortly be placed in the Thames, a humane lady expresses the hope that every precaution will be taken to prevent any of them being drowned.

***

An indignant correspondent denies the report published in many papers that the magnetic storm which visited London last week was unaccompanied by disaster. The football results were delayed.

***

The Duke of the Abruzzi dined the other day with the King and Queen of Italy, and "it is believed," says Reuter, "*though nothing definite is known*, that in the course of the meeting not only was the Duke's Indian expedition discussed, but Miss Elkins' name was also mentioned to their Majesties." It looks as if the key-holes in the royal *salle-à-manger* are badly placed for acoustic purposes.

***

A club for spiritualists, with a special room for ghosts, is to be established shortly in the West End. It is unfortunate that the name "White's" should have been appropriated already.

***

The recent theft of one of the new machine-guns from a French barracks leads a nervous taxpayer to ask, "Are our *Dreadnoughts* effectually safeguarded?" and to express the hope that in times of peace there is always a caretaker on board.

***

"The last quarter of the year begins to-day," says *The Express*, in a leader on Michaelmas, "and it is permissible to hope earnestly that the weather, which has not distinguished itself during the first three quarters of 1909, will now endeavour to retrieve its character." We congratulate our contemporary on the moderation of its language. A courteous appeal like this is far more likely to do good than intemperate abuse.

The Lady's Pictorial on the weather:—

"During the sixteen years every year varies a little in character, but summing them up it will be found that most are good or bad as the case may be."

Not a single subscriber should be lost by that.

People you should know:

(*Guaranteed by "The Morning Post."*)

"The most charming mouse in Brondesbury Park."

"Canon Blenkin, Rural Dear."

More barbarous Treatment of Women.

"She still wears skirts short enough to show a small neat pair of feet that were toasted in the early Victorian days."—*Belfast News Letter.*



"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter."

Customer (to Proprietor specially summoned). "Now, frankly—what do you think of that egg?"

Proprietor. "Well, Sir, it sounds all right."

A TRAP FOR BIG GAME.

To Lord Lansdowne.

["That the quarrel," says *The Times*, "has been deliberately and of set purpose fastened upon the Lords is, of course, obvious." Yet Unionists throughout the country persist in urging Lord Lansdowne to play into the Government's hands by giving it the precise tactical advantages for which it has been laying itself out.]

As, when a sportsman in the jungly East
Fixes a toothsome snare
Wherewith to catch the lion, noble beast,
And kill him unaware
(Some juicy trifle well-selected for
The special taste of that fastidious glutton—
An ox, a pig, a potted zebra, or
A woolly mutton),

Then safe behind a closely wattled screen,
Or up a likely tree,
Surveys the prospect with a mind serene
And snug as snug can be;
Waits for the moon to rise and climb about,
Or, failing that, till darkness bids the morn hail,
And he can see to lay his quarry out
Dead as a door-nail,—

There is a moment when the beast appears
In a majestic pose,
Observing Nature through his eyes and ears,
But mainly through his nose;
Stalking his prey with nicely bated breath,
He little dreams, at this diverting juncture,
Himself will shortly meet a horrid death
Due to a puncture;—

There is a moment (I again remark)
Which shows us at our best,
When any sportsman who can raise a spark
Of pity in his breast
Suffers a qualm that puts him off his smile
To think that he should slay—it seems disgusting—
A thing so ignorant of human guile,
So naïve, and trusting;—

Just so, my lord, when on a hunting raid
Lloyd waits for you to spring
Into the simplest trap was ever laid
For any living thing,
There comes a moment when a kind of shame
Freezes his fighting marrow on reflecting
How innocent you are (for such big game),
How unsuspecting.

But, when the lion with a lusty bound
Falls on the fat decoy,
Rends it in little bits and lies around
Licking his chops for joy,
Past is the fear of ultimate remorse;
The hunter's blood is hot: it almost hisses;
He takes and plugs him dead (unless, of course,
The idiot misses).

O. S.

The Horrors of the Bath.

"Miss Edith Milner writes to *The Times* from Ober-Ammergau concerning the Passion-Play of next year. She discourses on the luxury with which travellers to the pleasant little village in Bavaria will be provided on the next occasion—that is to say, in 1910. The lodgings are to be more comfortable, *baths are to be provided*. . . . I shudder at the prospect set forth by Miss Milner."—*C. K. S., in "The Sphere."*

The italics are ours; the shuddering is Mr. Shorter's.

THE SPREAD OF SOCIALISM.

["During the recent Army manœuvres large numbers of officers and men who were in the stubble fields suffered from the attacks of 'harvesters,' a little insect which burrows under the skin. Many of the spectators, *including, it is stated, some 'distinguished persons*, who were present at the final battle on Brabury Down and Coleshill, are also victims."—*Daily Mail (all except the italics).*]

Since the above outrage all sorts of titled people have become the targets of impudent insects, which have apparently taken courage from the successful attack of the "harvesters" here mentioned. Only the other day the Marchioness of —— was set upon by a wasp, which must have been perfectly well aware of the rank of his victim, and it was a mere chance that the butler in his efforts to save his mistress was, fortunately, stung instead. Even the timid house-fly is forgetting himself: The other day—to the honour of all who witnessed it—one of these middle-class pests was seen, actually *seen*, to alight on and explore the undeveloped baldness of a certain noble Earl. Lord B——, too, has had a nasty experience down in Devonshire. Thinking that his exalted rank would protect him from annoyance, his lordship sat down for a few minutes on an ant-hill to tie up his bootlace. The inhabitants were evidently Socialists to an ant, for they were literally all over him in a minute! Where is this sort of thing going to end? Cats are beginning to look askance at Countesses; a dog has dared to disobey a Duke; even the humble worm, as has been predicted these many years past, is turning. The three-year-old heir of a noble house, on bisecting one of these loathsome creatures, was to his dismay immediately outvoted—for a worm counts two on a division. Only last Wednesday a beetle was found in the bath of a Baroness. How did it get there? What do these things mean? Again, we are informed that a sparrow —but why multiply instances? [*Why, indeed!*—Ed.

WRINKLES FOR THE SENILE.

A simple means of staving off old age has recently been discovered by Mr. Eustace Miles. It is to do something new and young, and perhaps ridiculous, every day. He further suggested that a fortune awaited the man who would provide a padded room where, for a penny, a man could go in for five minutes and laugh heartily and kick about and enjoy himself. A number of advertisements, bearing on this idea, have already been received by *Mr. Punch*.

Cheerful Lunatic, tired of Hanwell, wishes to meet with Kindred Spirit, with whom he could Exchange Kicks in quiet studio on mutually satisfactory terms.

Bed-Kicking Room to be Let for Single Middle-aged Gentleman, near Charing Cross Hospital. Sound-proof walls and concrete dado. Will stand any impact. Stretcher and first-aid always handy. Highest references to leading boot-makers and bone-setters.

Commodious Loose Box, for Hire at One Shilling per hour, in Secluded Mews. Owner, having sold Cab-horse, would like to hear of Football Professional or ex-Policeman. Ample scope for Big Feet.

Au Pair.—Elderly Suffragette, in training for Holloway, offers Back Parlour to practise in. Persian carpet and nothing breakable. Could give lessons in deportment.

Village Idiot takes pupils in Well-appointed Country Cellar by permission of Parish Council. Highly successful with Grinning through Horse-collar, Guffawing, Chortling and other branches of Inanity. Testimonials from Septuagenarians, Dyspeptics and Intending Suicides.

Guaranteed.—A Giddy Time and No Inquest. Lady-Member of a Corps-de-Ballet, now resting, will Thoroughly Rehabilitate any Female Valetudinarian with One Foot in the Grave by the new High-Kick Cure. Address, Bath-chair Bungalow, Broadmoor.



THE FIASCO.

Summer (*going off, to* Autumn, *coming on*). "WELL, DEAR, I HOPE YOU'LL BE ABLE TO BUCK 'EM UP A BIT. ANYHOW, YOU CAN'T DO WORSE THAN I'VE DONE. MY TURN'S BEEN AN ABSOLUTE FROST."



Augustus (noticing that he has been served before his grandfather). "I say, Gran'dad, did you *tell* the waiter I wasn't a member here?"

TO POSTUMUS IN OCTOBER.

When you and I were younger the world was passing fair;
Our days were sped with laughter, our steps were free as air;
Life lightly lured us onward, and ceased not to unroll
In endless shining vistas a playground for the soul.
But now no glory fires us; we linger in the cold,
And both of us are weary, and both are growing old;
Come, Postumus, and face it, and, facing it, confess
Your years are half a hundred, and mine are nothing less.

When you and I were twenty, my Postumus, we kept
In tidy rooms in College, and there we snugly slept.
And still, when I am dreaming, the bells I can recall
That ordered us to chapel or welcomed us to hall.
The towers repeat our voices, the grey and ancient Courts
Are filled with mirth and movement, and echo to our sports;
Then riverward we trudge it, all talking, once again
Down all the long unlovely extent of Jesus Lane.

One figure leads the others; with frank and boyish mien,
Straight back and sturdy shoulders, he lords it o'er the scene;
His grip is firm and manly, his cheeks are smooth and red;
The tangled curls cling tightly about his jolly head.
And when we launch the eight-oar I hear his orders ring;
With dauntless iteration I see his body swing;
The pride of all the river, the mainstay of our crew—
O Postumus, my bald one, can this be truly you?

Nay, Postumus, my comrade, the years have hurried on;
You're not the only Phœnix, I know, whose plumes are gone.
When I recall your splendour, your memory, too, is stirred;
You too can show a moulted, but once refulgent, bird;
And, if I still should press you, you too could hardly fail
To point a hateful moral where I adorned the tale.

'Twere better to be thankful to Heaven that ruled it so,
And gave us for our spending the days of long ago.

R. C. L.

MR. SHACKLETON'S SHOW.

At the Antarctic Exhibition in Savoy Street.

First Female (gazing at photograph of members of the expedition). But, tell me, which is Peary?

Her Escort. He wasn't there; he was doing the other Pole, you know.

First Female. But how silly of them. Why don't they all go to one Pole at a time, and keep each other company?

Her Escort. They don't want company at the Poles. They like seclusion best.

Second Female (inspecting fur boots). But what huge feet they had!

Third Female. I daresay they chose them for that. You don't slip so easily on the icebergs.

Second Female. Well, it 's all frightfully interesting; but I can't understand why they turned back if they got so far.

Third Female. I think Mr. Shackleton explained it in the papers. They 'd shot all the pemmican, and there was nothing left to eat.

Fourth Female (peeping in tent). "Fur sleeping-bag to hold seven men." What did they want all that fur for? They always say that the farther south you go the hotter it is.

Husband. Not beyond the Equator, my dear.

Fourth Female. Well, it used to be so in my young days. That 's what *I* was taught at school; but I expect it 's all altered now.

Husband. It 's always been very cold at the South Pole, my dear.

Stout Lady. How do they know, when they never got there? Anyhow, it 's time I had a cup o' tea. [*Exit.*

LITERATURE WELL THUMBED.

["*The World's Great Books*" (says the advertisement) "is a work which the necessities of modern civilisation have long demanded. The twentieth century has been described as a century in a hurry. Time-saving methods and appliances are needed everywhere. It is inevitable that the time-saving principle should be extended to literature. . . . The new Harmsworth fortnightly is destined to provide the remedy. . . . A book like *The Origin of Species* will be presented to you as if Darwin had written it in the form of an article for the busy man who reads *The Daily Mail*; *Jane Eyre*, as if Charlotte Brontë had written it as a short story for a magazine."

It is a fine conception. We hope we have caught the spirit of it in our attempt to re-write *The Egoist*.]

LORD WILLOUGHBY'S WOOING.

[*You can start this story now!*]

Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

After an able but slightly fanciful prelude, in which the author, with what seems now to have been almost prophetic insight, refers to the dangers and difficulties of the explorer "on the edge of the Pole," we are introduced to

Lord Willoughby Patterne, a typical English peer of the better class, the owner of a fine park and mansion. His lithe-limbed figure is the admiration of all, particularly of

Mrs. Mountstuart Jenkinson, one of his neighbours. Lord Willoughby is madly in love with a charming girl,

Lady Constantia Durham. She however throws him over and elopes with the scion of a noble house who is in the Guards. Lord Willoughby is literally decimated with grief, and turns for consolation to

Lady Letitia Dale, a charming girl who lives close by. Before he can propose to her he becomes the winner of the great Atlas Competition, which entitles him to a free tour round the world. On his return from this he finds that Lady Letitia has lost much of her beauty. Suddenly, to the surprise of all, he announces his engagement to

Miss Clara Middleton, a charming, though untitled, girl, who is the daughter of

Bishop Middleton, a famous divine. Father and daughter come to stay at Patterne Hall. Clara takes a great interest in young

Hon. Crossjay Patterne, a small relative of Lord Willoughby, and who is intended for the Navy. He is being coached by

Vernon Whitford, a handsome and melancholy man, who is secretly in love with Clara, but from motives of poverty and honour refrains from pressing his suit. Clara thinks that Crossjay will have no chance of passing for the Navy unless he is specially crammed. [In regard to which an interesting discussion has arisen in our columns and is continued below.—Editor.] It is upon this point that the first lovers' tiff between her and Lord Willoughby has arisen.

General Sir Horace de Craye. A fascinating and sentimental Irishman. He has recently been the victim of a nasty cab accident.

Chapter XX.

An Aged and a Great Wine.

Bishop Middleton was walking leisurely up and down the lawn until he should hear the bell to dress for dinner. As he paced the soft turf, elastic on muscles of calf and foot, he bore his broad iron-grey head in grand elevation. Needless to say, however, he was troubled about his daughter. Her mother, Lady Jane, had been an amiable woman, of the poetical temperament nevertheless, too enthusiastic, imaginative, impulsive for the repose of a sober divine; an admirable woman, still, as you see, a woman, a firework. Clara took after her—hence these tears. A husband was her proper custodian, justly relieving a father. With Socialists and so-called Liberals abroad and daughters at home, philosophy is needed for us to keep erect. Let the girl be Cicero's Tullia, as the saying is: well, she dies! The choicest of them will furnish us examples of a strange perversity.

While he was ruminating in this extraordinary manner he was approached by Lord Willoughby, who was swinging the key of his cellar.

"What will you drink, Bishop?" asked his lordship.

"Well," said Dr. Middleton, cautiously, "what have you——"

"Come and see. I am just going down to my cellar."

"Have you anything good?"

"A wine aged ninety."

"Port?"

"Port."

"Ah, we are in England."

[The Australians much appreciated Pellier Water during their stay in this country.—Advt.]

A chirrup was in the right reverend bishop's tone as he launched into his famous discourse on wines: "Hocks," he said, "are sometimes old. I have tasted very old Hocks. There are many different kinds of Hocks. We say Old Tawny Port. We cannot say that of any other drink. We never, for instance, say Old Tawny Ginger Ale. Port is literally deep-sea deep. It is like a classic tragedy; for example, *The Agamemnon*, which is, I hear, appearing in fortnightly parts in 'The World's Great Books.' Port is our noblest legacy. Burgundy has great genius. I do not compare the wines; I distinguish the qualities. Claret also, as you say, has moments."

[*Do* you drink Three Moon Brandy?—Advt.]

Conversing jocularly thus, they approached the cellar. But their gaiety left them as they began to descend. The cool, vaulted passages struck a sudden chill into the heart of his lordship. He shivered. A nameless fear also seized the eminent divine.

"Wait," he said hoarsely; "there is something I must tell you."

It was too late. The other had turned the key and the cellar-door swung open.

They held their breath as they peered into the darkness. *What was that?*

A sudden shriek, and then silence.

(*To be continued.*)

Next Week! Our Grand New Serial commences!!

JUGGLING JUDE;

or,

THE MAN WHO DID.

by

Thos. Hardy

(*Author of "Why Bathsheba Left Home."*)

Would Crossjay have Passed into the Navy?

To the Editor of "The Daily Mail."

The Laurels, Eastbourne.

Dear Sir,—I have been much interested in the discussion which has arisen with regard to the education of the lad Crossjay, and I am certainly of opinion that it would be advisable to remove him from his present tutor, and place him in charge of a specialist in preparing boys for the Navy. Speaking for myself, I have one vacancy for the next term; and I may state that boys under my charge are not only instructed by a highly qualified staff of resident graduates, but also receive every home attention from Mrs. Tutt, assisted by an efficient lady matron.

I am, Sir, &c. Percy Tutt.

Owing to the great interest aroused in this question, an interest which will be largely increased by Mr. Tutt's letter, we have telegraphed to the headmasters of all our leading public schools, asking them to let us know whether, in their opinion, a private tutor or a coaching establishment is the better preparation for the Navy. We print the answers we have received:—

From the Headmaster of Pocklington: "Many of our boys pass direct into Army without extra coaching."

From the Headmaster of Clayesmore: "The health of the pupil is of more importance than mere examinations."

From the Headmaster of Bromsgrove: "It depends on the boy."

[You *must* have a glass of Sherry.—Advt.]

A. A. M.

FIRST AID FOR THE DRAMA.

The spirited new departure taken by Mr. Herbert Trench in enriching the Haymarket programmes for *King Lear* with an essay on that momentous tragedy is, we are glad to learn, about to be extensively followed by other lessees, managers and presenters. It is with sincere pleasure that we reproduce portions of the masterly appreciation of *Dear Little Denmark*, which has recently emanated from the scholarly pen of Mr. Frank Curzon.

Dear Little Denmark is Paul Rubens's supreme achievement, perhaps the most poignant and soul-shaking comedy ever written, excelling the *Frogs* of Aristophanes in subtlety of characterisation, *The School for Scandal* in beauty of execution, and *Our Boys* in profundity of thought.

Never was a more daring conception than that of *Ophelia*, a maiden from Jutland, wearing a tall hat and speaking broad Lancashire! A lesser genius with a lesser conception of cosmic humour would have shrunk from such a temerarious flight. But Paul Rubens, uniting, as his name implies, apostolic fervour with the opulent artistry of an old master, shrinks from nothing. His tragically profound sense of humour perceived that this strange manifestation of the *ewig weibliche* supplied a scope for irony which great imaginations have always found in human affairs, and the result is an overwhelming justification of his intrepid enterprise.

In his versatility—for he is his own librettist—Paul Rubens challenges comparison with the Bayreuth Colossus and emerges triumphantly from the exacting ordeal. For while Wagner's command of sentiment was restricted to its more serious phases Paul Rubens ranges over the whole gamut of human emotion from elemental passion to the most delicate caprice. Wagner, great genius that he was, could never have written that adorable refrain to the "humming duet":—

Oh, tiddily um!
Lum tity toty tum!
Lum tiddily um!
Lum tity toty tum!
Lum tiddily um!
Lum tity toty tum!
Lum ti to ta tee
Tiddily um!

To find a parallel to the fine careless rapture of this wonderful lyric one has to go back to Herrick, Catullus or Sappho.

Another trait in Paul Rubens which stamps him with the indelible hall-mark of genius is his prescience. Thus the family name of the Duke in *Dear Little Denmark* is *Rasmussen*, though the production antedated by many weeks the sudden leap into eminence of his namesake, the renowned Eskimo linguist and champion of Dr. Cook. But in nomenclature, as in all else, Paul Rubens is paramount in poetic significance and imaginative splendour. Note how trippingly his title flows from the tongue—*Dear Little Denmark*, and compare it with the clumsy inanity of, say, *Cheap Great Sweden* or *Hateful Huge Russia*. In fine, anyone who reads the play aright will find through all its spiritual chaos and terror the savage, majestic, human soul struggling towards gentleness, dignity and feeling for others. Changed are the men and women who have come through these stormy waters, and the headstrong, wilful *Hansen* of the opening scene is hardly recognisable in the discredited Court physician who, in the hour of supreme humiliation and defeat, forgets his own sorrows to comfort his faithful Lancashire sweetheart from the vine-clad summits of Jutland.



School Governess. "Why, Vera, your Essay is copied word for word from Macaulay."
Vera. "Well, I thought I couldn't do a better one myself."

"Incapacitated, presumably by gout, judging from the boot that cannot escape the eye of a sufferer from this complaint, the lady sat complacently in a chair."—*The Observer.*

"Judging," we should have said (mindful of the gouty squire of fiction) "by the eye that cannot escape the boot of a sufferer from this complaint."

"Widower (35), two daughters, desires correspondence with smart, lovable young lady, able to swim."—*Yorkshire Post.*

We suggest to Mr. Maugham that he should strike new ground by making his next heroine a smart, lovable young lady, who can swim.

THE NEW FOLKS AT HOME.

II.

London (England).

Dear Sadie,—It's a terrible while since I heard from you, and I've been looking for something from your end of the line this last month. Just rustle two cents (that 's all it is now) and send me a letter, dear, quick; I'd like to know what 's happening your way.

Pop is in terrible disgrace, and I must tell you about it. The whole racket was over a salmon, so I reckon you won't understand it; but it shows what queer folk they are over here anyway. This is how it happened. Pop was staying in Scotland at a house where they 've got a grouse reservation and a bit of a wood, and a little one-horse creek with salmon in it. All the sports were crazy to catch a salmon, but couldn't do it, although they tried for weeks and talked about it no end. You have to wear a hat trimmed with flies, and creep about behind bushes so as to fool the salmon, and if you 're in luck you get a rise; and that 's the end of it, because it never comes to anything. Well, Pop had noticed the men doing all this play-acting, and listened to their hard-luck tales about the pesky fish, and one night he fixed it up to have a dash himself. Next morning, bright and early, Pop went out and dug up a worm, put it on a hook and dropped it into the creek and waited for the bell to ring. Sure enough in a minute or two he felt a tug and yanked out a big salmon! It was a beauty, and Pop was in two minds about putting it back because fish don't agree with him, but he concluded to take it indoors and show the folks. When they saw the fish and heard how Pop had caught it they were fit to be tied, they were so mad. It appears that the old man had done the wrong thing somehow, and ought not to have fished that way on any account! One man said it was worse than shooting foxes, and another one said it wasn't cricket! And Pop said, No, of course it wasn't, it was fishing, and all he cared about was results! They didn't quit talking about it all day, and they kept up until Pop cleared out. It 's a kind of mystery, anyhow.

I met Maisie Hopkins out shopping one day last week, and we went to the Silence Room and had a long talk. As soon as her souvenir collection is ready she 's going back home, and my word! Sadie, she *has* got some things. Maisie is no slouch when antiques are around! Four full-sized Saratogas bursting with them—curios, hotel spoons and relics! It made my mouth water worse than a melon! Maisie says collecting is dead easy in this country because folks don't savvy the value of things and don't know what they 're selling half the time. For instance, Maisie was in a cathedral town and lit on an old curiosity-store on a side-street, and you ought to see the bargains that woman walked away with! There was a plague-pipe—there are only about half-a-dozen of them left in the country—and a silver coin *very* old, with B.C. 62 on it, and the cutest snuff-box you ever saw! It was dug up somewhere in a part called Cornwall and belonged to King Arthur! The old hay-seed who was tending store for his brother let her have the things for a song! I tell Maisie she has all the luck, sure, but she says No, it 's just the bargain sense! I guess she 's right.

I took Pop to dinner at the Wackenbaths a few nights back. Old man Wackenbath has struck it rich in glue, and he 's over here now collecting heirlooms. He claims that his collection is the biggest in Europe, and I guess he 's not far off the mark. There were a lot of folks there, and after dinner most everybody settled down to bridge; so I talked to the man who took me in. He is in the Army, and games give him brain fag, he says. He wears a monocle, and I asked him why. And he said it was a regimental custom, and the other officers would haze him if he didn't! I never saw such a man! We got on to American history and national heroes, and I asked him who was his favourite character in American history—George Washington or Rockefeller? and he said the Governor of North Carolina was *his* favourite character! Sakes alive! I couldn't make anything of the man; but he 's going to call here some afternoon, if he can get time off. He 's in the Guards, and they hardly have time for anything, they have to work so. It 's too bad.

Cy has just come prancing in as proud as a poodle with a blue rosette. He got among some green-goods men at a race meeting, and they thought he was a Britisher because he didn't wear a flat hat and fancy shoe-laces, and one of the men said he was at school with Cy, and Cy said, Yes, sure, and did he remember the old vicarage with the honeysuckle round the portico where they used to spend vacations? And the man said, Yes, and would Cy flutter for sovereigns? So Cy fluttered, and won twice, and then he wouldn't go on with it, and when the man said, Why not? Cy said that his old man—the Vicar—told him never to toss more than twice with old school-mates at race meetings because it was immoral. The green-goods merchant cracked on to beat the band and said that Cy ought to be deported! I reckon Cy is slick enough to be a politician; what do you think?

How are things at Bangville? I shall be glad to be back along with all the folks, though I 'm not saying that it isn't good fun, this travelling around and seeing things. I shall never be sorry I brought Pop over here, and it does me good to see him! he 's as chipper as a sandfly, and enjoys himself all the time.

Write as soon as you can, Sadie, and send me all the news. I must quit now as I 'm going to try on some clothes and the woman is waiting. They 're dreams, but I haven't the time to tell you about them this mail. Happy days!

Yours as before, Elmira.

THE STAG O' TEN.

We left the lodge in the morning,
The rime was white on the grass,
The cock grouse crowed on the hillocks
To cheer us up the Pass,
The peaks were in golden glory,
The flats wine-purple, when
We left the lodge in the morning
To look for the stag o' ten!

And we searched each face and corrie,
And we saw the heather swim
A-jump in the heat at noontide,
All hazy blue and dim:
And we saw the red hinds listen
Heads high and ears held still,
And we watched the bobbing canter
That carried them up the hill!

We spied and we crawled and clambered,
But never the glass picked up
A hint of his branching honours—
Of brow, of tray, of cup,
Till over the western summits
The night came down the glen,
And out came a star to mock us
For want of the stag o' ten!

As back to the lodge's lamp-light
We went by the darkling braes,
All solemnly through the birches
The moon came up to gaze
On one of us lamely limping,
Burnt sorely red and brown,
As stiff as a kitchen poker
With "plowtering up an' down!"

But we 'd seen some six fair counties
Spread out as a map might be;
We 'd seen an eagle wheeling,
A far gray shield of sea;
We 'd looked on the rugged splendour
Of loch and rock and Ben—
So one of us said 'twas worth it,
In spite of the stag o' ten!

"The dispute at the Auckland Park Collieries, Bishop Auckland, was accentuated yesterday by the putters declining to undertake the duties of the disaffected drivers."

The Westminster Gazette.

No wonder. Much better try an iron.

The Truth about Moses.

"Captain Peary, who, like Moses, was granted but the sight of the Pole." — *The Eastern Province Herald.*



EPISODES IN THE LIVES OF THE GREAT.—V.

EUCLID WITH HIS FAMILY AND FRIENDS CELEBRATING THE THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS DISCOVERY "THAT ANY TWO SIDES OF A TRIANGLE ARE TOGETHER GREATER THAN THE THIRD."

THE "ROOFER'S" SUCCESSOR.

THE roofer is dead; that is certain. But when did it die? When did the agreeable habit of thanking a hostess for a pleasant visit beneath her roof die and disappear? It would puzzle the social historian to say, but it probably met its end at about the same time as many other good manners. To-day visitors come and go and say nothing of it, and it is by way of commentary on this new departure that a hostess of imagination has invented a novel type of duty-letter. It takes the form of a communication from the hostess to her guest thanking him for being so gracious as to confer distinction on her house by his presence and so condescending as to eat her food and drink her wine. It runs something like this:—

"DEAR MR. BLANK,—I trust that you got home safely, and found that all had gone well during your absence. It was very kind of you to spare so much of your valuable time for such insignificant persons as ourselves, and we duly appreciate the honour done us, especially when we recollect how far we live from town, and how few attractions the house can offer to so *répandu* a worldling as yourself. If at any time you are so good as to pay us another visit, I trust you will remember that a Complaint Book is placed in the hall, and anything that you object to we will do our best to improve.

"Pray do not trouble to acknowledge this, and believe me to be yours to command, "ALICE HAVEN."

NATURAL HISTORY NOTE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I think that you as a dog-lover (for you do love Toby, don't you? At any rate, you seem to be inseparables) will be interested in hearing of an invention that has just been perfected by Messrs. Curzon of the Strand, the well-known mathematical-instrument makers. This consists of a pedometer for dogs, so carefully constructed that it may be altered in its gear to suit the gait of both a toy terrier and a St. Bernard. It is a small instrument with a strap to fix it firmly to the leg, so that the dog cannot worry it off. Every dog-lover has remarked from time to time upon the wonderful distances that his dogs run when they are out with him. By means of this pedometer those distances can now be ascertained. I tried one on a fox-terrier last week, affixing it to him at the beginning of a walk over the hills which was to extend on my part to a measured two-and-a-half miles, or exactly an hour in time. Will you believe it, that when the hour was up the dog had covered fifteen-and-a-third miles? You see how interesting this invention will make country walks; and I need hardly remind you of the bets, etc., it will lead to.

Yours, PHIL CAINE.

"WORKSOP . . . Forwards, Arthurs, Simpson, Padley, Raybould, and Lee. . . . The Worksop forward line was very weak, and the only players worthy of any praise were Arthurs, Simpson, Padley, and Lee."—*Retford Times.*

Our sympathies go out to RAYBOULD.

"There are middle-aged men living on the Forest who recollect their fathers and uncles attending this school."—*The East Grinstead Observer.*

(*Sensation.*)



Chauffeur (consolingly). "You'd 'ave 'ad 'im, Sir, if he 'adn't skidded."

TO A TEMPLE PIGEON.

3, *Temple Buildings.*
(Go on climbing stairs till you see my name on a door.)

My dear Herbert,—I think you are being a very silly pigeon. It used to be such a comfortable arrangement, your coming to the window of my rooms. After all, you did not have to struggle with the stairs, and, even if I had wanted to, I couldn't fly to your nest. How was I to know where it is, or whether you pigeons even have nests at all? Then you suddenly go and take offence and never come back to the old window-sill any more. As I say, I think you are behaving foolishly, even for a pigeon.

I must confess that, when in the first place I started putting crumbs on the sill, it was not so much out of kindness to you as because I did not know where else on earth to put them. If I threw them out on to the lawn, there were always the Temple porters with top-hats; if I put them down the waste pipe, there were always sanitary inspectors without top-hats, but with a lot of violence concealed about them. So I laid them on the sill and you came along and thought that I was meaning to do you a good turn. Who was I to undeceive you? Really, my dear old bird, you cannot blame me for that. Be blowed, they were excellent crumbs as crumbs go, and I know lots of sparrows who would simply have hopped at them. Moreover, I dare say that when you first took to leaving feathers on the sill you were not thinking entirely of my pipe-cleaning. Of course you will now say that you were, but I can quite imagine that, though feathers are all very well to fly with and to keep yourself warm and all that, it is very comforting to find a man who will let you shed the worn-out ones all over his house and still go on giving you crumbs. You simply dared not go into a second-hand clothes shop and try to dispose of them; you knew that, if you once started doing that, you would probably end in a cage or in a pie.

As it was our little mutual arrangement might have gone on for years and years (or for as many years as pigeons go on), and no blame have attached to either party, when you go and make an idiot of yourself over a cigarette-end. Surely you are never going to say that I had no right to put it there? After all, it is my sill, and how was I to know that you were a non-smoker? Besides, even a non-smoker might have known that, with however good intentions you start a cigarette, you have to leave off before you get to the end. Then there is that tiresome bit to get rid of, and, as the Temple porters still wore top-hats and the inspectors were still sanitary, there was nothing else for it but the window-sill again. But I thought that any fool could tell the difference between a cigarette-end and a crumb, and surely you are aware that, if you do not care for what you happen to be eating, you can always leave it on your plate?

Now look here, old cock. I am ready to climb down, if you are ready to climb up. Come and patronise the old window-sill, for goodness' sake, and get on with your crumbs, and let me get on with the cleaning of my pipes. Anyhow, I promise not to put another cigarette-end in your way unless I feel that I simply must have one more good laugh. Lastly, I warn you that, if you ignore my very decent offer, I shall resort to drastic courses. I may even have to punish you by sub-letting my rooms to a man I know who eats all his crumbs himself, keeps an air-gun and simply *hates* pigeons.

Yours still, George.

An Authentic Criticism.

Working Man. "What I say is, why tax the working man's beer and tobacco? Why can't things stop as they are? What do we want a Budget for? Never heard of it before Lloyd-George came—it 's one of his fads."



A DOG'S CHANCE.

Noble Spaniel (*answering to name of "Marquis"*). "THEY TELL ME THAT AS A SPORTSMAN I OUGHT TO TACKLE THIS THING; BUT I 'M NOT AT ALL SURE I SHAN'T LET IT PASS."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.



The "Backwoodsmen" are coming to Town.

(A Fancy Sketch of the March of the Lords' Reserves on their way to deal with the Budget.)

House of Commons, Monday, September 27.—Only thirty questions on paper. When first called on not as many Members present. Front Opposition Bench tenantless. Treasury Bench almost in same condition. Here and there a lusty trout, such as N. B. Haldane, and here and there a grayling, represented by Sydney Buxton, who also had question to answer. What with non-appearance of Members who have put questions down and non-arrival of Ministers to whom they are addressed, collapse of sitting seems imminent.

Fine opportunity for Hobhouse, who makes the most of it. Nominally Financial Secretary to Treasury, he is actually the Utility Man of the Ministry. When any right hon. colleague is detained elsewhere by State affairs, he sends written answer to Hobhouse, who in due course reads it to House. A quick-change artist, he at one moment represents the Admiralty, anon the Board of Trade, frequently the Treasury, Lloyd-George being shut up in his room drafting new clauses for Budget Bill.

All very well to read typewritten manuscript. Difficulty presents itself when enquiring minds opposite put supplementary questions. Process akin to that of giving novice swimming lessons with assistance of the corks, presently withdrawing them and bidding him go ahead. Hobhouse comes through ordeal admirably. Naturally knows little of particulars of case presented as affected by internal arrangements whether of Admiralty, Board of Trade, or Treasury. Nevertheless manages to give the soft answer that turneth away curiosity.

Business done.—Thirty-fifth sitting in Committee on Budget Bill. Members in almost comatose state.

Tuesday.—The Chatterjees in full cry. A group of fourteen questions relating to unrest in India stands in their name. Chatterjee Cotton leads off with three. Close on his heels come Achyut Rutherford, Arabindo Mackarness, and Kolhatkar Lupton, who believes vaccination is at the bottom of the whole bad business. From his tower on top corner seat below Gangway, Rees of Hindustan looks on, watchful, ready to trip up the Chatterjees.

Got a bit of string across the road in preparation for preliminary canter of Chatterjee Cotton, who moved for return setting forth particulars of recent deportations in India. Rees gave notice of another designed to present situation in entirely new light. When Questions got in full swing, he, a sort of Parliamentary King's Proctor, was constantly "intervening," submitting in form of cunningly constructed question propositions designed to bring the Chatterjees ignominiously to mother earth.

One of the finest touches in the familiar comedy is the attitude the Chatterjees adopt towards their inquisitor. They just ignore him. As far as sign of knowledge of his presence is forthcoming, he might still be in Hindustan. If it were the Irish Nationalists' turn, and if in analogous circumstances anyone were to controvert their questions by argument prefaced by the phrase, "Before the right hon. gentleman answers that question, may I—" there would be wigs on the green. Half-a dozen of the bhoys would leap to their feet and fall on the intruder.

Possibly Rees of Hindustan sometimes



Benevolent Old Gentleman (to seedy applicant for a job). "But the last man I helped turned out to be a burglar."
Seedy Applicant. "Ah, yer 'onour, that 's how innercent men like you and me 'as to suffer!"

yearns for little attention of that kind. Nothing more chilling than silence broken occasionally by voice of Speaker with call to Order. Sometimes relief forthcoming from Kolhatkar Lupton. Has long suspected Rees of having been vaccinated. Knows that, even if Rules permitted him to address enquiry designed to clear up doubt on subject, Rees would work in one of his innocent-looking counter-interrogations and suggest that, assuming (which he would not) the suspicion were well founded, the alleged act took place at a time when, owing to his being a minor, he had no legal responsibility.

Nevertheless, though up to present date he has mastered disposition to formulate enquiry on the subject, Lupton regards Rees with gravest suspicion, moving uneasily in his seat when he hears his voice. Some day temptation will prove irresistible and Rees of Hindustan, warned off prevarication, will be publicly challenged to say "Yes" or "No" to a personal question.

Another part in comedy admirably filled is that of Under-Secretary for India. Came down to-day with sheaf of manuscript containing official answers to questions on the paper. Before he could read No. 1, Rees of Hindustan interposed, turning searchlight full upon the Chatterjees grouped on the benches below, disclosing, as it were through the back of their heads, the disloyal intentions that inspire their indictment of the Indian Executive Government. Elibank not to be drawn into controversy. He also ignores existence of Rees of Hindustan, a condition to which that gentleman is growing accustomed.

"In reply to *the question on the paper*," says Elibank with emphasis establishing a distinction, and then comes the bare recital of facts.

Here the incident might be expected to end. Such expectation indicates ignorance of the ways of the Chatterjees. They have asked their question and received full answer. Instantly full pack on its hind legs yelping in chorus fresh enquiries. Elibank purrs back replies which contain as little as possible in addition to official answer. Next question on paper. The King's Proctor intervenes as before. Pussy purrs again with increasing seductiveness. More yelping in chorus, and so *da capo*.

The House, though bored by vain repetition, looks on smilingly at the diversion. But what about its effect on the teeming population of India when gravely reported in native newspapers?

Business done.—Committee on Budget Bill solemnly decide that chalk is not a mineral.

Earl Winterton (deathless in pursuit of miscellaneous information): "What about cheese?"

Chairman of Committees: "Order! Order!"

Thursday.—The shadow of Dissolution hangs low over the House. You can almost feel the dankness of its atmosphere. To all appearance Members still busy with Budget Bill. Actually nothing is talked of but Dissolution, all conjecture centred upon its date, all prophecy foretelling its momentous results.

Taken for granted on both sides that the Lords will throw out Budget Bill. Only dissentient voice one hears comes from the Member for Sark. He insists that the Lords are not such—well, are

not so far lacking in sanity as to force a Dissolution at this particular juncture. Above all in view of this particular Budget.

"Of course," he says, "if they do take the unprecedented course attributed to their intention, they will be actuated by no other motive than that of pure patriotism. But this is a wicked world, and seeing that they as a class are most severely hit by the new or extended methods of taxation folk are sure to say they are fighting for their own. If the fourteen millions which everyone admits have to be raised somehow were levied upon tea or sugar, to destroy the proposal would not avoid the constitutional question of the Lords' meddling with money Bills. But it would be free from suspicion of personal interest. By a Budget that creates a system of Land Taxes, increases Death Duties, invents super-income-tax, the Lords themselves are sorely smitten, and cannot escape unworthy suspicion.

"In throwing out the Budget they will not only commit an unpardonable sin against the Constitution; they will appear to be sinning in order to save their own pockets. Impossible to conceive choice of battle-ground being made under worse conditions. That is my specific reason for refusing to believe that the Lords will throw out the Bill—unless, indeed, the wild backwoodsmen force Lansdowne's hand."

All very well; but it is the voice of one crying in the wilderness. As for the rest they shout for the battle.

Business done.—Nearing end of discussion in Committee of original clauses of Budget Bill.

QUESTION AND ANSER.

Interview with the Talking Goose.

The wonderful thinking goose which so deeply impressed the editorial staff of *The Daily Chronicle* has made astonishing strides since his arrival in London. To begin with, "Jimmy" was able to converse only by the somewhat cumbrous method of picking out cards with words painted on them. But a few lessons from a famous voice-producer, Mr. Benry Hussell, have put that all right, and "Jimmy" now talks quite distinctly in a rich fruity voice with the *timbre* of a bass clarinet.

Interviewed last Saturday by our representative at the Golden Egg Hotel, "Jimmy" courteously answered a number of questions bearing on his own career and the political situation with the utmost lucidity and intelligence, though confessing to a little fatigue after a succession of Michaelmas escapes.

Asked as to his parentage and origin, "Jimmy" stated that he was undoubtedly of royal descent, as his ancestors were settled at Kingussie (King Goosey). When the laughter provoked by this joyous sally had died away our representative asked "Jimmy" what he thought of the Budget. "What do I think of it?" he replied. "Why, of course, I have an hereditary partiality for all quack remedies." In this context "Jimmy" spoke with great cordiality of his reception at the offices of *The Chronicle*, where he was delighted to find a rook sitting in the office window. "This," said Jimmy, "is the age of the bird. Man takes him for his model in aerial locomotion. He cannot even dispense with swallow tails in his evening attire."

"Is it true," queried our representative, "that you have decided to appear at the Music-halls?"

"No," said "Jimmy," "but I have accepted an engagement to speak on behalf of the Budget League to counterbalance the effect of the fifty-seven-years-old goose (belonging to a friend of the Duchess of Bedford) who has been retained as a champion of Tariff Reform."

"One word more. Is it true that your feet ——"

"Are webbed? Yes, it is; and I shall continue to call them so until Holbein has swum the Channel."



Master. "Well, Jack, can't you give us a hand with a spade?"

Jack (who has been running all the morning). "Very sorry, Sir, daren't do no work. I 'm drawin' club money."

Master. "What 's the matter?" *Jack.* "Got a bad foot."

From "Things you should know," in *The Glasgow News*:

"The eel has now two separate hearts."

What can you expect with this Budget?

A STUDY IN JOURNALISTIC CONDENSATION.

The passengers in the coasting steamer, *Davy Jones*, had an alarming experience yesterday morning when that vessel struck on a submerged rock near Murther-Treadmyll, North Wales. The captain, Mr. John Jones, immediately ordered the boats to be lowered, and a lifeboat was despatched from shore by Mr. William Jones, harbour-master, under the command of Mr. Thomas Henry Jones (retired Royal Navy); but, the catastrophe having occurred in only six feet of water, the passengers, to the number of seventeen, were safely got ashore without even getting wet.

Mr. George Ap-John Jones (aged 45, married), a spectator from the beach, gives the following account:—"I was standing on the shore with my friend, Mr. Owen Owens Jones, when we saw the *Davy Jones* strike end-on upon some obstruction below the surface. The boats were instantly lowered, but were found unnecessary, as the passengers managed to climb ashore over the rocks without even wetting their feet. There must have been some sixteen or eighteen of them. The wreck was got off without any assistance from the lifeboat. The incident reflects great credit on all concerned [except perhaps the helmsman, Mr. Thomas Jones.—Ed.].

In an interview, the captain, Mr. John Jones (49, unmarried) states:—We wass steaming off Murther-Treadmyll about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, at a speed of ten knots whateffer, when I heard the ship strike a rock. I ordered the boats out whateffer, although the water wass no more than six feet deep. I wass be signalling for a lifeboat.

How many passengers were you carrying, Captain Jones?—Seventeen. I wass shouting out that there wass be no danger, and put on a lifebelt.

Was there any panic?—None whateffer. We wass only a yard or two from the shore, and they wass landing in a few minitts.

Nobody was drowned?—Nobody whateffer; they went ashore dry-footed. I wass be administering stimulants to the crew, and we got the vessel off whateffer.

The Murther-Treadmyll Cross-Examiner supplies the following interesting details:—"The depth of the water at the scene of the unforeseen catastrophe approximates, according to the corroborated evidence of experienced mariners, to six feet. No insuperable obstacles were therefore presented to disembarkation at this point, and no inconvenience experienced by compulsory immersion in the waters of what our old friend Homer describes as the πολυφλοισβοιο θαλασσης.

Mr. Robert Jones (29, widower), a passenger, a jamboiler, in an account which we have to condense owing to extreme pressure on our space, states that the lifeboat, under Mr. Thomas Henry Jones, made every effort to meet the wreck in time, but the passengers—seventeen in number—scrambled over the beach or (in the case of the ladies) were carried ashore before he arrived. There was hardly a wet pair of shoes amongst them all. Owing to the shallowness of the water—about six feet—the danger was infinitesimal.

[We have corroborated the above particulars. The Admiralty charts give the depth of the water as six feet, and Lloyd's Register identifies the captain as Mr. John Jones, of Bangor. Private investigations endorse the fact that not a single passenger was submerged.]

AWAKE, ENGLAND!

[The following lines will, it is hoped, arouse our youth to a sense of their decadence (as recently remarked by *The Daily Mail*) in permitting foreigners to monopolise the hotel-managing business.]

Oh, where has the sea-dog been couching?
Oh, where are the Norsemen of old,
The chaps who were constantly pouching
Some enemy's gold?

Has nothing been left of the order
Of barons who boned what they could,
Of raiders who harried the Border,
And bold Robin Hood?

The buccaneer captains of Devon
Who barbered King Philip of Spain,
Has none of them left us his leaven
Of duty and gain?

And those, the delectable rangers
Of childhood, who dirked and who drank,
Whose simplest amusement for strangers
Was strolling the plank?

And Turpin, whose hoof-beats would hammer
All night on his pillaging route,
Has *he* not bequeathed us the glamour,
The glory of loot?

Our fathers were full of the vigour,
The *verve* of the caterer's art,
That bleeds at a regular figure,
Or else *à la carte*.

Then up, O ye Britons, and follow
The gleam, the adventurous hope,
With backs that are bending and hollow,
With palms that are ope.

Remember the gold of the galleons,
Remember the night-riding swells,
And cut out the Swiss and Italians
At keeping hotels.

A KINDLY SCHEME.

"Yes," said the Philanthropist, "it is quite true. The idea came to me at Burroughs and Watts' the other day as I watched Stevenson waiting for his turn. It was the saddest face I ever saw. That man, I said to myself—that man and all the others like him—all the other billiard-experts who have to wait their turns—must be catered for."

"But why?" I asked. "They are happy enough."

"Happy!" said he. "Happy! You evidently weren't there. I tell you he was the picture of woe. Besides, happiness has nothing to do with it. It is the sloth that I object to. Man's duty is to work, and here was a man doing nothing—not even watching the game. Half-hour after half-hour he sat there with only an occasional brief visit to the table, while an inferior performer was doing what he liked with the balls. I said to myself, I will take that man in hand."

"And what have you done?"

"I have prepared a manual for such enforced idlers. It is called 'All Things,' an anthology of really good reading, likely to interest and improve their minds and lead to a fuller desire for literature and progress."

"Why do you call it 'All Things'?" I asked.

"Because it is to come to those that wait."

"Tell me some of the contents," I said.

"Well, I begin with Tennyson's 'Break, Break, Break,' a beautiful thing. Then there are selections from the works of Q. and his sister, Lilian Quiller-Couch or Miss Q.; Macaulay's ballad on the Battle of Ivry; Thackeray's Roundabout Paper, 'The Thorns in the Cushion;' Stevenson's 'Merry Men;' Shenstone's ballad of Jimmy Dawson; and a translation from the *Basia* of 'Secundus.' At the close are a couple of exquisite funeral sermons by two Canons of Westminster, entitled, 'The Long Rest.' The work is published by Long Jenny, at the Bodley Head, and there is a marker in every copy. Not bad, is it?" he concluded.

"I'd rather go on looking at my boots," I said.

From an official communication from the Boy Scout Headquarters relative to a peaceful invasion of France:

"The numbers to be about 6,000, and the price *per capitem*, about £2 10s."

As is well known, the three chief duties which a Boy Scout must practise daily are

(1) To do a good turn to somebody.
(2) To find cover behind a turnip.
(3) To decline *caput*.



HONOUR WHERE HONOUR IS DUE.

First Golfer. "Well done, old chap! That 's the longest ball I 've seen you drive yet!"
Second G. "I'm afraid the credit 's not all mine. A beast of a wasp touched me up in the middle of my swing."

THE DREAM BIRD.

In the sunny South Pacific there 's an island all uncharted
Where the lazy seals lie basking through the drowsy afternoon;
Not a tramp has ever hailed it, nor has dip of oar-blade started
A single wash of ripple in the calm of its lagoon;
Never hurricane may harm it, though at times the land breeze, leaping
Through glades of magic dream-cups, sets the fern fronds all asway,
Ere, trembling through the palm-trees, a summer moon is steeping
The beach in sudden silver at the ending of the day.

Could you tread the sun-bleached coral where the warm and spicy valleys
Run up from deep blue water where the darting ray-fish gleams,
You would see across the twilight of the breathless forest alleys—
A flashing, feathered jewel—flit the Bird of Pleasant Dreams.
Never met him? Very likely, though you know the night-mare's prancing
(How often at your bedside has her hateful hoof been heard!);
Yet if peace be on your pillow, and your dreams be all entrancing,
You 've to thank the ministrations of this charming little bird!

In his plumes the gold of sunset with the pink of morning mingles,
And his throat of ruby velvet every humming-bird's outvies,
While his wings are blue as ocean when the sapphire sweeps the shingles
(There 's a fortune in his feathers were you dressing salmon flies!);
From his pinion breathes a fragrance, not of languid tropic hours
(O the pallid, waxen orchids where the branches twine and net!),
But a hint of June in England, and of cottage garden flowers,
A scent of briar roses and sweet peas and mignonette!

Could you slip across the sea-line when the sun is westward stealing,
And by grace of fairy magic on the coral take your post,
You would see his radiant cohorts round the wavy palm-tops wheeling
Ere they wing it through the darkness to the folk who need them most;
To the streets and crowded court-yards, to the cottage, to the palace,
To the wakeful and the weary, they are speeding mile on mile,
Bringing pleasant thoughts and fancies drawn from out the dream-bloom chalice,
Where it blows mid sea and silence on the small enchanted Isle!

* * * * *

No, I 've not exactly *seen* him, though I well remember waking
On a perfect night in summer with my window open wide
On a quaint old Kentish garden of Elizabethan making,
Where between the prim yew-hedges you could see the Channel tide
(Some cricket week, I fancy, for I 'd dreamt I 'd sent the leather
Somewhere over the pavilion); and I 'd rather like to bet
That, although I *didn't* see him—not a single, shining feather—
He had just that moment vanished—*for I still smelt mignonette!*

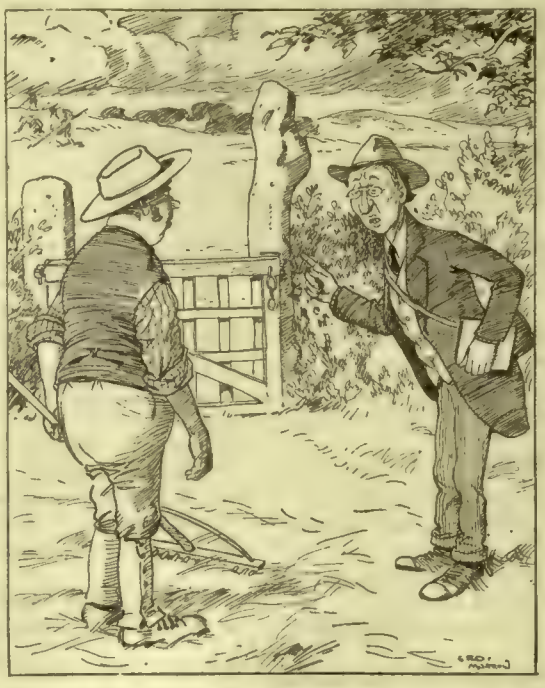
OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It is, perhaps, a pity that the *John Senhouse* of Maurice Hewlett's new novel, *Open Country* (Macmillan), should have been already introduced to us, at a later stage in his career, in *Halfway House*. Not so much because we had become sufficiently familiar with the charming habits and foibles of this delectable philosopher of the caravan, but rather because we should have liked to picture him inconsolable at the loss of his *Sanchia*; whereas we know, from *Halfway House*, that he is going to be quite ready, after a modest interval, to take up with another lady. He—and his author too, I suspect—was first attracted to *Sanchia* by the length of white leg which she exposed while wading in a forest pool. But, in spite of these happy auspices, and the fact that half the book is a pæan in praise of her loveliness of body and mind, we never really get to know her; because she contributes practically nothing in proof of her own excellence, seldom committing herself beyond the point of saying, "It 's very difficult somehow to know what one ought to do." For much of the time she remains passive as a marble figure—a sort of Galatea, that only wakes up at an advanced stage of the story. (By the way, talking of statues, what does Mr. Hewlett mean when he says, by way of compliment to her unearthly chastity and beauty: "He would as soon, he said, seek the favours of Diana of the Ephesians as dare to expect one charged look from her eyes?" Surely he cannot mean Diana "*of the Ephesians*"—not that many-breasted Oriental monstrosity!)

On the other hand, *John Senhouse* is at no pains to conceal his personality. Among other items of self-revelation, he informs his *Sanchia*, cheery iconoclast that he is, that for a man to ask a woman to marry him is to pay her the worst insult in his power. Yet when a successful rival proposes to omit this degrading formality in his relations with *Sanchia*, *Senhouse* insists on it as an essential. Which at least proves him human at a pinch; and that is more than can be said for the other gentleman. On *Sanchia's* conduct in the matter (she finally omits the formality) I have no criticism to offer; after all, she is a sort of Arcadian nymph, and therefore not amenable to ordinary moral standards; but I don't think I have very often met the kind of British sportsman who would ask a nice, clean, gently-bred girl to share his ancestral home as his mistress when by lifting his hand he could divorce his runaway wife, and make a decent thing of it.

I have spent all my space and said nothing of the tonic qualities of Mr. Hewlett's work. Still faintly Meredithian in manner, he has sloughed most of his affectations without losing his fertility of language or his unerring *flair* for the right word. He has a very happy touch in his sketches of *Sanchia's* sisters. I think, indeed, he must have been a dominant feature at the baptism of these young women; for the father, who was something round and large in The Poultry, could never have invented *Melusine*, *Hawise* and *Sanchia-Josepha;* and the mother, who tuft-hunted in the best circles, would have known better than to hamper her daughters with fancy-names which might well have frozen-off the nobler kind of suitor.



Excited Naturalist. "Are you aware, my dear Sir, that this gate-post of yours is the femur of an Ornithoscelida?"

Farmer (apologetically). "I always thought it was somethin' odd like. It don't match the other post nohow!"

When Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick's latest book, *The Severins* (Methuen), appears in your house, my advice is this—secure it firmly and at once for yourself, before anyone else has a chance to spoil your enjoyment by reading aloud, without context or explanation, any of the many delightful scenes of comedy that it contains. Otherwise this is what is safe to happen. I don't know that it would be quite kind to tell you the story; but I will hint that the trouble for the *Severins* was partly that *Michael*, the eldest, had been away from the rest of them so long that when he returned prosperous, and with ideas of behaviour founded upon that of ordinary people, his family could not fail to strike him with something of a shock. There were five of them—*Mrs. Severin* (addressed by her children as *Sophia*), *Clotilda*, the married sister whose husband was incautiously in Africa, *Selma*, the art student, *Camilla*, and young *Bob*; and they were all beautiful, and vague, and clever, Bohemian in habits, and frankly impossible as members of the society to which *Michael* had grown accustomed. And their friends were far worse. You see the difficulty of the situation; Mrs. Sidgwick makes of it one of the most amusing stories I have read for years. Heroically, I will not quote any particular passage, though there are several that I should like to repeat. Where, for instance, they go to return the *Walsingham* call, all five of them, in—— but no, you shall read it for yourself; and if you do not fall a victim to the family fascination you will be unworthy of it. I did, and so (I am quite sure) did Mrs. Sidgwick; not otherwise could she have written what is certainly, so far, her masterpiece.

A writer in *The Manchester Guardian*, describing his sensations on an aeroplane trip, observes that after the flight he "began to feel as I think, perhaps, the poets do." This may account for the headlines of his article which run:

"A FLIGHT WITH MR. CODY.
IMPRESSIONS IN THE AIR.
(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT,
MR. G. H. MAIR.)"

"It was more difficult for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for the little wisp of cotton in the hands of some of those male volunteers."—*The Daily Chronicle.*

Anybody who has seen a camel will agree.

"They (the Unionists) have everything to gain and nothing to lose; and they intend to lose nothing for lack of courage."—*Daily Mail.*

But why make such a point about losing nothing when there isn't anything to lose?

CHARIVARIA.

Now that Mr. SHACKLETON has pointed out the freedom from colds which he and his companions enjoyed in the Antarctic, there is some talk of Captain SCOTT getting over the difficulty in regard to funds by taking with him on his expedition a limited number of persons suffering from chronic catarrh as paying guests.

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Dr. COOK, it has been asserted, is of Jewish origin, being a descendant of a family named KOCH. A still more interesting rumour now reaches us. It is to the effect that the two Eskimos who accompanied him are also Semites, the word Eskimo being a local contraction of Eskimoses.

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Scarcely have we been reminded that the apparition of Halley's Comet has usually portended a grave disaster than a rumour reaches us to the effect that yet a third lady novelist is about to cease writing.

***

Meanwhile we are told that Halley's Comet, though still invisible to the naked eye, has been photographed in Germany, England and America. To give them this kind of preliminary boom, as if they were mere Music-Hall Stars, is scarcely the way to encourage such rare visitors.

***

Preparations continue to be made for the reception of the Dukes in their new homes. The Camberwell Guardians have now laid out a lawn tennis court in the infirmary grounds for the use of pauper inmates.

***

Every day one comes across fresh evidence that the upper classes are doomed. The Great Western Railway is now abolishing second-class.

***

The spread of Socialism again:—

"EVERYTHING FOR EVERYBODY.

SEE OUR

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS."

Daily Mail.

***

Satisfactory results are reported by those visitors who partook of the life-prolonging sweets which were shown at the London Medical Exhibition. Every one of such persons has lived longer since taking these wonderful bon-bons.

It has been ascertained that the flamingo which was recently shot on the marshes at Bradwell, Essex, was one which escaped from the Zoological Gardens some months ago. The sad affair has cast a gloom over Regent's Park, where the deceased was well known, but it is thought that it may serve a useful purpose as a warning to those animals who are always chafing for emancipation.

***

"In the midst of the deluge," we read in an account of the South Wales floods, "the regular water supply of Aberavon was cut off." The same economy, we understand, is practised in many Scotch towns where the street lamps are extinguished on moonlight nights.

***

Someone has blundered again. The advertisement of the second part of the new Harmsworth publication leads off with the cautionary words:—

"LOOK OUT!"

***

"Picture postcards," says a contemporary, "are much more ancient than is generally supposed." We have perused some of the comic ones and heartily support this theory.

***

"THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

IN THE CANARIES WITH A CAMERA"

is the title of a review in a contemporary. But surely the Fortunate Isles are those where there is no one with a camera?

***

Harvard House, which was opened by Miss CORELLI last week, is to be a home for Americans visiting Stratford-on-Avon. Curiously enough, when we were last in that town, it seemed to us that what was wanted was a haven of refuge for our own countrymen.

Mr. HORNUNG's *Raffles* showed us how to become burglars. Another author is now catering for those who wish to go a step further. A weekly paper announces:—

MURDER MADE EASY

BY

G. R. SIMS.

There is now no excuse for any one failing to become a complete criminal.

***

According to *The Sketch* "there is a physical reason why women make better speakers than men, and that is the superior construction of the larynx." They "can speak literally for hours without experiencing undue fatigue." We begin to understand why M.P.s tremble at the thought of the election of women to Parliament.

***

We were sorry to read the other day that a testator had inserted in his Will a penalty for any daughter of his who should marry a minister. In our opinion clergymen are no worse than other people, and the discrimination is unjust.

***

The Holland Park Skating Rink, an advertisement tells us, will open "in the Fall." It sounds ominous.

"A loan by post anywhere, to all classes; note of bath (h. and c.); terms mod.; month or longer."

Advt. in "Daily Mail."

This is not at all our idea of the ordinary moneylender.

The Ubiquitous Scot.

"The Prince and Princess Kuni held a levee during the afternoon. Colonel Robert M. Thompson introduced to their royal highlanders several of his friends."—*New York Herald.*

"He is reported to be a tremendous traveller, his journeys having taken him to almost every part of the world—including some of the least inaccessible."—*The Globe.*

It is only a report, mind, that he has ever been to Piccadilly.

The Sphere finishes its account of the wedding of Madame CLARA BUTT's sister in this way, the sequence of ideas being very clear:—

"The newly-married couple were the recipients of many handsome presents from their numerous friends, and are spending their honeymoon in Paris. Madame Clara Butt's beautiful voice may now be heard on some new records of the Gramophone Company.—*Advt.*"

The little word in italics is ours.



Extract from a letter from Bertie to his friend Percy.—"DEAR PERCY,—THE DAUNCEYS, WITH WHOM I AM STAYING, ARE AWFULLY DECENT, AND DO EVERYTHING THEY CAN TO MAKE MY VISIT ENJOYABLE. FOR INSTANCE, WHENEVER WE GO SHOOTING, THEY GIVE ME A WHOLE FIELD TO MYSELF."

THE WANDERWOCHE.

[Hints to Liberal M.P.'s on the best way of utilising their brief holiday. It has been suggested that if they spent the week in stumping the constituencies it might be called The Jabberwocky. This suggestion has been courteously declined.]

Rest, rest, perturbéd spirits, and repair
The pallid veins where once the blood ran red
Ere yet the small hours blanched your raven hair,
Hollowed your eyes and wore you to a thread;
Shake off your megrims, go your blithesome way
Far from the dust of that infernal Forum;
Break into laughter, run and romp and play
Hicockalorum!

Stay not to work the latest Budget out,
As George suggested (talking through his hat);
Let those who made it maul the Bill about,
Your idle hands were never meant for that;
Don't waste your time and precious stock of wit
On stuffy tasks when earth and sky and water
Can give you better game—and every bit
As ripe for slaughter.

While there are salmon spoiling for a fly,
And grouse that want you badly in the butt,
And hares to mock you with a backward eye,
And conies to provoke the loud "Tut, tut!"
With driven partridges to make you sport,
Swerving at sight of your pronounced apparel,
And pheasants which occur—the tamer sort—
Close to your barrel.

Or haply you will go for gaudier game,
Dukes and the like, and follow on the scent
Of those ground-vermin who, to England's shame,
Batten upon an unearned increment;
Stumping the provinces, you'll take your stand
And cry from hustings, motor-car, or steeple,
"Down with the Lords! and, on the other hand,
Up with the People!"

Renewed (by these pure joys) in heart and brain,
Back to the Budget Bill fresh courage bring,
Trim, and re-trim, and trim it once again,
Till not a soul can recognise the thing!
Then, when you're ready for the knife to fall
And carve the victim up for chop or fillet,
What if the Peers—unkindest cut of all—
Refuse to kill it?

O. S.

Why Motor Associations are so Popular.

Lord Kingsburgh, President of the Scottish Automobile Association, as reported in *The Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*:—

"He had seen a woman rush up when her child was run over in a town, and, instead of abusing the driver, whip the child. That was what he called common sense."

"Still another prize will be offered for the competitor who performs one circuit of the aerodrome in the slowest time, and, as this has never been accomplished before, it is more than probable that Blackpool will establish another record—that is, if the elements and the conditions are favourable."—*Manchester Daily Dispatch.*

A strong circular wind against you might be of some help.

Confession.

"The silent voter had to be reckoned with, and thoughtful men were not Socialists, nor were they Nonconformists."

This (according to *The Daily Mail*) from Sir Robert Perks!

THE WRECK OF "THE ARK."

All went well, as journalists say, until we entered the harbour. You might think, as I did before I made the acquaintance of this one, that a harbour was a nice safe place for a motor-boat to put into. There we sat, all unsuspicious of danger—the Captain's wife and the Visitor and the Babe at one end of the boat, and the Captain and the Engineer and the Crew at the other end. One end was called the stern, and the other end was called the bow; but I gathered from the conversation generally that it did not matter which end was called which. This may have been because on shore the Captain was a doctor, and the Engineer was a chauffeur, and the Crew was a novelist, and the Visitor was a suffragette. The motor-boat was not a motor-car on shore, but directly we arrived in the harbour it took to behaving like one, and, when it had run over several fish and a wooden post that was sticking up in the water to warn us to keep away from it, it went aground.

The Crew, with great presence of mind, yelled "Starboard!—no, I mean Port!" and the Captain, under the stress of circumstance, told us all to get out of the way; and the Babe, who reads boys' books, jumped up and down and said, "What fun! Have we sprung a leak, and shall we fetch the shore?" Then, suddenly, the Engineer remembered he was a chauffeur and said, "Reverse the engine, Sir," as you would if you had run over a man instead of a fish; and then a lot of mud was stirred up, and the Captain's wife wished she had worn her other skirt, and the Visitor said it was a blessing purple didn't mark, though white and green did.

Presently, as nothing moved except the dinghy, which strolled round to the side of the boat and looked up at us pathetically, the Crew said something about lightening the ship, whereupon the Captain's wife flung her arms round the Babe, while the Babe flung hers round the tea-basket, and the Visitor was heard to regret the absence of Cabinet Ministers among the ballast. The Captain followed this up with a further suggestion that we should take to the boats. There was only one boat, the little thing that was tied on behind; but of course in a shipwreck you never talk of taking to *a* boat.

"I'm not going to move till I've had my tea," said his wife firmly. "Perhaps by that time, if you stop disturbing the underneath part of the harbour, we shall be afloat again."

The Engineer's caustic remark that the tide was going down met with nothing but incredulity. "Perhaps it will go up again if we turn our backs on it," the Crew said facetiously.

We were just through with the jam sandwiches and were starting on the cake when the Engineer, not at all a nice person to have at a picnic, by the way, mentioned that if we did not take to the boats now we never should, because the dinghy was nearly aground too. Whereupon the Crew dramatically proposed that the women and children should be landed, while the men remained at the post of danger. This proposition sounded magnificent until one came to examine it, when it appeared that the women and children would have to go without their second cups of tea and their cake in order to walk home with a tired child across four miles of broken landscape, while their natural protectors sat and smoked until what time the tide should rise and bear them gallantly homewards.

"Privileges, forsooth!" scoffed the Visitor. "Give me penalties—I mean rights!"

The Captain rose to his full height and stood there with folded arms, irresistibly suggesting Napoleon—or was it *Peter Pan*? "The Babe must be got home before bedtime," he said in full rich tones, "and it is my duty to stand by the ship."



THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

Lord Rosebery (*the new Bombastes*). "WHO WOULD ON ME THESE BOOTS REPLACE
WILL FIND ME DEUCED HARD TO TRACE!" [*Exit.*

[Lord Rosebery's resignation of the Presidency of the Liberal League was accepted last Wednesday.]



AN AMERICAN AT OXFORD.

"Say, Driver, what's that edifice?" "That's St. John's College, M'm." "Oh, so you have cahleges here!"

"You won't have any difficulty in doing that, darling, if the tide continues to go down at this rate," said his wife, as we rowed ashore.

We found the local Ancient Mariner most discouraging when we met him later. In his opinion *The Ark* could not be got off for a week; he talked also of neap tides. "If it was a spring tide now," he added kindly, seeing we were depressed.

"How could it be a spring tide in the autumn?" demanded the Captain's wife crossly; and we left the Ancient Mariner shivering his timbers.

After that the Babe was packed off to bed *sans phrase* because she predicted cheerfully that we should have to sit through the watches of the night, a prey to horrid thoughts; but her words came unpleasantly true, and as the hours went by, bringing no sign of the shipwrecked heroes, the Captain's wife said she knew now what it meant to be a mariner's widow, and the Visitor said warmly that she felt more and more that never until women were placed on the same, etc., etc.

"Yes," agreed her hostess, shivering over a blazing fire. "Think of the wretches all snug in the cabin with their ginger-beer——"

"There's only one bottle left," the Visitor felt bound in honesty to remind her. "No dinner—and it's just striking three A.M."

"Don't!" wailed the Captain's wife. "For all we know they may be drifting out to France. And he doesn't know anything but Esperanto."

Some hours later, a happy, washed and be-ribboned Babe came dancing down to breakfast and went out with her mother's opera-glasses to sweep the offing for some trace of the missing craft. She swept in vain, and came dancing in again with a most tactless remark. "I spects they 're having a nice warm breakfast now at the Haven Hotel," she said, and plunged into her porridge.

We went silently upstairs to try to remove all appearance of having passed a night in the train.

When they came home at three o'clock in the afternoon, having dug out *The Ark* with spades, we overwhelmed them with feminine sympathy. Could anything, we asked, be more cruel than the way brave men were sacrificed to duty, while women and children in the shelter of their homes merely sat up all night for them? "Sit down," we begged, "sit down and eat your dinner, your breakfast, and your luncheon before you speak one word!"

They sat down, rather unwillingly, we thought. "You see," began the Crew, "you see, there was a neap tide— "

"Yes," chimed in the Captain eagerly, "it got neapier and neapier ——"

"Yes," echoed the Crew, "neapier and neapier and *neapier* and ——"

"So we simply *had* to abandon the ship to its fate for the time being," ended the Captain on a high soprano note.

"Yes," shrilled the Crew, "yes."

The Visitor observed that they did not seem so very hungry considering they had not touched food for nearly twenty-four hours.

"And you have both shaved," added the Captain's wife in a tone of icy calm.

The Babe was crooning to her doll, "So the women and children was landed and sat through the watches of the night, a prey to horrid thoughts, while the gallant Captain — Daddy, were you comfy last night at the Haven Hotel?"

There was one of those long deep pauses which make England's homes what they are.

THE FIRST GREEN.

Chapter I.

The documents in the case are these:—

Him to Me.

"Come and play golf on Thursday. What is your handicap? I expect you will be too good for me."

Me to Him.

"My good Thomas,—Don't be silly. I will play you at cricket, tennis, lawn tennis, football (both codes), croquet, poker-patience, high diving, and here-we-go-round-the-mulberry-bush. If you insist, I will take you on at prisoner's base and billiards. Moreover, I can dance the *pavane*.

Yours ever, Adolphus.

P.S.—Anyhow, I haven't any clubs."

Him to Me.

"My dear Ass,—I gather that you aren't a golfer; well, why not begin on Thursday? There will be nobody else playing probably. Meet me at Victoria 11.5. My brother is away, and I will lend you his clubs."

Me to Him.
(Telegram.)

"Is your brother out of England? Wire reply."

Him to Me.

"Yes. Sicily."

Me to Him.

"Right you are, then."

Chapter II.

"You know," I said to Thomas in the train, "I have played a little on a very small island off the coast of Scotland; but it was such a very small island that we never used a driver at all, or—what's that other thing called?—a brassy. We should have been into the sea in no time. But I rather fancy myself with a putter."

"You might go round with a putter to-day."

"I might, but I shan't. I expect to use the wooden clubs with great ease and dexterity. And I think you will find that I can do my little bit with the mashie. What's a niblick?"

"The thing you get out of bunkers with."

"Then I shan't want that."

Chapter III.

The fateful moment arrived. Thomas presented me with a ball called the Colonel, and a caddie offered me Thomas's brother's driver. He also asked me what sort of tee I should like.

I leant upon my club and looked at him. Then I turned to Thomas.

"Our young friend Hector," I said, "is becoming technical. Will you explain?"

"Well, do you want a high or a low one?"

"I want to hit this Colonel ball very hard in the direction of that flag. What do you recommend?"

"Well, that's just as you——"

"I think a medium one. Slow to medium."

The preliminaries being arranged, I proceeded to address the ball. My own instinct was to take the address as read and get to business as soon as possible, but in the presence of an expert like Hector I did not dare to omit the trimmings. As it was, after every waggle I felt less and less like hitting the Colonel. When at last I did let fly it was with feelings of relief that I discovered, on returning my eye to the spot, that the tee was indeed empty. I shaded my eyes and gazed into the middle distance.

"No," said Thomas, "it's more to the right." He indicated a spot in the foreground, about ten yards E.N.E.

"There you are."

"That isn't *my* ball?"

"Yessir," said Hector, grinning.

"May I have it back?"

Thomas laughed and smote his own into the blue. "You go on from there," he said.

"I'm still aiming at the same flag?"

"Go on, you ass."

I went on. The ball again rolled ten yards to the east.

"I don't know why we're going in this direction," I said. "If I get much further east I shall have to send back Bartlett. You know I don't believe the Colonel is taking this seriously. He doesn't seem to me to be trying at all. Has he ever been round the course before?"

"Never. He's quite new to it."

"There you are. He'll come down at the ditch for a certainty."

I played my third. A third time we went ten yards to the east—well, perhaps a touch of north in it again. And this time Hector gave a sudden snort of laughter.

I leant upon my club, and stared him into gravity. Then I took Thomas by the coat and led him on one side.

"There are, Thomas," I said, "other things than golf."

"There are," he agreed.

"A man may fail temporarily at the game and yet not be wholly despicable."

"True."

"He may, for instance, be able to dance the *pavane* with grace and distinction."

"Quite so."

"Well then, *will* you take this giggling child away and explain to him that I am not such an ass as I appear? Tell him that the intellectuals of Brook Green think highly of my mental powers. Assure him that in many of the best houses at Wandsworth Common I am held to be an amusing *raconteur*. Remind him of my *villanelle* 'To Autumn.' For heaven's sake make him understand that my reputation does not stand or fall with my ability to use this brassy thing. I'm not a golf professional."

Thomas allowed himself to smile. "I will tell him," he said, "that you are not golf professional."

We veered right round to the east with my fourth, and then I became desperate.

"Why," I shouted, "do I hit the ball with a ridiculous club like this? I could send it farther with a cricket bat. I could push it straighter with a billiard cue. Where's that bag? I am going to have a lucky dip."

I dipped, and came up with what Thomas calls a cleek. "Now then," I said. I didn't stop to address the Colonel, I simply lashed at him. He flew along the ground at a terrific pace.

"Well kept down," said Thomas admiringly.

"By Jove," I cried, "that's never going to stop. See how he flies along . . . now he breasts the slope . . . look, he is taking the water jump . . . ah, he has crossed his legs, he's down.

"This," I said to Thomas as we walked after the Colonel, "is golf. A glorious game.

"What nonsense," I said to Thomas, "they put in comic papers about golf. All that about digging up the turf! . . . and missing the ball! . . . and breaking the clubs! I mean, I simply don't see how one *could*. Let's see, I've played four, haven't I?"

"Five," said Thomas.

"What I am wondering," he added, "is why you should have been afraid of using *any* club in your small island off the coast of Scotland."

Chapter IV.

Twenty strokes after.

"The green, the green," I shouted joyfully, in the manner of the ancient Greeks, though I was only on the edge of it.

"Go on," said Thomas.

I took a careful aim and put the white down.

"You see," I said carelessly, leaning on my putter. A. A. M.

Now that evenings are drawing in, country-house hostesses are always glad to hear any new suggestions for amusing their guests during the awkward time between tea and dinner. We reproduce this week, therefore, a simple conjuring trick from *Tit-Bits*:

"When pressing a coloured dress, and you have the misfortune to scorch it, take a shilling or any silver coin and lay it flat on the scorched part and rub it briskly, and you will find it will disappear."



Visitor (to hostess who's small daughter is amusing herself by blowing up the air-cushion seat of a motor). "Oh, DO YOU THINK IT'S WISE TO LET YOUR LITTLE GIRL DO THAT? SO LIABLE TO GIVE ONE CANCER, YOU KNOW! I ALWAYS LET THE BUTLER DO IT."

HANDBOOK OF PARLIAMENTARY TERMS.

(*Mainly for the Majority.*)

I. A Whip.

(*a*) An underlined lithographed letter commanding attendance under the guise of a request. The urgency of a whip varies directly as the number and thickness of the underlines and inversely as the reluctance of the Irish to go into the other lobby.

(*b*) A human watch-dog who lets you in gladly for an all-night sitting but never lets you out again if he can help it. He is a stern upholder of numbers and a blind believer in them, but whereas he permits no single Member to pass him he may often be placated with a pair. He is generally abused without discrimination by those who have made his task difficult. His faith is summed up in a conviction that the absent (unpaired) are always wrong and that the present (when they vote against him) are never right. When four Whips are arranged in a line they bow beautifully, and may be produced as far as the Table of the House simultaneously.

II. A Pair.

(*a*) A friend in need who helps you to go to bed because (i) he wants to go to bed himself, or (ii) he thinks he has had about enough of it, or (iii) he doesn't want his name to appear in the Division list.

(*b*) A combination of two mutually destructive voting machines for the purpose of maintaining the balance of parties and redressing the iniquities of late sittings and dull debates.

III. A Division.

Divisions are such stuff as Acts are made of.

Divisions may be missed (when the doors are locked), or multiplied (when Sir F. Banbury is present), or avoided (when a deal has taken place).

According to the frequency of his Divisions the many electors add reputation to the elected one, or subtract it from him. Yet the elected may enter the door and afterwards pass the Tellers without knowing why he has voted for what. Compare the common phrases of the Division Lobbies:—"*What's this we're voting about?*" "*Is this the Closure?*" "*I don't know, they told me to come in here*"; "*I saw Harold Cox in the other lobby, so I came into this one.*"

IV. A Speech.

A method of spending breath without profit, and time without amusement.

A speech may be prolonged to infinity without meeting any arguments.

The Week's Notable Sayings.

Sir Herbert Tree, as interviewed in a contemporary:—"*Magna et veritas*, and it shall always prevail."

THE LORDS AND "THE CHRONIC."

The Lords must go: that is certain. They have failed all round. Not only do they threaten the people's rights but they have even lost their old manners. Once upon a time, however headstrong and foolish the Lords might be in politics, they did practise the ordinary courtesies of society. If you asked them a question they replied to it. But now all that is changed.

On Monday we sent a telegram in these words to every member of the House of Lords:—

"Trade of the Country is suffering by uncertainty which exists as to fate of Finance Bill. Now that Bill is practically settled by House of Commons, Editor of 'Daily Chronic' would esteem favour if Lord —— would say what he intends to do about it."

A moderate enough request, one would think, and one the answer to which is generally required. No self-respecting editor could do less than put it. In order that the chances of getting no answers might be reduced, we paid sixpence on each telegram for a reply—in the aggregate an immense sum.

And what happened? Will it be believed that only three Peers gave a satisfactory and straightforward answer; all honour to them! Earl De La Warr, consummate statesman as he is, although nominally a Conservative, sent us at once six hundred words, or five hundred and eighty-eight more than we had bargained for; but the novelty and rapture of being addressed at such length by a peer compensated us for the expense. His reply was a trenchant defence of the Budget, and an intimation that he should vote for it when it reached the Gilded Chamber. The Marquis Townshend replied at once:—

"Shall not be present."

Here is a manly pronouncement, a model of straightforwardness which we invite some of his so-called peers to imitate. Earl Rosslyn was equally explicit and courteous:—

"Shall be at Monte Carlo."

Some of the Peers whom we addressed sent non-committal replies. Even these, however, are not without their interest, although it is more on the human than on the political side. As one reads these little sheets of rustling thin paper one wonders if it is possible to wrest from them the secret of the writer's opinions. What, for instance, was behind the cool, calculating, and massive brain of Lord Rothschild when he sat in his great office in St. Swithin's Lane, and wrote the following telegram, and sent it to the post-office in Cannon Street:—

"In answer to your message, there is no doubt, I think, that the trade of the country is suffering, but this is on account of the provisions of the Budget, and not for any other reasons connected with it. I shall do what I shall do."

This is a masterpiece of evasion, and one cannot but humbly and respectfully admire the author of it. Lord Rothschild was, of course, not under any obligation to answer our question, but the manner in which he has replied to our telegram, while ignoring the query, is beyond all praise.

This is comparatively polite, if uncivil. There are several other evasive answers that are contemptible in their want of common decency to members of the Fourth Estate. Lord Lindley, for example, actually brought himself to reply thus:—

"Do not know; ask no more."

The meaning of the first three words is beyond dispute: Lord Lindley does not know what he will do when the Finance Bill reaches the House of Lords. The second three words are problematical, but we fancy we know their meaning. His lordship's telegram was sent from Mulbarton, in Norfolk, five-and-a-half miles from Norwich. "Ask no more" is the wearied cry of a man enjoying a well-earned holiday, far from the turmoil of the Legislature, who does not wish to be troubled with any more editorial inquiries. Well, it shall never be said that we on *The Chronic* are incapable of taking a hint. We shall be very careful never again to ask Lord Lindley anything.

Worse remains. Lord Lindley is simply rude; but what of the cowards? Here is the reply from Chislehurst Park, the seat of the Earl of Chislehurst:—

"Lord Chislehurst is too unwell to reply."

There 's a champion answer. Unwell, is he? We don't wonder. And he 's going to be worse. They all are. The Peers are in for a pretty hot time, if we have our way, and mean and tricky little subterfuges like this won't help them much. For, of course, Lord Chislehurst isn't ill at all: he 's simply hiding. He daren't come out into the open and show his hand.

Again, this is what we get from Milford House:—

"Lord Milford out of town."

Now there 's a foxy answer. Look at it well. Carry it to the light. Take the reading-glass. "Lord Milford out of town." Did you ever see a statement that so palpably bore on its face all the insignia of evasion?

So much for the replies, the paucity and tone of which, always excepting the noble Earl De La Warr, speak volumes for the decay of the old principle, *Noblesse oblige*. As for those who did not reply, we have no words to express our scorn and contempt. Apart from the loss of money—some hundreds of telegrams, reply paid—it strikes us as shoddy conduct in the extreme. That the Lords must go is now more than ever certain.

THE SONG OF THE DIRT.

(With abject apologies all round.)

["'Dr. Cook was the dirtiest white man I ever saw,' said Mr. Whitney, who, after the explorer had rested, 'worked on him for nearly half a day with hot water and a brush.' He found Dr. Cook 'nothing but skin and bones,' and had difficulty at first in distinguishing him from the Eskimos."—*Press.*]

With fingers frozen and numb,
But with eyes the colour of hope,
A man in latitude 82
Was plying a brush and soap—
Scrub—scrub—scrub!
(So hard that it *must* have hurt,)
And all the time in a minor key
He sang the "Song of the Dirt!"

"Scrub—scrub—scrub!
While the water is cooling fast,
And scrub—scrub—scrub,
As hour after hour drags past.
It 's O! for a glimpse of pink;
If only on flesh I could look!
'Twould make me scrub with vigour afresh,
If I knew it was really Cook!

"Scrub—scrub—scrub
Till I almost begin to sob,
Scrub—scrub- scrub
Will this brush last out the job?
Nose and forehead and ears,
Ears and forehead and nose,
How I long to be in a Christian land
Where a fellow could borrow a hose!

"The shape I am trying to clean
Is nothing but skin and bone,
Yet but for the terrible dirt
It seems so like my own;
It *seems* so like my own;
Poor chap! it makes me weep
To think that soap should be so dear
And ice should be so cheap.

"Scrub—scrub—scrub!
My labour never flags,
And what shall I get?—A par or two
In the half-penny evening rags.
But there, I mustn't complain,
My name would never be seen
In even the most obscure of prints,
If Cook had been fairly clean!"

With fingers frozen and numb,
But with eyes the colour of hope,
A man in latitude 82
Was plying his brush and soap—
Scrub—scrub—scrub!
(So hard that it *must* have hurt)
And all the time in a minor key—
Which must have been jolly for Dr. C.!—
He sang this "Song of the Dirt!"



EPISODES IN THE LIVES OF THE GREAT.—VI.

Louis XIV. finds a shell on the beach, as recorded by a Court painter.

"ARMS AND THE MAN."

[Lines attributed to one of those Socialists who have recently refused to acknowledge any connection between themselves and the Territorial Army.]

Let others, with mistaken zeal,
Prepare to gall th' invader's heel
With dreadful shot and awful steel
And things that burst;
Before the noble-minded, free,
And gentle Socialist will be
In any way concerned, he 'll see
Them further first.

They are but slaves, who walk, and run,
Hither and thither—rain or sun—
Carry a rifle, serve a gun,
And creep and crawl
As tyrants bid them; they must do
Exactly what they 're ordered to;—
It wouldn't be the thing for you
Or me, at all.

Men of our independent mould
Are little used to being told
To do our silly job and hold
Our silly tongue;
Yet, if we tried to state our views
On doing what we might not choose,
My comrades, in a brace of twos,
They 'd have us hung!

It may be very well to save
Your native land (which rules the wave)
From alien enemies who crave
That noble site;
But who are we to lend a hand?
We tell them that it 's *not* our land;
The dukes and classes have it, and
They 'd better fight.

Ah, no! Let those prepare to bleed
That scorn our Socialistic creed;
We, brothers, who are all agreed
To stand alone,
May still pursue our settled plan
Of taking everything we can
From every other class of man
Except our own.

The only point we have to win
Is decent safety for the skin;
And, even if the foe comes in
And makes a fuss,
The Territorials, no doubt,
Will promptly come and turn them out;
They can't defend themselves without
Defending us.

Dum-Dum.

THE NEW TYRANNY.

[To the great inconvenience of many foreign competitors The Aero Club has laid its ban on the Doncaster flying week because it clashes with another at Blackpool, to which the Club has extended its sanction.]

Suburban lady clerks who are in the habit of simply flying for their trains in the mornings are warned that the Aero Club will not permit this method of progress at any time that coincides with the Blackpool Aviation Meeting.

All migratory birds that have not yet left our shores must take notice that flight will not be permitted on the days of Blackpool's flutter.

Defaulting trustees are informed that during next week any sudden departure from this country that may be termed flight will be rigorously refused sanction by the Aero Club.

Master James Martin and his brother, of Streatham, who had completed all arrangements for a kite-flying contest on the Common with their uncle John next Tuesday, have received a registered letter from the Secretary of the Aero Club to say that this thing is not to be.



Worried Captain (as the Colonel signals some invention of his own, apparently a combination of the Extend, the Close, and the Halt). "NOW WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?"

Resourceful Sub. "EXTREME NERVOUS TENSION, AIRSHIPS IN SIGHT."

THE CALL.

DEAR BROWNE-SMYTH,—Calls are of four qualities: the telephone call, the call on hostesses who supply free meals to deserving bachelors, the call of the blood, and the call to the Bar. Yours is to be of the fourth quality. Keep your ears open and, when you hear the Benchers of your Inn calling on the seventeenth of this month, indicate by a brief gesture that you are there. I cannot help thinking that you have been successful with your examinations, or the Benchers would not be making all this noise. Let me congratulate you upon having completely deceived a reputedly intelligent set of examiners.

If the immediate awe of your relatives permits them to jest at all they will probably make some humorous reference to other less respectable but more profitable bars. There 's many a true word spoken in, etc. Having qualified yourself by a course of three years' dinner-eating, you will finally become a barrister by one night's drinking. Between you and me, this "call" is a euphemistic way of describing a little razzle-dazzle with the Benchers. For you, the razzle-dazzle will consist of one glass of port, sherry, or marsala.

For this night only you will be GREAT, not only in the eyes of your proud parents, but also in those of the Professional News Distributors, Match Merchants, and Gentlemen at Large who hang round the entrances to the Temple. They are sufficiently in the know to see what it is all about, but are not so overfed with the prospect of beautiful young men in evening dress as to despise them. Make the most of your "moment," for this one glass of port will cost you upwards of £100, and drink at that price per glass is not to be tossed off lightly or to be upset carelessly down the shirt front.

Make the most of yourself by idle boasting of the future and frequent appearances in the new wig and gown afterwards. It will take all your efforts to keep the popular interest alive. Your most enthusiastic female relatives will lose all interest, and even contrast you unfavourably with poor Cousin Tom who makes £90 a year in a bank, unless you are made Attorney-General within a month of your call. Be thankful that they do not in these days insist on the Woolsack for you, but also do not be too certain of this Attorneyship. The next election, I am told, cannot take place much before January, and, even if the results necessitate a change of Law Officers, there are reasons, which I am not at liberty to reveal, why they may not hit on you for their Attorney-General.

Finally, keep your copy of *The Times* of the day after your call, in which that great incident is mentioned. It will be the last gratuitous reference to you in public print for about five years. The next one, when it comes, will be in the local rag of some unknown circuit town, where a prisoner will be lucky enough to be prosecuted by you. It will be only because the reporter was not competent enough to make the observation, or the editor not bold enough to print the statement, if that notice omits to mention how thoroughly badly you conducted the prosecution.

Your Fellow-sufferer, ROBINSON.

Why Men Rest their Feet on Chairs.

"According to a social authority the masculine habit of resting the feet upon another chair than the one occupied by the sitter has its origin in the instinct of self-preservation."
Weekly Scotsman.

We agree. We've tried putting our feet on the same chair as the one occupied by the sitter (ourselves), and it isn't anything *like* so self-preservative.

Little Known Heroes.

"After the match there was a supper and social, when there was a large attendance. . . . Messrs. G. Armstrong and W. Thompson were the carvers, and Mrs. Thos. Crellin boiled the water." *West Cumberland Times.*



PARLIAMENTARY GOSSIP.

Charwoman of House of Lords. "YOUR PEOPLE GONE AWAY FOR A BIT O' QUIET THINKING?"

Charwoman of House of Commons. "WELL, O' COURSE, I DON'T *KNOW* NOTHINK, BUT YOU MARK MY WORDS, THERE 'S HINFLUENCES A-GOIN' ON. 'OWEVER, MUM 'S THE WORD, GOD BLESS 'IM."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, October 4.—Wasn't it Hazlitt who made shrewd observation that in a transpontine theatre no one ever heard conclusion of sentence beginning, "A man who raises his hand against a woman except in kyindness ——" So quick and thunderous was applause of gallery that the actor's voice was lost in the roar. In the matter of chivalry towards womankind the Commons yield first place to nobody. This makes all the more significant the chilling reception which greets appeals made from time to time for imprisoned Suffragettes.

This doubtless largely due to personality of self-appointed champion. Though, as the name indicates, Don't Keir Hardie's principles are based on negations, he is particularly alive to opportunity of asserting himself when gratuitous advertisement is forward, whether the objects of his passionate sympathy dwell in India or in London.

Up again to-night with catechism addressed to Home Secretary with intent to show that Suffragettes are being inhumanly tortured in Birmingham Gaol. Masterman—whose answers throughout have been the more effective by reason of their cool courtesy and extreme matter-of-fact character—showed that the treatment of artful abstainers from food is a common practice in analogous cases in hospitals and prisons. It is neither painful in process nor harmful in result. Food prepared in the ordinary way is ready for the women if they will take it. If not, the prison authorities cannot be accessories to deliberate suicide. Therefore nourishment is administered.

No one rises to back up Don't Keir Hardie in his latest crusade. On the other hand, cheers from both sides approve action of authorities, as described by Under Secretary.

The Member for Sark wants to know who finds the money for this unwomanly farce. The Suffragettes can't go riding about in chariots for nothing, bedecking themselves with ribbons and giving bountiful breakfasts to each other on coming out of prison. Nor can they pay the expenses of spinsters of all ages living humdrum lives in the country who jump at opportunity of a free trip to London, free food and lodgings, with prospect of seeing their obscure names in the newspapers. It must cost something in the way of travelling expenses down to Kent to buffet Ministers on the golf links, and fling stones through their drawing-room windows under shelter of night. Who pays?

At outset of campaign husband of one of the women cast solitary gleam of humour on turbulent scene by announcing that he would contribute £10 a week to the cause as long as his wife was kept in prison. That source of revenue long since dried up. Who subsidises the continued antics, which



Pouring unpalatable truths into Keir-Hardie against his will.

(Mr. C. F. G. Masterman, Under Secretary to the Home Office.)



Mr. Keir Hardie almost sobbing with anguished indignation that some poor misguided women should be denied the glory of death by inanition.



The Hon. Member for the Basan Division.

A suggestion sympathetically tendered to Mr. Holford Knight. If he were to adopt it, we could almost guarantee that his voice would carry even to the most distant portions of the House.



How they will look if the Budget discussion goes on much longer.

include attempts to mount buildings where public meetings are held in order to fling down bricks on the heads of the hapless audience?

Certainly they don't pay in the House of Commons.

Business done. - Schedules of Budget Bill dealt with in Committee.

Tuesday. — This the forty-sixth and penultimate sitting in Committee on Budget Bill. Time land was in sight. Things going hard with crew on weather-beaten barque. Many absent when muster called. The Speaker, who, owing to habitual sitting in Committee, has been practically a half-timer, fled for a while to his northern home. Emmott, whose health improves under extra strain of work, doubles his part. In Question time sits in Speaker's Chair. When Mace removed from Table, hey, presto! becomes Chairman of Committees.

Liquor licences being to the fore, Premier undertakes to look after Bill. Hardly had House met when he has to leave post-haste for Balmoral, summoned to presence of his Sovereign. Members nudge each other. Shrewdly suspect this has some bearing on pending fight 'twixt Lords and Commons. Premier rushes off to catch Scotch express. Leaves Infant Samuel in charge. Someone with domestic instincts suggests a "small bottle." Chairman rules that, clause of Bill dealing with that subject being passed, further reference is out of order. So the Infant's feeding must take its chance.

Members settle down to what promises to be dull night. Forecast not belied. Faber read what from tone of voice and subdued attitude suggested Last Speech and Dying Confession prior to execution. Was merely moving amendment omitting the words "Making the duty equal to half the annual value of the licensed premises." Belloc — whose name Winston wilfully pronounces as if it were spelt Bellow—momentarily raised drooping spirits. His oratorical manner marked by cheery peculiarity. Starts speech with sudden shout, a sort of View Halloa which recalls to old Members memories of the hunt.

What Belloc wants to whisper in ear of House is suspicion that Ministers are suborned by the arts and purses of millionaire cocoa-manufacturers. Looking into the cocoa cup, he discerns depths of infamy compared with which tumblers of toddy are home-blessings in disguise.

Hall Walker so moved by discovery of treason in our midst that he contributed most original idea that has yet flashed through debate. Protest being made against alleged design of Government to extinguish small licensed houses, gallant Colonel deployed in their defence. Declared axiom that public-house is, perhaps next to garments, absolute necessity for working-man.

"Fact is," he said, "every working-man requires two public-houses — one near his home, one near his work."

Member below Gangway, not to be outdone in generosity, suggested another midway, so that going and coming Weary Willie might drop in. No; Hall Walker a man of moderate views. Not to be dragged into extremes. A public-house, say next door but one to his residence, another three doors distant from his workshop, should suffice any reasonable labourer.

Committee had heard of the principle of One Man one Vote. Something novel about this development of One Working Man Two Public Houses. Adjourned to think it over.

Business done. — In Committee on Budget Bill. Land in sight.

Thursday. — Thomas Joseph Condon, five times Mayor of Tipperary, in another respect soars beyond Dick Whittington inasmuch as he contributes practical suggestion for amendment of Parliamentary procedure. Puts long question to Chief Secretary setting forth particulars of the police hauling down American flag that flaunted over front of hotel in Dublin honoured by visit from Irish heroes who are not afraid to talk of '48. St. Augustine remarks that he has only just received notice of the question.

"I will," he added, nodding genially to his interlocutor, "inquire into the facts."

"The facts," said the man of many mayoralties severely, "are as I have stated them."

House laughed; on reflection perceived the rejoinder conveyed valuable hint, designed to save trouble in Government Offices and expedite business in the House. Ordinary course pursued is that which St. Augustine showed inclination to follow. Member sets forth a narrative of questionable particulars thinly disguised in form of interrogation. It is referred to officials, who spend hours looking into it. Minister reads in due course *précis* of their conclusions. Why not forthwith accept the facts as stated by hon. Member concerned? Nobody would be a penny the worse, irritation would be avoided, much time saved. Lacking the stimulus of Ministerial correction Members would



MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

McSwindle (who has been trying to sell a gun-shy dog, and has reluctantly been obliged to grant a trial). "Man, what did I tell ye? Isn't he fast?"

speedily tire of recreation of presenting controversial matter in form of question.

Business done.—On stroke of two o'clock this morning Budget Bill through Committee. House, encouraged by prospect of a week's rest, takes up Development Bill with intent to pass it before adjourning for holiday.

From an Irish Seedsman's Catalogue:

"All seeds selected with the greatest care. Not accountable for the growth of any seeds."

They *will* sprout up sometimes; you simply can't help it.

"We have been appointed sole agents in Jamaica for ——'s Antisceptic Preparations."—*Advt. in "Jamaica Gleaner."*

Trial bottles have been forwarded to Dr. Cook, Mr. Balfour and Mr. Lloyd George.

The following appeal to gouty gentlemen appeared in a local paper:—

"When hopping for Christmas gifts call and inspect the large variety of fancy and useful presents now on exhibition."

"We shall be very thankful to whom who woud kindly recommend our establishment to thin friends."

This advertisement comes from Rome, but it will be useless for Mr. Belloc to pass it on to his friend Mr. Chesterton.

ODE TO AUTUMN.

[The fault of most of the classical compositions on this theme is that the writers of them were born in towns, and failed to catch the right bucolic spirit.]

Season, when the skies are fainter,
Spirit of the golden sheaves,
Whom the mythologic painter
Up in London town conceives
Not inelegantly bodiced
In a gown that 's far from modest,
Principally made of flowers and leaves.

Autumn, would you have me utter,
When I see your boons dispersed,
Lots of laudatory butter,
Me of Little Medlinghurst?
Hymn you like the writing fellows
Whom romantic moonshine mellows,
Folks that ain't been country-born and nursed?

Shall I mention how Demeter
Gathers in the girded shucks?
How the happy peasants greet her
Laughing as the laden trucks
Leave their trails, as bright as guineas,
Hanging from the roadside spinneys?
No, that 's not the way we talk in Bucks.

Yellow grain and bursting berry—
Think you these would make us glad?
Was there ever time so merry
British hearts could not be sad?
Bravely though the wheat be smiling,
Someone's oats are always spiling,
Turmuts too be ruination bad.

So it is through all the county;
Times in Pulborough is hard;
Notwithstanding "Ceres' bounty"
There 's a mort of mangels marred;
Let the city poets render
Tributes to your blazing splendour.
Much they know of England, says the bard.

Ay, and if you choose to tumble
"Cornucopias" about
Till there bain't no ground to grumble,
Still the future hangs in doubt:
We 'd be laying up, remember,
Sartin sure for next September,
Either too much rain or too much drought.

"A barrister's son, 25, educated, &c., desires post, any capacity. . . . Will train along any indicated lines. Start when desired."—*The Daily Telegraph.*

For instance, if there was a vacancy at Dover College, he would train along the South Eastern and Chatham line, starting from Victoria just when the Headmaster desired him to, except, of course, that he would have to be guided by the time-table.

OUR LITERARY MINISTERS.

The announcement that Mr. John Burns gave £1,000 for a Second Folio *Shakspeare* turns out to be an exaggeration, Mr. Burns having fortunately secured this treasure at a much lower figure.

It is, however, stated on good authority that immediately after the great dock strike Mr. Burns began to prepare a book on the relation of Shakspeare to the Labour movement, but political work crowded upon him, and the book still remains to be written.

At the same time we understand that Mr. Burns has sketched out a good deal of the work, entitled *Labour's Love Lost*, and that some of his emendations and comments will throw a flood of light on passages which have hitherto baffled the ingenuity of some of the ablest interpreters of the Bard of Avon.

The most remarkable of these is that *locus desperatus* in *Henry VIII.*, Act V., Scene 4:—

"These are the youths that thunder at a play house and fight for bitten apples; that no audience but the tribulation of Tower Hill, or the limbs of Limehouse their dear brothers, are able to endure."

Mr. Burns satisfactorily proves, by a chain of incontrovertible evidence, that this passage is one of the many instances of Shakspeare's supernatural prescience, and identifies the "tribulation of Tower Hill" with Mr. Jack Williams, and the "limbs of Limehouse" with the supporters of another prominent demagogue.

One of his very happiest emendations deals with the line in *The Merry Wives of Windsor:*—

"I come to her and cry 'mum'; she cries 'budget.'"

This, according to Mr. Burns, should read:—

"He comes to me and cries 'budget;' I cry 'mum.'"

Even more felicitous is the exquisite addition which Mr. Burns suggests to the words:—

"Gives to airy nothings
A local habitation and a name."

Here he contends with great plausibility that the words "Government Board" have dropped out after the word "local."

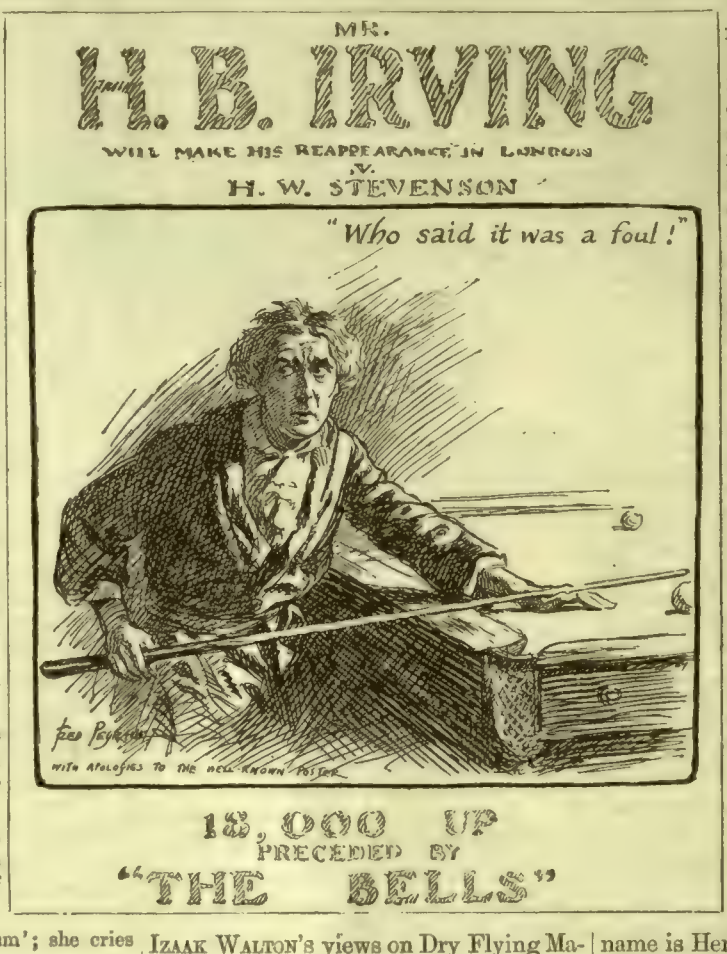
Mr. Burns, we may add, is great on parallels, and in a critical *excursus* gives good grounds for regarding Ben Jonson as foreshadowing Ben Tillett; *Quince*, Harry Quelch; and *Portia*, Mrs. Sidney Webb. He also goes fully into the question whether Francis Bacon was ever a West Ham Guardian or not.

In this context it is interesting to learn that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who recently acquired for the sum of £2,000 a splendid MS. copy of the *Georgics*, is preparing a monograph on Virgil's views on unearned increment.

Sir Edward Grey has long been known as an ardent bibliophile. His latest acquisition is an *editio princeps* of *The Compleat Angler*, for which he gave a sum running into five figures. An article on Izaak Walton's views on Dry Flying Machines by Sir Edward will shortly appear in the Stockbridge Parish Magazine.

Mr. Haldane has undertaken to write an exhaustive study of Schopenhauer's views on the value of captive balloons in blockades, and Mr. Herbert Samuel is credited with the intention of writing a compendious treatise dealing with Milton's opinions on the Licensing Question.

Lastly, Mr. Lewis Harcourt recently purchased at a fabulous price the MS. of one of the unpublished plays of his brother, Mr. Robert Harcourt. He is now engaged on a witty brochure entitled, "Why I believe in the Censor."



THE ALIAS.

["Mr. Asquith, travelling under the name of 'Mr. Herbert,' arrived in Aberdeen by the 7.22 East Coast express from King's-cross. He breakfasted at the station refreshment rooms and left by the 8.5 train for Ballater."]

The Ben Tussoch Hotel,
Andranochty, N.B.,
October 9th, 1909.

My Dearest Maria,—How is your indigestion? Feel greatly invigorated by my holiday. But what I chiefly want to tell you about is an event which gave me the proudest moment of my life—always excepting that in which you and I became one in the bond of matrimony, my dear Maria. While waiting for my train in Aberdeen station early on Wednesday morning, I sauntered into the refreshment room for a cup of hot tea. There I beheld none other than the Prime Minister of Great Britain, quietly partaking of a frugal meal. (Lest you fall into your usual error of thinking that Sir Henry Norman is our Premier, let me remind you that I refer to Mr. Herbert Henry Asquith.) The thought flashed into my mind that it would indeed complete my enjoyment of a sojourn in this land of rugged beauty if I might be favoured with some word from his lips. As he folded his napkin something impelled me to seize the opportunity ere it was too late. Rising quietly, and approaching him with dignity and in a courteous manner, I said:—

"May I be so bold as to venture to voice my heartfelt admiration of your great work, Mr. Asquith?"

He rose, and with a smile—a truly brotherly smile, I now remember—said, "My name is Herbert."

I need hardly tell you, my dearest Maria, that this sudden proffer of friendship staggered me. All I could do was to seize his hand and in broken tones exclaim: "Thank you, Herbert; will you call me 'Horace'?"

His valet cut short our conversation by reminding my leader of his train, and so he left me, bestowing on me another smile. Thus am I favoured above most men in Surbiton, my love; and later on in the winter we must see what we can do about a little dinner to Herbert and his wife.

Your loving Husband,
Horace.



Landlord (also sitting Member for district). "By the way, Dobbins, I've been meaning to tell you I'll send a man up and have that shed of yours mended as soon as you like."

Dobbins. "Thankee, Sir. Then it be true that General Election be a-comin' on?"

RAISING THE WIND.

"Yes," he said, "we were awfully stoney, but it's better now. We tided over the crisis all right."

"Do tell me how," I said. "The last time I saw you it was hopeless."

"Jenny had an inspiration," he replied. "She went to visit an old school friend who was having a baby, and the thought came to her then."

"Well?" I said.

"Well, it's like this. If you have a baby and advertise it in the papers you get all kinds of truck sent you."

"I know," I said. "It's a regular nuisance."

"Oh, is it?" he replied. "Wait a bit. Look at these."

He handed me three tiny slips of paper. On one I read:—

HIGGINSON.—On Wednesday, the 29th September, at 4, Wellington Road, W., the wife of Henry Noble Higginson, of twins, daughters.

On another:—

MAYOR.—On the 2nd October, at 98, Orme Square, W., the wife of Robert Foxwell Mayor, of twins, son and daughter.

And on the third:—

SOLLY.—On the 4th October, at 99, Richmond Villas, W., the wife of Adolphus Solly, of triplets, sons.

"How odd!" I said, as I returned the slips. "Two twins and one triplets. That must be very unusual."

"Very," he said, "but not impossible. Not too unlikely for good art."

"Art?" I enquired.

"Of course," he answered, "all those are fakes. Inventions. But the addresses are real: friends of mine live there."

"I don't understand," I said.

"Why," he replied, "it's as plain as ninepence. These advertisements cost me six bob each, a sum which I had no difficulty in borrowing after I had explained the scheme. They go into the Press, and at once the firms that send out all the free truck begin to get to work. Here comes in the point of the twins and triplets, because the firms send twice or three times as much. Do you see? Now I'll tell you what the harvest is, down to date.

"Seven bottles of an excellent beef extract, retail 3*s.* 6*d.* a bottle.

"Seven pieces of perfectly beautiful soap, worth 6*d.* a cake at least.

"Seven boxes of very superior violet powder, at say 1*s.*

"Seven pairs knitted socks, worth 1*s.* a pair.

"Twenty-one tins of assorted food for babies, at say 1*s.*,

and an odd lot of patent safety pins and things like that. Of course some of the people only sent things on approval, to be paid for if kept. The cheek of them! But most were free, as they ought to be."

"And what then?" I asked.

"Well, Jenny unloaded the lot on young mother friends of hers for three pounds, or over 200 per cent. on our outlay. Brainy, isn't it?"

I agreed very cordially.

"The festivities will be continued on Monday, when a great lifeboat saving demonstration will be performed by the Duchess. Other events of great moment will also take place."—*The Glasgow Herald.*

Look out for her Grace's new volume, *Lifeboats I have saved.*

Mrs. Pankhurst, as reported in *The Times*:—

"She was going to America for a few weeks, but would return for the test case. If she had to go to prison with her 94 comrades they would be 94 'hunger-strikers.' (Cheers.)"

Either Mrs. Pankhurst's resolution or her arithmetic is not to be trusted.

"In case of fire communicate with A. B., Fire Loss Assessors and Valuers."—*Advt. in "Manchester Guardian."*

If you are uninsured it is perhaps better to communicate first with the nearest fire brigade station.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

People who regard with righteous indignation and not a little personal loathing the mere possibility of a burglar couchant under their bed o'nights, gather round the cracksman of fiction in admiring crowds. If their criminal carefully divests his crime of every possible extenuation, steals because he likes stealing and happens to be called *Raffles*, their enthusiasm becomes unbounded. Mr. Hornung was to be congratulated in the beginning of things for boldly recognising this innate immorality of the reader and allowing his hero-villain no merit save good sportsmanship. But is he to be congratulated either on protracting the existence of the popular idol, or on finding for him a dully virtuous end to justify his charmingly disreputable means? With all its easy style, occasional humour and pleasant seasoning of love interest, *Mr. Justice Raffles* (Smith, Elder) rarely rises above the level of everyday criminal fiction. The devices employed for the rescue of friends from the clutches of a moneylender are hardly ingenious enough to be worthy of *the* amateur cracksman, and, when he sits in mock judgment on the melodramatic blood-sucker and rebukes his rather conventional sins in no very original manner, the situation becomes a little ridiculous and *Raffles* himself something of a prig. Frankly, the reader may feel at the end of the book that, though he would like a lot more of Mr. Hornung, he has by now had almost enough of *Mr. Raffles*.

American novel-readers must, I think, be wonderfully simple and unsophisticated folk. Here, for example, is Mabel Osgood Wright, whose press-notices proclaim her one of their best-established favourites, serving up, in *Poppea of the Post-Office* (The Macmillan Co.) material that was threadbare in these islands before the days of Dickens. In an early chapter we hear how the pretty wife of rich and proud *John Angus* was driven from home by her husband's coldness, and how, some time later, baby *Poppea* was found abandoned on the steps of the village post-office. The child is adopted by old postmaster *Gilbert*, and brought up as his own; but years afterwards, when she has grown into the heroine of the tale, and proud *John Angus* has married and lost another wife, chance reveals *Poppea* to be none other than his own daughter by the ill-treated first. Well, with no desire to swagger about it, I must say that personally I guessed that in one. *John Angus* has also a son, a cripple, whom he treats with jealous affection, forbidding him the friendship of his half-sister at the post-office, and generally behaving in an overbearing and *Dombey*-ish manner, which I only did not mind because I was so sure that he would relent in the end. As indeed was the case. Seriously, however, there are features in the book that redeem the somewhat fustian character of its plot; the picture it gives of rural life in America at the time of the Civil War is one, and another is a certain delicacy of writing that I would like to see more worthily employed. It is published at five shillings, a reduction that appears to have been rendered possible by the quality of the paper, though it is far better worth half-a-crown than the majority of those for which six shillings is charged.

In his first essay in romance, *Anne Inescourt* (Griffiths), Marcus Servian shows a nice sense of character, and not merely of the kind that carries a label and lives in a pigeonhole. His dialogue, too, is taken down from the living voice. Such signs of inexperience as one expects from an untried hand betray themselves rather in his narrative style, which lacks, at any rate in the first part of his book, the right note of confident simplicity. The story itself, on the other hand, moves forward naturally enough to the tragedy of its conclusion, asking no assistance from those strained coincidences and melodramatic shocks which are apt to occur in a first trial of strength. The scheme of the book is a bold one, for it takes a fairly courageous writer to disregard popular sentiment and to demonstrate how poor in actual life are the chances of poetic justice when it runs up against the cussed irony of things. Here a good man's happiness is ruined, not through the faithlessness of his wife, but through his own fidelity to the word of honour by which he was pledged to take her back if she wanted to return—a promise on which her cowardice falls back at the very moment when he is about to free himself and find consolation in the love of a woman who is worthy of him. I compliment Mr. Servian on his hardihood in foregoing the comfortable ending which threatened to issue out of much evil. The home scenes, I should add, are laid among the marshes of the Norfolk coast, whose colours the author has not only observed lovingly for himself, but seen also, as he should, through the eyes of his characters. I could wish that his printer's reader had done as much for us others.



A CHANCE FOR TRUE POLITENESS.

South Pole Explorer (to Second Ditto). "After you, Sir!"

"Here come the Limbersnigs marching along!" So ran the National Anthem of that unique race whose legend has just been published by Messrs. Lawrence and Jellicoe; and such should be the cry of all Nice Children as soon as they set eyes on this herald of the season of Delectable Books. Flora and Lancelot Speed, the authors of *The Limbersnigs*, seem, between them, to know exactly what is wanted in this kind. The story, simply and very freshly told, with just the right touches of irresponsible fun, serves as an excellent thread on which to hang the pictures. Some in harmonies of brilliant colours, some in black-and-white, Mr. Speed has painted and drawn them with so generous a fancy and a humour so lavish of detail that we are never done with them, and don't want to be. The plan of the *Limbersnigs'* castle and the map of their city are alone an occupation for a week of British climate. If between now and Christmas any two people produce a better book for children, I should like to hear of it.

"In an interview Mr. Orville Wright said he had never flown so high before. He estimated the altitude at 500 metres. It took him five minutes to ascend and only five minutes to descend. The downward speed was simply terrifying."—*The Glasgow Herald.*

A little under four miles an hour is indeed a terrifying speed. He must have been scared with wondering if he would ever get to earth again.

CHARIVARIA.

The Board of Admiralty has shown once more that it is always ready to adopt new ideas. A Navy War Council is to be organised at once. This notion of making our Navy useful in time of war strikes us as being a really bright one.

***

Now that the prospects of Home Rule are so rosy Mr. T. P. O'Connor is to go to America to raise funds. America, we understand, is prepared to respond liberally to the appeal if an arrangement can be arrived at whereby the whole of Tammany will return home in the event of Home Rule being granted.

***

"A farmer in Canada or the States," says Mrs. Humphry Ward in her new serial in *The Cornhill*, "may be of all social grades." He would, we should say, be a useful person to transplant to the Dukeries.

***

Mr. Lloyd-George's statement that the Peers consist of "500 men chosen accidentally from among the unemployed" has, we hear, caused quite as much annoyance to the unemployed as to the peers.

***

A French newspaper remarks that Robespierre never said anything more violent than did Mr. Lloyd-George in his Newcastle speech. This reminds us that, according to the latest rumour, not only is the House of Lords to be abolished, but the name of the remaining Chamber is to be changed to The House of Communes.

***

Last week the Ladies Violet, Marjorie and Diana Manners, daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, gave a capital variety entertainment at Rowsley in aid of local charities. We understand that their reception was so favourable that the family will now know what to do should the Budget become law.

***

Mr. Chamberlain presented to Mr. Jesse Collings last week, on behalf of the Rural Labourers' League, an album containing the signatures of more than 5,000 agricultural labourers and small holders. The long winter evenings will soon be upon us, and we can well imagine Mr. Collings poring over the pages of this fascinating volume night after night.

At a demonstration at Edinburgh last week, five Suffragettes played the bagpipes. These, no doubt, are the deadly weapons in reserve which have been darkly hinted at for some time past.

***

A prominent San Francisco doctor, *The Express* informs us, is collecting orphan babies of various nationalities with a view to rearing a perfect human being. This is a nasty hit at Lord Curzon.

***

In order to encourage maternity the Mayor of Portsmouth, Virginia, has decided to give a medal to the mother of every child born in his municipality. The rumour that his worship has also pointed out that twenty of these medals will make a charming necklace, lacks confirmation.

***

"England is the country where the stage dominates fashion," says an actor who has just turned costumier. "The actress," he grants, "may overdress at times . ." Surely, she more often does the other thing.

***

M. Rostand's announcement that the first performance of *Chantecler* will positively take place in December—he is cocksure at last—reminds us that a French contemporary, by a curious mistranslation, referred to our Mr. Lloyd-George, the other day, as "Le Chantecler de l'Exchequer."

***

Sir Frederick Treves has written a glowing testimonial for Messrs. Harmsworth's epitomes of the World's Great Books. Sir Frederick should know something of surgical operations.

***

The schoolmaster had been explaining to his boys the difference between a discovery and an invention. "Please, Sir," asked a member of his audience, "was the finding of the North Pole a discovery or an invention?"

***

Lord Carrington informed the Upper Chamber that Mr. Lloyd-George, according to his first Budget speech, hoped, by the development of National industries, to relieve the landlords to the extent of a quarter of a million a year. Mr. Lloyd-George has become more sanguine. He now hopes to relieve the landlords of a far larger sum.

***

What claims to be the largest skating rink in the world has been opened at Earl's Court. There is a special annexe for beginners. This annexe, it is thought, will always be crowded with spectators, and the pantomimes are now faced with formidable competition.



EPISODES IN THE LIVES OF THE GREAT.—VII.

Leonardo da Vinci being informed by his master, Andrea Verrocchio, that only one eye is visible in a profile.

"Dulce Oman.—Congratulations. I was very interested to hear that you are an ancestor of James Boswell."—*Woman.*

This lady, whom we take to be a relation of Miss Dulcie Domum, indeed deserves congratulations on her longevity.

"In order to encourage aviation, M. Santos-Dumont will make a present of his parents to the public."—*The Lahore Tribune.*

A kindly thought, though for the moment we do not quite see how it is going to help.

"The bubble of these extravagances was at once pricked by the lancet of Lord Crewe's irony."—*Daily Chronicle.*

So, you see, there are more ways of bursting a bubble than by stamping on it.

"This morning no flight was attempted owing to the hilly nature of the neighbourhood."—*Lancashire Daily Post.*

A good rain to-night and a nice drying breeze, and the neighbourhood may be all right by to-morrow.

"Antonio Nittaya and Guiseppe Castino were captured red-handed by detectives, while attempting to take blackmail."—*Ottawa Free Press.*

A clever disguise.

IDLE CORRESPONDENCE.

I.

19, *Great St. Scott's St., E.C.*
October 10, 1909.

To the Managing Director,
Messrs. Worpleton, Pipp and Scunderthorpe, Ltd.,
Great St. Scott's Buildings, E.C.

Dear Sir,—Are you aware of the unseemly behaviour of your young gentlemen in the second-floor window directly opposite us? They keep making eyes at the young ladies under my control, and seriously interfere with their work. Please stop them! Yours faithfully,

Lavinia McTavish.

P.S.—One of them has just flipped a plum-stone at me!

II.

Reply. *October* 11, 1909.

Dear Madam,—We have your esteemed favour of the 10th inst., and in reply to same beg to inform you that our Mr. Grimley Scunderthorpe is away from town and will not be back until next month.

Assuring you of our best attention at all times,

We are, dear Madam, your obedient Servants, *per pro* Worpleton, Pipp and Scunderthorpe, Ltd.

F. Wiggs.

III.

To F. Wiggs, Esq. *October* 12, 1909.

Dear Sir,—The behaviour of your young men—I will not call them gentlemen—is positively disgraceful. Not only did one of them flip an orange-pip down the back of my neck as I was sitting by the open window, but when I expostulated they took to pea-shooters! I demand an instant apology, and this must be stopped immediately!

Yours faithfully,

Lavinia McTavish.

P.S.—One of them has just blown a kiss to our filing clerk!

IV.

Reply. *October* 13, 1909.

Dear Madam,—We have your esteemed favour of the 12th inst., and in reply to same beg to request that you will kindly fill in particulars on enclosed schedule and return same at your earliest convenience.

Assuring you of our best attention at all times,

We are, dear Madam, your obedient Servants, *per pro* Worpleton, Pipp and Scunderthorpe, Ltd.,

F. Wiggs.

Schedule.

(1) Name of young gentleman who flipped plum-stone and approx. time of same.....

(2) Name of young man who flipped orange-pip and approx. time of same.....

(3) Number of peas shot from pea-shooter and approx. age of same .....

(4) Name of young man who blew kiss to your filing clerk and approx. age of same .....

V.

To Mr. F. Wiggs. *October* 14, 1909.

Sir,—I call it perfectly scandalous to allow such goings-on and then expect me to know their names! I only know they are a pack of impudent young monkeys and one of them has lobster eyes and a gray shirt and collar; that one is the worst of the lot. He is now trying to flash a mirror at our Miss Fluffles! I demand his instant dismissal!

Yours faithfully

Lavinia McTavish.

P.S.—He has just flipped a kiss at *me!!*

VI.

Reply. *October* 15, 1909.

Dear Madam,—We have your esteemed favour of the 14th inst., and in reply to same beg to state that we do not see how it is possible to flash mirrors from our window to your Miss Fluffles. If we are mistaken, however, please correct same by forwarding us at your earliest convenience—

(A) Elevation plan of Great St. Scott's Buildings, showing window and gentleman with lobster eyes at same marked with cross ×

(B) Cross-section of street, showing direction of rays from mirror of same across to your Miss Fluffles marked with cross ×.

Assuring you of our best attention at all times,

We are, dear Madam, your obedient Servants, *per pro* Worpleton, Pipp and Scunderthorpe, Ltd.,

F. Wiggs.

VII.

To F. Wiggs. *October* 16, 1909.

Sir,—You ought to be ashamed of yourself and if you are not then I will come over and talk to your Mr. Grimley Scunderthorpe about you when he returns, which I hope will be soon. And I am now going out to call in the police at once and summons them for assault and battery if I don't at once get an instant apology for the scandalous behaviour of your shameless young libertines at the second-floor window just opposite us, for in this stuffy weather I can't close the windows as you know very well or we should all be suffocated!

Yours faithfully,

Lavinia McTavish.

P.S.—*At once*, mind!!

P.P.S.—Or I call in the police!!!

VIII.

Reply. *October* 18, 1909.

Dear Madam,—We have your esteemed favour of the 17th inst., and in reply to same beg to inform you that in default of receiving schedule and diagrams from you as we hoped, we have undertaken extensive enquiries *re* your complaint.

As a result of same we have pleasure in informing you that no offices of this firm look out on to the street on the *second* floor, and that in all probability the young men in question are in the employ of some other firm in the same building.

Assuring you of our best attention at all times,

We are, dear Madam, your obedient Servants, *per pro* Worpleton, Pipp and Scunderthorpe, Ltd.

F. Wiggs.

P.S.—If we can be of any further service to you, pray command us.

A BLACK-LETTER STORY-BOOK.

In dingy binding dark with time
And stately centuries of grime,
An offspring of that early prime
When first Ambition
Set up, of minstrel's tale and rhyme,
A print edition—

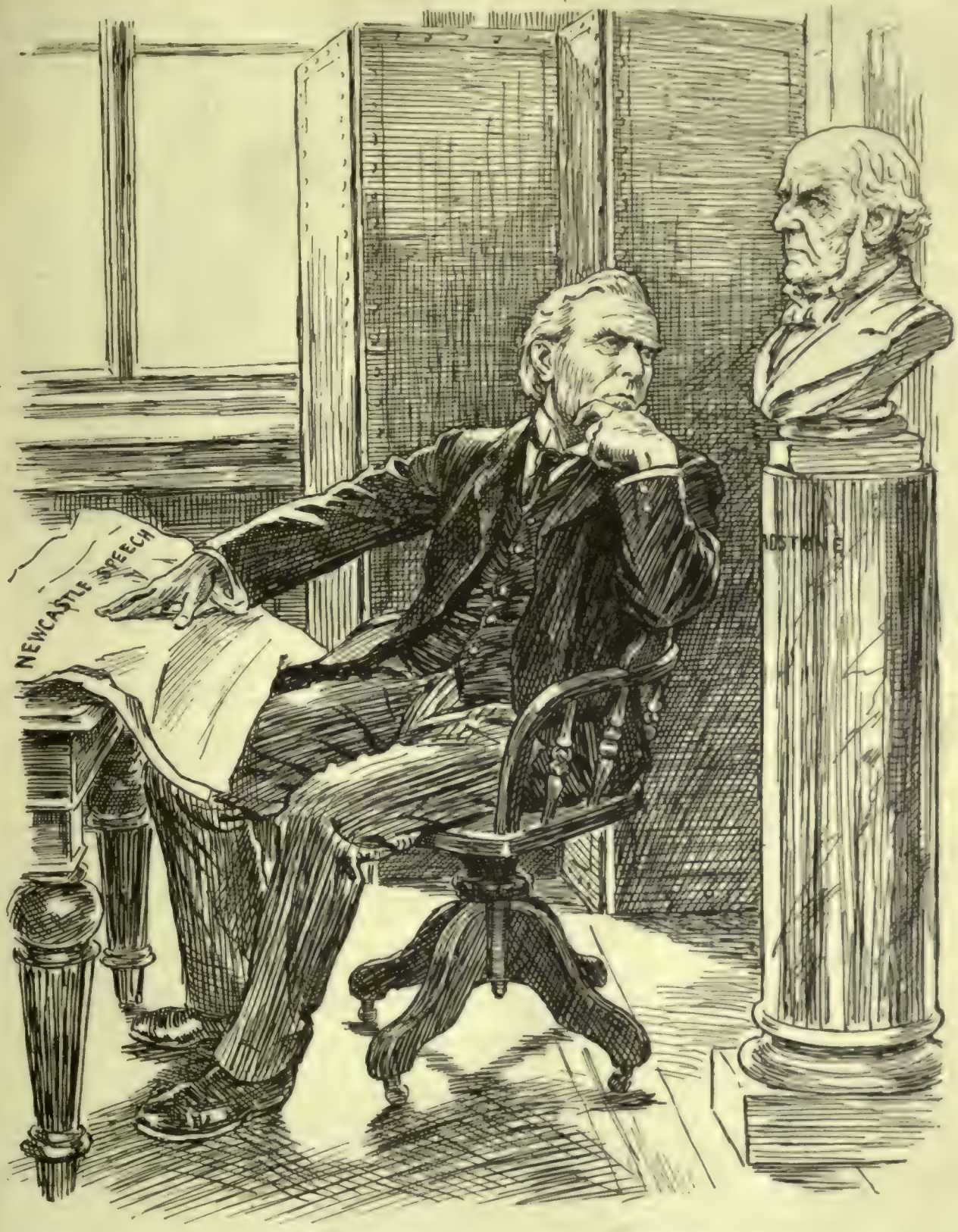
This, the old volume that you'll find
Dozing on upper shelves, resigned
To modern manners, and the mind
That seldom heeds it
(Save as a marketable find)
And never reads it.

So dull it looks by tales to-day,
For here no artist's paints portray
In elfin fancy, gnome or fay,
Nor pencil stages
His light conceptions of the way
Across its pages.

Its day was earlier far, you see,
Than these—proved comrades though they be—
Who fill a fire-lit "after tea"
From well-loved chalice,
With fairy, giant, and jinnee,
With Rip and Alice.

Yet if you plod and persevere
Along its leaded lines austere,
As an adventurer in drear,
Dark wildernesses,
You'll learn to love the spelling queer,
The antic esses,

And find therein a promised land,
Where friends of a robuster brand,
Monks, archers, and a jolly band
Of knights and dragons,
Will toast your advent to their strand
In brimming flagons!



THE SLUMP IN MANNERS.

Mr. Asquith. "*HE* WOULDN'T HAVE STOOD THIS KIND OF THING. I WONDER WHETHER I OUGHT."





Ronald. "Mummy, *do* speak to Eric. He won't forget who the lady in the picture over my bed is, so that I can tell him about her all over again, and when I say, 'Eric dear, shall I tell you who that lady is?' he says, 'Oh! I know all about *her*.'"

THE LITTERATEURS.

A life of occasional virtue has been in my case rewarded by the gift of a typewriter from an easily deceived parent. Providence, on the other hand, has punished a number of pleasant mistakes by the infliction of lots of sisters, brothers, assorted relatives, friends and acquaintances. My enemies do not count. It is unlikely that they would ever claim the right of having just one try on my typewriter, and, if they did, I could refuse *them*.

Father evinced no desire to typewrite. He is a man of business, and to him these machines are neither the beginning of luxury nor the last word in jests.

The lady who has very kindly promised to marry me, for those same reasons which induced father to give me the typewriter, had something very, very sweet to typewrite. Unfortunately the machine would not write it.

All the sisters, female cousins, less intellectual acquaintances, and infants in arms wrote:—

"TH½ j£eSt i s veqqrqqy =("

or words to that effect.

George (an acquaintance) occasionally contributes odd verses to the Press. He typewrote:—

"The boy stood on the burning deck
(A lime-lit deck)! He did not look
As if he wished to save his neck
Or cared what course the burning took.

For 'All the world 's a stage,' said he,
'This smoke in fact is only steam,
The flames are only scenery:
Things are by no means what they seem.'"

This was alleged to be impromptu. It has since been discovered that the lines had been refused by six editors and manuscribed in six books of impromptu poetry belonging to six lovely but several ladies, who could not by any chance meet and compare notes, but did.

Uncle James, the leader-writer, typewrote:—

"Gentlemen, I have no hesitation in declaring against the vile policy of this present Government. 'Vile,' gentlemen, is a poor word for such base cheating, lying, immorality and criminality. True, I do not know what their policy is or is, indeed, intended to be, but it is sufficient for me that it is the policy of this present Government. Let us condemn it to perdition, gentlemen, and let its authors be sentenced to lengthy terms of imprisonment. Then, in that calm which must necessarily follow the disappearance of these creatures from the political arena, let us look into the merits of the suggestions they have so wickedly made, and, if there be anything in them, let us quietly and unostentatiously adopt them as our own."

He did not take the trouble to write all that because he had any affection for typewriting machines. Simply, he wrote because he loves to hear himself writing.

George (the same George) insisted on having another go:—

"It is the schooner *Hesperus*!
A worthy barque, but not for us,
Who much prefer a motor-bus.

The skipper has taken his little daughter.
One wonders had the skipper oughter?
Perhaps she does not like the water."

George said that that had just occurred to him. It appears that it had also previously occurred to one of George's writing friends.

Cousin Frank examined the machine with great circumspection, made some reference to "bally pianists," and then wrote with great difficulty:—

"DaM."

It is supposed that nothing but Cousin Frank's colossal ignorance and incompetence prevent him from being a thoroughly wicked man.

"THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE."

[In discussing the "growing increase in the cost of living," an evening paper mentions that bacon now ranks with the best cuts of beef, and eggs for cooking cost 1d. more per dozen.]

The price of beef went up; I did not grudge it;
They said the loaf was dearer; what cared I?
The bristling leaders on a baleful Budget
Left me a mugwump still without a sigh:
Baccy and beer were blowed, but now I waken
To drain the teacup and its tannin'd dregs,
If dearth shall reave me of my morning bacon,
Topped by its two poached eggs.

Some deem the deathless birthright of the Briton
The football that he flicks with flying feet,
His Parliament, his Press; and some have written
Their sagas round his sirloins and his Fleet:
But not the bard: I know that breasts are oaken
Because (maybe by Ælfred's dying wish)
On ham and eggs their nightlong fast is broken—
(We need not note the squish).

Some Atheling, I believe, in bygone ages,
Cooked them before the fight, and gave his men
The courage of the boar-pig when he rages,
The blithe abandon of the farmyard hen;
And shall I shirk the furious fray (like Ashur)
And not assail some party for its sins
When dearer grows the immemorial rasher
And rare the heavenly twins?

Hard by the open sweetness of the heather,
In taverns underneath the fir-crowned hill,
In every aspect of our glorious weather,
Have I not put them down, and paid the bill?
The yolk that gushes out, the grease that hardens,
They come with memories of the moor and lea,
Or linked with "wet, bird-haunted" English gardens,
Or lodgings by the sea.

Better to heed the siren voices singing
Of Socialism, and prices bound to drop,
Than lose our "*semper eadem*" by ringing
The matutinal change on fish and chop;
England is England still so long as morning
With plenishment of gold and crimson cheers
The platters of her hinds and those adorning
The sideboards of her peers.

SHADOWS FROM THE PAST.

History.

In my memory the clouds roll back and dissolve a little, and I see a pack of little boys trooping into a class-room.

"Why are we going in here?" says one to another.

"History," says the other.

"What 's history?"

"Oh, I don't know: some rot or other. Dates and things."

"Dates? What are dates?"

"William the Conqueror and William Rufus and all that. They told us to learn them. They 're a frightful swot."

"Have you learnt them?"

"Some. Haven't you?"

"No; I don't know anything about them; never heard we were to learn them."

"Then you 'll catch it hot. Hammond 's an awful chap. He 's sarcastic."

By this time the boys are settled into their places, and the master is at his raised desk. A pale thin man he is, with black mutton-chop whiskers and dark hair fading away from a high forehead. I can see his hands now as if I had them before me. Strong sinewy hands with long straight fingers and nails beautifully polished and trimmed. He wears a signet-ring on the third finger of his right hand, and he has an uncomfortable habit of making dents with its edge all over the thick skulls of the ignorant. How we came to loathe that signet-ring!

"We will begin with the dates of the Sovereigns of England," says the master. "You were all told to learn them, and I shall expect perfect accuracy. Dickson"—he addresses the boy who hasn't learnt them—"you begin." The anguish of Dickson cannot be described. Latin grammar had been bad enough; dictation was a hateful torment; and now, on the top of it all, came dates. Why must he learn dates? Did his father know dates? Why had his father never mentioned dates at home? Why had he been left in ignorance of this fearful mystery? Nothing was any good at all! Some day, very soon, he should die, and then, perhaps—— "Dickson," says the smooth voice of the master, "I told you to begin. We are all waiting your pleasure."

"There," says Dickson to himself, "he 's begun his sarcasm;" but he says no word aloud.

"Dickson," reiterates the master, "pray oblige me by beginning at the beginning. It is generally considered a good place to begin at. Now then."

"William the Conqueror," prompts a helpful small boy under his breath.

Dickson catches the casual suggestion, and repeats it aloud, doggedly and despairingly. "William the Conqueror," he says, and pauses.

"Proceed, my Dickson," says the master blandly but ominously. "Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more."

"What *does* he mean?" thinks the victim, and aloud he says once more, "William the Conqueror."

"Ten sixty-six," prompts the helpful one, and Dickson, about to sink as it were for the third time, snatches at the straw, grasps it imperfectly, and in a loud clear voice says, "Tens into six."

"Tens into what?" thunders the master.

"Into six," pleads Dickson.

"Tens into six never did go, and they won't go to-day. Have you made any attempt to learn these dates?"

"No, Sir—I—please, Sir—I didn't——"

"I thought not. You 'll be kept in next Wednesday afternoon, and you can then apply your mind—ha, ha—to them. And Stephens will stay in too for prompting so feebly. Are you suffering in your throat, Stephens?"

"No, Sir, not much."

"Never mind, you 'll be better after Wednesday."

At this point the clouds thicken and roll back again, and I remember no more.

Yet stay—there is one more incident of the history lesson that returns to me. It happened, I fancy, on a different day, when there was reading aloud.

"That 'll do, Oakley," says the master. "Go on, Hope."

Hope is a small fat brown boy with a mop of most rebellious hair. He rises in his place and begins very gallantly: "Everything being now ready, the English fleet set sail with a fair wind and arrived safely at——"

"Don't give it up, Hope. England expects every boy to do his duty. Now for it."

Thus urged, Hope resumes: "set sail with a fair wind and arrived safely at Bull——" Here he stops dead.

"Oh, Hope, a little courage."

"—arrived safely at—Bullogen."



Irate Doctor (finding bottle of quack medicine). "Why didn't you tell me you were taking this wretched stuff?"

Patient. "Well, it was my missis, Sir. She says, I'll dose you with this, and Doctor he'll try his stuff, and we'll see which 'll cure you first."

The master lies back and rocks with laughter: "An excellent rendering," he says, "but perhaps a little unusual. Bulloing would, no doubt, be more correct, wouldn't it, Dickson?"

"Please, Sir, I thought it was Boulogne," murmurs Dickson, who had once been there for some weeks.

The master looks darkly at the guileless Dickson. "Why is he glaring at me so?" thinks this fastidious pronouncer of French.

This was how some of us learnt history a thousand years ago.

POLITICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Backwoods.—Take a cab from Euston. In all probability the driver will know the place. If he has any doubts, tell him that it is next door to the House of Commons. You can, as you suggest, do Madame Tussaud's on your road. You do well to take out an accident insurance policy. London streets have altered very much since you were here in '59.

J. B. (Battersea).—Congratulations! We shall have the greatest possible pleasure in recommending you for a Carnegie Hero Reward! If any man deserves one it is the still, strong man who has never made a speech about the Budget.

Unemployed.—We fear that no matter what becomes of the Budget you cannot count on being fed forcibly.

Chancellor.—We are unable to give an exact definition of the phrase "small bottle." You don't say whether you mean an English, a Scotch, or an Irish small bottle. The racial differences are most striking. Keep to cocoa—it's safer.

Lord Advocate.—Yours is a curious pseudonym. Which lord are you the advocate for?

Leo.—We think your suggestions as to the fate of the rest of the Cabinet admirable, but is it not a trifle hard to suggest that the President of the Board of Trade be roasted at a slow fire? Why not be magnanimous and just string him up to the lamp-posts with the others?

ADVERTISEMENT.

To Explorers and Others of the North, South, or any other Pole.

The Advertiser has in stock an assortment of Complete Solar, Stellar, Lunar and Magnetic Observations, Notes, etc., sufficient to satisfy any learned society that the possessor has been to the North, South, or any other Pole.

With the above can be supplied samples of semi-worn-out Sledges, specimens of Arctic Flora and Fauna, geological curiosities and small quantities of variegated snow.

A few Hetookhishooks and Ah Welshers in stock.

The bearings given are the best of their respective kinds and guaranteed to last many years, fair allowance being made for wear and tear.

Sample of Poles—North, South, or Magnetic—can be supplied in soft or hard wood at per foot run.

Address—Boiled Apple, Beta, Greenland.

The Limits of Economy.

"The usual allowance for butter for eating purposes is ¼lb. a head weekly, but as so little is used in the dining-room you might be able to make 2lb. cover your weekly supply. Blacking is usually provided for the servants, as it is cheaper."—*The Queen.*

THE REFORMED HOUSE OF LORDS.

England under Socialism.

The Lord Chancellor having taken his seat on the camp-stool and the oath of allegiance to the Social Democratic Federation having been administered to all the peers present,

The Duke of Northumberland humbly drew attention to a question of Privilege. Since the Revolution of 1910, when their Lordships had been turned out of their House to admit of its being made into a smoking-room for the Commons, the disused shop in which their deliberations were now held had gradually become more dilapidated, and was now being used as a skating-rink in the evenings. To allow of this the House had to cut short its debates on such important matters as the Empire (*groans*), the Army (*indignant murmurs*), and the Church (*cries of "Talk of something sensible!"*). He moved to present a humble petition to the Commons to rent them a small flat somewhere in a suburb of some sort.

The Earl of Crewe warned the ignoble lord that any presumption would be sternly repressed by the leaders of the Labour Party. (*Here all the peers present rose and stood bare-headed.*) He must remember that the House of Lords was now purely an establishment to provide old-age pensions and outdoor relief for the senile and useless of the aristocracy. (*Subservient cheers.*) Their lordships would kindly confine themselves to the duties imposed upon them by the Constitution of 1910—investigation of the ventilation of houses, kitchen finance, door-scrapers, cleaning of the clocks and other matters not involving greater expenditure than twenty-five pounds.

The House having maintained a respectful silence for a few minutes,

The Duke of Westminster, who apologised for the shabby state of his personal appearance (due to his having been suffering from a great deal of unearned decrement of late), moved the second reading of the Dukes and Bankrupts Protection Bill. Speaking in both capacities, his Grace appealed to their Unfortunateships to support him in his assertion that a peer had as much right to consideration as any civil servant or poor law guardian. (*Murmurs.*) Their salaries of £100 a year compared very unfavourably with the £500 paid to all employees in the Post Office. If he might speak without sarcasm, he threw himself upon the honour and generosity of the Party in power.

The second reading was defeated without a division at the direction of the Lord Chancellor.

Here Black Rod was announced and informed their Lordships that the House of Commons was ready to hand them out their work for the day, and the House adjourned. Resuming,

The Marquis of Lansdowne, who spoke with a deep cough, introduced the Peerage Housing and Town Planning Bill. There was now an alarming infant mortality among the families of the nobility and landed gentry due to overcrowding, and rack-rents were wrung from these struggling classes to pay fancy salaries to Socialist politicians and pamper their children. He need only point to the congestion in Mayfair and Belgravia, the small size of the dwelling houses in Park Lane and their leaky condition. There should be no reason why the children of a peer should not grow up to be sober and honest citizens. Great Britain could never prosper if battened on the spoils of the helpless.

The Bishop of London moved an alteration in Schedule 2 of the Constitution relating to stationery. It was degrading to their lordships to have to use paper and envelopes of the tea-bag type, while those supplied to the Lower House—(*Loud cries of "Order!"*)—he apologised deeply—to the Upper House—were gilt-edged and hand-made, and distributed in bulk to their most distant acquaintances.

The Archbishop of Canterbury on rising to second was ordered to resume his seat, and

The motion was placed in the waste-paper basket.

Lord Morley moved the first reading of the Votes-for-Peeresses Bill. These women had not had a very agreeable time of late, since the West End had been laid out in cheap blocks of flats and Polytechnics. Their only fault was that they had married Peers, and that should be sufficient punishment. The wives of working men had all of them votes—why not give them to Peeresses? The registration officials could easily make them useless (*laughter*).

Being a Government measure, the Bill was agreed to without a division, their lordships standing uncovered.

The Sixteen Hours' Day for Marquises Bill was read a third time.

The Two-Power-Standard in Workhouses Bill was read a third time, and

At the direction of the police the usual oath of submission to the Commonwealth was taken, and their lordships were searched and turned out for the night.

"For various reasons the important mutiny which should have been held last night in the Jockey Club has been postponed until next week."—*Buenos Aires Herald.*

There cannot be many vacant dates for revolutions and mutinies in South America, and the Club was lucky to find a convenient one so soon.

THE LATEST ABSURDITY.

I.

To the Editor of "The Westminster Gazette."

Waily's Theatre.

You wicked man! Why have you done this thing? This is the first time in all his long career that Mr. Edward Georges has had to read an unkindly notice of a production of his. Every year the same pæan of praise fell to him as his just due. "Splendid," "marvellous," "unique," "sumptuous"—the noble words seemed to belong to him as by divine right; crowned each time by that majestic phrase, "Mr. Edward Georges has once more surpassed himself."

And now what has happened? What canker of spite and malice has eaten at the heart of yourself and your critic? "Splendid," "marvellous," "unique," "a dream of beauty"—yes, you applied these phrases to the scenery, the music, the dresses and the players of *The Tuppenny Duchess*, but of the book you dared to hint (how can I bring myself to repeat the word?) that it was "tiresome"! *Tiresome!*

If you could but see Mr. Edward Georges, even *your* stony heart would melt. He is prostrated. Just now he roused himself for a moment, and in a voice shaken by sobs, with great tears rolling down his cheeks, he commanded me to inform you that he had decided to withdraw all his advertisements from your paper. But the effort was too much for him. He sank back exhausted, and now unconsciousness has mercifully supervened. Diamond, Diamond, thou little knowest what thou hast done!

Yours faithfully, The Secretary.

II.

To the Editor of "The Westminster Gazette."

Sir,—Our client, Capt. Riding Hood, informs us that you have had the temerity to describe certain words of his as "tiresome." Unless you withdraw your disgraceful insinuation at once, an insinuation which is bound to do him harm in his profession, we have instructions to proceed against you for criminal libel.

We are, Sir,

His Solicitors.

III.

To Mr. George Edwardes and Captain Basil Hood.

Dear Sirs,—Don't be so silly.

Punch

"Lost, between England and Channel Isles, probably in Sark, small gold locket."—*"Daily Mail" advertisement.*

Just the sort of thing that might lie unnoticed at the bottom of the sea for a long time.

FLAGGING FRIENDSHIP.

[The Eustace Miles Restaurant is to be the scene of a new experiment by the Round-About Club. Little silk flags will be obtainable at the door, and the donning of the flag will be an intimation that the wearer is prepared to speak and be spoken to.]

No longer shall it be my doom,
  Thought I, to sit and munch
Alone amid a crowded room
  My solitary lunch;
No longer need I glumly glower,
  As stolid British phlegm does,
At faces that appear as sour
  To me as mine to them does.

A new *régime* has dawned, said I,
  When o'er the lentil bowls
Upon a signal souls will fly
  To meet their sister souls.
So pondering I took my seat
  And straightway bade the nimble
Young Hebe bring a steak of beet
  And friendship's silken symbol.

Behind each proteid-laden plate
  I sought to catch a sign
Of any mind that might be great
  Enough to mate with mine;
But this one clearly would not suit,
  And that one to the right of him—
The milk he poured upon his fruit
  Had curdled at the sight of him.

But soon a glint of pearly teeth
  Flashed on me where I sat;
Two eyes of hazel glanced beneath
  An *Incroyable* hat;
Two little curls of rarest red
  Upon her forehead clustered,
And oh! the grace with which she spread
  Her parsley chop with mustard!

Then fast and faster beat my heart
  As I began to try
By every telepathic art
  To catch her hazel eye.
At length—oh, bliss!—I saw her glance
  In quite a friendly manner,
And filled with dreams of sweet romance
  I hoisted friendship's banner.

But just when things seemed like to go
  As they so seldom do,
The sour milk-curdler turned, and lo!
  He wore a banner too.
He had me in his grip at once,
  The points of nuts he mooted,
And ere I could escape the dunce
  Dear Hazel Eyes had scooted.

THE "FAST" SET.

"A perfectly healthy man," writes Mr. Eskolme Wade, who has been conducting a controversy with Mr. Eugen Sandow in *The Daily News*, "might fast for six months or more without the slightest feeling of weakness, but, on the contrary, with extraordinary benefit to himself, physically, mentally and spiritually."



THE MAN AND THE MOMENT.

Not content with giving mere literary publicity to his creed, Mr. Wade has just opened (we are reliably informed) a charming *diversorium* in the neighbourhood of Chandos Street, W., and painted it a beautiful *eau-de-nil* colour. The staff of waitresses consists entirely of out-of-work Suffragettes, and votaries of the new diet are already loud in its praise. No material food of any kind is served within its doors, the sole charge being 1*d.* for the napkin. An inaugural luncheon, to which a number of distinguished guests were invited, was composed of the following menu:—

Potage à la bonne faim.
Jugged Air.
Mock Blancmange.
Café zéro.

Never before have the feast of reason and the flow of soul been enjoyed in such undiluted purity. A few testimonials from some of the survivors of this ethereal orgie are to hand.

"The jolliest little luncheon I ever had," said Sacco; and Lt.-Col. Newnham-Davis was equally enthusiastic. "Never," he told our representative, "have I had less strain put upon my digestive powers."

"I can only compare the sensation," admitted Mr. G. K. Chesterton, "to that experienced on the Wiggle-waggle at the White City, or during the sudden ascension of a Tube lift. I went home immediately afterwards and prepared a Tremendous Trifle."

"All the various grades of quality are on show in our Blanket Department. They speak for themselves."—*From a Circular.*

If only they would call us punctually every morning!



McGilp (painter of that charming picture, "Highland Lassie crossing a Burn") putting his ideals into practice.

TO JOCK.

(On choosing a profession.)

When, Jock, I saw you, debonair and bland,
Shin perilously up the cottage grand
Piano, with the bread-knife in your hand;—

When I observed your friendly little stare,
Your guileless baby face, your general air
Of "Golly, how on earth did I get *there?*"—

When I remarked how cheerfully you crashed
Down on the tea-things, not the least abashed
To see the same (*my* wedding present) *smashed!*—

Then, as we wondered (having wiped the tea
From off this waistcoat) "What 's he going to be?"
I knew at once why Father thought, "The sea."

There are who sit and languidly dictate
Letters beginning "Yours of even date"—
Each one designed to rope in 6*s.* 8*d.*;

Wherefore each letter carefully postpones
The moment when the other party owns
His case is badly dished by "*Rex* v. *Jones.*"

There are who daily in the safe retreat
Of some Department gather round and bleat
Scandal and Art, until it 's time to eat;

Return at 3, and, having written "Dear
Sir, Your communication of last year
Duly received and noted"—disappear.

There are who do not hesitate to shove
Their views of Babes and Budgets, Life and Love
On paper—as it might be, up above;

Who, fearless fellows, are not found to flinch
When some Proprietor essays to pinch
Their holiest thoughts at eightpence for the inch.

* * * * *

Such, Jock, as these are we who bear your name:
Content (well, almost) with the good old game
Of (moderate) Fortune unrelieved by Fame.

But there are Nobler Souls about the place,
Such Spirits as have built this Island Race,
Heroes who must, who simply must, have *space.*

'Twas not to serve the Pen that Nature gave
To these their love of all that 's large and brave;
For Them an ampler Life upon the Wave!

So when your father (while I mop the tea)
Says that he rather thinks you 'll go to sea,
Dear Jock, sweet Jock, your uncle *must* agree.

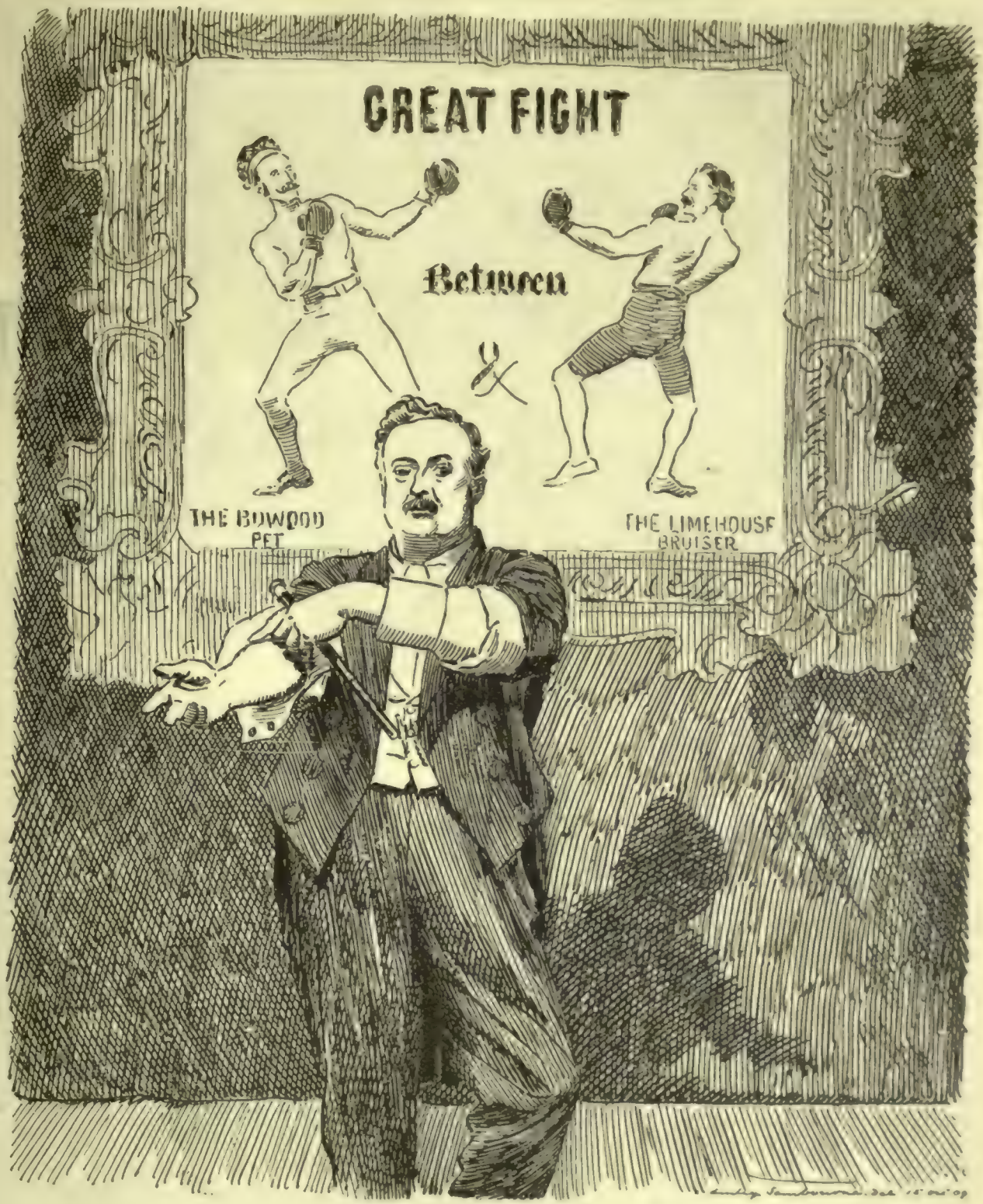
A. A. M.

Uncontrovertible.

Miss Marie Corelli at the opening of Harvard House:—

"No one could have imagined that the young girl just going forth as a bride, was destined to be the mother of John Harvard, the founder of the oldest college of learning in that great New World, the United States of America."

No one, except perhaps an American "persistent news-getter."



THE OPPORTUNIST.

Prof. Redmond. "WHILE WE ARE WAITING FOR THE BIG EVENT, I WILL ENDEAVOUR TO AMUSE YOU FOR A FEW MINUTES WITH MY FAMOUS 'HOME RULE' TRICK. BY WAY OF A START, WILL ANY GENTLEMEN IN THE AUDIENCE OBLIGE ME WITH SOME MONEY?"



THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

(Suggested by the statement that the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer "have not had their hair cut for months," and that Sir Henry Norman has "no time to go to his tailor's to try on his clothes." Signs of the coming fray may be noticed already about the costume of Sir H. N.)

EVERYTHING MADE EASY.

I.

To the Editor of "The Daily Pail."

Sir,—With regard to your deeply interesting correspondence on the incompetence of the writers of murder mysteries, I think you may like to know that by a curious chance I have just completed a sensational story of crime which cannot come under this criticism, and it so happens that I have not yet arranged for its serial publication. It is competent from beginning to end, and so convinced am I of the success with which the crime is concealed that I am prepared to pay any Charity you may name £100 if before the publication of the last chapter any reader can name the murderer.

I am yours, etc., Pax Memberton.

II.

Editor of "Daily Pail" to Mr. Pax Memberton.

May we read MS.?

III.

Mr. Pax Memberton to Editor of "Daily Pail."

Certainly. [*Aside*: Just as I hoped.

IV.

Editor of "Daily Pail" to Mr. Pax Memberton.

May we print story as serial?

V.

Mr. Pax Memberton to Editor of "Daily Pail."

How much will you give?

VI.

* * * * *

VII.

Mr. Pax Memberton to Editor "Daily Pail."

Will take double.

VIII.

Editor of "Daily Pail" to Mr. Pax Memberton.

Right; but instead of Charity, £100 must go to reader of *Pail*.

IX.

Mr. Pax Memberton to Editor "Daily Pail."

Agreed. Charities *banal*.

X.

GREAT NEW CRIME NOVEL.
WHO CAN SOLVE MYSTERY?
FAMOUS NOVELIST'S SPORTING OFFER.
MR. PAX MEMBERTON'S £100 PRIZE.
WILL IT BE WON?
&c. &c. &c. &c.

SPILT MILK.

Among the inventions on view at the Business Exhibition at Olympia is a contrivance for delivering the morning milk through a hole in the door. A milk-can is suspended just inside, and the milkman has a patent funnel which automatically unlocks the covering of the hole, so that the milk is delivered straight into the can. Incidentally, if a forgetful servant omits to hang up the can, the milk is delivered straight on to the floor.

We miss, however, some obvious developments of this invention. What is badly wanted at present is a self-

acting apparatus for unobtrusively introducing skilly or other nourishing fluid food into the interior of a sleeping "hunger-striker," so that she may wake up in the morning fed and refreshed. There should be no need to hang up the Suffragette behind the keyhole, while it should be rendered impossible for an inadvertent wardress to spill upon the floor either the patient or the beverage.

The milkman, too, himself, with his charivari of milk-cans at daybreak, might be abolished. With a little ingenuity, ratepayers and subscribers would have their daily supply laid on, like gas and water, from the main—or the municipal cow or chalk-pit. There should also be some means of rising to the occasion in case of a milk-burst or when the passage is in spate, owing to the negligence of the domestic above hinted at. Perhaps we may skim over the difficulty by suggesting an automatic churn that shall produce butter or curds or something for the breakfast table. We are not going to cry any further over spilt milk.

AN ORIGIN.

The young man gathered his skins more tightly about him and walked out into the storm. He walked on and on, brooding on his own misery, until he came to the seashore. There he stood face to face with the furious elements, filled with their majesty.

After a while he picked up a flat piece of wood, and seating himself within the shelter of a cave, traced upon it with a sharp flint the rude record of his feelings. Not till the storm was exhausted did he return to the village again.

A day or so later another skin-clad figure walked that way gathering fuel. He picked up without examining it the flat piece scored by the young man and added it to his store. When he reached his hut his eye chanced upon the characters and symbols, and he scanned them with a hurried eye. He frowned as he threw it on the fire.

He was the first reviewer.

"Doncaster Aviation Meeting. Secure your rooms at the —— Hotel. . . . Goodenough, Manager (late of Dover), Ici on Parlé, Français."

No; very nearly, but not quite good enough.

AT THE PLAY.

"Don."

Ann Sinclair was engaged to *Stephen Bonington*. *Stephen* (according to Mr. Rudolf Besier, who as his creator ought to know) was a great poet, but as he did not recite any of his pieces on the stage, I cannot say if it was indeed so. But what is a fact is that he was a chivalrous dreamer, an idealist who took in *The Daily News*, a man who was "interested in strikes." *Ann* called him "*Don*," short for *Don Quixote*, as she explains, not for *Don Juan*, as her mother suggests. Well, *Don* had befriended a poor girl in a tea-shop, and had found her a situation as his mother's companion. After she left, she married *Thompsett*, a tradesman and a Plymouth Brother, hard, narrow-minded, and cruel, though with the best of motives—a man who had "found salvation." *Mrs. Thompsett* stood a year of mental and moral torture with him, and then in despair wrote to *Don* and asked him to help her. Quite naturally, as it seemed to him, he took her away from her husband, spent a night at Kettering (I think it was) by her bedside—she had collapsed in the train, and could not continue the journey without a rest—and on the next day brought her to his mother's house, where *Ann* and her people were staying.



PORTRAIT OF A DOG ABOUT TO BE SHOT.
("Give me back my wife, or I'll shoot you like a dog.")

Elizabeth Thompsett . . . . . Miss Christine Silver.
Albert Thompsett . . . . . Mr. Norman McKinnel.
Stephen Bonington . . . . . Mr. Charles Quartermaine

The situation was viewed in different ways.

General Sinclair believed the worst, was furious, and asked for an A.B.C.

Mrs. Sinclair laughed and laughed and laughed. It was too absurd. And of course impossible.

Ann was very sweet. She trusted Don implicitly, but had he not been unchivalrous to *her*?

Canon Bonington felt strongly that no man ought to come between a husband and his wife. He did not believe the worst, but he was shocked by *Stephen's* interference with a Heaven-made marriage.

Mrs. Bonington knew it was all that designing minx, *Mrs. Thompsett*. How could they save *Stephen* from scandal? Surely they could invent some story. And if *Mr. Thompsett* called he was to be shown into the library and *she* would see him.

And so, after we had wondered for two Acts what *Thompsett* was like and what he would do and how it could possibly end happily—when we had been worked up to the pitch (nearly) of screaming out, "We will have *Thompsett*, and we won't wait,"—then he did call and was shown into the library. And he was Mr. Norman McKinnel—big, brutal, fanatic—with but one word for everybody, "I want my wife. Fetch my wife."

How does it end? I am not going to tell you. All through this splendid Third Act, I kept saying to myself, "It *can't* end. How can it end?" Yet it did, quite naturally and simply, by no stage trick of suicide or earthquake. You must go and see for yourself—I know you would not like to miss the finest comedy in London.

The acting is worthy of the play. Mr. Charles Quartermaine had the most difficult task, of course, and perhaps he didn't quite pull it off; the others had parts more incisively drawn and well within the range. They all played perfectly. I congratulate Mr. Herbert Trench on presenting, Mr. Norman McKinnel on producing, and (chiefly) Mr. Rudolf Besier on writing one of the most finely humorous plays that have been seen for a long time. M.

What to do with our Bracelets.

"Very pretty 9ct. curb bracelet, set round wool; 10/6 to kind home only as pet dog."
The Lady.



THE DIFFERENT SIDES OF A STORY.—No. I.

The Story (as told in the fishing inn at night). "Capital day—caught half-a-dozen, nothing under two pounds weight. What fly? Oh—er—they took any fly with a bit of silver about it, don'tcherknow."

THE REIGN OF LOVE.

["A delightful euphemism has just been invented by M. Caillaux, the Minister of Finance, in the course of the income-tax debate in the Chamber of Deputies. To arrive at a just estimate of a ratepayer's income there should, he thinks, be 'collaboration' between the public and the revenue authorities."—*The Globe.*]

Gentle friends, my heart is broken
When your angry frowns I see
And I hear what words are spoken
As you vent your wrath on me.
When I bring my dainty blue
Billets doux
Round to you,
'Tis in love, not hate, I leave them,
Then in love, not hate, receive them!

'Tis, alas, an ancient story!
Hard has ever been our fate:
Wat the Tyler gathered glory
When he bashed the taxman's pate.
How is it that Cade can claim
Such a fame
For his name?
Why is Hampden crowned with laurel
Just for keeping up the quarrel?

Even by the ancient Roman
We were held in wrathful scorn;
Treated as a common foeman,
Creatures scarcely to be borne.
Jew and Gentile to a man
Joined to ban
All our clan:
People know from their "Divinners"
Publicans were classed with sinners.

Thus from Clio's storied pages
We collectors weep to find
That through all the vanished ages
We have always been maligned.
Much against our heart's desire
We inspire
Fear and ire:
People see some cruel spectre
In the kindly tax-collector.

But 'tis time this all were ended,
For we love you. Let us then
Be no more misapprehended
By misguided fellow-men.
Greet us when we call on you
With our blue
Billets doux;
Perish crude recrimination!
Let there be collaboration!

Modesty.

"The Countess of C—— was in invisible green velvet, with a black extinguisher hat."
The Standard.

THREE LETTERS.

A Sketch for Eternity.

I.

Mrs. Carr-Amell to Mr. Fortescue.

My Dear Friend,—I am so glad you can come to lunch on Wednesday. This is just to say be sure to stay on after the others have gone, as I want to have a very particular talk.

Yours ever, E. C.-A.

II.

Mrs. Carr-Amell to Mr. Morris.

My Dear Friend,—I am so glad you can come to lunch on Wednesday. This is just to say be sure to stay on after the others have gone, as I want to have a very particular talk.

Yours ever, E. C.-A.

III.

Mrs. Carr-Amell to Mr. Crawford.

My Dear Friend,—I am so glad you can come to lunch on Wednesday. This is just to say be sure to stay on after the others have gone, as I want to have a very particular talk.

Yours ever, E. C.-A.

FROM OUR READERS.

(*With acknowledgments to "The Daily Georgic."*)

Odious Comparisons.

I NOTE with pain that in a recent issue you say in a grudging spirit of Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, "perhaps he comes nearest to ABRAHAM LINCOLN of any of the latter-day leaders of the Democracy." Could anything be more jejune and inadequate than this niggardly tribute to the splendidly human qualities of our adored leader? LINCOLN had all the defects of his qualities, the most prominent of which was a morbid moderation. The best that one of his biographers can say of him was that he was "fair and direct in speech and action." Indeed, so deplorably averse was he from plain speaking that it is said he would never allow the Confederates to be called rebels in his presence! Such a man, were he now alive, would probably show tenderness to dukes and courtesy to ground landlords. Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, on the other hand, has none of this pitiful compunction. He preaches the gospel of a newer and a nobler age for the common people. He inculcates the sacred duty of class hatred with the superb abandon of a HANNIBAL or a TORQUEMADA. He fears not the rage and the sneers of the Smart Set. We have had nothing quite like him in British politics before, and perhaps never shall again.

N. BOAKES.

16, *Murdle Road, Wimbledon.*

A Question of Colour.

I see that in your splendid description of the peroration of Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE'S speech you say "a great gasp of emotion passed down the rows of white faces, like the soughing of an autumn wind amid the trees." May I, as a coloured reader of your admirable and stimulating organ, venture to observe that the emotion was not confined to white hearers. No one could have soughed more strenuously than myself.

POMPEY JETSAM.

Sierra Leone Gardens, E.C.

The Chancellor's Predecessors.

I am glad to see that you eulogise the delicious drollery of Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE'S magnificent Newcastle speech. Other great orators have been pungent, have been extravagant, have indulged in a superfluity of ornamental invective, but surely no one before him has contrived to combine the spirituality of a MARCUS AURELIUS with the forthrightness of a THERSITES.—ALBERT POGSON.

[We fully endorse what our correspondent says of the bewitching humour of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, but is he not mixing up THERSITES with THESEUS or possibly THEMISTOCLES.—ED. *D.G.*]

The Burglar's Plea.

No part of Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE'S fine speech was greeted with greater enthusiasm than his superb vindication of the rights of the poacher. Never before has a Cabinet Minister openly proclaimed the noble doctrine that the poacher has the same right to the game as the man who, besides being guilty of owning the land, has spent large sums in rearing and feeding his pheasants, etc. My only complaint against the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is that he omitted to say a word on behalf of that much-maligned person, the burglar. I trust that when Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE delivers his next great speech at Holloway or Wormwood Scrubs he will remedy this deficiency and speak up for a most industrious, precariously remunerated and tender-hearted class, for it should never be forgotten that the late Mr. CHARLES PEACE was an accomplished violinist and was extremely fond of children.—W. SIKES.

[Our correspondent appears to us to read more in the statement than was intended. The context shows clearly that the CHANCELLOR spoke in a more or less jocular vein. Still, the right of a burglar to the unearned increment of a duke has undoubtedly much to be said for it. The anecdote of Mr. PEACE is most touching.—ED. *D.G.*]

How to Secure Peace with Germany.

Few things have contributed more happily to the establishment of a better understanding with our great neighbour, Germany, than the noble action of Herr Elzbacher in changing his name to Mr. Ellis Barker. Surely this is a precedent which cannot be followed too frequently or too thoroughly. But to be really effective it must not be confined to one side. If Germans are to take English names, Englishmen must assume German patronymics. I venture to subjoin the following provisional list in the hope that the persons mentioned will lose no time in carrying out the necessary formalities:

Mr. Lewis Harcourt .	Herr Ludwig Horchhof.
Mr. Herbert Gladstone	Herr Frohstein.
Mr. Alf. Mond . .	Mr. Half Moon.
Mr. Spender . .	Herr Aufwender.
Mr. Winston Churchill	Herr Kirchübel.
Sir J. Brunner . .	Lord Springer.
Mr. Lyons . . .	Herr Löwenherz.
Mr. Gluckstein . .	Mr. Gladstone.
Mr. Asquith . .	Herr Mitfragen.
Lord Courtney of Penwith . . .	Graf Kniehof von Federmit.

In conclusion may I suggest that you should lend this movement a much needed impetus by re-naming your paper the *Tägliche Georg.*

HERBERT PLIMMER.

The Very Latest.

Rumour has it that Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE

BLIGHTED HOPES.

[A country fire brigade has just resigned in a body because the people persisted in laughing at the members in their new uniforms.]

TIME was when visions filled my mind
Of rescues *à la* Christmas Numbers,
Strong men (I thought) will wake to find
The fire intruding on their slumbers,
And, when all hope of safety vanished quite is,
I'll rush and save them, in their little nighties.

I'll do whate'er my post requires
At divers times in various places,
Until some heiress leaves the fire's
And falls into my own embraces,
Then will I ask her hand in marriage, and some
Day her papa is sure to come down handsome.

But when I donned my fireman's gear,
(It pleased me well from boots to bonnet)
The ribald crowd began to jeer
And crack their rustic jests upon it,
Such as the shouted question: "Where did you nick
That belt, those trousers, and that beastly tunic?"

Long time I scorned the gaping grin,
Then, minding him of Plaza-Toro,
I sent my resignation in
The "very first of all my corps O."
The fifth approaching urged me to remember
The guise that vulgar wit wears in November.

GREAT MINDS.

[We think the time has come to publish the following correspondence, which has very nearly occurred several times.—ED. *Punch.*]

1, *Balmoral Villas, Tufton.*

DEAR SIR,—I enclose a short contribution to your valuable paper. The idea occurred to me only this morning, and I have not communicated it to any other journal.

Question. "What will the country say when the Budget is put before it?"
Answer. "Budge it."

Perhaps one of your clever writers would be able to word it more crisply, but the idea is so extremely topical and up-to-date that I feel sure it would appeal to the large body of your readers.

I am, yours faithfully,
MICHAEL FAIRJOHN.

The Editor of *Punch* presents his compliments, and regrets that he is unable to use Mr. Fairjohn's contribution. He has a vague idea that he has heard the joke before somewhere, though he cannot remember where.

DEAR SIR,—I am at a loss to understand your note. The only person to



Golfer. "The day I get round these links in under a hundred, I'll give you a shilling, Sandy!"
Caddie. "Hoo will I want it when I'm drawin' me auld-age pension?"

whom I repeated this joke was the Rev. Canon Letts of this town, and I have his word for it that he has neither repeated it to anybody else nor forwarded it to your paper. Unless you are prepared to doubt the assurance of a beneficed clergyman of the Church of England I do not see how you can persist in the attitude you have adopted.

Dear Sir,—Perhaps you are right. Would you prefer your joke to be illustrated or unillustrated?

Yours faithfully, The Editor.

Dear Sir,—I feel that the joke would make more of a stir if suitably illustrated in the form of a cartoon. You could either get one of your clever artists to do this, or I would mention the matter to Mr. Thomas Pipp, the drawing instructor at our schools. Should you decide to leave the matter in the hands of one of your clever cartoonists, I should not desire any fee for my suggestion, but would be content to receive the original of the drawing which illustrated my idea.

Dear Sir,—I think that, perhaps, we had better leave it in the hands of one of our clever cartoonists. When would you like it to appear? By the way, do you know Mr. William Gosport, of 5, The Albany, Southend? He asks us, to-day, upon a post-card, "Why did the Budget budge it?" Though not so neatly constructed as yours, this joke has in idea something in common with it.

P.S.—My letter should have been posted yesterday. I wonder if you have ever met a Mr. Alfred Selly (or Selby), of Leamington?

Dear Sir,—I do *not* know Mr. Gosport or Mr. Alfred Selly—though I once met a Mr. John Selby who lived at Grange-over-Sands. I consider that Mr. Gosport's joke has nothing in common with mine at all, though he certainly seems to have stolen my idea. The sooner *my* joke appears the better for the country.

Dear Sir,—The idea of a joke about the present financial situation may have occurred to Mr. Gosport independently. I wonder if you know any of these:—

Mr. Timothy Wells, The Thatched House, Truro.
Canon Bletchley, of Aberdeen.
Mr. Walters, Wavecrest, Commercial Road, Leicester.
Lt.-Col. John Adams, Naval and Military Club, W.

I cannot help feeling that we have not yet got the best out of your joke. Can you not word it slightly differently, so as to bring out more gradually the subtle contrast between "Budget" and "budge it"? At present you seem to me to get to the point too quickly.

Dear Sir,—How would this do?

"The electors' reply to Lloyd-George—*Budge it!*"

Please use this immediately, while the subject is still topical.

Dear Sir,—By an odd chance you have hit upon the very form in which Mr. Cyril James, of The Bungalow, Cromer, puts it this morning. Though not quite satisfactory yet, it is much more incisive than that of the Rev. W. R. Tonkin, of Little Beldam, who writes upon a letter-card:

"History repeats itself. The joke current in 1831 that the only reply to the Budget was 'Budge it,' is as true as ever to-day."

This, you will agree with me, is rather laboured.

Dear Sir,—I am withdrawing my joke from your paper and am sending it to *The Times*. Yours disgustedly,

Michael Fairjohn.

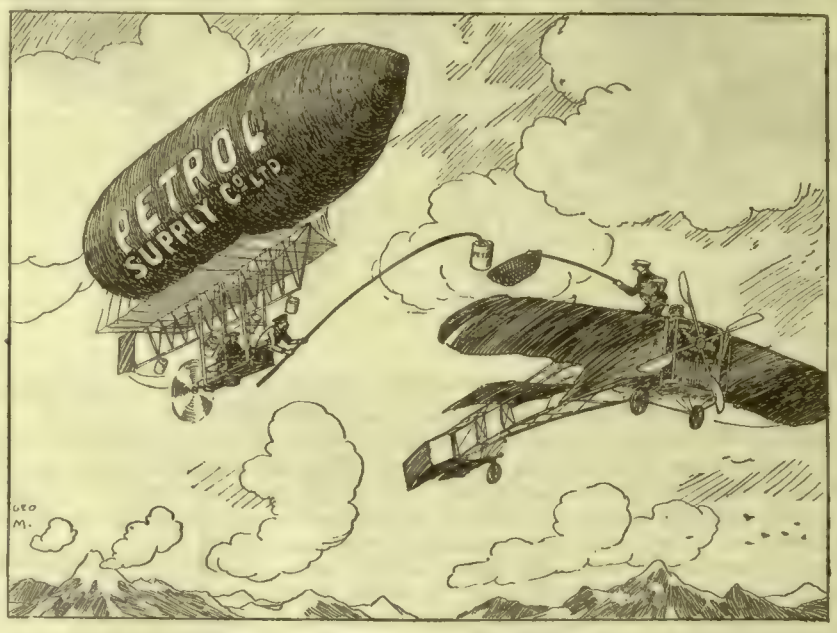
The Latest Unique Performance.

"The ordinary stock occupies the unique position of standing at the highest price of the year."—*The Scotsman.*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Ann Veronica (Fisher Unwin) is a remarkably clever book about rather unpleasant people. I think Mr. H. G. Wells wrote it (particularly the love scenes) with his head rather than with his heart, and it is my head and not my heart which consents to all he has to say. *Ann Veronica* is a modern girl, full of vague longings for some vague kind of freedom, who runs away from her suburban home to try life on her own in London. Mr. Wells has observed the type very carefully, and has described it minutely; not often have we been allowed to see so deep into the soul of a girl. After an adventure with a City bounder called *Ramage*, who lends her money and expects the only repayment which a man of his type can appreciate from a woman (an episode excellently done) she falls in love with *Capes*, a man separated from his wife. *Capes* I never quite saw; he was so indeterminate that in the great scene between him and *Ann Veronica* I almost lost her too. However, I am glad to say I recovered her on p. 319—a wonderful page which I had not suspected of the author. Mr. Wells has written a real novel at last, whose story progresses unhindered by discursions into Socialism. Yet in one sentence he gets extraordinarily close to the truth of both Socialism and Suffragettism, when he makes *Ann Veronica* say that the idea is all right but the people are all wrong.



The chief difficulty to be overcome in aviation is that of renewing supplies of petrol while in the air.

Paths Perilous, by Sidney Pickering,
Is lighted with a vastly brighter flame
Than that suggested by the flickering
Alliterative brilliance of its name.

It pictures France's wild democracy
Who, having lost their own heads (just *pro tem.*),
Rounded upon the aristocracy
And did the same (but lastingly) for them.

The tale the author has to tell us is
Knit of the many threads of human life—
The loves, ambitions, schemings, jealousies,
That failed or flourished in that time of strife.

An ancient theme, you think? You 've heard of it?
Yes, but he puts new force into the job.
Buy it, I say, and read each word of it—
(Chapman and Hall, six bob).

Though much of Mr. Philip Gibbs's story, *The Street of Adventure* (Heinemann), is a love comedy, the oldest form of comedy extant, the great incident in it is a very modern tragedy. It tells of the death of a big daily paper, which it is not difficult to identify. Mr. Gibbs calls it *The Liberal*. It is run by a young millionaire who, having lost two or three hundred thousand pounds through the recklessness of his helpers in the early stages, determines suddenly to cut his losses, when, in the opinion of his staff, success is in sight. Five hundred men are thrown out of employment, having received notice with a request for secrecy lest the negotiations which are pending for a reconstruction should be prejudiced. It is thus impossible for them to utilise the period of notice in searching for new berths. This, in so notoriously overstocked a profession as that of the journalist, is a very real tragedy, and Mr. Gibbs writes bitterly of the callousness of the proprietor. He puts his case so vigorously that in reading the novel one is bound to take his view, but in actual fact there is obviously another side to the picture. I think I am not mistaken in saying that not a few men threw up good berths to enter the better paid service of the original of *The Liberal*, and a rather harsh, though strictly poetic, justice frequently follows such desertions. Mr. Gibbs, however, tempers justice with mercy. He either finds other jobs for those of his out-of-works who have excited our interest (no small number), or else he consoles them with matrimony, or prospects of it—an infallible panacea for all trouble in novels (excepting, of course, when the ceremony is performed in the opening chapters). This is all very jolly, but the real interest, as I have suggested, lies in the journalistic "shop." Incidentally, since Tory newspaper proprietors have been pretty well roasted of late on the stage, it is pleasant to find someone having a whack at the other side. Particularly as neither side is much the worse for it.

Great Englishmen.

"One inch, in addition to one-and-a-half inches which was added by a recent Army Order, has been added to the chest measurement of recruits of the Rifle Brigade, and the standard is now 5 ft. 5 in."—*Naval and Military Record.*

"Then the draw for stations was not in their favour, for they were left behind at the start and so lost the only advantage of their station. They would probably not have won from either of the other stations, but we doubt whether either of the other crews would have won from theirs."—*Eton College Chronicle.*

What a race that would have been, though.

Never let it be said again that we do not appreciate American humour. In the *Chicago Daily Tribune* we find the following among hints on "How to sleep well":—

"A few crackers or a glass of milk should be kept inside the bed."

Well, anybody can see the joke in that.



SLAVES OF FASHION.

AN INVITATION.

Dear Tom, I hear you 're back in Town
Bronzed as an Iroquois with brown
Of sunshine and adventures;
I wish you 'd come and dine to-night
Ere stream and hill have faded quite,
And Mammon 's dipped you out of sight
In shares and dull debentures!

You won't get much: my cook of old
You know is not (though gold, pure gold)
A culinary show thing;
That lady's very utmost word
Is first a sole, and then a bird,
And, if she ventures on a third,
It 's toasted cheese—or nothing!

Forgive my menu its misdeeds,
At least you 'll find a Beaune that needs
No bush's vain adorning,
And when its vinted balms ascend
You 'll think, 'Tis thus, though good times end,
Their sunny memories stay to blend
With fog and Monday morning!

So come. I want to hear about
The Islands,—were the big sea-trout
As big this year as ever?
And has your brown retriever pup
(Son of old "Shot" who won the Cup)
His father's nose at picking-up?
He promised to be clever.

You got a stag, I heard from Bee;
The island heads are small, but she
Says yours is simply ripping;
I want the details of it all,
His points, the ground, the wind, the crawl,
And, flushed with triumph at his fall,
What sum you spent in tipping!

Our talk shall slip by braes and brooks,
Through several tomes of salmon hooks,
And on by easy stages
To other works of worthy lore,
Picked from the bookshelf's golden store,
Till round our chairs the very floor
Is carpeted with sages!

We 'll smoke and watch the embers glow
And read the lines we like and know,
The old, the wise, the witty;
While on the curtained window-pane
You 'll hear the patter of the rain,
And down the Knightsbridge Road again
The roar of London City!

From a calendar:—

"Austen Chamberlain, born 1863.

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.
Wordsworth."

This looks like the base work of a Free Trade Unionist.

One of the Bhoys.

From a report in *The Liverpool Daily Post*:—

"The great principle to be learned in every noble life was that whatever others might do or say, they, as individuals, must be good, and that was the principle of one with whom they could not see eye to eye. He referred to Marcus O'Reilly."

"Novo . . . We have never heard of any connection between the seasons of the year and falling of the hair, except in poetry, and that is only because the two words rhyme."
Sunday Chronicle.

Even if "year" and "hair" didn't rhyme they might occur at the end of consecutive lines in blank verse, and a connection would still be established.

From a programme:—

"Vocalist
Mme. Kirkby Lunn
(*who has kindly consented to sing*)."

Not to roller-skate, as was the management's first idea.

From a review in *The Liverpool Daily Post*:—

"The book sparkles with trite sayings and exquisite characterisation."

We recommend the publisher to withdraw all his advertisements (consult Mr. George Edwardes).

TWO OF A KIND.

["Months ago we heard of the baby christened Budget. And now follows another enthusiast's infant, who has been named Lloyd George."—*The Daily Chronicle.*]

If noble names can launch a child along a great career,
When at the font of sprinkling you dab the little dear,
No infants started better on the route to high renown
Than Masters Lloyd George Jenkins and Winston Churchill Brown.

To pious inspiration the fancy may be traced
Which overtook their parents (being Radical by taste),
And prompted them to label their respective babes at birth
With what their wits conceived to be the noblest names on earth.

These twain grew up together and shared the youthful spree,
Twin minds with but a single thought, as like as pea and pea;
Or, say, as two-and-sixpence compared with half-a-crown,
Just so was Lloyd George Jenkins to Winston Churchill Brown.

They seldom mixed with other boys because they held the view
It 's best to hunt in couples, and a couple 's only two;
But some, they saw, were useful when it came to heaving stones,
And such were Budget Billingsgate and Ure Another Jones.

On raiding expeditions our two behaved as one,
Together pinched the orchard and raked the poultry-run;
And answered all objections about these little tricks
With repartees consisting mainly of mud and bricks.

And so the pair (but oh, alas! how outward form deceives!)
Remained to all appearance as close and thick as thieves;
But, underneath a smiling air, this thought they couldn't smother—
That some day one of them would have to swallow up the other.

For when you hunt in couples, though things go smooth as oil,
There 's apt to come a question of who shall take the spoil,
Of who 's to be the top-dog that pins his partner down:
Would it be Lloyd George Jenkins or Winston Churchill Brown?

Well, on a day they started, both smiling, on the track
Of quite a big adventure, *and only one came back!*
For in the hour of triumph there arose a horrid hitch,
And one had wiped the other out; I shan't say which was which.

O. S.

From *The Morning Leader*:—

Motor-Car Dangers.

Sir,—Cannot some effective measures be taken to stop the frightful rushing of motor-cars through our streets? The speed at which the majority of them travel, especially through crowded thoroughfares, is terrible. Yours, etc., A. E. L.

We understand that this letter has been travelling abroad during the last few years; hence the delay.

A Conservative candidate as reported in *The Cambridge Chronicle*:—

"It had been suggested that the House of Lords could reject this Bill, provided that they had an agreement with their Party in the House of Commons to bring forward a Referendem Bill . . . He personally believed in the Referendiem, but he did not think they were ready yet to pass judgment on the Budget, through the means of the Referendam Bill."

You see *one* of the difficulties straight away.

SHADOWS FROM THE PAST.

The Butcher's Son.

I seem to remember that there was once a little boy. He lived with his father and mother and his brothers in a large house midway between two villages, and there in a simple way he enjoyed life a great deal. There was a garden, there were favourite dogs and cats, there was a pond for fishing or skating, as the season ordained, there was a stable with a complement of horses and ponies, and there were woods and green fields lying about the house. It was a fairy palace of delight and, like other fairy palaces, it has long since passed away. Villas and shops, this Crescent, that Avenue, and the other Rise reign over the spot where there were fields and trees, and young delight and laughter. Does the uneasy ghost of Neptune, the Newfoundland, or Sturdy, the grey pony—how he hated to be laughed at!—ever roam distraught through these busy little villas?

In one of the villages, distant about a mile from the large house, there was a school, and in this school the little boy was a student, submitting himself, somewhat carelessly, I fear, to the grand old fortifying classical curriculum which has made Englishmen what they are. It was an old school, founded far back in Tudor times, and it differed very little, I suppose, except, perhaps, in one point, from hundreds of other homes of learning scattered throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom. The point of exception was that there were generally more day-boys than boarders amongst those who sucked wisdom from it. From the village in which it stood and from the neighbouring villages and homes a great many boys used to trudge to it in the morning, and then back home again for the midday dinner, then once more to school, and so finally home again in the evening. The little boy was one of those jolly trudgers.

I have often been told that day-boys are, on the whole, an inferior class, not to be encouraged in the life of our great schools. It seems that in the demoralising companionship of their parents and amidst the unmanly surroundings created by their sisters they waste precious hours, hours that should properly be devoted to the acquisition of tone and *esprit de corps*. The genius of public-school life, they say, demands that at the tenderest age a little fellow should be withdrawn from every influence that tends to make him gentle and prevents him from becoming barbarous and brutal—his mother's society is above all others injurious—and that he should be subdued to all the petty little conventions of dress and manner and general behaviour which the servility or the roughness of a mass of other boys has established in a sacred and immutable code of respectable rules. I don't dogmatise on this point, but I am not sure that there may not be much to be said on the other side. At any rate my little friend was for the time a day-boy.

Now one of the fields bordering the little boy's home belonged to the butcher of the village, and in that field the butcher's son John was often to be seen. Sometimes John looked through the hedge and sometimes the little boy looked through it from the other side, and sometimes they both looked through it together, and in the end they became acquainted and exchanged confidences. The hedge soon ceased to be an impenetrable barrier, and eventually John, who was a cheerful, plump, well-mannered, red-cheeked boy, came through it and was made free of the pleasant mysteries of the garden. The two boys became fast friends. John could perform marvellous feats with little lumps of clay discharged as missiles from the top of a stick, and he was more skilful with a catapult than any other mortal boy.

On the afternoon of a certain day the little boy—let me



FORCED FELLOWSHIP.

Suspicious-looking Party. "ANY OBJECTION TO MY COMPANY, GUV'NOR? I'M AGOIN' YOUR WAY"—(*aside*) "AND FURTHER."



School Medical Officer (*examining child's eyes*). "Now, little girl, can you see my finger?"
Child (*coyly*). "I shan't tell you."

call him Harry henceforth—had arranged to meet a school friend in a shady retreat in the woods. I rather think a bird-nesting expedition had been planned. As John happened to be about when the time came for setting forth to the tryst, Harry took him with him, not dreaming any wrong. When they arrived the other boy was there. Harry was punctilious in his manners, and made a ceremonious presentation. "Let me introduce you," he said, "Mr. John Lumsden—Mr. Thomas Chappell. Now then, where shall we begin?" Mr. Thomas Chappell, however, looked darkly uncomfortable. "I'm afraid," he stammered, without seeming to see John's extended hand, "I'm afraid I've left something behind. I'll just go and fetch it." And away he ran. "Mind you come back quick!" shouted Harry after him; and he and John waited and waited. But Mr. Chappell never came back.

On the following morning, when Harry arrived at school, a knot of boys gathered round him, all hostile and determined. "So you're the friend of a butcher!" shouted one. "Yah, you little butcher-boy!" cried another. "Send me home a shoulder of mutton," yelled another, "and mind, I don't want too much fat!" "Oh, you dirty little cad, hadn't you got a proper cheek introducing your butcher boys?" Then they danced round him, sharpening imaginary knives, making the sounds of oxen in distress, and altogether behaving like demons in the pit. The torture continued for days, until finally the lesson was burnt into the little boy's heart. Who was he that he should set himself to abolish those noble distinctions of class upon which the safety of society depends?

Commercial Candour.

"5 new 4-barrel Repeating Pistols, 22 bore. Cannot repeat. To clear, 19*s.* 6*d.* each."

THE EXTINCT CROCODILE.

["The imagination of schoolmistresses and their pupils recoils nowadays from the idea of a return to the Noah's Ark promenade which was their grandmothers' winter exercise."]

When I was young, in fact a callow ass,
Of idle brain and fancy volatile,
Before our office window used to pass
Miss Proctor's animated crocodile.
Ah! how my neck I'd crick to catch a view
Of those young damsels walking two by two.

Thick chestnut pigtails, fluffy flaxen curls,
Delicious peeps from shyly lowered lids—
In front, a vanguard of the bigger girls,
Rearward, the ranks of lively little kids—
I knew your time of coming to a tick
And thought your pace in passing far too quick.

No more our youngsters' hearts do you disturb
As when, diurnally, you used to trail
Your undulating length along the curb,
A drift of maidenhood from head to tail.
The academic crocodile is dead;
To hockey fields its vertebræ have sped.

I am too old to carp at such a change
Or criticise the frenzied female rout
Who up and down the muddy meadow range
Where "Hack it through!" and "Bully!" is the shout;
And so upon the poor departed's bier
I simply shed a crocodilish tear.

From an advt. in *The West Ham Teachers' Journal*:—
"Up-to-date methods of Teachin."
And of spellin, to say nothin of printin.

STRENGTH AND BEAUTY.

"Why don't you sit up?" said Adela at dinner, suddenly prodding me in the back. Adela is old enough to take a motherly interest in my figure, and young enough to look extremely pretty while doing so.

"I always stoop at meals," I explained; "it helps the circulation. My own idea."

"But it looks so bad. You ought——"

"Don't improve me," I begged.

"No wonder you have——"

"Hush! I haven't. I got a bullet on the liver in the campaign of '03, due to over-smoking; and sometimes it hurts me a little in the cold weather. That's all."

"Why don't you try the Hyperion?"

"I will. Where is it?"

"It isn't anywhere; you buy it."

"Oh, I thought you dined at it. What do you buy it for?"

"It's one of those developers with elastics and pulleys and so on. Every morning early, for half an hour before breakfast——"

"You *are* trying to improve me," I said suspiciously.

"But they are such good things," went on Adela, earnestly. "They really do help to make you beautiful——"

"I *am* beautiful."

"Well, much more beautiful. And strong——"

"Are you being simply as tactful as you can be?"

"—and graceful."

"It isn't as though you were actually a relation," I protested.

Adela continued, full of her idea.

"It would do you so much good, you know. Would you promise me to use it every day if I sent you mine?"

"Why don't you want yours any more? Are you perfect now?"

"You can easily hook it to the wall——"

"I suppose," I reflected, "there is a limit of beauty beyond which it is dangerous to go. After that either the thing would come off its hook, or——"

"Well," said Adela suddenly, "aren't I looking well?"

"You're looking radiant," I said, appreciatively; "but it may only be because you're going to marry Billy next month."

She smiled and blushed. "Well, I'll send it to you," she said. "And you try it for a week, and then tell me if you don't feel better. Oh, and don't do all the exercises to begin with; start with three or four of the easy ones."

"Of course," I said.

* * * * *

I undid the wrappings eagerly, took off the lid of the box, and was confronted with (apparently) six pairs of braces. I shook them out of the box and saw I had made a mistake. It was one pair of braces for Magog. I picked it up, and I knew that I was in the presence of the Hyperion. In five minutes I had screwed a hook into the bedroom wall and attached the beautifier. Then I sat on the edge of the bed and looked at it.

There was a tin plate, attached to the top, with the word "LADIES" on it. I got up, removed it with a knife, and sat down again. Everything was very dusty, and I wondered when Adela had last developed herself.

By-and-by I went into the other room to see if I had overlooked anything. I found on the floor a chart of exercises, and returned triumphantly with it.

There were thirty exercises altogether, and the chart gave you

(1) A detailed explanation of how to do each particular exercise;

(2) A photograph of a lady doing it.

"After all," I reassured myself, after the first bashful glance, "it is Adela who has thrust this upon me; and she must have known." So I studied it.

Nos. 10, 15, 28 and 30 seemed the easiest; I decided to confine myself to them. For the first of these you strap yourself in at the waist, grasp the handles, and fall slowly backwards until your head touches the floor—all the elastic cords being then at full stretch. When I had got very slowly halfway down, an extra piece of elastic which had got hitched somewhere came suddenly into play, and I did the rest of the journey without a stop, finishing up sharply against the towel-horse. The chart had said, "Inhale going down," and I was inhaling hard at the moment that the towel-horse and two damp towels spread themselves over my face.

"So much for Exercise 10," I thought, as I got up. "I'll just get the idea to-night, and then start properly to-morrow. Now for No. 15."

Somehow I felt instinctively that No. 15 would cause trouble. For No. 15 you stand on the right foot, fasten the left foot to one of the cords, and stretch it out as far as you can . . . .

What—officially—you do then, I cannot say . . .

Some people can stand easily upon the right foot when the left is fastened to the wall . . . others cannot . . . It is a gift . . .

Having recovered from my spontaneous rendering of No. 15, I turned to No. 28. This one, I realised, was extremely important; I would do it twelve times.

You begin by lying flat on the floor roped in at the waist, and with your hands (grasping the elastic cords) held straight up in the air. The tension on your waist is then extreme, but on your hands only moderate. Then taking a deep breath you pull your arms slowly out until they lie along the floor. The tension becomes terrific, the strain on every part of you is immense. While I lay there, taking a deep breath before relaxing, I said to myself, "The strain will be too much for me." I was wrong. It was too much for the hook. The hook whizzed out, everything flew at me at once, and I remembered no more . . .

As I limped into bed, I trod heavily upon something sharp. I shrieked and bent down to see what had bitten me. It was a tin plate bearing the word "LADIES."

* * * * *

"Well?" said Adela a week later.

I looked at her for a long time. "When did you last use the Hyperion?" I asked.

"About a year ago."

"Ah! . . . You don't remember the chart that went with it?"

"Not well. Except, of course, that each exercise was arranged for a particular object, according to what you wanted."

"Exactly. So I discovered yesterday. It was in very small type, and I missed it at first."

"Well, how many did you do?"

"I limited myself to exercises 10, 15 and 28. Do you happen to remember what *those* are for?"

"Not particularly."

"No. Well, I started with No. 10. No. 10, you may recall, is one of the most perilous. I nearly died over No. 10. And when I had been doing it for a week I discovered what its particular object was."

"What?"

"'*To round the forearm*'! Yes, madam," I said bitterly, "I have spent a week of agony . . . and I have rounded one forearm."

"Why didn't you try another?"

"I did. I tried No. 15. Six times in the pursuit of No. 15 have I been shot up to the ceiling by the left foot . . . and what for, Adela? '*To arch the instep*'! Look at my instep! Why should I *want* to arch it?"

"I *wish* I could remember which chart I sent you," said Adela, wrinkling her brow.

"It was the wrong one," I said . . . .

There was a long silence.

"Oh," said Adela suddenly, "you never told me about No. 28."

"Pardon me," I said, "I cannot bear to speak of 28."

"Why, was it even more unsuitable than the other two?"

"I found, when I had done it six times, that its object was stated to be, '*To remove double chin.*' That, however, was not the real effect. And so I crossed out the false comment and wrote the true one in its place."

"And what is that?" asked Adela.

"'*To remove the hook,*'" I said gloomily.

A. A. M.

CHARIVARIA.

"What chance," asks a contemporary, "has Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes of being mistaken for a representative of the working classes, when everyone in Bermondsey sees him, day after day, driving round in his blue-ribboned state carriage, with two horses and a liveried coachman on the box?" We agree that the placing of the two horses on the box is a fatal mistake of policy.

* * *

The appropriate conveyance for Bermondsey would, of course, be a Tanner Cab.

* * *

Those ill-informed Continental newspapers! where will they stop? Could anything be less felicitous than to refer to Mr. Lloyd George as "Sir Lord Geoyge?"

* * *

Dr. Cook has been presented with the freedom of New York City by the Board of Aldermen. Tammany's point of view, we understand, is this:—If Dr. Cook's story is true, then we respect him; if he is a fraud, then we still respect him.

* * *

The Illustrated London News describes Dover Harbour as "A harbour into which Hyde Park could be put." Personally we hope that the Park will not be moved. We like it where it is, and fail to see that it is in anyone's way.

* * *

The L. C. C. has now decided to contribute £200,000 towards the cost of widening Fleet Street, and it is hoped that before long this somewhat dismal thoroughfare may be brightened by ladies wearing fashionable hats.

* * *

It is sad to hear that the Crystal Palace has fallen on evil days. We read in the report, just issued, of the L. C. C. Asylums Committee that during the winter large parties from the Colney Hatch Asylum visit the Alexandra Palace. Surely some of these could be attracted to the Crystal Palace if its claims to their patronage were brought before them?

* * *

While the suggestion made in *The Daily Telegraph* that the contents of the Zoological Gardens should be removed to the purer air of the Crystal Palace has not been found practicable, is there any reason, asks a correspondent, why the animals should not in the summer be taken in relays to the seaside, where they could be boarded out on the system adopted by the Children's Country Holiday Fund? Many country folk are quite fond of animals.

* * *

Canon Ingles advocates that, to prevent migration to towns, boys should be sent to work on farms at the age of ten. We are surprised to find a clergyman on the side of the baby farmers.

* * *

In an interesting article on "The Weather" in *The Westminster Gazette*, Mr. Horace Hutchinson tells us that "when once we reach as far north as the Moray Firth the country falls under the tempering influence of the Gulf Stream, with the result that . . . . the grouse of so northern a shire as Caithness show tameness which *permits of their shooting over dogs* during a large part of the season." The italics are ours: the cleverness is the birds'.

* * *

The Institute of Oil Painters has become the Royal Institute of Oil Painters, and its official abbreviation is to be the R. O. I. And its official toast, we take it, "Vive le R. O. I.!"?

* * *

According to the late Dr. Lombroso, the criminal is a creature whose characteristics approach those of the anthropoid ape. But apes have enormously long arms, while some investigations made in France have shown that the majority of prisoners have arms which are rather shorter than the average. On the other hand, as a criminal points out, the arm of the Law is notoriously long. This reminder has re-created a painful impression in the Temple.

* * *

"—— washes white things white," says an advertisement. This sounds easy. What we really want is a specific which will undertake to wash black things white.

* * *

It was stated at the annual conference of the Sea Fisheries Association that, at a modest estimate, the sea gulls round our coast eat at least one hundred million fish every day. But what can you expect under a Free Food Government?



Matron. "Mrs. Faulkner is *so* fond of poetry."

Visitor. "Indeed? I have some simple books of poetry at home—shall I send you some, Mrs. Faulkner?"

Mrs. Faulkner. "Thank you, Mum—when I wants poetry, I makes it."

TO MARS IN OPPOSITION.

THE strings had ceased, and with their strain
(MOZART, the ever fresh and tender)
Still ringing sweetly in my brain
I stole into a Sussex lane,
A much-refreshed week-ender,
When suddenly there met my sight
A scene so excellently bright
As made mere musical delight
Its sovranty surrender.

I never saw my friend the Bear
Or any other starry cluster,
The Pleiads in their tangled lair,
Or Cassiopeia in her chair,
Shine with a larger lustre.
But dwarfing all the other stars,
As PETER dwarfed the other Tsars,
The sanguine disc of mighty Mars
Outshone the astral muster.

Portentous planet, on whose face
The telescope of SCHIAPARELLI,
Through myriad myriad miles of space,
Enables us canals to trace
Minute as vermicelli,
Thanks to your enervating spells
The Sociologist who dwells
At Hampstead, of the name of WELLS,
Grows lyrical as SHELLEY.

Although not usually prone
To harbour vulgar superstitions,
To see you on a sudden grown
To such prodigious bulk, I own,
Excites my worst suspicions.
Are you encouraging LLOYD GEORGE
Fresh fiscal instruments to forge
To make unhappy Dukes disgorge
Their dearest acquisitions?

In ages past you stirred the feud
Of Fatimite against Abassid,
And co-religionists imbrued
With gore, although their attitude
Was previously placid.
And now you turn poor Mr. URE,
Who formerly was quite demure,
Into a perfect stream of pure
Financial Uric acid.

Your baleful influence is the *fons*
Of recent female revolutions,
Transforming Sylphs to Amazons
With hearts of steel and brows of bronze
And iron constitutions,
Who wrestle with the men in blue
(A thing that I should hate to do)
And harmless Ministers pursue
With endless persecutions.

Sleek HALDANE, mildest-mannered sage
That e'er translated SCHOPENHAUER,
Now pores on CLAUSEWITZ'S page
And, goaded by a martial rage,
Bears witness to your power.
And smug MCKENNA, spurred to roam
In fighting kit across the foam,
Now never feels himself at home
Save in a conning tower.

All classes by your lurid lamp
Are led astray, from dukes to tinkers;
You aggravate the common scamp
And force philosophers to ramp
Like dissipated rinkers.
Who shall escape your deadly glare
Which causes panic ev'rywhere
And strikes us pink, unless he wear
Perpetually blinkers?

Balcombe, Sept. 18th, 1909.

AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

An attempt to rewrite Lady Cardigan's Recollections to suit some of her critics.

SITTING down at the age of eighty-four to write my reminiscences, I wish to make it clearly understood that I am a happy woman. And why am I happy? Because during my long life I have known none but sweet and good Christian men and women; and because I have all my faculties left. I am still capable of entertaining my pious friends in both town and country. I can amuse myself with singing and playing hymns; I have a good digestion and can enjoy my dinner, heedless of any new-fashioned fads about food; I can read *The War Cry* without spectacles.

Thinking over the many noble aristocratic persons I have known, I am amazed at their simplicity and purity. One hears so much of the fast ways of the Smart Set; I have seen none of them. My father was a deeply pious man, but he had the not unnatural foible to wish to disguise some of his love of spiritual things, and affected sometimes to be quite a man of the world. I remember when I was a mere girl that I wanted very much to hear a famous preacher who had just come to London. I asked Papa to take me. He was very sorry, but it was, he said, quite impossible. "Quite impossible, ADELINE. I am dining to-night with General CAVENDISH at the Club—a long-standing engagement; but," he continued, "even if I were disengaged I should hesitate to take you, for you are not just now very strong, and this preacher is too emotional." However, I felt that I could not stay away, and I therefore went with my maid, and sent word to Lord CARDIGAN, who also dearly loved a good sermon, to come to our pew.

The moment he arrived he insisted that I must leave. I naturally asked why. "Well," reluctantly answered CARDIGAN—"well, Miss DE HORSEY, your father and General CAVENDISH are in the pew opposite with"—(he looked at me apologetically)—"with two clergymen. It will never do for you to see them; your father would be so ashamed to be caught at church like this. Do, I implore you, permit me to escort you home at once."

I was seized with an uncontrollable desire to laugh. So this was the long-standing engagement, this Papa's parade of worldliness! Of course I could not give up the sermon, and I remained; but, owing to a cab accident, I did not reach home till late. Papa was reading his Bible and he asked me where I had been. "I've been to church, Papa,' I said demurely—(he started)—"and I saw you and General CAVENDISH there. I thought you were dining at the Club . . . and I saw . . ." "Go to bed at once, ADELINE," interrupted Papa, looking rather sheepish; "we'll talk about your disobedience later." But he never mentioned the subject to me again.

I was not Lord CARDIGAN'S first wife. She, poor lady, died young, after a life of perfect unity with him. I remember very vividly the day on which Lord CARDIGAN finally proposed to me. He had, of course, given me Prayer-books and so forth, but that was all. I was awakened by a loud knocking at the front-door. I looked at my watch and saw that it was not seven o'clock. The knocking continued. I heard the bolts drawn, the door opened, and a voice I knew well called impatiently for me. It was Lord CARDIGAN. I dressed carefully, even to my mackintosh, before I received him. Taking me in his arms he said, "My dearest, my first wife has now been dead six years this morning. Enough time has elapsed for all the conventions to be satisfied. Will you marry me, and will you allow me to arrange for our wedding to be solemnised without further delay?" I felt I could do nothing but agree. Pressing another gold-mounted Prayer-book into my hand, he rushed away.

Lord HERTFORD was at bottom an Evangelical. I think THACKERAY did very wrong to malign him as the *Marquis of Steyne*. There is, of course, no doubt that he looked a *roué*, while the society he lived in and his great wealth combined to make him noticeable. But as a matter of fact he was, like Papa and CARDIGAN, at heart a little child, and of a deeply religious nature. He always, however, looked a great nobleman, and never forgot his manners.

Lord HERTFORD was *persona grata* at Court; every one visited him, and his breakfast and luncheon parties were considered delightful. There were, of course, since this is a cruel and scandalous world, all kinds of rumours about the orgies after the Opera, when closed carriages were said to take the prettiest members of the *corps de ballet* up to the Regent's Park house, so securely hidden in its lovely sylvan grounds. Scandal said that once there the ladies discarded the conventional attire of the ballet and waited on Lord HERTFORD and his friends at supper wearing less than what is now con-



MORE FOOTBALL RESULTS.

Jock. "Th' Sco'sh ha' woon, lassie." *Jean.* "*So I see!*"

sidered good form to appear in as *Salome*. But it was scandal and nothing else; for as a matter of fact the closed carriages contained only the clergy and choir from St. Dunstan's, who were frequently summoned in this way to hold spiritual vigils with this kindliest of noblemen and titled saints.

Not long after Cardigan's death I was much exercised in my mind about a proposal of marriage I had just received from Disraeli. My uncle, Admiral Rous, had said to me, "My dear, I think it is on general principles undesirable for a Christian woman to marry an Israelite, even though he be the virtual ruler of England," but I had known Disraeli all my life, and I liked him too well to harbour such exclusive feelings. Are we not all members of the great human family? He had, however, one drawback so far as I was concerned, and that was he would put *peau d'Espagne* on his pocket-handkerchief.

Others who wished to marry me were more than one Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. Moody, Mr. Sankey, and the Editor of *The British Christian;* but I had to say No. They were either not sincere enough or I did not love them.

A FATHER'S LOVE.

[Adapted, without exaggeration, from a book written more than two thousand years ago.]

Dost thou love thine offspring dearly?
  Wouldst thou save him future pain?
Beat him on the sides severely,
  Beat him till he roars again.

Whoso pets his child and cockers
  Turns him to the walks of sin;
He that spares the knickerbockers
  Surely spoils the child therein.

If the colt remain unbroken
  Hast thou profit in his vice?
So thy son; and, more by token,
  Thou thyself wilt pay the price.

Wherefore, lest he prove a rover,
  "Teach" him ere the chance be gone;
Take him up and turn him over;
  It shall profit thee anon.

Laugh not with thy child and play not;
  Wink not on him if he fall;
Bow his neck lest he obey not,
  And thou gnash thy teeth withal.

Short the curb and strong the fetter,
  That his feet be not misled;
Is he good? He might be better;
  Is he naughty? Smack his head.

Be thou tireless in correction
  Hour by hour and day by day,
Diligent in thine affection
  Till his youth has rolled away.

Thus by fond paternal chidings
  Goodly shall he wax and wise,
Purged of juvenile backslidings,
  Perfect in thy fellows' eyes;

And for all thy pains and labours
  He shall make thee full amends,
As a boast before thy neighbours
  And a bragging to thy friends.

Dum-Dum.

First Steps towards Aviation.

"Considering the necessity which all fliers are under of carefully turning up before ascending, I should doubt whether M. Sommer can do much before Saturday morning."
Manchester Guardian.

But surely this necessity is not confined to flying. Even people who want to go by a train have to turn up at the station first.



Conductor. "VY ISS DER FLUTE MORE SOFTLY DAN IT CAN?" *Flautist (pointing to score, ppp.).* "PECAUSE DEY DOES."

POLITICS FOR THE PETS.

OR, NURSERY RHYMES WITH NEW READINGS.

A CORRESPONDENT (whose remarks we print under protest) writes as follows:—"My small nephew, aged six, said to me the other day, 'Uncle, what does Tariff Reform mean?' Naturally I was unable to answer him. It struck me, however, that, considering the increasing interest taken in politics by the younger generation, the nursery rhymes of our childhood might be revised to some purpose. My idea is that each rhyme should teach the chi'd the meaning of some political phrase. May I give you a few examples?"

I.—*The Land Taxes.*

"Mary, Mary, quite contrairy,
How does your garden* grow?"
"Oh, they taxed it as undeveloped land,
So it 's houses now—all in a row!"

* The garden was, of course, over five acres.

II.—*Unearned Increment.*

Poor Old John Bull
Sat on a stool
Eating his humble pie;
He pulled out a plum,†
LLOYD GEORGE exclaimed, "Come!
That 's unearned increment! Hi!"

† The plum was clearly there owing to the "action of the community."

III.—*The Importance of being Bermondsey.*

Ride, dear, with us
On a Bermondsey 'bus,
To see some white whiskers ‡ make
Radicals cuss;
We shall have speeches wherever we go,
For this is a "vital" election, you know.

‡ The only thing about the Conservative candidate that his opponents can get hold of.

IV.—*The "Revolutionary" Budget.*

Sing a song of sus-pense,
The country all awry,
Waiting for the verdict
On the Budget Pie!
Should the crust be broken,
Will the peop'e sing,
"Destruction to the House of Lords!"
Or—the other thing?

V.—*Woman's Suffrage.*

Little Miss Suffragette
Sat on a tuffragette §
Eating a purple ice,
When by came LLOYD GEORGE—
The sight roused her gorge—
"Votes for Women!" she screamed
at him (twice).

§ A diminutive cushion made of patchwork.

Commercial Candour.

"Nearly 300,000 of the intelligent readers of Great Britain would not miss its Special Articles."—*Advt. of "Morning Leader."*

A GASTRONOMIC GUIDE.

[A lecturer, treating of colour in food, has recently stated that while a chocolate tint appealed most to the highly educated, among the poorer classes yellow was most favoured.]

AH me! I dearly loved the maid,
And did my litt'e best to court her
With choicest chocolates (through the trade
At fivepence halfpenny the quarter).
The colour of her favourite sweet
Proclaimed how cultured was my Nellie,
And I rejoiced to watch her eat
And, with her mouth full, quote from SHELLEY.

But yet there rose, to bid me pause,
One question which would brook no shunning,
Had she the wherewithal to cause
My creditors to stop their dunning?
Her family vouchsafed no hint,
Until, as if to meet my wishes,
A jelly with a lemon tint
Appeared one day among their dishes.

I watched her at the festive board,
And scarce could I forbear from yelping
Right out aloud when my adored
Embarked upon her second helping.
Convinced I dared not call her mine,
I left her with extreme velocity,
Who gave this dietetic sign
Of obvious impecuniosity.



DECKED FOR THE SACRIFICE.

SHEPHERD LLOYD GEORGE (*having given finishing touches to his pet lamb*). "YOU 'RE TOO BEAUTIFUL TO DIE!"
BUDGET LAMB. "BUT PERHAPS THE BUTCHER WILL THINK SO TOO, AND THEN HE WON'T KILL ME."
SHEPHERD. "HUSH! HUSH! DON'T TALK NONSENSE."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Oct. 18. — Members back again after week's holiday. Lords, meantime hard at work, take a night off. Sort of *Box and Cox* business, as Sark says.

Attendance limited. Premier and Prince Arthur defer arrival. Would never guess, glancing over half-filled benches, that we are preparing another Revolution. A poor thing, but our own. Bill before House on Report stage means unification of Metropolis, with intent that all elections shall take place on same day. Rutherford pointed out how, in manner familiar with present Government, this strikes ruthlessly at heart of important, just now, struggling trade. What is to become of the hansom cabman, not less poor and honest than a Duke, accustomed to receive handsome fares on election days for driving the Plural Voter from poll to poll?

Claude Hay, taking closer view of situation, discovered in Bill insidious attempt to deprive London working man of one of his votes. Why should not the working man, having two town houses in London, have two votes?

Wonderful how concern for working man is quickened by approach of General Election. Only the other day there was touching plea for establishment of principle of one working man two public-houses. That mocked at by mechanical majority, who now laugh at idea of working man with dual town establishment.

Banbury, coming back after hunger strike patriotically undertaken in connection with Development Bill, is so impregnated with influences of this iteration of duality that he sees two Sam Evanses on Treasury Bench. Didn't know t'other from which. In striking passage pictured embarrassment of polling clerk asked to determine on election day which was Sam Evans of Mile End and which he of Paddington.

Case of Kimber, Bart., touched fringe of tragedy. Had looked forward to Report stage of London Elections Bill as great opportunity. Prepared to rise to occasion in stupendous speech. Started off by seconding Remnant's motion to re-commit Bill. In accordance with order ruling debate, Member bent on this errand must confine remarks strictly to argument showing cause why such course should be adopted. Must not discuss provisions of measure, already settled on Second Reading.

"And now," said Kimber, having got into stride and settling down to steady pace, "I will show hon. Members that the measure will not, as the First Commissioner hopes, make London as Birmingham."



"Sam Evans of Mile End and He of Paddington."

"Ho! indeed! *Sir Sam-u-el* Hevans, har yer?!! Well, I could do wiv a bit o' hinerement myself. Got a 'arf-crown about yer, eh, ole pal?"

Speaker.—"Order! Order! The time is past for showing that. The opportunity was on Second Reading. The hon. gentleman must set forth some arguments for re-committing the Bill."

This awkward. Kimber dolefully turned over pages of manuscript which demonstrated futility of Loulu's dream. With one eye on Speaker, the other on manuscript (of itself a disconcerting position), he went on. At end of half-a-dozen sentences, Speaker up again.

"The hon. gentleman," he said, "is resuming his speech at the point at which he was called to order."

And this a free country, the home of unencumbered speech! After painful pause Kimber made fresh start.

"On the Second Reading," he observed, "the First Commissioner of Works admitted that the Bill would abolish the dual vote in London."

Kimber conscious of the chilling of blood in his veins. An icy stream coursed through his spine. Without looking up was conscious of fact that the Dread Figure in the Chair was upstanding. Through the haze born of tear-dimmed eyesight, above the buzzing stillness that followed on pause of his own voice, he heard the Speaker ordering him to resume his seat; which he gratefully did.

Alas for those who never sing,
But die with all their music in them.

Business done.—London Elections Bill carried by majority exceeding two to one. Read a third time without division.

Tuesday.—After weeks' absence, Mr. Weir comes back, bringing his sheaves with him in form of bulky bundle of questions addressed to Lord Advocate. Yesterday he had a dozen, all in a row. To-day submits supplement of four.

In an assembly problematically capable but indubitably dull, Mr. Weir is a precious possession. Verily his price is above rubies. A drawback to perfect enjoyment of his presence is the impossibility of communicating its subtle essence to outsiders. *Nous autres* look upon his hairy countenance, recognise its supernatural gravity, hear the voice drawn up from his boots by hydraulic process, the stream passing by the way through roomy harbours of bagginess about the trouser-knees. We delight in the uniqueness of the rare aggregation; are in despair when attempt is made to convey to outsiders a sense of its incomparable charm.

An additional attraction is the uncertainty that ever haunts the looker-on as to whether Mr. Weir is really an unconscious humorist. Occasionally, when his eye falls on the Lord Advocate, a wicked light gleams under the shaggy eyebrows, suggesting he is not quite so simple as he looks. However it be, the comedy, simple in unpremeditated art, rich in quality, never palls. Towards the close of a Session that has lingered



The two Ures.

"A gay young dog" throwing off a few fancies about dukes.

"A dour Lowlander, implacably matter-of-fact."

through eight months, the constant observer grows aweary of the steely sparkle or the flashing light of parliamentary stars. Never of Mr. Weir.

The little comedy completed by collaboration of Lord Advocate. On the public platform Mr. Ure presents himself in the form of a gay young dog who delights in barking at the heels of dukes, making feints to nip the calves of millionaires. He is what Lord Halsbury would describe as "a sort of" cross between Lloyd George and Winston. In the House, replying to shorter catechism administered by Mr. Weir, he is a dour Lowlander, implacably matter-of-fact, doling out ounces and half-ounces of information in response to categorical enquiry. Some men in Ministerial position would attempt to thrust Mr. Weir aside with friendly joke. Lord Advocate treats him with profoundest gravity, reading replies of prodigious length.

"Will the right hon. gentleman let me have a copy of that reply?" says Mr. Weir in deep bass notes that subtly hint at criminal proceedings for wilful perjury, or at least malversation of facts.

"Certainly," replies the Lord Advocate.

Mr. Weir, casting upon him a sidelong glance, eloquent in expression of surprise that moral turpitude of unexampled degree should escape the instant intervention of thunderbolts, remarks: "Ques-ti-on 55; the same right hon. gentleman."

Business done.—Budget Bill comes up on Report stage.

House of Lords, Thursday.—Before, and immediately after, *Pip* realised his "Great Expectations" he suffered greatly at the hands of *Uncle Pumblechook*, who had unpleasing habit of dragging him up from his stool set in a quiet corner of the forge kitchen, putting him before the fire as if he were going to be cooked, and observing to *Mrs. Gargery*, "Now, mum, here 's this boy which you 've brought up by hand. Hold up your head, boy, and be for ever grateful unto them which so did do. Now, mum, with respections to this boy."

Then he rumpled his hair the wrong way.

Recall this domestic scene when looking in on House of Lords through week. Taking House of Commons as *Pip*, regarding the hereditary Chamber as *Uncle Pumblechook* (whom in other aspects it occasionally resembles) there has been a succession of hair-rumpling processes. Budget is a thing apart, slowly approaching hour of crisis. There are other matters—Irish Land Bill, Development Bill, Housing Bill, to wit—in respect of which *Pip's* hair has been sorely dealt with.

To-night Development Bill taken in hand. By comparison with others mentioned it has been tenderly treated. It forms one of succession of Government measures that have fared badly at the hands of *Uncle Pumblechook*. As soon as Budget Bill is out of the way in Commons we may look out for wigs on the green.

Business done.—Development Bill further developed in Committee.

FIRST PRINCIPLES FOR BABES.

What to Say on Trying Occasions.

The average baby, born to find itself the unhappy possessor of a body and mind with which it has only the barest idea what to do, is always open to receive directions for use. The average author, finding himself the possessor of unlimited paper and pencils, always welcomes a permanent subject for his lucubrations. This series will appear, therefore, week by week until the crack of doom.

[*See conclusion.*—Ed.]

Forgive us, dear infant, for calling you "It," and turn your attention to the necessity of saying the right thing on the right occasion. The hair on your head (or the lack of it) may seem to you to be a grievance crying out for more immediate attention. That, however, age will remedy; not too much age, for that tends to baldness. Again, before we start I should like to ask you if you have yet read *The White Prophet?* No? Well, please yourself, of course; but I do not think they will give you much peace until you have. And now for the conversation.

Though you will have but the merest acquaintance with words and their meanings, you will find yourself from the beginning of things the centre of admiring crowds, who will address many unanswerable remarks to you in a quaint, foreign-sounding tongue, and will probably look to you for some response. Though goodness knows this language of ours is intricate and difficult enough to master, yet I am sorry to have to inform you that every step will be taken during your first years to bring you up in a form of speech which is understood by no one and is only addressed to yourself, the cat, the dog and that unfortunate bird, the canary. I only know one word of it myself, and that is "Diddums." That word has no meaning, but it has a multitude of uses. It may express pleasure, surprise, approval, invitation and refusal. It may be used as an oath and more especially as a last resource, when something has to be said but nothing intelligible offers. Ignore it, dear child, from the first, and, if it is hurled at you *ad nauseam*, protest by tears and bites. I for one shall hold you entirely justified.

The most trying circumstance with which you will have to contend in early life is a course of perpetual kissing. Ladies, whom you have never met before



THE DIFFERENT SIDES OF A STORY.—No. 2.

Quotation from horse sale catalogue:—"For sale, Bay Horse, a good hunter, fast, winner of Great Blankshire Tallho Steeplechase, 1909." [*On referring to the Calendar we find there were two starters for this race.*

and trust never to meet again, will insist upon a sticky embrace and refuse to leave you until you have addressed some word or sign to them. Small children, who in later life will rob you, spread intolerable scandal about you and even collect income-tax off you, will insist upon being clutched, and elder sisters who will come to refer to you as "that imp" will be for ever mauling you about amd demanding conversation of you. What then are you to say?

Young thing, you are doomed from the first to disappointment. I cannot tell you what to say; in fact, I must strongly advise you not to worry yourself about the matter at all. At the moment any sound or even motion of the arms or legs will suffice, and, if you do go to the trouble of introducing yourself to the art of conversation, you will find that the more you are ready and willing to talk the less they will care to listen. Three years at least are necessary for becoming an accomplished linguist, and by that time they will be informing you that "little boys should be seen and not heard." The same remark is applied to little girls, with the added restriction, according to the views of the bitter majority, that they should not even be seen. When you arrive at the complete age of sixteen and feel that you really know all about everything, you will find your conversation less popular than ever. In fact, the only words which will then be required of you will be such as will present little difficulty either in the pronunciation or the spelling. They are: "Yes," "No," and "Indeed." Take my advice; and, if you may not join in the conversation at table, do not listen to it, but keep your eye on the food. You will not miss much. If they talk about themselves (as they probably will) their words will be neither very true nor very interesting. If they talk about you, it will be either to correct or to prohibit.

They may even expect you to learn a lot of dead languages, but never, I trust for your sake, Esperanto. That is a form of speech invented for the easy use of all the world on all occasions. It is, as a matter of fact, employed by about ten persons twice a year, and then without an audience. Probably by now most people cannot so much as remember what the word "Esperanto" itself means. Personally, I never knew. At any rate, if the Editor has any remark to make at the end of this article, let us hope that he will be man enough to make it in English. Probably he will want to remind you that there are going to be lots more of these articles. Anyhow, let us hear what he has got to say.

[*I do not think that this series will be continued.*—Ed.

Under these circumstances I have only one more thing to say to you, dear child. If among your professed admirers there is an editor, for once let him nurse you in his arms. This would be punishment enough for ordinary persons, but remember what he is and pull the short hair over his ears with all your little might. You will never forgive yourself in later life, if you let this opportunity go by.

[*This series will not be continued.*—Ed.

"Both entered the ring professing supreme confidence; but Ketchell, after receiving one smashing blow behind the ear, followed by a severe uppercut and a couple of sledgehammer effects on his heart, began to show signs of nervousness."—*Sportsman.*

One of those inexplicable cases of neurasthenia which defy the skill of the medical profession.

Support Home Products!

"In the town hall during the morning Mr. Ker Seymer announced two new British entries. They were those of Mr. Eugene V. Gratzer and Mr. Diderich."—*Daily Mail.*

WHY I HAVE CEASED TO BE A NOVELIST.

The fault was mine, so I blame nobody. I made my characters too life-like—that was the trouble! I made them live, and some of them were very nasty over it.

It seems that mine is a vitalising pen—one that endows the most subordinate characters with life, and after what happened last Thursday night I see that I shall have to confine its use to diaries and correspondence.

I was writing at home rather late, and I had just put aside my half-completed novel to outline a fancy trifle—a little by-product—which had come into my mind. This dealt with an imaginary club or green-room to be provided by authors for the use of their puppets when off duty. In a light-hearted yet scholarly vein I was making good capital out of the way in which, during the production of a novel, the characters off the page might amuse themselves at this symposium, when something very disquieting happened. I have said just now how my pen gives life to my characters. Well, in describing places it has an equally graphic and animating touch, and before I quite knew what was taking place this Puppets' Club had become an actuality, with a membership drawn entirely from the characters of my own novel! I found myself entrenched behind my little writing-table in a corner of the Club's largest room, and as I was not immediately observed I had the listener's usual luck of hearing myself freely discussed.

Margaret Deane, my heroine's bosom-friend, came by talking in animated tones to Norah, my heroine's youngest sister.

"Candidly, Norah, how do I strike you? I don't feel a bit well drawn."

"Why, you're just sweet," said Norah, and my heart went out to her. "But look at me! The stupid man's given me a 1905 gown and last year's coiffure. I do wish male novelists would talk about things they understand." (My heart came back from her.)

"They both suit you admirably," said Margaret, "and there are worse troubles than dress. Do you know I believe I'm going to be paired off with that fatuous noodle, Teddy Boskins, just because Mr. Beverton has such a craze for tidying up in the last chapter."

Tidying up in the last chapter! Why, my last chapters are little masterpieces! Even reviewers relax their severity when they come to my last chapters.

"Well," said Norah, "*I'm* supposed to be something of a grown up *enfant terrible*, and, there, I'm just a conventional English miss. I haven't said a smart spicy thing since the book opened."

"Well, but Teddy's a real nuisance," continued Margaret. "Why, see, there he is! He even pesters me now when we're off duty. But perhaps the time's come round for another of our silly dialogue interludes. I must go."

There was a slight commotion near the door, and Philip Vandale, my six-foot hero, strode down the room. He had an ugly contusion over his left eye.

"It's more than human nerves can stand," he cried. "This old idea that one hero can rout half-a-dozen hooligans has got to go." Of course I know I've muscles like steel bands, and a compelling eye, and a way, too, of hitting from the shoulder that knocks even the best out of time, but it's not always going to act. Only yesterday I was set upon by five navvies—five! Of course I came out top-dog, but it can't last. It's a dreadful thing for a hero to say, but I'm losing my nerve. I shall be giving out at a crucial moment and letting brute force win the day. Besides, I'm sick of it—I never settle down. If things don't cool off in the next chapter—and I know they won't—I shall just walk out of old Beverton's pages and never return."

"And Margaret?" queried his uncle, my white-haired country vicar. It was a subtle stroke, and Philip had the grace to blush.

"Ah! selfish brute that I am, I—I was forgetting," he stammered. "I cannot desert Margaret. No, I shall see the game through."

Would he? I had had about enough of Master Philip, and of them all. Even the old vicar presently spoke out in a manner ill befitting his cloth or the character with which I had endowed him.

"One more year," he said, "of visiting the people *I* have to visit, and I go mad—stark, staring mad. The villagers at Herbdale are like nothing that ever was on land or sea. They're fifty years behind the times. We're all fifty years behind! As for me, I'm swathed in the conventional restrictions of 1840."

"I know I'm tired of being swathed in the conventional shawls," said a querulous voice—it was that of Margaret's invalid mother, "and of always being house-bound. Two pages ago I was left at home from the river picnic."

"But I thought your health——" began a sympathiser.

"Health! Why, if I hadn't the constitution of a horse do you think I could have lived through all these years of cheap fiction? But I'm tired of it, and the next time Philip brings his motor round for Margaret I shall go with them. *They* won't like it, and Mr. Beverton won't like it, but I'm going, so there!"

Here a little band of people moved towards me, its motive-power and centre of attraction Hilda Verity, my regal and imperious heroine. Her eyes were flashing and her ringing tones were charged with anger and scorn. From her words I thought she had seen me, but I found this was not so.

"Who *is* this petty scribbler," she cried, "that we should all abase ourselves before him? rush to do his lightest bidding? Are we slaves? Are we school children? Are we marionettes? A strike—I vote we have a strike!"

"He would get others in our place," said Probes, the old family lawyer.

"Never!" said Hilda; and I began to regret that I had given her such a high spirit and so ready a tongue. "No, he could never get another set of dupes to play the dull, conventional *rôles* that we play. The deadly routine would stifle their souls—if they presumed to *have* souls."

Dull! Conventional! The girl was crazy. Her daily round was one of extravagant romance! And she could never speak but, like the child in the fairy-tale, jewels fell from her lips.



Golfer (reading from Weather Report). "'Owing to the continued disturbance over the continent of Europe the present rainy weather will be prolonged.' *Confound those foreign Anarchists!*"



NIGHTMARE OF A NEGROPUDLIAN AFTER THE BLACKPOOL FLYING WEEK.

If this represented the general feeling towards me I felt that I had better gather my papers and retire before I was observed. Just, however, as I made a movement to do so, Detective Pierce entered the room, and I knew that I was too late. No other detective in all fiction has the quick eyes or mental grasp of a situation that my Pierce has, and in a flash his glance had encountered mine, and he was pointing a rigid finger at my crumpled front.

"Ah, there he is—that 's our man!" he cried. "He thinks I am *his*—that we are *all* his, but he is grossly mistaken. He is ours!"

In a moment they were all surging about my small table. The heroine seized and tore into fragments the loose pages of my precious manuscript. (Misguided girl, she was to have married a lord in the next chapter!) The hero towered over me with clenched fists. (Coward, to attack a single opponent!) The vicar snapped his fingers in my face (and snapped his chance of a deanship at the same moment). A more graceless set of people, or one more blind to its own interests, I had never encountered.

"So much for this trash!" cried Hilda, and with the torn pages of my novel crumpled in her hands she turned to the fire-place. (It was July and there was a good fire in the grate.) I rose to stop her, but she had flung the script into the blaze ere I could reach her.

"You suicide—you murderess!" I cried, and, realising what she had done, her face blanched. As the fire caught and destroyed the pages, the figures in the room grew fainter and fainter; in less than a minute I was alone and back in my own room.

* * * * *

I shall write no more fiction; ingratitude is a quality I cannot forgive. Nor shall I personally feel the loss. On the contrary, I shall be in pocket, for, curious to say, the world has never seized upon my productions with avidity. I am afraid its intellectual side ripens slowly.

·3·

[A discourse intended to entertain and instruct during the half-hour immediately following Sunday tea, when one is digesting one's last meal and preparing one's appetite for the next.]

It started as a fractional
Amount, a vulgar third.
By divers mathematical
Malpractices, to which you shall
No further be referred,
It ended as a decimal
Which, so it said, recurred.

In front you will observe a dot,
And, if you look, you 'll find
Above its little apex what
Might seem to be a lucky spot
Of ink. This is designed
To indicate an endless lot
Of other threes behind.

That what might seem a speck of dust
Should have so much to say
Seems to the mind of laymen just
A trifle stiff to take on trust;
It tells you anyway
That that annoying figure must
Repeat itself for aye.

Ourselves were tempted to suspect
That little dot of lying;
But all our efforts to detect
The falsehood were without effect.
Indeed, there 's no denying
We found its tale the more correct
The more we went on trying.

So 'tis our duty, we conceive,
To tell you that this 3
From sunny morn to dewy eve
Repeats itself, till it achieve
A grand infinity.
And if you say you don't believe . . .
Well, frankly, nor do we.

"'Deign, great Apollo' ('Ruins of Atkins') Beethoven."—*Advt. of a Queen's Hall programme in "The Daily Telegraph."*

A last appeal to the gods to save the British Army.

"Debt repaid in 1906 . . . . . £914,102
Debt repaid in 1908 . . . . . £941,078
Increase of repayment of debt a year £73,024
These are certainly striking figures."
Daily Mail.

They are. Perhaps the third line is our favourite.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IF all the stories in *Actions and Reactions* (MACMILLAN) had been as delightfully human as the first of them, or as delightfully doggy as the second, RUDYARD KIPLING would have deserved much better of his many friends. He knows it as well as I do, or he wouldn't have given the place of honour to "An Habitation Enforced" (one of the best things he has ever done), and the next place to "Garm—a Hostage." But he cannot bring himself to resign his position as Prince of Cataloguers. He crams up all the special terminology of a bee-house or a flying machine, and we must endure the appallingly brilliant results in the shape of "The Mother Hive" and "With the Night Mail." In the rest of the stories—"The Little Foxes" is the best—we are spared technicalities, but cannot quite escape from a sense that the author has been striving after effect, or at least never meant us to be at our ease, and excused from the disturbing obligation to admire his cleverness. "The House Surgeon," which brings up the rear, is not even clever. It is, indeed, one of the poorest pieces of bogey work that I have ever seen produced by so great a craftsman.

After reading *The Paladin* (SMITH, ELDER), "as beheld," so Mr. VACHELL says, "by a woman of temperament," I cannot help thinking that *Harry Rye* was a kind of Aunt Sally propped up so that missiles might be unerringly thrown at him. Hopelessly disqualified as I am for a paladinship, I can still wish to shield myself from such a ruthless gaze. Once granted, however, that it was worth while to dissect *Rye's* character, I admit that the operation has been triumphantly accomplished. Both as a cautious and as a hasty lover *Rye* was unfortunate. First of all he marked time with *Esther Yorke*, and when she was tired of his way of counting the cost (and there was a cost) he found consolation with *Alice Godolphin*. She, we are told, "was the seventeenth young lady who, beginning her career at the Jollity Theatre, had soared into the peerage." In this rarefied atmosphere she dwindled away so rapidly that she had to take a rest-cure. And the result was not a good advertisement for rest-cures. Clever and brilliantly analytical as the book is, it leaves me cold; but I have to thank Mr. VACHELL for introducing me to a charming lady with the uncharming name of *Miranda Jagg*.

"Clean and wholesome danger" is one of the phrases that stick in my mind after reading *Dragon's Blood* (CONSTABLE). It exactly expresses the matter of Mr. H. M. RIDEOUT'S book. The danger—the Yellow Peril, on a small scale and at close quarters—arises in a Chinese trading-village, first from the plague, then from the natives, who, as the result of an anti-Christian riot, besiege the handful of European settlers, English, French and German, in the house and compound of the latest-joined member of the little community, a raw young German merchant. When at last they escape in a boat down the river, the young German is no longer a raw "griffin." He has been educated into manhood, partly by the common danger, partly by the inspiring example of what I hope and believe we may consider a typical Englishman of about his own age. If only all Germans, while they are young—but that is another and a less probable story. And my business is to say what I think of Mr. RIDEOUT'S. Well, I think this, that STEVENSON would have revelled in telling of the discovery of the plot and the siege of the Nunnery, and that Mr. RIDEOUT, without being STEVENSON (he is, in fact, peculiarly himself, with his pidgin English and the staccato, elliptical style of his white characters), has made his men and women, good and bad, very much alive, and his clean, wholesome danger delightfully thrilling.



EPISODES IN THE LIVES OF THE GREAT.—VIII.

BEAU BRUMMEL BUYS A CRAVAT.

The Tragedy of the Pyramids (HURST AND BLACKETT) is at once a professed counter-blast to *The White Prophet* and an individual romance. When Mr. DOUGLAS SLADEN says "counter-blast," he does not mean that he has blown his own trumpet louder than Mr. CAINE, but that he has taken the postulates of *The White Prophet* and drawn an entirely contradictory but more accurate deduction from them. Certainly his forecast of British behaviour in an emergency bears that semblance of probability which the other's military and administrative absurdities altogether lacked; and his use, for the purpose of his Nationalist revolution, of an Irishman's ferocity and a casual Labour M.P.'s spite against everything English, has been largely justified in fact by the Young Egyptian Congress at Geneva. As a romance, however, the book imitates too slavishly the methods of Mr. CAINE, for whom Mr. SLADEN in a wordy preface pronounces unlimited admiration. The many who share that admiration will be satisfied with this narrative, for they will miss none of their accustomed sentiment nor be denied their paragon hero and heroine, who overcome by their own unremitting virtue all the wickedness of mankind and the perversity of circumstance. But the mistaken few who have even less regard for Mr. CAINE'S "psychological treatment of elemental questions" than for his political judgment will probably wish that Mr. SLADEN had omitted altogether his romance and confined himself to his admirable counterblasting.

Admiral Sir W. H. FAWKES is announced to speak at a meeting at the Church House on November 5th, "if engagements will allow." There is, of course, a family anniversary to be celebrated on that day.

CHARIVARIA.

"I AM convinced," said Miss ELLEN TERRY, "that a national theatre has for ages been established in Mars." This raises an interesting speculation. Is it not possible that what astronomers have declared to be lengthy canals in Mars may actually have been queues of play-goers waiting to enter the pit?

***

The Court Circular informs us that Mr. HERBERT SIDNEY has had the honour of submitting for the KING'S inspection the picture he has painted entitled, "*Spartan mothers witnessing their sons, at the festival of the Diamastigosis, undergoing a trial of courage by whipping before the Altar of Artemis.*" But what we would like to know is this: Have we here the full title of the painting, or only a *précis* of it?

***

A certain philosopher, now dead, promised that after his demise he would place himself in communication with a Continental Society for Psychical Research. The Society has not yet heard from him, and it is feared that the deceased must either have met with a fatal accident or lost the address of the Society.

***

Mr. VICTOR GRAYSON accuses Mr. LLOYD GEORGE of having stolen his speeches. It is difficult to imagine a more mean and petty theft.

***

In explaining the alterations in his Budget, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE began his exposition with the words, "I take land." That sums up his position very succinctly.

***

The CHANCELLOR frankly calls his favourite imposition, "The Undeveloped Land Tax." We tremble to think what the Tax will be like when it is fully developed.

***

These indeed be revolutionary days. One by one our most cherished ideas are being taken from us. "A husband," declared Mr. Justice BARGRAVE DEANE in the Divorce Court last week, "has no right to strike his wife."

***

Suggested motto for his Lordship:—"I forbid the bangs."

***

The new prison for habitual criminals at Parkhurst is fast approaching completion, and, now that their profession has been officially recognised, habitual criminals are talking of founding a Trade Union to guard their interests.

***

Meanwhile his Majesty's prison at Springfield, Chelmsford, is so full that the infirmary quarters and punishment cells have had to be utilised for the reception of ordinary prisoners, and it may be necessary to open a waiting list.

***

The Army authorities are searching for a new biscuit for our soldiers, and the men are said to be getting nervous. They do not mind being called dogs of war, but they have no wish for the idea to be carried further.

***

The visit of the TSAR to Italy has set the Italians thinking once more of the advantages of joining Russia, France, and Great Britain. After all, four 's company, three 's none.

***

With a view to increasing the population the KAISER, according to a circular issued by the Minister of the Interior, will stand as godfather to the eighth child in any German family. The parents' fee is to be £3.

***

The Moorish Pretender who, we all thought, was killed the other day, is now reported to be alive. What a fellow he is for pretending! His conduct when he was being eaten by lions must have been a masterpiece of hypocrisy.

***

The London branch of the Historical Association, at a meeting held at University College, decided that children below the age of eight ought to be taught entirely by stories. At the same time we fancy that many parents will hesitate to place some of our modern newspapers in the hands of children of such tender years.

***

The experiment of getting lonely but garrulous persons to wear little flags as a sign that they are willing to talk to other persons is being tried at a certain restaurant with no pronounced success. "Conversation flags," in fact, sums up the situation.

***

As folks are now taking their cats out of cold storage *The Daily Mail* publishes a timely article on the choice of pets. "Few people realise," we are told, "how much joy is to be got out of an ordinary squirrel . . . One of these dainty little pets used to run along the writer's arm when she was painting, and find great satisfaction in nibbling the end of her paint-brush." We are of opinion that the writer does not make out such a strong case for the squirrel as she imagines she does.

***

On the subject of the breeding of cats for sale this same writer calls attention to the fact that the price obtained will depend on the position of the ears. This is quite true. A cat with ears each side of its tail will fetch a fabulous sum. We must, however, respectfully challenge the statement that "cats like to have their separate saucers, which should be of blue-and-white enamel." Given the right sort of fish we have known cats eat off red-and-white enamel without flinching.

***

Socialism at work; or the nationalisation of wealth:—

"MR. KEIR HARDIE'S WATCH STOLEN."



A PARDONABLE ERROR.

Dear but short-sighted Old Soul. "WHAT A WONDERFUL GUY, BOYS! SO LIFELIKE! IT SEEMS A PITY TO BURN IT!"

Boys. "THAT AIN'T A GUY—THAT'S *FARVER!*"

The Polygam.

"Matrimony.—Young Man Wishes to Meet Respectable Servant or others about 20; Genuine."—*Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.*

A new company has been registered under the title "Eggs, Limited," just in time for the General Election.

THE LULL BEFORE THE STORM

As, when the still air bodes a tempest coming,
Life is at pause and not a feather stirs;
Nature abandons her habitual humming
And hardly anything at all occurs
(Except that in this rotten Isle
It goes on raining all the while);—

The rabbit 's gone to bed, foreseeing trouble;
The fox has couched within his private earth;
The partridge-bird has scooted off the stubble;
The cockatoo has checked his impious mirth;
All, save the fishes down below,
Have modified their *status quo*;—

Not thus do we, before the burst of thunder
Fixed in the programme for a nearish date,
Adopt an attitude of speechless wonder
While we attend the Budget's doubtful fate;
That 's where we differ from the brutes,
Awestruck and shaking in their boots.

Pending the storm's preliminary tucket
There is a noise of talkers not a few
Crying, "They must," "They daren't," "They 're bound to chuck it,"
"To h—— (perdition) with them, if they do!"
Is there a man that can't say what
Should be the issue? There is not.

Only in one group scarce a tonsil budges,
Only on one peculiar type of brow
Sits the repose of high impartial judges
Scorning to join this passionate pow-wow;
Let others urge the fierce dispute,
Our Peers remain superbly mute.

In hall and castle, hunting-box and backwood,
Over the Bill they spend the midnight oil,
Asking their pilot consciences what tack would
Best suit the wishes of the Sons of Toil.
Hush, hush your clamour! sheathe your swords!
Do not disturb the noble Lords! O. S.

AT THE SIGN OF THE DUKES' ALMS.

THE Anti-Socialist Union is appealing to the public for one million shillings. We understand, on the authority of a well-known Tariff Reformer, that the following letters have been received by the Treasurer:—

From the Duke of B-df-rd.—I enclose 1*s.* for your fund. It is a great cause. I hope to send another next week.

From the Duke of D-v-nsh-re.—Enclosed please find 2*s.*—one from me and one from a guest staying at Chatsworth, who wishes to remain anonymous.

From the Duke of N-rth-m-b-rl-nd.—Have pleasure in enclosing 9*d.* in stamps. Shall hope to send the other 3*d.* on Saturday.

From the Duke of B-ccl-ch.—Herewith order on the Bank of Scotland for 2*s.* 6*d.* Please send me a collection-box. I think I could get a nice little sum for you.

From the Duke of P-rtl-nd.—I am sending you 3*s.* It has been a bit of a strain, but every shilling given away means something off these accursed Death Duties. I am having your collecting card gummed into the Visitors' Book at Welbeck.

From the Duke of R-xb-rghe.—Please accept my mite—from a working man.

From the Duke of W-stm-nst-r.—Sorry I cannot send you 1*s.* This awful Budget!

From the Duke of M-nch-st-r.—Please send me a shilling to send to you.

SHADOWS FROM THE PAST.

THE DANCE.

THERE was a good deal of excitement when the invitation arrived. It was on a card, and it announced that Miss Harmer was to be at home on a certain day at The Elms. In the corner was the statement that there would be dancing from 8.30 to 11. It was the most grown-up thing that had ever happened to the particular boy to whom the card was addressed, and his fifteen-year-old soul glowed with pride at the prospect of a real dance, at which he could wear his swallow-tailed coat, his white tie, his new enamelled studs, and his patent-leather shoes. Only one thing troubled him, and that was the anticipation of having to conduct conversations with his partners, especially with Miss Harmer, who was twenty-six years old and very beautiful. She had a lot of fair hair, and she had a bold way with her. Should he ever dare to ask her to dance, to put his arm round her waist and actually to attempt a waltz with her? And what could he talk to her about? The mere thought filled him with bashfulness and blushes.

The *optata dies* came inexorably, and at 8.30 to the minute he was set down at The Elms and was received by Miss Harmer. Before he knew what had happened he had said, "Good evening, Miss Harmer," and she had said, "Good evening, Ronald. So glad you 've come." He had meant to stay and chat lightly with her for a moment, but something had swept him on, and he was now standing aimlessly in the middle of the room with a painful consciousness of his hands. He felt, too, that his smile was becoming fixed, and he got rid of it by a sort of dead lift.

There were a great many other guests in the room, boys, girls, young men and young women. Some of them he knew, but he had eyes only for the supreme goddess, Miss Harmer. A man with black whiskers and an eye-glass was standing beside her and talking to her familiarly with great ease and composure. Why were men with black whiskers so detestable? and what wouldn't he, Ronald, give to be able to talk like that, and to bring those bright and fascinating replies from the divine Harmer? However, he must nerve himself to ask her for a dance in the orthodox manner. He did so, brought his programme forward, and advanced.

"May I have the pleasure of the next dance, Miss Harmer?" Was that his own voice, so prim and formal and unfriendly? No, it must be some one else's. He had intended to put any amount of warmth into the phrase, so that he might show her with what respectful longing he was yearning to lead her forth. "My dear Ronald," she laughed, "the next dance is the first dance. I can't dance that or the next two or three, because I've got to receive my guests, but I 'll give you the fifth—it 's the Lancers."

"Oh, thank you, Miss Harmer; and may I have a waltz too. I can dance the *trois-temps* all right, and I——"

"There 's nothing like asking," said Miss Harmer. "If you 're a very good boy you shall have the seventh too. That 's a waltz."

"And that 's my foot," said the black-whiskered man, removing it from under Ronald's. "Don't apologise. I like it. Everybody treads on my foot."

"There, there," said Miss Harmer, tapping the black-whiskered man with her fan, "we won't bother about a mere foot."

Clearly the black-whiskered man was abominable. Something painful and disgraceful ought to happen to him



A SUDDEN DETACHMENT.



HERO WORSHIP.

Archie. "By Jove, you Johnnies, I see here's some Johnny dived into a mine or something, and saved three other Johnnies—(*No reply; then, with some indignation*)—Must say *I* think it was rather decent of him!"

publicly. "Shake hands with Major Arkwright, Ronald," continued Miss Harmer. "He isn't as fierce as he looks."

Major Arkwright! A hero of whose prowess Ronald had read! His world was turned upside down.

The Lancers came and went successfully enough. Conversation during the Lancers is happily almost impossible; but when they were over Ronald's troubles began.

"Shall I take you to the refreshments?" he began.

"Oh, we won't bother about refreshments yet. Haven't done anything to deserve them."

"I'm sure"—he hesitated and then plunged—"I'm sure *you* deserve them, Miss Harmer."

"Don't be a complimentary little boy," laughed the lady; and the conversation died down to nothing till the blessed moment came for the music to strike up again.

The waltz was a series of minor disasters. It had been easy enough to dance the *trois-temps* at the dancing school, but here there were scores of gyrating couples, and they were always in the way. Finally Miss Harmer's dress was torn. "There," she said, "I knew that would happen. Let's sit down for the rest of the dance"—and they did. Having, so to speak, pumped up from the soles of his shoes the Academy, the bad weather, the curious behaviour of his head master, and other topics of conversation, Ronald had come to the end of his resources.

"I'm not much of a hand at talking," he said, desperately.

"Oh, you're much better than Major Arkwright," said Miss Harmer.

"But he can fight," said Ronald.

"Pooh," said the goddess, "what's the good of that in a ball-room?"

Thereupon the Major came up and claimed her for the next dance.

These violent conversational efforts had so grievously discouraged Ronald that he resolved to fly. He didn't wait for the carriage which had been ordered to fetch him, but dashed for liberty and home on foot. So ended his first dance. Last week it was his privilege to meet Mrs. Arkwright with her three grandchildren, and he reminded her of their dance a century or so ago.

Some Emotions and a Moral Victory.

END OF THE BUDGET.	BERMONDSEY.
Bermondsey's Verdict.	Substantial Majority
The "Poor Man's" Answer.	for the Budget.
Daily Mail.	*Daily Chronicle.*

This ought to give the Lords a clear lead.

Ure's Faithfully.

We understand that an admirer of Mr. Ure, having reiterated the statement that, if the Unionists were returned at the polls, they would abolish the system of Bank Holidays, now desires to offer an explanation. It seems he simply meant that he could not see how a Ministry which promised so much employment for the country could afford to allow these days to remain idle.

Optimism.

"Bournemouth.—An incessant downpour of rain prevailed yesterday, and all outdoor attractions were suspended . . .

Now is the ideal time for Bournemouth."—*Daily Telegraph.*

THE ORGANISERS.

THERE were six of them: Miss Blagworthy, Cecile, Dorothea, Mary Merton, Kate, and Mrs. Travers. They were all thinking deeply—except Cecile, who was busy smoking a cigarette and wondering why the smoke didn't get into Men's eyes.

They all wanted a vote.

Miss Blagworthy (34, *organiser*) wanted it because Taxation without Representation is Tyranny.

Cecile (27, *organiser*) wanted it because Men are *Beasts*.

Dorothea (18, *organiser*) wanted it because for forty years we had asked for it by peaceable methods, and now the time had come for——

"My dear," said Mary Merton, "that's hardly a reason for *wanting* a vote, though it's an excellent reason for——"

"This isn't a question of Reason," said Dorothea, haughtily. "It's a question of Justice."

Mary Merton (22, *organiser*) wanted it because of the poor girls in the factories.

Kate (19, *organiser*) wanted it because if Men had it, why shouldn't——

"My dear," said Mary Merton, "the fact that——"

"Dolly darling," said Kate quickly, to Dorothea, "can you reach the biscuits? You pig, you've eaten all the sugar ones."

And *Mrs. Travers* (35, *organiser*) wanted it because the Women in Finland had it. Besides, when you were *her* age——

"Bother!" said Dorothea, under her breath. "Hope I never shall be."

* * * * *

"We must think of something *new*," said Miss Blagworthy, striding up and down the room. Cecile looked straight in front of her with wide-open eyes, in the pretence that there was no such thing as cigarette smoke. The others thought deeply.

"What about going into a Cabinet Minister's meeting and saying, '*Votes for Women*'?" said Mrs. Travers at last. "In the very middle of the speech, you know?"

"They won't let us in now," said Mary Merton, "and if they do they throw us out."

"Men *are* beasts," said Cecile, pressing the red end of her cigarette on to the ash-tray in order to remove the ash.

"Besides," said Dorothea sarcastically, "we want something *new*."

Mrs. Travers thought again.

"We might go to a football match," she said at last, "what men would call a very important match, and in the middle of the over we could all rush on to the field saying, '*Votes for Women*.' Men don't like having their games interrupted."

"Ugh!" said Cecile with a shudder, "we should be killed. Beasts."

"I *want* to be killed," said Miss Blagworthy in a hollow voice.

"Let's inval—invali—validate another election by pouring stuff over the ballot-box," suggested Dorothea. "I should *love* to do it. Shouldn't you, Kate?"

"It's no good. Men don't play the game. They would pretend that the election hadn't been invalidated."

"It isn't cricket," coughed Cecile, "the way men retaliate on us. I shouldn't mind, even though they *are* beasts, if only it was cricket."

"Why *won't* they give us the vote?" cried Mary Merton.

"It will be bombs next time," said Cecile languidly.

Miss Blagworthy stopped suddenly in her pacings.

"I have a plan," she announced gloomily.

"Oh, what is it?" asked everybody else.

"We will all go into the House of Lords when they are discussing the Budget and cry '*Votes for* ——'"

"Yes, but how?"

"There will be peers there who have never been in the House of Lords before—unknown even to the policemen. We will go disguised as them."

"Disguised as men?" said Kate excitedly.

"No!" said Mrs. Travers and Mary Merton firmly.

"We must remember our sex," said Cecile gracefully, from a cloud of cigarette smoke, "even though men *are* beasts."

"My dear," went on Mrs. Travers, "when you are my age——"

"How ridiculous," said Dorothea to Kate, "she's twice as old."

"I should say she was forty, shouldn't you? It would be rather fun, *I* think."

Miss Blagworthy bowed her head.

"The sense of the meeting is against me. Very well. Then I have another plan."

"That's better, dearie," said Mrs. Travers.

"In future there must be one of us in attendance at every wedding in London, to cry '*Justice for Women!*' in the middle of the service."

There was a pause for apprehension.

"Ernest wouldn't have liked that," said Mrs. Travers thoughtfully.

"Must we?" said Mary Merton sadly. "I don't *like* doing it, but if we must——"

"You know, I'm not at all sure that I approve of the marriage service," said Cecile.

"Nobody would marry *her*, I should say," said Dorothea to Kate. "She's too—well—*you* know."

"And then when we are arrested——"

"Ah!" said Mary eagerly.

"Could they arrest you for that?" asked Mrs. Travers doubtfully.

"Obstructing the vicar in the execution of his duty," said Kate. "Or brawling. They'd think of *something*."

"Well, then we would refuse to open our mouths at all—not for anything or anybody."

"How about breathing?" said Dorothea.

"Through your nose, silly," said Kate.

"I mean, of course, that we wouldn't say a word in court—not to answer the magistrate, or give our names, or anything."

"I should like just to tell him that I refused to be judged by man-made laws," said Mrs. Travers wistfully.

"No. It must be absolute silence . . . And now let us go out and begin."

"It's five o'clock," said Kate. "Nobody can get married after three."

"There you are!" said Cecile. "Look at *that*."

"We can get arrested," said Miss Blagworthy, "and begin the Silent Treatment at once. To Parliament Square!"

* * * * *

Miss Blagworthy (34, *organiser*), having been told twice by a police sergeant to go back to her husband, knocked his helmet off and cried, "Men of England, what are you going to do for the women?" The sergeant (speaking chiefly for himself) sketched out the immediate programme.

Mrs. Travers (35, *organiser*) chained herself to the railings, and cried, "*Votes for women!*" They got her loose just as it was beginning to rain.

Mary Merton (22, *organiser*) pleaded with a policeman to arrest her, and when he simply said, "Lor-bless-yer-pretty-face-no-Miss," she proceeded to rescue Miss Blagworthy. This had the desired effect.

Cecile (27, *organiser*) stood in the middle of Parliament Square and brooded upon the scene. "Cowards!" she muttered to herself. "It is to the death now," she added. Then she took a cab to her club and said, "Bring the cigarettes, waiter."

Dorothea (18, *organiser*), who was new to London, lost her way and found herself in Victoria Street. She had a cup of tea and half a scone and butter at an A. B. C., and left a penny under the plate for the waitress. It was quite an adventure.

Kate (19, *organiser*) was ordered by a fatherly policeman to go home. She went.

* * * * *

An inconclusive story, you say? Not at all; there are two conclusions.

One is, "The Ladies, God bless 'em!"

The other is, "Votes for Women!"

A. A. M.



THE RE-ASCENT OF MAN: INSIDIOUS EFFECTS OF A NUT DIET.

AT THE PLAY.

I. THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE.

I DOUBT if Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN would have had the hardihood to present the new Adelphi play if it had not been for the success of *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, to which it bears a sort of bastard family likeness. This is not to imply that Mr. CHARLES RANN KENNEDY, who wrote *The Servant in the House*, owes anything for his idea to Mr. JEROME. "I have waited three years for this evening," he told us in a first-night speech; adding, in a burst of confidence, "and, by G—, it was worth it." Notwithstanding this pious asseveration I cannot altogether agree with him. Perhaps he is more easily pleased. Anyhow, I think him over-sanguine if he anticipates a success like Mr. JEROME'S, though you can never gauge the hearing powers of a theatre audience any more than you can guess beforehand the acoustic properties of a new building. In Mr. JEROME'S play you had to accept a miracle, it is true, but, once you had got over that, the rest was logical and consistent enough. But *The Servant in the House* is a veritable medley of unthinkable prodigies. It seems an extraordinary thing that, when the author



The Bishop of Lancashire Mr. J. H. BARNES.
Robert Smith ... ... Mr. HENRY MILLER.

wants to inculcate a great Biblical truth, it should be necessary to employ the machinery of farce; to introduce a Bishop, for example, disguised as a native Indian butler, and another Bishop with an ear-trumpet, and as blind as a bat, sitting at breakfast with a scavenger whom he mistakes for a clerical brother-in-law. I don't know which figure was the more grotesquely improbable—this second Bishop, who apparently had amassed a lot of bullion by shady processes and frankly advocated the principle that you should give as little as possible, and grab all you can get, or the drain-man, seized with a sudden passion for making the acquaintance of his little daughter, though he might have given himself this treat any time during the last thirteen years if the idea had crossed his mind. Indeed the only characters that I could get myself to believe in at all were the comic page-boy and the very natural snob that was his mistress. With the former I found myself in close agreement when he complained, "I never see such a lot of improbabilities agoin' on in any house"—or words to that effect. A very sensible boy.

Mr. KENNEDY was right when he attributed his triumph—for the house was very good to him—chiefly to the merits of the actors, and Mr. HENRY MILLER in particular. It was, indeed, a remarkable performance throughout. Constantly by sheer force of sincerity they saved the situation when the sentiment threatened to be mawkish, or the melodrama too glaringly Adelphic (old style).

The author has gifts of humour and irony, and even in a play so crude in construction and so noisy in its contrasts one might catch many subtleties of thought; but no moral purpose is likely to be achieved among thinking people, or indeed deserves to be achieved, by such means as are here employed.

As for his reckless ridicule of the clergy—two out of the three either are or have been a disgrace to the cloth—there are black sheep in every profession, though not, I hope, in such lavish proportion to the whole. But I am not greatly concerned about the Church; the Church is strong enough to look after itself. I am more concerned about the Stage—a much weaker institution. It cannot afford to play this kind of game, for ridicule that is obviously unfair is apt to recoil.

I must not end without saying how sorry I was for the villain of the piece, the *Bishop of Lancashire*. By some extraordinary oversight no place was found for him in the scheme of Universal Love and Brotherhood; yet, being so uncharitable, he of all others stood most in need of charity. O. S.

II. THE LITTLE DAMOZEL.

Have you ever (dear reader) pulled out your cigarette case, planked it on the table, and said to your friend, "Have one of these—my own brand?" Probably. But little did you realise then that, seven years ago, the girl you were in love with smoked one of them with you and remembered the aroma so well that in the next Act she would recognise, in the husband of the girl who had been jilted by the man she was about to marry, no less a person than you, her old lover.

If you don't realise this now—after I have put it so plainly—it is because you haven't been to see *The Little Damozel*, by MONCKTON HOFFE. The Little Damozel was *Julie Alardy*, and she played the harp in the orchestra of the Café Angélique. Her relations with *Captain Neil Partington* were quite innocent, but the latter had written some very foolish letters to her, and when he discarded her and made up to *Miss*



Captain Neil Partington Mr. LYLE.
Recklaw Poole ... ... Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY.
Julie Alardy ... ... Miss MAY BLAYNEY.

Sybil Craven (of Craven Hall, Craven, Cravenshire) he wanted these letters back. It was not simply that he had said, "I love you" in them—*Sybil* would have forgiven that; not that he had added vaguely, "I am not worthy of you, darling"; but that (apparently) he had explained in full detail, with names and dates attached, *why* he was not worthy of her.

Julie was dangerous, for she refused to part with the letters. But *Partington* thought of a plan (which never would have occurred to me). He bribed *Recklaw Poole*, the cigarette smoker, with £15,000, to marry The Little Damozel. They were already fond of each other, and the fact that *Recklaw* had suddenly come into money would weigh with *Julie*. Once married, she would forget her grudge against her old lover.

But [Act II.] *Partington* had forgotten the cigarette (as I should have done). *Sybil* meets *Julie*, the latter lights up one of the old brand, and *Sybil* says, "Where have I heard that cigarette before? Yes . . . it is . . . You have married the man I loved seven years ago. His name then was *Recklaw*." "Yes," says *Julie*, "but he changed it to *Poole* when he was warned off the Turf." And so it all comes out. *Julie*, in frenzy at the plot that was played on her, leaves her husband for ever.

You see what a jolly lot they are. But *Recklaw* has still one card up his



THE ABSENT-MINDED BEGGARS.

Extract from the report of latest French duel.—"—— ON THE WORD BEING GIVEN M. CHEVASSU SHOT OVER M. BERNSTEIN'S HEAD. M. BERNSTEIN, INSTEAD OF FIRING, PLACED THE PISTOL BEHIND HIS BACK. ON BEING ASKED WHY HE DID NOT FIRE, M. BERNSTEIN SHRUGGED HIS SHOULDERS AND REPLIED, 'I FORGOT.'" *[The above is a fancy picture of the next French duel.*

sleeve. With his last few thousand pounds he insures his life in five companies and prepares to commit suicide, so that *Julie* shall have his money. (Even Mr. MONCKTON HOFFE seemed to think that this was a perfectly honest thing to do; but perhaps I do him an injustice. In any case I can understand that some months in the company of *Poole* and *Partington* would dull any author's conscience.) *Julie* hears of this, realises that *Recklaw* really loves her ("I could not love thee, dear, so much," etc.), and forgives him. (And presumably herself for her blackmail of *Partington*, her mercenary motives in marrying, and so forth.)

Much of the dialogue is delightfully fresh and natural; it is a pity that it should be partially spoilt by such a theatrical setting. But Mr. HOFFE takes his plot quite seriously, and there are scenes of the utmost pathos in the Third Act; alas that they should leave our withers absolutely unwrung. I hope Mr. HOFFE will write a plain straightforward comedy some day, for he has the gift of easy dialogue.

Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY, as *Recklaw Poole*, was all that Mr. HAWTREY always is; Mr. VANE TEMPEST was beautifully himself as himself, and Mr. ARTHUR PLAYFAIR was particularly excellent as the Café proprietor—he, at any rate, had stepped straight from life on to the boards. Miss MAY BLAYNEY gave a very promising performance as *Julie*, but in trying to be natural was too conscious of both herself and us. In moments of passion and pathos she was much more at her ease. M.

"It was publicly said of him that he was notable . . . as having given a pledge at one place to go to the poll and not having gone, and not to go to the poll at another and having went."—*The Westminster Gazette.*

But we have all went like this in our time.

The Times Engineering Supplement on the new Cunarder:—

"The rudder and both sets of steering gear are below the water-line."

Why did nobody think of putting the rudder there before?

In an advertisement of GEORGE BELL & SONS' publications, we are glad to see, under the head of

MASTERS OF LITERATURE,

the following announcement:—

CHESTERTON. By G. K. Chesterton. [*November.*

We shall now know, for the first time, what Mr. CHESTERTON thinks of himself. Only a few more days to wait.

The author of *Boom!*—a new novel published by GREENING—is Mr. WILLIAM CAINE, and not Mr. HALL CAINE, as you might think from the title.

"The West, by fine forward rushes, made headway from the drop out, and the 'Sonians were called on to defend a fine trick. Davidson found a duet at the corner flag."—*Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.*

How very technical the game is getting.

"His height, weight, and strength make him a useful player in any company, and amongst schoolboys he is a trident among minnows."
The Australasian.

Or, as one might say, a "hairpin among winkles."



Sentry (fiercely). "HALT! WHO GOES THERE?"—*(Pause, then mildly)*—"I SAY, YOU *MIGHT* 'ALT WHEN I ASKS YOU."

THE LITTLE BACK NUMBER.

I WAS glad to see Werradaile again, but I could not help being sorry at the evident signs of his estrangement from prosperity. Three years had made a lot of difference.

We talked for half an hour about the weather, the old school and so forth; then we came to the point.

With my well-known presence of mind, I explained that by an irony of fate, while it was the one thing I would like to do, it was also the one thing I could *not* do.

"A fiver would just tide me over," he continued, ignoring my attempt to close that channel of conversation. "I have had a disappointment this week which has made me a bit short. I have been rather unlucky over Prince OLAF."

"Prince OLAF?" I said. "Oh, yes, the little Swedish Prince."

"Norwegian," he corrected me. "He has just come over to England."

"Indeed! I didn't know."

"You would have known if I had had any luck; but the papers have been so full of URE and DUMPHREYS and the weather that I haven't had a chance. I make the incidents about Prince OLAF, you know; and beyond one or two lines about his greeting the KING on his arrival I haven't placed anything this time. I made over £20 on his first visit; my story of how he had a Guardsman led to his nursery each morning to play with was very popular, and his salute at the sound of the National Anthem—do you remember?—that went down splendidly. And I did fairly well out of his other visits. But this time, after I have spent the last ten days getting stories ready, the papers won't look at a thing. It is very unfortunate for me."

"And the stories that the papers published, and that went straight home to the nation's heart, were not true?" I asked, with indignation.

"Oh, they *may* have been. I kept quite close to the probable, and anyway they were just the things that a nice Prince like that would do. I suppose I shall have no chance with OLAF until he is old enough to play pranks in his regiment. I've done pretty well from time to time along that line with the German Princes. But it will be some years yet, and I can't wait until then. Could you manage just half-a-sovereign?"

MOTHER SHIPTON ON THE CRISIS.

[Mr. BERNARD SHAW has astonished the literary world by contributing a preface to the new edition of Mr. HALL CAINE's last novel.]

WHEN SHAW shall hunt in couples with CAINE
Sperm-whales will spout in Mincing Lane.

When CAINE shall hunt in couples with SHAW
MILES will devour cold mutton raw.

When SHAW shall hunt in couples with CAINE
MAX BEERBOHM will imitate WALTER CRANE.

When CAINE shall hunt in couples with SHAW
All camels will cry, "This *is* the last straw."

When SHAW shall hunt in couples with CAINE
The Censor will come by his own again.

When CAINE shall hunt in couples with SHAW
Wild asses will joyfully murmur "Hee-haw!"

When SHAW shall hunt in couples with CAINE
There will be waterspouts in Spain.

When CAINE shall hunt in couples with SHAW
The Merry Widow will cease to draw.

When SHAW shall hunt in couples with CAINE
LLOYD GEORGE will fill the Round Pond with champagne.

When CAINE shall hunt in couples with SHAW
Mr. PLOWDEN will cease to excite a guffaw.

When SHAW shall hunt in couples with CAINE
The British Lion will shave his mane.



A PLEASURE DEFERRED.

THE BUDGET (*as* GUY FAWKES). "THEIR LORDSHIPS NOT AT HOME? THEN I'LL CALL AGAIN."
HOUSE OF LORDS FLUNKEY. "ANY MESSAGE?"
THE BUDGET (*as* GUY FAWKES). "NO, NO! I JUST WANT TO BLOW THEM UP."

[The Commons propose to finish with the Budget Bill on Guy Fawkes Day. The Lords are to consider it on the twenty-second.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, Oct. 25.—Deathless originality of our hereditary legislators, their lofty contempt of the commonplace, illustrated afresh to-night. Scorning delights, they have spent laborious days with Irish Land Bill. Have so cut it up in Committee that Saint Augustine, regarding the completed work, does not know his own child. In genial effort to assist paternal recognition, noble lords give it a few more hard knocks.

To-day it comes up for third reading. Agreed to without discussion; and there an end on't, you suppose. Which shows you don't know our House of Lords. Lord Chancellor, having put question, "That the Bill be now read a third time," and declared "The Contents have it," up gat Donoughmore and moved quite new amendment. One of a dozen that stood on the paper. Had something to do with arrangement by which payment of purchases under Act was to be made in cash, in stock, or partly in each.

Mayo, with characteristic directness and candour, went to root of matter in couple of sentences.

"Landlords," said he, "do not look with favour on payment by means of stock. They look with very great favour on cash payments."

A murmur sounding uncommonly like the smacking of appreciative lips approved this noble sentiment.

Crewe sat forlorn, conscious of arid waste on benches behind him. Pointed out that amendment would endanger basis on which provision was made for payment of purchase money. But what would you? What use any more walking through lobbies, one of a maximum of thirty, returning to await arrival of ultimate Peer in jubilant throng of five score or more coming back from Aye lobby? So amendment after amendment was patched on travesty of Bill that left Commons a few weeks ago in buoyant vigour.

With respect to one of them Crewe pointed out how it would hamper operation of Act, plaintively adding: "But as the noble Earl sets great store by it I will not detain your Lordships by discussing it."

Bang went another chunk of original Bill. In the end motion made and agreed to "that the Bill do pass."

Business done.—Wreck of Irish Land Bill towed out on its way back to Commons.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—Whilst Questions went forward, uneasiness manifested on faces of peaceful Members seated by Mr. Remnant. Learned Member, with foot



"Talk of remnants," said Winterton, "if he got hold of Ure——"

crossed over knee, was rapidly passing hand backward and forward upon upper leather of boot as if sharpening a knife. His lips moved; echo of refrain was heard. As far as it could be caught it sounded like

Fee Fi Fo Fate:
I smell the blood of Lord Advocate.

Explanation forthcoming when Remnant, jumping up, asked Premier "if he would put some curb upon the Lord Advocate?" Picture of Mr. Ure with bit in mouth, led about by Premier, bridle in hand, tickled fancy of House. Asquith made no response to tempting invitation. Remnant not to be disposed of on such terms. As everybody knows, Lord Advocate, least emotional-looking man on Treasury Bench, been going to and fro saying things about Old Age Pensions, Dukes and other folk, poor but honest. Remnant thirsting for opportunity to be at him. The late Earl Chatham's earnest desire for closer contiguity with Lord Strachan, a desire reciprocated by his noble friend, was nothing compared with Mr. Remnant's yearning to have his fingers in the Lord Advocate's flowing locks.

"Talking of remnants," said Winterton, regarding with admiration his bench companion, "if he got hold of Ure, the fragments would not fill anything like six baskets."

Receiving no encouragement from Premier, Remnant appealed to Speaker. Asked if he would be in order in moving adjournment of House in order to discuss Lord Advocate's "scandalous utterances."

By strange coincidence, Fiennes, seated on benches opposite, equally anxious to discuss the subject. Has placed notice of motion on paper. Doesn't mention a day for bringing it on. Practical effect the same. Other Members desiring to hurry up the matter find the way blocked. Thus the Speaker ruled.

So Remnant dropped back in his seat, comforting himself with resumption of chant and of the little by-play with the top-leather of his boot.

Business done.—Licencing Clauses of Budget Bill dealt with in Committee. Faber draws blood-curdling picture of Ministers on Treasury Bench — a black-bearded, high-booted, many-pistolled crew, who have run aloft the Jolly Roger on which in blood-stained letters (fluid said to be drawn from willing veins of Lord Advocate) flaunts the legend "Revenge, not Revenue."

Thursday.—House learns with pained surprise that at meeting of Council of Northumberland Miners Association Burt and Fenwick have had notice to quit. Association, captured by Independent Labour Men, requires that henceforward candidates whom it supports at the polls shall pledge themselves to vote



Remarkable Persistence of Type in Lord Chancellors.
(Lord Lorebura or Lord Halsbury—which?)



Authorities on the ingratitude of the Labour Party.
(Messrs. Fenwick and Burt.)



A Triumph of Antiquity.
The Winged Victory of Tariphrace. (Mr. Dumphreys, M.P.)

and act with the I. L. P. In other words, instead of continuing the service to their constituents and the British Workman, conspicuously and successfully rendered, in Burt's case for thirty-five years, in Fenwick's for nearly a quarter of a century, they shall become automata, toeing the line where Don't Keir Hardie chalks it.

As might be expected, the sturdy Northumbrians decline proffered position. By overwhelming majority dominant wire-pullers of the Association Burt founded and has given the best years of his life to nurture, bade them be gone.

Familiar axiom that there is no gratitude in politics. Latest testimony to its truth goes far beyond modern experience. Burt was the first genuine working man to take his seat in House of Commons. The Member for Sark, returned in same year (1874), and like the Member for Morpeth since uninterruptedly representing same constituency, well remembers sensation created. To the working man it was of inestimable value that the experiment should have been initiated by such individuality. What might have happened was later suggested by return of another Labour Member sent to Westminster by a Staffordshire town. A vain windy person, he represented the class of tub-thumpers who occasionally (happily only temporarily) enthral the guileless working man, nobbling Trade Associations, using their machinery for displacement of worthier men.

From the first, as unto this last, Burt habitually kept himself in the background, though missing no opportunity of coming to the front when interests of his fellow-workmen were at stake. He gradually won the esteem and confidence of all sections of the House. There is to-day no Member whose rising in debate would be more warmly welcomed, whose counsels would have weightier effect. When Mr. G. formed his last Ministry he amid general acclaim made the Member for Morpeth Parliamentary Secretary of Board of Trade. Coming into his inheritance four years ago, one of C.-B.'s first acts was to add the name of Thomas Burt to the roll of Privy Councillors.

Thus, in Parliamentary debate and on postal address, he became Right Honourable. A proud distinction, sufficient for Dizzy in his prime, serving Peel and Gladstone to the last. For Burt it was confirmation by royal grace of habitual circumstance. He was right honourable when, at the age of ten, he began to work as a pit-boy. Right honourable he has remained in every phase of public or private life.

In Fenwick he found a comrade who stands only second to him in personal esteem of House. For nearly a quarter of a century these two have worked together in the best interests of Labour. Now for all reward they are ignominiously cast forth at the bidding of an alien Trades Union.

Glad to know they mean to fight it out. Northumbrian miners may be counted upon to see the thing properly through.

Business done.—Nearing end of Report Stage of Budget. Shall finish to-morrow.

From a catalogue:—

"Mycenaean Pottery.—Ten Pieces of Mycenaean Pottery of Extreme Age . . . These interesting relices are probably fully three hundred years old."

How time flies! It seems only yesterday that Agamemnon was laid to rest, yet it is "fully 300 years ago!"

Commercial Candour.

From an advt. of a café (in the programme of the Gaiety Theatre, Toronto):

"OPEN TILL MIDTIGHT."



THE DIFFERENT SIDES OF A STORY.—No. 3.

Lady (who has jumped on the top of another). "STUPID WOMAN! CAME DOWN JUST IN FRONT OF ME, AND NEARLY GAVE ME A BAD FALL."

THE JULIA BUREAUCRATS.

MR. STEAD'S conversation with DISRAELI, in the course of which the august shade advised the Lords to pass the Budget, is but one of many of his dialogues with the dead which, if not so happy as LUCIAN'S, are at any rate more startling.

As a matter of fact, the spirits spring up in Julia's Bureau with such rapidity that even Mr. STEAD has difficulty in keeping pace with them.

Of what COBDEN said to W. T. S. with regard to the Bermondsey Election it is too late to speak; but he knew to a T the precise position on the poll of the genial JACK DUMPHREYS, and the rumour that his last words to W. T. S. were "Tell him on no account to shave" is inexact.

Another recent visitor was ROBESPIERRE, with views on the future of the House of Lords. We have translated the sea-green incorruptible's French.

W. T. S. Mr. DISRAELI, who was here the other day, advised the Lords to pass the Budget. What do you think?"

ROBESPIERRE. I think (*je pense*) it will be very dull if they do.

W. T. S. Why dull?

ROBESPIERRE. Because a very interesting (*intéressant*) struggle will be avoided.

W. T. S. You refer to that between Lords and Commons?

ROBESPIERRE. I do.

W. T. S. What do you advise?

ROBESPIERRE. I advise nothing. It is too late. Events must take their course. But I hope (*j'espère*) for a conflict.

W. T. S. And then?

ROBESPIERRE (*rubbing his hands*). Then the tumbrils.

Following upon a terrific double knock under the table—two blows that would have felled an ox—in romped the ghost of TOM SAYERS, the prince of prize-fighters, with some very pointed comments on the coming JEFFRIES-JOHNSON fight.

W. T. S. You observe, Mr. SAYERS, that a meeting has at last been arranged between the American and the Herculean Negro.

TOM SAYERS. Say that again.

W. T. S. Between JEFFRIES and JOHNSON, the Sable Southern Champion.

TOM SAYERS. You mean the Bounding Black. Yes.

W. T. S. Could you tell me which will be the victor?

TOM SAYERS. Not much, Mr. STEAD. What do you take me for? If anyone is going to profit by such foreknowledge as that, it's a better friend to me than you look likely to be.

Soon after TOM had disappeared, in walked LEONARDO DA VINCI, with stately tread.

W. T. S. Just the genius I wanted! You have seen *The Times*?

LEONARDO. I have begun to take it in.

W. T. S. Well?

LEONARDO. Well?

W. T. S. Have you no sentiments?

LEONARDO. Too many Cookseys spoil the broth.

W. T. S. Are you not anxious that the praise for the bust should be rightly given?

LEONARDO. It amuses me more to wait and watch.

W. T. S. I have no patience with such an attitude.

LEONARDO. You are out of sorts, man. Try RICHARD COCKLE'S pills.

JULIA, the world will be glad to know, is hoping momentarily for a visit from WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE; although HERRICK sounds more in her line.

BACON, it is said, has refused to attend unless a higher fee is offered.

MORE ESSAYS IN EULOGY.

[Suggested by Mr. Lloyd George's magnificent panegyric of Mr. Balfour as one of the greatest assets and luxuries of the House of Commons.]

SPEAKING at the Annual Banquet of Amalgamated Pianola Players, at which Miss Carrie Morelli was the principal guest, the toast of the evening was proposed by Mr. Allcane in a speech of extraordinary eloquence and effusion. He said that the blind and doddering tribe of reviewers, whose fatuous imbecility would be contemptible if it were not so malevolent, had always sought to misrepresent the mutual attitude of Miss Morelli and himself and to make out that one or other or both were animated by a spirit of internecine rivalry. So far was this from being correct that he was the first person, many years ago, to lend his sister artist a helping hand and assist her in planting her dainty but tottering steps on the ladder of fame. He never repented that service; indeed he was proud of it. He and Carrie—might he call her Carrie?—*(Terrific applause, during which Miss Morelli signified her assent with a bewitching inclination of her tiara-crowned head)*—did not always see eye to eye. There had been occasions on which she had not spared his feelings but had castigated him with the lash of a severe but salutary criticism. But that did not prevent him at this harmonious feast from expressing with a full heart his sincere conviction that Carrie Morelli was one of the most remarkable women who had ever lent additional lustre to the solar system. In the words of the hymn:—

Imagination's widest stretch
In wonder dies away

in the vain attempt to render justice to her sumptuous intellect—*(cheers)*—her mellifluous mentality—*(Kentish Fire)*—her gorgeous and supra-tropical imagination—*(prolonged and enthusiastic plaudits)*.

Miss Morelli, rising with a swanlike statelincss that greatly added to the impressiveness of her reply, observed that seldom, if ever, had a famous authoress occupied a more embarrassing position. But she was not going to pretend to a mock modesty which she did not possess. Praise to the face was trying, but when it was laid on with the trowel of merit to the *mens conscia recti* of genius, there were few more delicious experiences. In conclusion she expressed her grave doubts whether there was any country in which such a speech could be delivered on such an occasion and on such a subject except this country; and whether any man could have made such a speech who was not a Manxman.

THE NEW GAMES.

THE long evenings being upon us, an emissary of the *P. M. G.* has been enquiring into what has been done to help kill them by the ingenious brains that make the nation's pastimes, and he has discovered at least one treasure, entitled "Temperanzo," which has been devised for temperance people "anxious to combine moral instruction with entertainment. Played with a numbered dice *(sic)* and black balls, after the manner of most board games, the ultimate goal is either 'the happy home' or 'the workhouse'; much on the lines of 'The Boy: What will he become?' showing the various stages."

Another game, called with equal wit "Racecorso," which has been devised by *Mr. Punch*, is on similar lines; and together they are calculated to sow the most valuable seeds in whatever nurseries they are played in.

An excellent topical variety of "Fox and Geese" is now ready, in which the Fox bears a resemblance—sufficiently near to satisfy the artistic conscience of makers and players of games—to Mrs. PANKHURST, and the Geese are Liberal politicians. There is also a "Fox and Geese," in which the Fox is labelled the Censor and the Geese are the Dramatists.

"Families," that admirable friend of our childhood, also breaks out in several new forms. There is, for example, the "Cabinet Family," in which each member of that body is supplied (purely for festive purposes and entirely without prejudice) with a highly-coloured helpmeet of grotesque appearance and three comic children. To complete as many of these apochryphal families as may be is, of course, the object of the players.

The old "Family Coach" has been brought up to date under the title of "The Family Aeroplane," and no one can emerge from the rigours of this pastime without a considerable knowledge of aerial engineering. Each child having assumed his or her part—one being the motor, one the lifting rudder, one the steering rudder, one the left wing, one the right wing, one the lever, and so forth, the narrative is read out and the trencher spun exactly as in the "Family Coach."

Among the new puzzles, without the diverting assistance of which it would be practically impossible to get through such a world of frustration and bad weather at all, are some with such attractive names as "Pop-Wozzle," "Inky-Winky," and "Solbobs." "Pop-Wozzle" is a convex board with four depressions at each end and four steel balls. The thing is to get the balls from one end to the other without touching them, merely by raising and depressing the board. As it is highly polished and has no raised edge, the player spends most of his time on the floor picking up the balls; and thus the dreary day passes.

And Germany? What are they doing there? What form does the strenuous life take with which we are thus frivolously occupied? Well, many of these games are made in Germany.



"AVE, CÆSAR! MORITURI TE SALUTAMUS."

"But it was a hopeless matter to try to drive the camel of landlordism through a needless eye."

The humps of unearned increment would stick in the least uncalled-for eye.

Horrible Tragedy in Private Life.

"ASTRAL BODY.—Of course, the treatment prescribed was meant for the hips and would not do for the lips at all."—*Hearth and Home.*



Candidate for part of Juliet (to Manager of Shakespearean company). "OH, YES, MR. STORMER, I'M AWFULLY GONE ON SHAKSPEARE'S STUFF. D'YOU KNOW, I THINK HE'S A MAN IN A THOUSAND!"

AN INDEX EXPURGATORIUS

For Mrs. Beeton's Cookery Book.

[DR. CHARLES HEYDEMANN maintains that human character is transformed by the food consumed, *e.g.*, that the piggishness of the Englishman's morning grunt is traceable to his breakfast of bacon. We have thus a fresh illustration of the old proverb that he who drinks beer, thinks beer.]

SAYS the Teuton, "Man ist was er iszt"—
If you *are* what you eat, have a care!
There are dangers that lurk in the list
Of the dishes your *chef* may prepare.

If sober behaviour's your *rôle*,
"Tipsy cake" you should utterly spurn;
Don't dally with "toad-in-the hole,"
Or a snob you will certainly turn.

"Hasty pudding" will teach you to scold;
You'll be silly with "bubble-and-squeak";
"Devilled kidneys" will make you too bold,
And an "angel-on-horseback" too meek.

"Apple hedgehog" will cause you to fret;
"Spotted dog" with a snarl you'll deplore;
"Half-pay pudding" will drive you to debt,
And with chestnuts you'll rank as a bore.

Think twice ere you let a *menu*
Transmute you to items you munch!
One exception we'll make—you may brew
A jovial jorum of Punch!

PETTICOAT PRINTS.

[Mrs. J. R. GREEN has asserted that women form the majority of newspaper readers, and complained that journalists, in the preparation of newspapers, thought only of men.]

SAY not the fair has been forgotten
By all that broach the midnight ink;
Though half the morning press be rotten,
The "ha'p'nnies" know how women think:
If they despise the hand that holds the cotton
Then strike me pink.

Lo! how the careless eye meanders
From news of statesmen and police
To boudoir tips and toilet candours,
And remedies for facial crease,
And, interspersed with stuffing for the ganders,
The sauce for geese.

Here shall you find what arts demolish
The pimple (o'er your breakfast cup);
What fashion's latest whims abolish
And what demand, and where to sup;
The way to peel potatoes and to polish
Tiaras up.

Here is the nymph's delight, the "shocker,"
Telling how Guy, the baleful Bart.,
Stole papers from Lord Edwin's locker,—
And (oh, be still, poor panting heart!)
Virtue shall triumph yet, beneath the soccer,
In Monday's part.

Nay, when I contemplate the leaders,
The foreign items planned to thrill,
The interview that tells our readers
How Mr. Tubbs (that lion quill)
Welcomed our young reporter at "The Cedars"
On Streatham Hill,

Showed him his sanctum and his kitten,
Revealed his dietetic rules—
I sometimes wonder if they're written,
These papers, not for trousered fools,
But solely for the demoiselles of Britain
At boarding schools.

The record for the splittest among infinitives has just been broken in a lease granted by the Australian Government to two gentlemen "to bona-fide and to the satisfaction of the Colonial Secretary for the time being in office commence the industry of a turtle farm." Wake up, England.

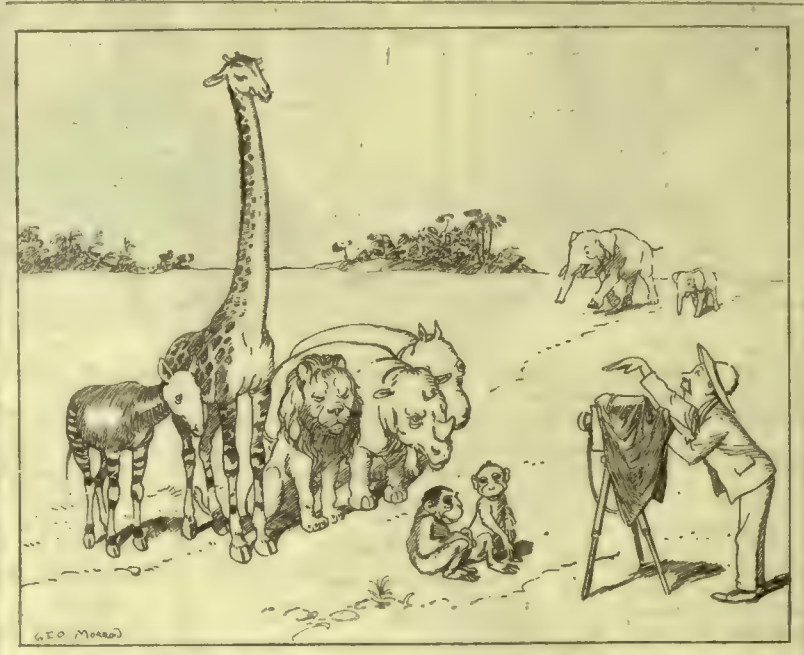
OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON, who publish it, are confident that Mr. W. B. MAXWELL'S new book, *Seymour Charlton*, "will be recognised as one of this popular author's finest efforts." That, for a publishers' announcement, strikes me as unusually modest. They might have said much more without going beyond the mark. *Seymour Charlton* is a powerful satire on contemporary life in high places, which combines the grand manner of better days with the keen insight and extensive and peculiar information which is the boast, but not always the possession, of the modern journalist. It is all about shams, political shams, social shams, business shams, and, generally speaking, the futilities of life, in whose temple *Seymour Charlton*, a lord, an Under-Secretary of State, and almost a Cabinet Minister, serves religiously as an imposing but sham and futile high-priest. There are times when he badly wants kicking, and at last, I rejoice to say, fate does succeed in "catching him bending," and abruptly brings him to his senses and the arms of his neglected but forgiving wife. There are over two hundred thousand words and a very large number of characters in the book, but it is not a line too long.

I suspect Mr. J. E. PATTERSON of not only writing his books within earshot of the brine, but of reading them out loud to the waves, for nothing else could explain the looseness of his construction and the frequency of his hanging nominatives. He has to get in as much as he can, you see, in a breath before the breaker crashes on to the beach. Any way, there is no denying that he has caught the "surge and thunder" of his foreground, and is quite as much at home on (or just off) the East coast as a herring would be. *Watchers by the Shore* (METHUEN) is a novel of primitive emotions and uneducated people, whose story has value because it is touched with the rude grandeur of their surroundings. The author has sternly resisted the temptations of conventional melodrama, for the betrayer of his heroine, a man with some very contemptible moments, turns over a new leaf and marries her in the end, whilst her "adopted" father, who threatens to murder the villain (and very nearly does murder his brother as the supposed offender), becomes finally his friend and boat-mate. The character of *Joan* is a little colourless, but those of *Gideon*, her protector, *Huldah*, his superstitious wife, and *Knut*, the "wise man" (I am glad there are really people called "Knut") are excellent studies. For the most part, too, Mr. PATTERSON'S fishermen do not unduly philosophise, and their verbal "dialectic" is very plausible. This makes it the more surprising to me that the words "ripping," "bounder" and "rot" are all put into their mouths. I should like to know whether there is authority for this, for I should feel far more confidence in using slang myself if I were certain that it was not merely the language of decadence, but the natural effervescence of these hardy Suffolk salts.

In the tale of *Denis Yorke's* school life—which is not the least impressive part of *The First Round* (METHUEN)—Mr. ST. JOHN LUCAS starts "one up" on most writers of school stories, and wins the realistic medal by about seven up and six to play. Unfettered by the thought that he is writing for boys to read, he has not attempted to gloss over the unpleasant side of school-life. Here, as he sees it, is a faithful picture of a public school, and parents possessing boys of artistic instinct may be advised to study it carefully. For a few moments I suspected that *Denis* was going from school to Oxford—and I quivered. But Mr. LUCAS avoids all bunkers in *The First Round*. *Denis*, a boy with music bubbling out of him, does not go to Oxford, but (after a brief and depressing time in the office of a local solicitor) to London, where after many experiences bitter and sweet, he ultimately learns his lesson. "One against the world will always win" was his motto, and estranged from his narrow-minded father his egotism increased until he was almost a prig. He realised himself, however, just when success in the world of music was assured to him, and abandoning his fame and his selfishness he returned to the home which he had left and to the father who needed him. To some readers this may seem an inadequate finale to an unusually brilliant book, but to me it is at once artistic and true. Mr. LUCAS is a master in the expression of temperament, and he treats Bohemian London with both love and justice. *The First Round* is by no means a short one, but *I* was far from being tired at the end of it.



Jungle Photographer (to Giraffe). "YES, YOUR EXPRESSION IS ALL RIGHT, BUT YOUR FACE IS OUT OF THE PICTURE."

Richard Noy "divided women roughly into those who had and those who had not 'It.'" (He didn't really do it roughly, of course; that is merely a figure of speech). "It" was something indefinable yet quite perceptible. The women he felt he could be in sympathy with had It, and yet he deliberately married one without. *The Intruding Angel* (HURST and BLACKETT), by Mr. CHARLES MARRIOTT, is his story, and whether because of his selection of the wrong girl, or because of his rather tedious habit of introspection in which the author encourages him, it failed to excite my very deep interest. "The intruding angel" is the lady he ought to have married, only she doesn't intrude until too late, and then she is rather too soulful (though common sense is her strong point), and a little bit of a nuisance. I found both her and *Richard* unconvincing. Each is so terribly good at answering the other's questions before they have been uttered that I couldn't help suspecting that the author gave them the tip.

CHARIVARIA.

A NEW club is being founded, the members of which are to be known by numbers. The idea, we believe, is borrowed from our prisons, which for cheerfulness and sociability compare so favourably with some of our clubs.

***

"One of the tragedies of the fight against property," says Mr. KEIR HARDIE, "is that the lower you get in the scale the less people seem able to help themselves." This comes rather ungraciously from Mr. HARDIE so soon after one of the class referred to had helped himself to his watch.

***

A meeting of the members of the Duma has decided to invite a delegation of the British House of Lords and House of Commons to visit Russia next spring. These ignorant foreigners evidently do not know that there will be no House of Lords next spring.

***

"I have not sold so much whiskey as I anticipated," said Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. This is not the only sign that his Budget has sobered people.

***

It does not seem to have been generally noticed that with a quaint sense of fitness the portrait of Mr. STEAD which appeared in *The Daily Chronicle* on the date of the publication of one of his spook interviews was drawn by a COFFIN.

***

It is thought, by the way, that one effect of the enterprise of *The Daily Chronicle* will be that many distinguished persons, before passing away, will issue an authoritative statement cautioning the public that it is not their intention to grant any interviews after death, and stigmatising any that may be published as mere journalism.

***

We are glad to hear that Mr. FRANK RICHARDSON is making satisfactory progress. He is, we understand, of the opinion that, had he not been ill at the time of the Bermondsey election, Mr. DUMPHREYS and his whiskers would not now be in the House of Commons.

***

The Inglesham Rate Book has been destroyed by a couple of puppies. We understand that the excuse given by the delinquents was that, not being proficient readers, they thought the title was "Rat Book."

***

The announcement that a French *savant* has invented an instrument which renders it possible to see microbes which have hitherto been invisible through ordinary microscopes, has caused no little annoyance to the germs concerned, who only ask to be left alone. We are sorry, little microbes, but this is an age of publicity, and we fear you will have to go with the stream.

***

Berlin, we are told, possesses a black taxicab driver. This surely is the ideal colour for a chauffeur, enabling him to emerge from an examination of the underneath of his car with unimpaired complexion.

***

Frenchmen are nothing if not sentimental, and we are not surprised to read that a gang of highwaymen who are terrorising a district near Marseilles wear masks of crape, as a token, we take it, of *considération respectueuse* for their victims.

***

Mrs. ALFRED LYTTELTON has written a miracle play. This should prove a great success, for we understand that it needs a miracle nowadays to make a play pay.

***

Dr. BODIE would like it to be known that he is not connected in any way with Dr. BODE, who is alleged to have been bested in the matter of a bust.

***

In Great Britain, it is said, there are 1,250,000 superfluous women. A correspondent writes to know if this figure comprises all the Suffragettes.

***

The ground floor of a building in the Strand which is decorated by a number of nude figures has been opened as a hatter's, but those persons who objected to the statuary are still crying out that this hardly meets the case.

A contemporary announced that its next issue would, "in addition to its many attractive features, contain a coloured cartoon of Mr. F. E. SMITH." The introduction of the word "other" before "attractive" would perhaps have been more tactful.

"History is useless if we do not learn from it the lesson that the advanced wing of a party always hustles the moderates out of their place, or, in colloquial language, 'the tail wags the dog.'"—*The Times.*

But why is it more colloquial to be wagged by a tail than to be hustled by a wing?

Commercial Candour.

A firm of tailors, talking in a circular of the "tradition of reticence in our class of trade" (*sympathetic cheers*) says:—

"Customers have told us that it was some time before they discovered that we were tailors at all."

Great Thoughts.

"DEATH-KNELL OF THE BUDGET.—Mr. R. S. Horne, the prospective Unionist candidate for Stirlingshire, speaking at Bannockburn last night, said that Bermondsey had signed the death-knell of the Budget."—*Edinburgh Evening News.*

We know nothing of this signature, but the sounding of the knell (if any) may safely be left to a HORNE.



Despondent Individual (to the penny which he has thrown into the Serpentine after tossing "Heads I bathe, tails I don't"—the result being heads). "THERE! NOW YOU CAN SEE 'OW YOU LIKE IT THIS WEATHER!" *[Saunters off.*

THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR.

[It is rumoured that the better class of women are in revolt against the "turban" style of coiffure, and desire to revert to the old system of pin-curls.]

LET Liberals sing (or even roar
While I am still upon my feet)
The praise of Members who ignore
Fair Play when suffering from the heat;
Let Tory minstrels intimate
Whose was the shield that wanted cleaning
When Scot met Scot in grim debate
With yet a third Scot intervening;—

For me I loose a loftier theme,
Shall live when Lethe's tides obscure
(Like memories of an ugly dream)
The episode of Mr. URE;
To wider issues I am wed,
Less crudely banal, less suburban,
And ask, Shall Woman have her head
Swathed in a horrid hairy turban?

Shall Woman take it lying down,
And cringe to Fashion's dumped decree,
Taught how to titivate her crown
By *mannequins* from over-sea?
What! shall our sisters take their tone
From stuff that France decides to sell 'em,
Reckless of what becomes their own
Peculiar style of *cerebellum?*

I hear the hoarse appeal go out:—
England! how long before we tire
Of twists and twiddles roped about
A sketchy scaffold-work of wire?
Put off, put off your alien "swirls,"
Resume the arts that better fit you—
Those little inexpensive curls
With pins to keep 'em stuck *in situ.*

O. S.

AN INTERESTING LITTLE COUNTRY.

GREECE, a country which has been much in the public eye of late, is a land of no little interest, with quite a history of its own.

Long before you and I were born, dear reader, its inhabitants evinced an intelligence which, considering the remoteness of their time from our own day, with its intellectual advantages, must be designated as little short of remarkable. Greece, in fact, is a veritable home of song and story, and its artistic achievements might put to the blush even the works of some of our modern artists.

This rugged little country, whose shores were then lapped by the blue waters of the Mediterranean just as they are to-day, had its poets, its authors, its philosophers, its artists its orators, its dramatists, and its mil tary geniuses literally thousands of years ago (this is no exaggeration), many of whom would have compared favourably in their own particular callings with our own Mr. HAR LD BEGBIE, Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX, Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON, Sir HUBERT HERKOMER, Mr. URE, Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, and Sir ROBERT BADEN-POWELL.

The Greeks were not only a remarkably intelligent people, they were physically a fine race of men. Although golf, cricket, football, and other of our popular games were not known to them, they devoted much time to athleticism, and it is no secret that our own word Marathon had its origin in Grecian legend.

If they were not altogether orthodox in their theological outlook, they were distinctly religious, their multiplicity of deities keeping them ever on the alert for the complete performance of their devotional obligations. Certainly in the temples that they reared they were not wanting in a sense of the dignity that befits the building in which one's public religious duty is performed. The Parthenon is the name of one of these temples, and, all things considered, it does great credit to the somewhat primitive people that erected it. It is a question whether many of our building contractors of the present day, with their mortar-mixing machines, steam cranes, and other modern inventions, could greatly improve upon this structure.

Finally, in all matters of taste, the Greeks of old came very nearly up to the standards of our day.

A STUDY IN LIGHT GREEN.

IN connection with the rumour that Mr. GLADSTONE is to be appointed first Governor of United South Africa, *The Westminster Gazette* has been rebuking *The Times* for its "partisan attack" upon that gentleman. To the perfect partisan, of course, all things are partisan, and it may not have occurred to *The Westminster* that *The Times* might, in considering this rumoured appointment, have conceivably criticised Mr. GLADSTONE on his actual merits. It would be instructive to apply *The Westminster's* methods of rebuke to one of its own paragraphs appearing on the same day and page, and running as follows:—

"Lord TIVERTON, Lord HALSBURY'S son and heir, who has been adopted as Tariff Reform Candidate for Carmarthen, has hitherto shown more interest in the stage than in politics. Under the name of 'Oliver Bath,' it may be remembered, he wrote a musical comedy entitled *Naughty Nancy*, which was produced some years ago at the Savoy Theatre without exactly setting the adjacent river on fire. Perhaps, however, Lord TIVERTON, who is not yet thirty, will do better at St. Stephens."

Let us take ourselves very seriously and pay *The Westminster* the flattery of imitation. Let us use its rebuke to *The Times* for our model, and see what can be done by way of rebuke for this "partisan attack" on Lord TIVERTON:—

"It seems to us that, since {the next elections / these appointments} will not be {held / made} for some months, the whole discussion is premature, but it is not premature to protest, as we do, in the strongest possible way against this attempt to prevent {Lord TIVERTON'S election / Mr. GLADSTONE'S appointment} by exhibiting him to {Carmarthen / South Africa} and the {Electorate / Empire} generally as a failure {at the Savoy. / of the Cabinet.} . . . No {playwright / Minister} can escape criticism, and we do not for a moment say that {Lord TIVERTON'S / Mr. GLADSTONE'S} record is above criticism, but we do say that it is singularly unfair and ungenerous to write him down as a failure in order to prevent his possible {election for a great Welsh constituency. / appointment to a high Imperial office.} We are confident that {Carmarthenians / South Africans} will not be misled by a partisan attack into thinking any the worse of {Lord TIVERTON. / Mr. GLADSTONE."}

"The Daily News" and the Peers.

No other paper, not even the penny ones on the Tory side, had had wind of it. To *The Daily News* alone has been confided the information that "three hundred Peers have intimated to Lord Lansdowne their intention of voting against the second reading of the Finance Bill." One pictures each of the three hundred (how oligarchical it sounds!) stealing up Bouverie Street under cover of darkness and the guns of H.M.S. *Buzzard*, to impart the confidential news to our neighbour over the way. What a thing it is to be on terms of private intimacy with so many members of that exclusive body, the Peerage!



AN ATMOSPHERE OF MISTRUST.

BRITANNIA. "I HEAR THERE'S A GOOD DEAL OF DISSENSION IN THE SERVICE. TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK OF IT IN THE WARD-ROOM."

NAVAL OFFICER. "WELL, MADAM, WE THINK A LOT, BUT WE MAKE IT A RULE NOWADAYS NOT TO TALK ABOUT THESE THINGS."





SOCIETIES WE ADMIRE (BUT DO NOT BELONG TO).—No. I.

THE SOCIETY FOR SECURING UNDISTURBED MEALS FOR THE WEE BIRDIES OF LONDON.

A GAMBOLLING BEANO.

AN addition to the already existing facilities for gambling has just been invented, we regret to say, by Mr. CYRIL MAUDE, and in the interest of so innocent a charity as the Actors' Orphanage. The proceedings are fatally simple. Each sportsman first lassoes, bird-limes, waylays, or otherwise catches a Mexican jumping bean, which he then matches against the other players' beans in the middle of some concentric circles drawn upon a heated plate. The owner or trainer of the bean which first jumps the outer circle takes the pool.

We have here the alarming prospect of our hitherto unsullied Englishmen's Homes being turned into little Monte Carlos by this insidious game of chance. The blameless firesides of Baron's Court and Golder's Green will alike reverberate with the hoarse cry of the *croupier* announcing "*La fève est sautée—rien ne va plus!*"

The guileless mothers'-meeting of the Smart Set known as a "beanfeast" will henceforward acquire a sinister signification, while to give a person beans will be to consign him to utter perdition.

There are still other and darker aspects of this most unhappy discovery of Mr. MAUDE's. Think of the overstrung nerves of the unfortunate maggot-occupant, forced to imitate a cat upon hot bricks, and of the unhealthy rivalry and lowered moral tone of the beans in their struggle for victory. There will be doped beans and gingered beans, and, we shudder to say, boiled beans—in fact all the malpractices of the turf and the gaming-table combined.

No, this will not do at all. Our unspotted purity has gone, and we are no longer ignorant how many beans make five. We can only suggest that all who may be bitten by the jumping vegetable should forward a shilling each to the fund in question by way of conscience money.

BEWARE!

O you that hold that Britain grows degenerate,
That all her fighting spirit 's passed away,
That Luxury 's the only god we venerate,
And War a thing that fills us with dismay,

Go, listen to the party politician
(Who clearly represents the common folk),
And there you 'll find the Briton of tradition
As loud a warrior as ever spoke.

The merest phase of controversial prattle
Is lifted to a military plane;
They never pass a day without a "battle,"
And everyone 's engaged in a "campaign";

The Minister, whose conduct of the nation
Is hampered by the party that oppose,
Can hardly make a popular oration
Without "declaring war" upon his "foes."

The stumper armed with demagogic speeches
Invariably strikes a martial chord,
And, calling on the mob to "man the breaches,"
Remarks that he s about to "draw the sword."

"The fighting" will be fierce, no doubt, but glorious;
Their "troops" are being "marshalled" to the field;
And all their ranks, agog to be victorious,
Are "marching on" to conquer, not to yield.

The speaker means to keep the "colours flying"
(He generally "nails them to the mast"),
And tells you straight that, if it comes to dying,
The ditch that he 's selected is the "last."

And every word is fully up to Cocker
And free alike of fear and of reproach;
With lots of "ammunition in the locker,"
As long as there 's a lozenge or a troche.

Let no misguided Continental Cæsar
Imagine that the country 's on the drop,
When military phrases such as these are
The politician's ordinary shop.

For who can hear these martial voices welling,
And doubt that Britain 's warlike at the core?
Tho' some among the brave were first in yelling
Against the country when she *was* at war.

It only shows it 's well to keep an eye on
The mask our heroes on occasion wear;
That if you scratch the rat, you 'll find the lion;
It takes a bit of scratching, but he 's there.

And still the ancient spirit of bravado
Is breathed into our members—by the lungs;
And the meanest is a bloody desperado,
And a beggar in a Battle—of the Tongues.

DUM-DUM.

"The Czar has received the Turkish Embassy in formal audience at Livadia. At a subsequent luncheon Rifaat Pasha sat on His Majesty's right hand."—*The Pioneer.*

No doubt any little awkwardness that arose was soon smoothed over; but another time RIFAAT must look where he is sitting.

Extract from a letter to *The Nation*:—

"If the Lords have 'climbed down' it will have taken all the steam out of our boiler."

Which looks as if their former position were on the safety-valve.

IN DEFENCE OF OUR FACES.

MR. J. A. MACDONALD, Editor of *The Toronto Globe* and lately a delegate of the Imperial Press Conference, has been publishing criticisms on England as he found her. The following passage is representative: "The thing that stands out as the background of every reminiscence was the bloodless, mirthless, hopeless face of the common crowd"; in London he found "the hollow-eyed procession"; at Portsmouth he remarked "the human sediment that littered the doorways"; at Sheffield he was staggered by the "stooped shoulders, hollow chests, ash-coloured faces, lightless eyes, and loose-set mouths with bloodless gums." One letter of protest has already appeared, and we are happy to be able to present our readers with other correspondence on this grave matter.

SIR,—I write on behalf of my poor wife, who is much distressed by Mr. MACDONALD'S remarks. She had intended to be out in the lane in her Sunday best, which we had specially redeemed for the occasion, when Mr. MACDONALD passed. She pleads that she truly miscalculated the time, so that she was engaged in washing-up when IT occurred. She was stooping over the tub, so that her chest was temporarily hollow, and if there was no light in her eyes there was soap, and, if this is not sufficient excuse, let it be added that I was not in the house. She objects to being called "human sediment," but I tell her that this is a common form of colonial greeting, and that affection in Toronto always expresses itself in this way. She also bids me to put in a word for myself, and to say that she has conclusively proved, in a moment of (regretted) passion, that my face is not habitually anæmic, and she would like to make the same experiment on Mr. MACDONALD.

Yours, etc., ALFRED SMITH.

Rye Lane, Portsmouth.

SIR,—My solicitor tells me that I have no real case for libel against Mr. MACDONALD, but I am convinced that his unfair strictures refer to me. I was on the pavement close to him as he passed into the White City, and I felt him stare at me. My vertebral nerves tingled under his scrutiny: the blood fled from my face to my nose, where it remains to this day in spite of massage. When I returned home, my wife told me I was the picture of misery, and called in the doctor. I regret to say that at present no treatment has availed. Is it right, Sir, that a man should abuse our nation for the maladies which he himself has caused by looking at us imperially? Yours, etc.,

Shepherd's Bush. ALFRED SMITH.

SIR,—On the day when Mr. MACDONALD inspected our works I was not at my best. Things had upset me. The previous evening I had had a serious political quarrel which ended in a street fight. My mouth was much damaged, my front teeth having been knocked out for the Cause. So far from being hollow, however, my eyes were much swollen, and I can only discredit the accuracy of Colonial observation in this matter. Besides, I had been unable to get the water to boil for my tea before starting to work; my baby had cried all night; I had pinched my finger in the door; my mate had taken sick leave, and his substitute was incompetent. All these things combined to make me a poor specimen on that eventful morning when the Great Editor LOOKED at me. But my usual nickname in the works is Rubicund Alf, which, I think, amply disposes of the too-hasty fictions published in Toronto. Yours, etc.,

Sheffield. ALFRED SMITH.

Character in a Nutshell.

"You may take it from me that Latham's modesty is more innate and self-assumed than real."—*The Chauffeur.*

AWFUL EFFECT ON SOCIETY OF THE POPULARITY OF THE STAGE BURGLAR-HERO.

THE FIFTH.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I feel sure you will like to hear of our Fifth of November celebrations. We always do our best to have a jolly night; but this year surpassed all expectations in two ways, as I will tell.

We began, however, with a little difference of opinion which I was afraid might ruin everything. You see, we always have to decide as to who the guy shall represent, which is a matter of no small importance. Well, we met as usual to discuss this point, and found to our horror that we were exactly divided for and against Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. Father, Cecil, and I were for LLOYD GEORGE, and Uncle Dick, Horace Campbell (the Vicar's son), and Norah against him. So we called in the Vicar to give the casting vote. He made an impressive speech in doing so. His own feeling, he said, was that it was a mistake to have what he called topical guys. The Fifth of November stood for a real event, and should be perpetuated as such, and for his part he would like to see the effigy of GUY FAWKES, and GUY FAWKES only. Considering everything, however, particularly the distressing times in which we lived, he should give his casting vote for Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

The point thus decided, we set to work at once to make the guy, upon which, lest there should be any mistake, we fixed its name on a very legible label. We then stuffed it full of explosives.

The great evening at last arrived, and all the villagers came on the lawn, as they always do, and Father made them a little speech before we went to the field where the bonfire was. They were a little restless, and some of the boys rather spoilt the effect of the oratory by letting off crackers; but it was impressive none the less. After welcoming them, and saying that when the fire was over there would be a barrel of beer on tap—(*cheers*)—Father said that he wanted them to be as happy as possible, but not quite to lose sight, even in their wildest moments, of what it all meant. "The Fifth of November," he said, "is, with the exception of elections—and I hope all you men," he added, "are going to vote straight when the elections come, probably in January—the only occasion on which we are able without hindrance to express our opinion of tyranny, oppression, Socialism, robbery, and all other detestable things. I trust you will all look very carefully at our guy this evening, because it has been chosen and made with great care. And now I wish you all a jolly evening."

Father finished there, but the Vicar, I am sorry to say, was very cross with him. "My dear Sir," he said, "don't let them go without saying something as to the real origin of the annual carnival." But Father refused. "Next year," he said, "not to-night. Let them be happy to-night;" and of course he had his way.

We then all went to the field, where a barrel of tar had just been poured over the wood, and then Father lit it, while we all cheered, and then the villagers marched round it singing "*Rule Britannia*," "*God Save the King*," "*In the Twilight*" "*Put me among the Girls*," and other suitable songs, and then, when the flames were a little lower, we brought the guy out of the summer-house, where it had been put, and carried it to the fire.

We were carrying it round the fire, while the villagers were all cheering, when Father screamed out, "Stop! Stop!" We stopped, of course. "Who's been altering the name?" he roared. The name! And then for the first time we saw that, instead of "Mr. LLOYD GEORGE," the label now read "Mr. BALFOUR." We were thunderstruck. "Who did that?" Father roared again; but no one said anything. "I demand an answer," Father cried again. But still no one spoke; and in a perfect fury Father left the field.

Everyone was very uncomfortable, and I don't know what would have happened if the Vicar had not seized the guy, and, tearing off the Mr. BALFOUR label, roared out, "Three groans for GUY FAWKES!" We all groaned for GUY FAWKES with great spirit and excitement, and the guy was then flung on the fire and the songs began again. Everyone threw squibs at everyone else, and was very jolly.

So the evening was saved, and was indeed, as I said, so far as fire and fireworks were concerned, quite perfect.

We have not yet discovered who changed the label; but I have more than a doubt about Norah.

Yours sincerely, JOHN MOWBRAY.

On behalf of the Editor of *The Montreal Daily Star*, we beg to acknowledge the lifting of one of *Mr. Punch's* pictures, "An American at Oxford," by that journal.

"LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

TO-MORROW.

Emperor of Japan born, 1852."

The Gloucester Citizen.

Yet so famous has he become that they are going to celebrate the day even in such distant places as Japan.

From an election address:—

"Entirely unsolicited, I was, upwards of 18 months ago, prevailed upon to become a Candidate for Municipal honours."

A man like this should go far.

MUSICAL JOTTINGS.

THE revival of the concertina by Mr. JOSEF HOLBROOKE, who has restored to its proper position this Cinderella of the orchestra, has already exerted a most encouraging influence on the prospects of other equally spiritual but even more cruelly neglected instruments.

Mr. Hamish McKeltie, the famous Gaelic composer who was recently interviewed by our representative, has an unlimited belief in the orchestral capabilities of the bagpipes, which he intends to exploit in his new comic golfing opera called *Mairi of Machrihanish*. Asked why he had such faith in the bagpipes, Mr. McKeltie replied that it was not patriotism but æsthetic intuition that inspired his admiration. "The colour of the bagpipes,' he replied, "is fruitier and more pungent than that of any other instrument. Of course, the ordinary bagpipes is practically a parlour toy, and is apt to be submerged in an orchestra. What I want, and what I am having specially made for my opera, is an instrument of the dimensions of a full-grown giraffe, with a bellows about the size of a grand piano. Such an instrument in the hands of a capable player will simply electrify an audience. It can emit a high snarl, beside which the trumpeting of a wounded elephant sounds tame. The *timbre* of its upper register is curiously like the unearthly yell of the gorilla, the most sinister of all sylvan sounds."

As for *Mairi of Machrihanish*, Mr. McKeltie describes it as a psychical extravaganza, standing midway between the mysticism of DEBUSSY and the pragmatism of RICHARD STRAUSS. Strictly, it is termed an "ethico-lyrico-music-parable" with a touch of subliminal bizarrerie thrown in. The libretto is by the Marquis of Mull, whose fine version of *The Ancient Mariner* in the heroic couplet recently created such a stir in literary circles, and the composer has assigned a leading motive to all the principal characters, viz., *Mairi*, *Hector McPherson* (+ 2), *General McBogey* (scratch), *Wullie* (a Caddie), and *Albert Perkins* of Tooting Bec, the villain of the plot, who tries to brain *Hector* with a niblick, but is foiled in his fell intent by the devoted *Wullie*, and condemned to spend every Sunday for two years in Glasgow.

Mr. BAMBERGER, on the other hand, is an enthusiastic believer in the tonal potentialities of the Jew's-harp, which he declares to be more ethereally suggestive than any other instrument. As he happily expressed it in an interview with our representative, "There is an

exquisitely quangly-wangly flavour about this much-maligned mouth-organ which always fills me with ineffable delight, and transports me in a moment to the vine-clad summits of Palestine." Asked whether he thought that the harp that once resounded in Tara's Halls was of this pattern, Mr. BAMBERGER said that Professor Kuno Meyer inclined to favour the theory that it was more closely allied to the Welsh harp. Anyhow, he is resolved to do what he can to revive the glories of this superb implement, and at his next recital will introduce a new sonata for piano and harp, in which he will play the former with his nose and left hand and the latter with his mouth and right hand. A portrait of Mr. BAMBERGER executing this remarkable feat, painted by his father-in-law, Sir Pompey Boldero, will soon be on view at all the stations on the underground and tube railways.

Lord Royal de Warden, the distinguished millionaire musician, has long been anxious to exploit the possibilities of the comb. This charming instrument, so sadly overlooked in the modern passion for sonority, has a tender and toothsome *timbre* which is all its own. Intensified by a PARSONS' auxetophone, it develops a penetrating quality unsurpassed by any other instrument. Lord Royal de Warden has now formed an orchestra of one hundred performers, fifty of whom are equipped with soprano and fifty with tenor tortoiseshell combs. The balance of tone is pronounced to be extraordinarily perfect by those who have been privileged to attend the performances of what is known at Dover as the Royal Beach-combers' Band.

Mr. Archy Pelago, who is one of the most prominent luminaries of the Young British School, has just completed a quartet for the somewhat novel combination of ocarina, mirliton, tenor schreckhorn, and contrabass-Dudelsack. The new work, which is exciting the liveliest apprehensions in musical circles, will be shortly produced at one of the Bentwood concerts.

THE DILEMMA.

["I am in the unique and unfortunate position that I am blamed if I speak, and cursed if I remain silent."—*Lord Rosebery.*]

Pity a puzzled peer
Whose duty is far from clear:
  Whatever his action,
  Grave dissatisfaction
Is hooted from far and near.

In days when that peer was young
His praises were loudly sung;
  The world was delighted
  And all were united
In praise of his silver tongue.



Client. "I WISH TO SEE ONE OF YOUR PRINCIPALS, PLEASE."
Clerk. "YES, SIR; WHAT MATTER IS IT '*RE*'?"

But now if he breathes a word
The fury of men is stirred,
  And everyone rates him
  And bitterly slates him
As soon as his voice is heard.

He talks mere Tory rot;
He 's all that he once was not;
  He 's stupid and mulish
  And selfish and foolish—
In short, he 's a bad, bad lot.

But, if he attempts to stay
At home in a quiet way,
  They all grow abusive
  Of one so elusive,
And terrible things they say.

Their energy all is spent
In finding their wrath a vent
  On one who is skulking
  And, coward-like, sulking
Alone in his shameful tent.

If silence is quite taboo
And speech is forbidden too,
  If he 's cursed for a clacker
  And damned for a slacker,
What is a poor peer to do?

A Natural Error.

From "Notes and Queries," in *The Field*:—

"About two months ago some workmen on this estate noticed a fox carrying something which at first they thought to be a cock pheasant. On giving chase the fox dropped its breakfast, which was found to be an eel."

Possibly the fox also thought it was a cock pheasant at first.



"I SAY, JACK, I'VE JUST BEEN SITTING OUT WITH YOUR FRIEND, DONALD CAMERON; HE'S RATHER—WELL, I BELIEVE HE'D HAVE KISSED ME FOR TUPPENCE." "DON'T YOU WORRY YOURSELF ABOUT THE TUPPENCE."

CANALS!

[Professor LOWELL reports that new canals are being built in Mars.]

"PROFESSOR, you know about planets; you've gauged both their hopes and their fears;
Come, tell me," I said,
"Are they living or dead,
These wonderful wandering spheres?
Are the crusts of them merely museums, or are they as busy as we?
Do they grind their own axes,
Or rave about taxes?
And what of their trade—is it free?
Are they subject at all times to order and law?
And what do they think about REDFORD and SHAW?

"Professor, you know about planets; their orbits and all that they do
In their marvellous race
Through the deserts of space
They are every-day trifles to you.
So tell me the news of the planets; say how they are whirling, and why;
Report with precision
The facts of your vision,
The scenes as they come to your eye."
"They are making," he said, as he gazed at the stars,
"Canals—yes, canals, on the surface of Mars!"

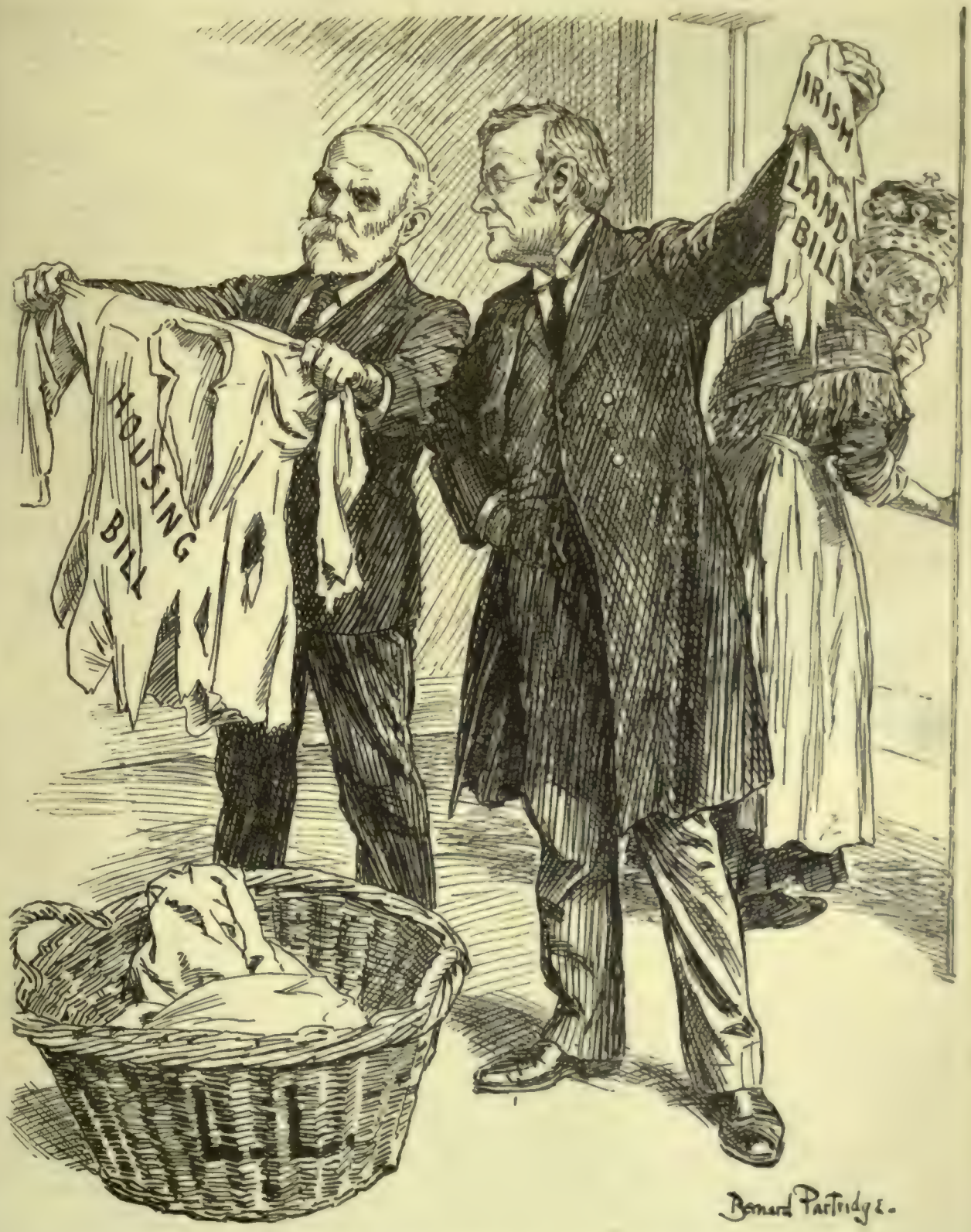
Canals! That is all he can tell us. Canals! we could do it at will.
Our canals we can spare,
For we've conquered the air,
But the Martians are building them still!
Oh, LOWELL, when next you are anxious to move us to terror or bliss
With news from the star-shine
Of orbs that afar shine
You must try to do better than this.
Give us something more worthy of leaders and pars
Than the silly canals they are building in Mars.

An American at the Court of St. James's.

WE have only just had our attention called, by a Cuban correspondent, to a very perfect passage in *The Social Ladder*, a complete novel which appeared some little time ago in a popular American magazine; but it was worth waiting for. American genius, as we know, touches nothing which it does not adorn, even if it is only a North Pole, and the remarkable spectacle here described as visible on the occasion of a "Drawing Room" at which the heroine (U.S.A.) was presented is certainly far in advance of common experience. Picture the following:—

"A battalion [*sic*] of the Grenadier Guards was on duty in the palace quadrangle *sitting their horses* like statues, their accouterments [even the spelling has an exotic touch] gleaming in the moonlight."

Nothing, however, is said of the veteran Earl ROBERTS being in command of this magnificent squadron of artillery, and, with his own rifle, setting the time for the *feu de joie* which is so popular a feature at all our best Drawing Rooms.



THE LANSDOWNE LAUNDRY.

Mr. Burrell (*to* Mr. Burns). "ALL VERY WELL FOR YOU—YOUR SHIRT'S ONLY GOT A BIT TORN. BUT LOOK HERE—THIS IS ALL I'VE GOT BACK OUT OF A *COMPLETE SUIT OF PYJAMAS!*"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, November 1st.—Advance of Mr. Dumphreys up floor of House, escorted by Opposition Whips, was marked by one of those personal incidents that attract Members even more than a clause of the Budget Bill or a narrow squeak for Ministers in Division Lobby. Time was when House proudly reflected on circumstance that among its Membership it owned not one but two of the finest beards in Christendom. One was cultivated (probably on a little oatmeal) by Donald Macfarlane, sometime Member for Argyllshire; the other by our dear John Aird, whose withdrawal from the Parliamentary scene is regretted on both sides. Invidious to attempt comparison. Suffice it to say that their combined lengths, if joined hair to hair, would have encircled St. Paul's Cathedral fifteen times.

Their glory has departed from Westminster. Save for Sir John Kennaway, and he is about to leave us, the present House is equally democratic and beardless. The new Member for Bermondsey brings to consideration of State affairs a pair of whiskers that will do something to redress the balance between the old House and the new.

His entrance hailed this afternoon with tumultuous cheers from Opposition, who see in result of Bermondsey Election the writing on the wall which shall direct Peers what to do with Budget Bill. Often read of stormy cheers. For first time realised appropriateness of adjective. As applause swelled, the current of air artificially created and directed upon the person of new Member caught his voluminous whiskers; waved them up and down, as a pennant flouted by a breeze at the masthead is tossed to and fro.

Generally agreed that nothing like it ever seen in House before. Banbury says it's a portent; means that the Lords will blow the Budget Bill into space as if it were a spare whisker or a wisp of straw.

Business done.—Lords' amendments to Town Planning Bill considered; most important rejected.

Wednesday.—No one looking on scene when Son Austen rose this afternoon to move rejection of Budget Bill on third reading would guess that Parliament and the country are on the eve of one of the most momentous crises of modern times. Benches not one-third occupied. Premier and Leader of Opposition apparently paired. Anyhow, neither in his place, an example liberally followed by their colleagues.

No cheer greeted spokesman of Opposition as he presented himself at Table. Possibly sight of pile of manuscript he laid thereon had something to do with general depression. In this month of November Members naturally aweary of the Budget and all its works.



Lord Castlereagh's discovery. "The Hon. Member for Snowdon" addresses his constituents from the summit on the Socialist triumphs (!) at the Municipal Elections.
(Mr. Philip Snowden.)

Good deal of fuss about women who have flung stones through drawing-room windows, or half blinded a harmless official in the effort to destroy ballot papers, being forcibly fed in order to save their lives. What is that to what we in the Commons have suffered through full range of seasons of revolving year? Day after day, on second reading of Budget Bill, in Committee, on Report stage, have been forcibly fed with what Carlyle, describing Parliamentary debate, called "thrice-boiled colewort." And here, in this merry month of November, is the dish handed round again as if it were as new as it is innutritious.

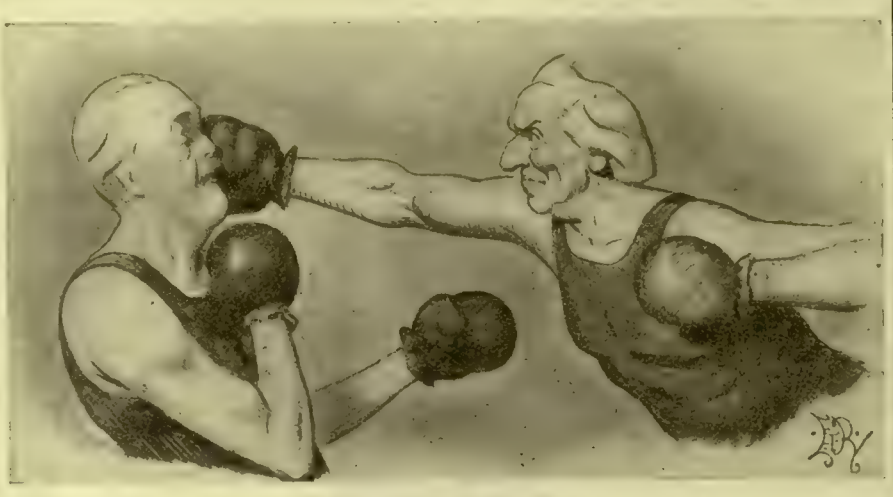
Something almost fiendish in deliberately setting aside three days for debate on third reading. One hour would have more than sufficed. In strictly business assembly, as soon as Orders of Day were called on, when Clerk at Table recited the formula "Finance Bill; third reading," Chancellor of Exchequer would have hopped up and remarked:—

"I move that the Bill be now read a third time."

The Speaker would have put the question; Ministerialists would have roared "Aye;" Opposition would have bleated "No;" Division forthwith taken.

All over in twenty minutes, with rest of sitting available for work or play. The State would not have been one penny the worse; result of Division would be precisely as it will stand at close of three days—unless, indeed, final process of recapitulation proves equivalent to last straw, and some of our elder and weaker brethren succumb, reducing aggregate vote by so many units. Among many frailties and shortcomings, no one can accuse House of Commons of being a business assembly in ordinary acceptance of term.

So we solemnly set apart three days to saying over again what has been ten times repeated during last seven months.



The Noble Art at Westminster.

Things got almost too animated during the discussion of Mr. Ure's performances in the country.

Midway in sitting gleam of hope and light flashed on jaded assembly. Evelyn Cecil on his legs making loyal effort to supplement any argument against the Bill, any illustration of Ministerial depravity, Cousin Robert may by chance have omitted from the one hundred and seventy-nine speeches delivered by him on successive stages. Audience, counting in the Mace, exactly sixteen. A Member, yearning for seclusion and comfort of the family circle, moved a count. Paralysing prospect suddenly presented. What would they say in England supposing, after long tirade proclaiming importance of Budget, debate should stand adjourned because not forty just men could be found to sit out more talking?

Bells announcing count clanged through corridors. Startled groups gathered in dining-room, reading-room, library and smoking-room. The Whips hurried to and fro, driving in Members as sheep are herded into the fold at eventide. By time the sand had run out of glass on Table there were twice forty Members to be counted. Having submitted to operation and saved the State, they with one accord went forth again, leaving Cousin Evelyn to complete the sentence in which he was demonstrating "how ludicrous it is to talk of this as a poor man's Budget."

Business done.—Third Reading of Finance Bill moved.

Thursday.—Always glad of opportunity of extracting from Parliamentary proceedings moral lessons useful for guidance of the young. One just cropped up. Everybody, young or old, lost in admiration of Prince Arthur's erudition. A little weak, perhaps, where figures are concerned. Has not yet completed the sum he commenced to work out in the spring, when Naval Estimates were set forth, and he desired to show how many more *Dreadnoughts* Germany would have in year 1912 beyond possibilities of British programme. But we can't have everything. Numerals (including dates) apart, his range of information is marvellous. How does he do it?

Well—and it's here the moral lesson comes in—by seizing every opportunity to search for knowledge. In course of observations on Town Planning Bill, John Burns took objection to an amendment which, he said, would enable a landlord to let a house to a man of straw. At the moment Prince Arthur was sitting on Front Bench with elbows on knees, his face buried in his hands. Instantly he sat up alert. On his legs as soon as J. B. had made an end of speaking.

"What is a man of straw?" he eagerly asked.

First impression, connected with circumstance that to-morrow is Guy Fawkes day, was that President of Local Government Board alluded to a structure carefully compounded of inflammable material and carried about the streets preliminary to ignition. On reflection, found that the context disposed of this conjecture. Accordingly persisted in enquiry, posing J. B. with reiterated question, "What is a man of straw?"

Regret to say President of Local Government Board showed himself unequal to occasion. Question remained unanswered. Prince Arthur, once athirst for knowledge on a particular subject, not to be put off. Resolved, as soon as he gets home, to look matter up in dictionary.

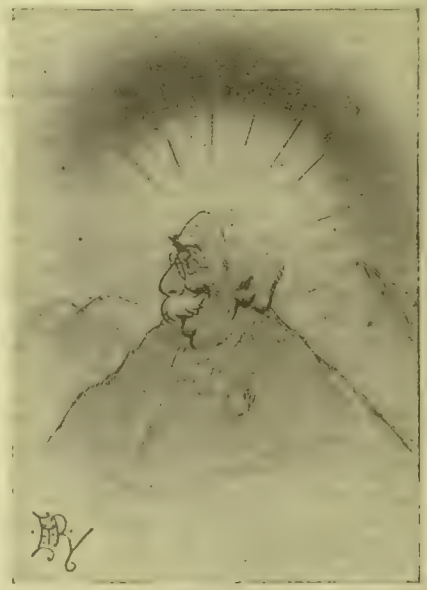
Business done.—Resumed Debate on Budget Bill.

Friday.—Third Reading of Budget Bill carried last night by 379 votes against 149. House adjourned till 23rd. Business really commences on day before, when Lords take the Budget in hand, possibly by the throat.



"What is a Man of Straw?"

(The above—for Mr. Balfour's information—is one that has proved immensely popular in Unionist districts.)



An Antarctic Sunrise behind Mount Henry Lucy.

(Lieut. Shackleton has so named a mountain in the extreme South.)

"With the advent of his first razor. . . . the youth erects a shrine to woman, and the niche is never left empty, only the goddess is changed very often."—*Madame.*

But not so often as the niche, even if it be usually just under the chin.

THE NEW CHAUFFEUR.

Employer. And now as to wages. What do you want?

Chauffeur. Forty pounds a year and all found.

E. And what do you expect to do for that?

C. To keep the car in good order and drive you out in it.

E. Yes. You must excuse me asking so much, but you see I don't know you at all. What kind of a temper have you?

C. Very good.

E. Yes, of course. But I mean what kind of temper have you when you are told suddenly, late on a wet night, to go to the station?

C. Very good.

E. Always?

C. Certainly.

E. Well, I want you to be quite sure. Is your temper so perfect that, if I were to offer you another £5 a year to secure this point about unexpected runs in bad weather and so forth, it would make no difference?

C. I think it might make a difference.

E. And you would stand by the bargain? Never for a moment go back on it?

C. No.

E. Then we will say £45. And one other point. There are some chauffeurs who are willing to go on an open road with no danger at only, say, twelve miles an hour. You are not like that, are you?

C. Certainly not.

E. You are not willing to go slow?

C. No.

E. Ah, then, that settles it, for a chauffeur who objects to go slow is no good to me. You see, I often want to go slow.

C. Yes; but, of course, if you wished it——

E. You said you were not willing. Now, an unwilling servant is the last thing I require.

C. But——

E. You mean that you could become willing to meet my wishes?

C. Yes.

E. But willingness must be more spontaneous than that. Suppose we were to fix it up now absolutely, would you continue in that frame? You would always be willing?

C. Always.

E. Then shall we say another £5 a year? That makes £50.

C. Thank you very much.

E. Oh, no, not at all. It's a commercial transaction. I want what you are prepared to sell. There is one other point. What kind of an expression do you wear when you are told by your employer to take out for a drive certain of his poorer friends who cannot afford more than a small tip, if any?

C. I am perfectly content.

E. Perfectly?

C. Well, of course, one prefers to drive one's own employer.

E. Ah!—but supposing I wished all your passengers to be of equal importance and interest to you? There is no pleasure in a drive if the driver is sullen. Have you ever thought of that?

C. Never.

E. You see it now?

C. Yes, I see it now.

E. And if I were to add another £5 it would guarantee the smile?

C. Absolutely.

E. Very well, then, that makes it £55. We will leave it at that. You will begin on Monday.



Vicar. "I HAVE BEEN HEARING A SAD ACCOUNT OF YOU, MRS. JONES."
Mrs. Jones. "AH! SIR, THIS IS A SHOCKING PLACE FOR GOSSIP."

The Art of Entrenching.

"Some of his remarks were cheered by the quondam cave-dwellers . . . entrenched in prominent corner seats."—*P. W. W. in "The Daily News."*

The Transmigration of Souls.

An advertiser in *The Times* who mentions that he is a gardener (and adds, "head working"—always a good thing in any man) calls attention to his—

"Life experience; eight years previous."

In his next existence he must really try another profession. Otherwise he will be looked upon as a man of one idea only.

From a report of the Saturday Club, Calcutta:—

"The Chairman announced that the Committee had had under their careful consideration the question of limiting the membership, this matter having been brought up by a member. After examining the figures of members resident in, and absent from, Calcutta during 1908 and in view of the enlargement of the Ball room, the Committee did not think it necessary at present to recommend any action in this direction."

Probably the member who brought the matter up was misled by the figures of one or two *habitués*.

THE NEW FOLKS AT HOME.

III.

London (England).

DEAR SADIE,—I got your letter alright last mail, and was glad to hear from you again. It was real good of you to send along *The Bangville Clarion*, and we all dug into it for a spell. It seems queer, somehow, over here, to read about hold-ups and lynching-bees, and all that, and Cy says it makes him feel lonesome, almost, but I tell him the feeling will wear off. I reckon there 's big money here for a real live Sunday paper, something brisk and stingy, but Pop says No, the folks don't want livening up any on Sundays, and murders are good enough for home reading anyway.

Clara Butterick gave a dinner last week, and we all went along. I expect you remember Clara, at the Seminary; she was a holy terror at basket-ball, and wrote the Matron's Column in *The Herald*. Well, this was a freak feed, and Clara took no end of trouble over it. The room was fixed up to represent the North Pole, with newspaper reporters and a cinematograph machine and sledges; and my! it *was* warm, eating in those furs. There was the Pole, with Old Glory stuck in it, for a table-center, and we all sat around on ice-hummocks, and waded into frozen soup and pemmican pie, and talked Eskimo. It was a great notion, and we acted our parts O.K., except Pop, when he broke a tooth on a piece of frozen macaroni-cheese. He let rip something that wasn't Eskimo—nothing like it; but we all talked away, and the dinner went off as slick as a ward meeting. I reckon you 'll have read about it by this time. It 's in all the papers.

I went to a political meeting with Cy, and we had a great time. The meeting was a long way off from here, so we travelled subterranean. You wouldn't believe what a lot of men offered me a seat! We got to the meeting at last, and there was a big palaver, but I don't quite hitch on to the politics over here just yet. Cy says things here are about the same as they are in the States, only simpler, because they haven't got nigger trouble and dry States to worry with. Anyway, the head push who did the talking part was a cracker-jack when he got started, and I was tickled when he told the folks they would have everything they wanted if they would run his ticket and stand by him. It sounded familiar somehow! But the things that man said about the House of Lords, Sadie! I wouldn't have believed there was such folks about. Cy said it gave him a pain to listen to the man; and I reckon it would have gone hard with him if he had made a break like that in Newport or Fifth Avenue. Uncle Sam hasn't got much use for a man that talks about breaking up a Marquis!

Cy has been having trouble with a hotel man somewhere in the country. It was this way. Cy had heard that there was a room in this man's hotel that a king slept in a few centuries ago, so down he went to stay there himself. Well, when Cy pulled up at the hotel—it was an old-time place with a court-yard, and matchboarding round the rooms—he was too late to get the room because a drummer had engaged it. That didn't stop Cy, of course, and he got the drummer to swap rooms with him on condition that Cy paid for all the champagne at dinner. Well, Cy did his share of the deal, and slept in the room, and when he paid the bill the next morning he found that he had slept in the wrong room after all, and the king had never been near the place. Cy felt terrible low about it for some time. It wasn't only the disappointment, but being made a Willie of, that upset him.

Pop brought a very nice man here to dinner a few days back. He 's a barrister, and they get time off on Saturday afternoons sometimes, so I asked him if he could spare an hour or two, as I wanted to see a football match. Well, this man appears to have *all* his Saturday afternoons off, and he took me to see a game. Sadie, it was like a Dorcas meeting! You would have laughed more than a little if you had been there! Sakes alive! I reckon our Bangville team would have laid the whole caboodle out in ten minutes. I suspicioned it was going to be a tame affair somehow from the way the men were dressed—no padding, and not a single nose-guard among them! Just as things got started and I was trying to size it all up, one of the men got hurt, and, believe me or not, Sadie, that referee-guy blew his whistle and the other men all gathered around and the game was stopped till the man got alright again! And they call that kind of fooling football!

Another surprise to us was the way folks keep Sunday. I used to think that it was quiet and lonesome here Sundays, with all the streets empty and no cars and racket. You can rub that off the slate, Sadie, right away! I went to a place called Brighton last Sunday with some friends and found out things. We went down in a Pullman arrangement, all plate glass and velvet fixings, like it is at home, but without the pea-nut boy and the book-vendor, and inside you would have thought you were in Wall Street! One man wore four diamond rings, and read the tape-prices all the way! There 's an esplanade along the front at Brighton and we moseyed along that for a while, but it was as crowded as a drug store in a prohibition State, and we put in at an hotel for lunch. A band played rag-time tunes all the time we were there, and I almost got a headache, there was such a racket. When we pulled out someone said that Brighton air was the best in the world. I reckon it must be, or the folks would hand in their checks quicker than they do! We got back to London again and went to a hotel, and all dinner-time a band played, and, when that let up, a *chanteuse* person came and gave us some coon songs! I was glad to wake up next morning and find it was Monday, and that 's the truth!

Send along all the news you can think of, and be good to yourself.

Yours as ever, ELMIRA.



"UP ABOVE THE WORLD SO HIGH."

Housebreaker. "WELL, THAT DON'T LOOK TO ME 'ARDLY SAFE, SOME'OW."

From a schoolboy (aged nine):—

"We had two debates yesterday about the budget being rejected. I was against the budget, but the ones who were for the budget won it because just about half of the ones who were against the budget had to go away for their prayers."

Really, the opposers of the Budget never seem to get fair play anywhere.



THE DIFFERENT SIDES OF A STORY.—No. IV.

Told in the Smoking-room after dinner:—"NEW HORSE CARRIED ME LIKE A BIRD, NEVER TURNED HIS HEAD AT ANYTHING, LED THE FIELD ALL THE DAY—SURE TO WIN A STEEPLECHASE IF ONE OF YOU CHAPS HAD HIM." *[Followed by overture for sale.*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I WONDER if it is Mr. JACOBS' fault or mine that I don't laugh at his short stories as I did. *Sailors' Knots* (METHUEN) is the latest collection; how calmly and sedately I closed the book—not a collar-stud burst, not a button gone. And then I remember my limp and helpless state after reading *The Skipper's Wooing*. Well, perhaps it is I who am getting old; or is it that I have read too much JACOBS? Every humorist has his own formula for being funny, and one who works within such narrow limits as Mr. JACOBS is bound to give his method away; with the result that his admirers (subconsciously, perhaps) feel at last some slight resentment against him. Now an atmosphere of that kind is fatal to a humorist; the humorist must have his readers entirely with him from the start, they must follow him without question. All the time that I was reading *Sailors' Knots* I was saying to myself, "Same old plot, which recoils on the plotter; same old night-watchman, and the same old jokes about his face." Well, that simply didn't give Mr. JACOBS a chance. I expect, really, he was as funny as ever. In any case I must recommend the book if only for one excellent ghost story which it contains.

One miracle to a novel is a fair allowance, and Mr. STEPHEN REYNOLDS, while allowing his *Alexander Trotman* to move Ramshorn Hill by an act of faith from Trowbury, Wilts, to Acton, W., had clearly given him private instructions that this must not become a habit. The conduct of all his characters, after and with reference to that one supernatural event, is entirely ordinary and intensely human. *The Holy Mountain* (LANE), as a comedy of small minds concerned in big movements, deserves nothing but praise; as a *soi-disant* satire on tendencies it is open to objection. In the apathy of his Trowburians, the wild but short-lived enthusiasms of his London crowds, and the ready adaptation of the miracle to commercial ends by his newspaper king, the author shows a nice perception of the self-conceit of the narrow-minded and the ready intelligence of the self-seeking. But when he reduces all the great issues of life, including religion, to mere farce, he displays an observation too superficial and a spirit too frivolous. If it is the satirist's privilege to ridicule, it is his duty to do so with understanding. "There is many a true word spoken in jest," he reminds you on his title-page; but himself forgets that farce covers a multitude of misconceptions. Nevertheless, if you will promise yourself not to take the satire too seriously nor to abandon your optimism on its account, you cannot do better than read the book for a clever story well told, and for an endlessly amusing caricature of the petty side of life.

Messrs. GEORGE BELL AND SONS have done a bold thing in issuing the libretti of four of the *Savoy Operas*. How it might fare with one taking up this book who had never seen them on the stage I cannot guess; but I know that to the rest of us GILBERT'S wit and fancy, divorced from their complementary music, can only furnish half a feast. As the eye scans the familiar lyrics the ear remembers too, and we find ourselves not reading, but humming, the pages through. But of course the publication of SULLIVAN'S score was out of the question, so the publishers have commissioned Mr. RUSSELL FLINT to supply an accompaniment in line and colour. The artist's colour glows rich and harmonious; his eye for composition is unerring; his figures

move and mime bravely; yet he is never quite sympathetic with the matter of his author. Not only does he make a mistake in shirking the most whimsical situations, but there is too little whimsicality in his execution; and whimsicality should be be-all and end-all in illustrating work that is compact of that quality. Another mistake Mr. FLINT makes, I think, in deliberately ignoring the *optique du théâtre;* for, however it may be with WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, Sir WILLIAM GILBERT is emphatically for the stage rather than the study. Still, I want not to belittle Mr. FLINT'S achievement, for, granting him his point of view, he has produced a most admirable set of designs, especially those dealing with *The Pirates of Penzance*. With *Patience* he is least successful, but for that he must blame his youth. One needs to have lived through the time of those fantastic *précieux* of the early eighties to be able to give just expression to GILBERT'S satire; and Mr. FLINT must have been in short frocks—if, indeed, he were on the planet at all—when *Maudle* and *Postlethwaite* first made their wail heard in the land. It should be added that Sir WILLIAM GILBERT himself kindly comes before the curtain as *Prologue*, and introduces his operas in a few sentences of pleasant reminiscence.

"Sometimes I think you are a little mad," the *Countess of Savernake* told *Petty-Zou*, the heroine of Miss EDITH RICKERT'S *The Beggar in the Heart* (ARNOLD); and, rude as this remark was, I am not disposed to deny the truth of it. *Petty-Zou*, otherwise *Tyrrhena Sidonia Coverdale*, was a widely-travelled and much-proposed-to lady when her uncle died and left her with a full heart and an empty purse. Undaunted, however, by these inconveniences, she established herself in a workman's flat in Westminster, and proceeded to deal out loving-kindness—mixed with food—to her neighbours. Had she stopped at that perhaps *Lord Wharton*, who wanted to marry her, would not have been so worried. But, patient though he was, he had to protest when she placed her protecting wings over a most shady loafer (male) and a lunatic (female). The loafer was removed to Australia, and the lunatic—after biting *Lord Wharton*—to an asylum. Then *Lord Wharton* received his reward, and he had certainly worked hard for it. The story is extremely fantastic, but this very quality may excite the reader to provide schemes of his own for shaking a little common-sense into *Petty-Zou*.

In vain I've tried and tried to guess—
  I do not say it to disparage—
What Mr. JACKSON (W. S.)
  Is driving at in *Trial by Marriage*.

He shows a man who, having wed
  An actress person, rather shady,
Proceeds, believing this one dead,
  To marry with another lady.

Anon crops up the former bride
  For blackmail, and in desperation
He works a bogus suicide
  To save the latter's reputation.

The first expires. He reappears
  To find the second one (I knew it)
Mating afresh, which when he hears,
  He flies once more and leaves her to it.

The story (from The Bodley Head)
  Is told with insight, and discreetly;
It 's readable, but, as I 've said,
  The moral baffles me completely.

After reading Miss EVELYN UNDERHILL'S latest supernatural novel, *The Column of Dust* (METHUEN), I am inclined to quote the famous criticism upon *Jabberwocky*—"It fills me with ideas, only I don't know what they are." Nor am I wholly free from the suspicion that the author herself was in no better case. When, in the earlier chapters, *Constance Tyrell* makes charcoal rings upon the floor and sets herself to catch ghosts according to a printed formula for that process, I was mildly entertained. But when it appeared that an unborn spirit (called here *The Watcher*) had actually been trapped by these means, and, entering the soul of the heroine, become part of her being—I ceased to smile. Frankly speaking, such a conception is altogether too big for its present setting. One can fancy it the motive of a tremendous study of human life and its problems, but Miss UNDERHILL takes her *Watcher* to a Kensington tea-fight and a musical comedy. And even here I am in doubt whether she intends the effect to be serious or farcical. There are other incidents in the book—the scenes in the mountain chapel, for example, and the death of *Constance*—where this impression of insincerity becomes even more distasteful. In fine, Miss UNDERHILL, having proved that she can write engagingly enough about ordinary life (the *Vince* household is quite delightful), will not, I hope, mind my advising her to leave the mysteries respectfully alone. There are limits.



Sophisticated Tourist (visiting a well-known natural curiosity). "I SUPPOSE IT WAS THE GREAT FINN MACCOOL WHO PUT THAT STONE THERE, MIKE?"

Mike. "IT WAS SO, BAD CESS TO HIM FOR LAVIN' IT IN SUCH AN ONCONVANIENT SHPOT—SIX MILES FROM THE STATION, AND UPHILL ALL THE WAY HERE AND BACK!"

For the occasion of the distribution of prizes at the Darlington Technical College (we read in *The North Star*):—

"The committee decided that a quantity of nun's veiling should be obtained for the purpose of draping a number of the statues in the College."

Life is full of these little difficulties, especially for nuns.

From an advertisement in *The Church Times*:—

"Church ¾, Station 3½, and Bath 12 miles."

This is cleanliness at a good distance from godliness.

Motto for Dr. BODE: *Veni, vidi, da Vinci.*

CHARIVARIA.

SIR HERBERT TREE has been reviving *The Van Dyck* at His Majesty's. A roaring farce entitled *The Da Vinci* would have been more topical.

***

"The United States Navy is able to make the proud boast that in the new battleship, *North Dakota*, it possesses the fastest Dreadnought in the world," says a cablegram. We do not like this hint that Americans would ever boast about anything: and it is sure to cause irritation on the other side of the Atlantic.

***

If Sir WILLIAM WILLCOCKS' Mesopotamian proposals be carried out it will be possible to travel by rail to The Garden of Eden. With increased facilities of this sort we see no reason why it should not be possible to found there a successful colony of Classical Dancers.

***

At last, apparently, a serious attempt is to be made to improve our climate. In an article on the forthcoming Japanese-British Exhibition, we read that there will be brought to Shepherd's Bush next year "not only the material objects, but also the very atmosphere, of Japan."

***

More practical politics! Some of the gentlemen who were attacked at Erith when they heckled Mr. URE were relieved of their watches and chains.

***

Under the title of *The Central Criminal Court of London* a sumptuous volume has been published at the price of £8 8*s*. 0*d*., enshrining the history of crime in the Metropolis. The fact that a worthy monument to their labours has at last made its appearance has caused lively satisfaction to those concerned, and they hope that a popular edition at sixpence will soon be placed on the market.

***

An official report on the teaching of English in elementary schools condemns the Cockney accent. A curious feature of this evil is that it is by no means confined to the lower classes. Accents happen in the best regulated families.

***

Writing in *The Express* about a collection of 90,000 reproductions of pictures made by a Hammersmith gentleman, a correspondent says, "Everything is indexed so that in a moment you can turn from GAINSBOROUGH to HAL HURST." But why should you want to?

***

The Manchester Guardian, discussing the mystery of the Dukinfield murder, winds up with the question, "What is one to make of it?" At least half a column, we should say, speaking as practical journalists.



THE NEW FASHION.

BEWARE THE FUR—WHEN IT FLIES.

"Why are Actors underpaid?" was the title of an address by Mr. CECIL RALEIGH to the Dramatic Debaters. Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER and Mr. HARRY LAUDER will be glad to hear that this grave injustice is at last receiving attention.

***

In its account of the football match between England and Sweden, a contemporary tells us that "at the interval England led by 3 goals to 0, STAPLEY (two) and OWEN having snored." What need is there to cry, "Wake up, England!" when we can do as well as this in our sleep?

***

The literary bargain of the week—*The Dollar Princess* for 1*s*.

How to See the Comet.

A local paper on HALLEY:

"It is now a month since the comet announced its return by impressing the photographic plate, but it will probably not be seen by the naked until shortly after the New Year."

L'Entente Cordiale.

MARCEL PRÉVOST in *The Figaro*:

"Les Anglais pris en masse ont une culture médiocre."

"Foemina" in *The Figaro*:

"Pris en masse les Anglais ne sont pas très intelligents."

Come, come; it is time we pulled ourselves together and impressed these foreigners.

THE NEW LIBERALISM.

[*The Daily News*, in passing severe comments upon the retirement of that stout buttress of Nonconformity, Sir ROBERT PERKS, permits itself to make the following observation:—"The truth is that antagonism to the Church is not a sufficient basis for Liberalism in these days."]

AH, for the easy days of old
When there was no tough test to pass
Before you got your name enrolled
Among the Liberal fighting class;
One question served—'twas all you got:—
"Are you agin the Church, my hearty?"
You said, "I am!" and on the spot
Became a pil'ar of the Party.

No candidate was ever ploughed
(The Limehouse test was still unknown)
Because he wouldn't curse aloud
All social castes above his own.
They didn't say, as now they do,
"Your claims we cannot yet determine
Without a guarantee that you
Regard our Dukes as simple vermin."

Yes, those were easier days, for then
You might preserve a Liberal mind
And yet believe that honest men
Occur among the landlord kind;
You might, without undue alarm,
Be seen in conve:se with a brewer,
Or take a plural voter's arm
As though his soul was not a sewer.

It was enough in that fair age,
When PERKS's rose was still in bud,
If Liberals spent their pious rage
In shouting for the Church's blood;
But now in younger, hardier breasts
New forms of hate must have their places,
Or else the whole caboodle rests
Upon an "insufficient basis."

O. S.

THERE'S MANY A SLIP.

No prudent Commoner forgets,
When Lords are all the rage:—
"Kind hearts are more than coronets,
Nor iron bars a cage."

Change the metre when you 're pressed;
Ask for what you cannot reach;
This is more than all the rest:—
NEVER PRACTISE WHAT YOU PREACH.

THE point of the above quotation (selected at random from a praiseworthy poem of my own, entitled *Alone I Did It*) is in the last line. The remainder may be safely neglected. The moral of it is this. If ever you descend to writing articles upon the ease of travelling first-class with a third-class ticket, and illustrate your theory with a purely imaginary instance, let the matter rest there. Take what money you can get for your article, but try to forget your beautiful theory as soon as possible. Above all, do not do as I did.

The train intended to run from Paddington to Birmingham without a stop, and for all I know it did so. I intended to go by that train to Birmingham, but, if the third-class carriages became too full to hold anybody else, I meant to be that somebody else. So I sat in the rear of the platform on an empty milk-can (that was part of the theory) and let the other passengers arrange themselves, facing the engine or not as they preferred.

When it was getting somewhere near starting time, I walked along the train to have a look at its fulness; and never in my life have I seen so many vacant places in third-class compartments. Possibly you would have boldly taken your seat in a first-class carriage and chanced it, but I happened to know that it was a corridor train, that an inspector examined the tickets *en route*, and that all the room under the seats was occupied by the warming apparatus.

When I rather think of doing something, especially if there is an element of wickedness about it, and upon investigation find it to be impossible, I at once become determined to do it at all costs. So I had another look at the train and found that the last coach was not connected by a corridor to the rest of the train and that every third-class seat in that particular coach was full. "Providence," I said to myself, "is engaged on this job," and I started to enter the one first-class compartment in the coach. But I did not get further than the start, because I saw a man in uniform hovering. On these occasions I hate talking to men in uniform. Instead, I walked sharply out of the station for a hundred yards or so, and waited there until there was only a minute left before my time of departure. Then I sprinted sharply for the first-class compartment of the last coach again.

It is astonishing how many railway officials one can interview in how short a time. I imagine that I had about seven conversations before that train started to move. The whole staff of one of England's greatest railways seemed bent on nothing else but getting me out of my carriage. They asked to see my ticket, but I was too exhausted by my rush to catch my train to hear what they said. They wanted to know where I was going and (so it seemed to me from their gesticulations) why I was going there, what I was going to do when I got there and when they might expect me back. None of these questions seemed to me to be worth answering. Besides, there was probably some catch in them.

I only got rid of my interviewers when the train started, and even then one of them stood on the step, so anxious was he to finish what he had got to say.

"Where are you going, Sir?" he asked.

"What?" I said. After all I had to say something.

"Where are you going, Sir?" he repeated.

"Where are you coming to?" was my natural retort. "I 'll tell you all about myself, if you 'll tell me all about yourself. Will you start first?"

Before he could answer that he had to leave me. We were very nearly clear of the station altogether, and, had he put off the bitter parting any longer, he would have had to wait until the next station for some more platform to jump on. Rather than appear rude, I leant out of the window to wave a farewell to him. "I forgive you," I shouted. "Take it from me that I am going to Birmingham."

* * * *

I alighted from my coach at Reading, because the coach was a slip coach and Reading was the place where it slipped. During the course of interviews with another score or so of officials, I made two important announcements. The first (which was inaccurate) was that I was about to report for misconduct the guard, the ticket-inspectors, the engine-driver, the stoker, all the officials at Paddington, all the officials at Reading and all the signalmen on the intervening system; the second (which was entirely true) that Reading seemed to me the most loathsome spot I had ever had the misfortune to visit.

"Lieutenant Shackelton's knighthood was inevitable, nevertheless it will be heartily approved."—*Northern Whig.*

This sounds generous; but, after all, the public gets quite a fair proportion of surprises.



BETWEEN TWO SCHOOLS.

Professor Balfour. "AND NOW, GENTLEMEN, THE QUESTION IS WHETHER THIS ADMIRABLE BUST IS TO BE ASSIGNED TO THE SCHOOL OF COBDEN OR TO THAT OF CHAMBERLAIN."

[Art circles in England and Germany are still agitated by the controversy about a wax bust, which some ascribe to Leonardo da Vinci and others to Richard Cockle Lucas. Even the German Kaiser's pronouncement in favour of Leonardo has left the matter unsettled.]





SOCIETIES WE ADMIRE (BUT DO NOT BELONG TO).—No. 2.

THE ASSOCIATION FOR THE REVIVAL OF CLASSICAL DANCING.

PLEA FOR A "WORKING MAN."

WHENE'ER my morning sheet I scan
I learn that now the "Working Man,"
Proceeding on a novel plan
Of Give and Take,
For the first time since Work began
Is on the make.

His broad ideal seems to be
Getting his needs — and comforts — free;
And as it 's natural that he
Shan't pay the bill,
The victim with the L. S. D.,
Put bluntly, will.

A game in which you 're bound to win
Has charm for those that toil and spin,
Tho' to the man that has the tin
It may seem hard;
But whereabouts do I come in?
I am a bard.

I grant you that my trade is low,
And wanting in the outer show
Of decent Toil, so let that go:
What I impress
Is, Dignity of Labour, No;
But Labour, Yes.

The proud exclusive Sons of Toil,
What reck they of the midnight oil,
Of barren labours that recoil
After they 're done,
Of Editors who make one boil
To give them one?

They do their simple task per day—
The minimum—and pass away
To smoke, to drink, perchance to play,
Just as they like;
Men whom the poet's rate of pay
Would send on strike.

Why, when in envious moods I think
Of all they have to spend on drink,
While, for the bard, the household sink
Fulfils his need,
It is enough to freeze one's ink;
It is, indeed.

What tho' the hand the Muse employs
Is no more horny than a boy's?
What tho' I wear no corduroys
On my two stumps?
(I tried to, but their creaky noise
Gave me the jumps.)

But what of that? I ask you, what?
I say, let class distinctions rot!
And if there 's boodle to be got
By Working Men,
Am I a "Working" Man or not?
Very well, then.

By barren toil and meagre screw,
O Workers, I am one with you;
And, if there 's anyone to do,
By all means do 't;
Only I mean to be there too
And share the loot.

DUM-DUM.

Lessons from Life.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—If our weekly "illustrated" papers have long ago sacrificed art to photography, no one can complain that they have grown either less instructive or less in touch with the times. Week by week they teach us more and more about the actualities of the hour. Take the current number of *The Graphic*. As I write (Nov. 11) there lies before me a very beautiful study—a photograph, I need hardly say—of a pastoral valley in late autumn. In the old days this might have appeared at any time of the year, and they would have simply called it "Autumn" or "Late Autumn," and left it at that. But to-day we are informed in a footnote: "*This picture represents a scene now being enacted all over the country, reminding one that winter is not far off.*"

Don't you think, dear *Mr. Punch*, that this kind of thing is very, very good for us? Yours ever,

A CHILD IN THESE MATTERS.

"PURE CEYLON TEA.

PER 1s. 9d. LB. NET.

Packed in 1lb. Lead-covered Packets Twice the Size of an ordinary Packet of tea."
Advt. in "Western Morning News."

Reference is apparently made to the ordinary half-pound packet.

THE LETTER N.

A TRAGEDY IN HIGH LIFE.

I.

From the copy paper of Harold Pippett, only reporter for "The Easterham Herald."

INQUIRIES which have been made by one of our representatives yield the gratifying tidings that Kildin Hall, the superb Tudor residence vacated a year or so ago by Lord Glossthorpe, is again let. The new tenant, who will be a valued addition to the neighbourhood, is Mr. Michael Stirring, a retired banker.

II.

From "The Easterham Herald," Sept. 2.

Inquiries which have been made by one of our representatives yield the gratifying tidings that Kildin Hall, the superb Tudor residence vacated a year or so ago by Lord Glossthorpe, is again let. The new tenant, who will be a valued addition to the neighbourhood, is Mr. Michael Stirring, a retired baker.

III.

Mr. Guy Lander, Estate Agent, to the Editor of "The Easterham Herald."

DEAR TED,—There 's a fearful bloomer in your paper this week which you must put right as soon as you can. Mr. Stirring, who has taken Kildin, is not a baker, but a banker. Yours, G. L.

IV.

The Editor of "The Easterham Herald" to Mr. Guy Lander.

MY DEAR GUY,—Of course it 's only a misprint. Pippett wrote "banker" right enough, and the ass of a compositor dropped out the "n." I 'll put it right next week. No sensible person would mind. Yours, EDWARD ROBB.

V.

Mrs. Michael Stirring to the Editor of "The Easterham Herald."

SIR,—My attention has been called to a very serious misstatement in your paper for Saturday last. It is there stated that my husband, Mr. Michael Stirring, who has taken Kildin Hall, is a retired baker. This is absolutely false. Mr. Stirring is a retired banker, than which nothing could be much more different. Mr. Stirring is at this moment too ill to read the papers, and the libel will therefore be kept from him a little longer, but what the consequences will be when he learns it I tremble to think. Kindly assure me that you will give the denial as much publicity as the falsehood. Yours faithfully,

AUGUSTA STIRRING.

VI.

The Editor of "The Easterham Herald" to Mrs. Michael Stirring.

The Editor of *The Easterham Herald* presents his compliments to Mrs. Stirring and begs to express his profound regret that the misprint of which she complains should have crept into his paper. That it was a misprint and not an intentional misstatement he has the reporter's copy to prove. He will, of course, insert in the next issue of *The Easterham Herald* a paragraph correcting the error, but he would point out to Mrs. Stirring that it was stated in the paragraph that Mr. Stirring would be a valued addition to the neighbourhood.

VII.

Mrs. Stirring to the Editor of "The Easterham Herald."

SIR, — Whatever the cause of the slander, whether malice or misadventure, the fact remains that you have done a very cruel thing. I enclose a cutting from the London Press, sent me by a friend, which will show you that the calumny is becoming widely spread. Mr. Stirring is so weak and dispirited that we fear he may have got some inkling of it. Your position if he knows the worst will be terrible.

I am, Yours faithfully,

AUGUSTA STIRRING.

VIII. (THE ENCLOSURE.)

From "The Morning Star."

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

We get the new movement in a nutshell in the report from Easterham that Lord Glossthorpe has let his house to a retired baker named Stirring, etc., etc.

IX.

From "The Easterham Herald," Sept. 9.

ERRATUM.—In our issue last week an unfortunate misprint made us state that the new tenant of Kildin Hall was a retired baker. The word was of course banker.

X.

Messrs. Greencry and Bills, Steam Bakery, Dumbridge.

DEAR SIR,—After the offensive way in which you refer to bakers in the current number of your paper we feel that we have no other course but to withdraw our advertisement; so please discontinue it from this date.

Yours faithfully,

GREENERY AND BILLS.

XI.

Mr. John Bridger, Baker, to the Editor of "The Easterham Herald."

DEAR ROBB,—I was both pained and surprised to find a man of your principles and a friend of mine writing of bakers as you did this week. Why should you "of course" have meant a banker? Why cannot a retired baker take a fine house if he wants to? I am thoroughly ashamed of you, and wish to withdraw my advertisement from your paper. Yours truly, JOHN BRIDGER.

XII.

Mrs. Stirring to the Editor of "The Easterham Herald."

SIR,—I fear you have not done your best to check the progress of your slanderous paragraph, since only this morning I received the enclosed. You will probably not be surprised to learn that through your efforts the old-world paradise of Kildin, in which we hoped to end our days, has been closed to us.

Yours truly, AUGUSTA STIRRING.

XIII. (THE ENCLOSURE.)

From "The Daily Leader."

THE TRIUMPH OF THE DEMOCRACY.

After lying empty for nearly two years Lord Glossthorpe's country seat has been let to a retired baker named Stirring, etc., etc.

XIV.

Mrs. Michael Stirring to Mr. Guy Lander.

DEAR SIR,—After the way that the good name and fame of my husband and myself have been poisoned both in the local and the London Press, we cannot think further of coming to live at Kildin Hall. Every post brings from one or other of my friends some paragraph perpetuating the lie. Kindly therefore consider the negotiations completely at an end. I am, Yours faithfully,

AUGUSTA STIRRING.

XV.

The Editor of "The Easterham Herald" to Mr. John Bridger.

DEAR BRIDGER,—You were too hasty. A man has to do the best he can. When I wrote "of course" I meant it as a stroke of irony. You will be glad to hear that in consequence of the whole thing I have got notice to leave, my proprietor being under obligations to Lord Glossthorpe, and you may therefore restore your patronage to *The Herald* with a pure conscience.

Yours sincerely, EDWARD ROBB.

XVI.

The Editor of "The Easterham Herald" to Mrs. Stirring.

The Editor of *The Easterham Herald* presents his compliments to Mrs. Stirring for the last time, and again assures her that the whole trouble grew from the natural carelessness of an overworked and underpaid compositor. He regrets sincerely the unhappiness which that mistake has caused, and looks forward to a day when retired bakers and retired bankers will be considered as equally valuable additions to a neighbourhood. In retirement, as in the grave, he likes to think of all men as equal. With renewed apologies for the foul aspersion which he cast upon Mr. and Mrs. Stirring, he begs to conclude.

THERE IS A DETAIL MISSING IN EACH OF THESE PICTURES—WHAT IS IT?



1. The well-known Play-scene by Maclise.



2. An historical example of chivalry.



3. Oliver Cromwell in the House of Commons.



4. A familiar personage in the history of the Lord Mayors of London.

[We regret that *The Strand Magazine* has not continued its labours on the above lines, and we venture, with acknowledgments, to take on the good work.]

WILLIAM SMITH, EDITOR.

[The exciting revelations at the St. James' Theatre as to the inner life of the successful dramatist, with its interludes of plot and intrigue, may (we feel) cause the public to look down upon an editorial career as in comparison tame and insipid. We have endeavoured to show here that, on the contrary, Romance may invade the Editorial sanctum at any moment.]

ACT I.

The Editor's Room in the Office of "The Lark." Two walls of the room are completely hidden from floor to ceiling by magnificently bound books: the third wall at the back is hidden by boxes of immensely expensive cigars. The windows, of course, are in the fourth wall, which, however, need not be described, as it is never quite practicable on the stage. The floor of this apartment is chastely covered with rugs shot by the Editor in his travels, or in the Tottenham Court Road; and in some cases, presented by admiring readers from abroad. The furniture is both elegant and commodious.

William Smith, Editor, *comes in. He is superbly dressed in a fur coat and an expensive cigar. There is a blue pencil behind his ear, and a sheaf of what we call in the profession "type-written manuscripts" under his arm. He sits down at his desk and pulls the telephone towards him.*

Smith (*at the telephone*). Hallo, is that you, Jones? . . . Yes, it's me. Just come up a moment. (*Puts down telephone and begins to open his letters.*)

[*Enter* Jones, *his favourite sub-editor. He is dressed quite commonly, and is covered with ink. He salutes respectfully as he comes into the room.*]

Jones. Good afternoon, chief.

Smith. Good afternoon. Have a cigar?

Jones. Thank you, chief.

Smith. Have you anything to tell me?

Jones. The circulation is still going up, chief. It was three million and eight last week.

Smith (*testily*). How often have I told you not to call me "chief," except when there are ladies present? Why can't you do what you're told?

Jones. Sorry, sir, but the fact is there *are* ladies present.

Smith (*fingering his moustache*). Show them up. Who are they?

Jones. There is only one. She says she's the lady who has been writing our anonymous "Secrets of the Boudoir" series which has made such a sensation.

Smith (*in amazement*). I thought you told me *you* wrote those.

Jones (*simply*). I did.

Smith. Then why——

Jones. I mean, I did tell you. The truth is they came in anonymously, and I thought they were more likely to be accepted if I said I had written them. (*With great emotion*) Forgive me, chief, but it was for the paper's sake. (*In matter-of-fact tones*) There were one or two peculiarities of style I had to alter. She had a way of——

Smith (*sternly*). How many cheques for them have you accepted for the paper's sake?

Jones. Eight. For a thousand pounds each.

Smith (*with tears in his eyes*). If your mother were to hear of this——

Jones (*sadly*). Ah, chief, I have never had a mother.

Smith (*slightly put out, but recovering himself quickly*). What would your father say, if——

Jones. Alas, I have no relations. I was a foundling.

Smith (*nettled*). In that case I shall certainly tell the master of the workhouse. To think that there should be a thief in this office!

Jones (*with great pathos*). Chief, chief, I am not so vile as that. I have carefully kept all the cheques in an old stocking, and——

Smith (*in surprise*). Do you wear stockings?

Jones. When I bicycle. And as soon as the contributor comes forward——

Smith (*stretching out his hand and grasping that of* Jones). My dear boy, forgive me. You have been hasty, perhaps, but zealous. In any case, your honesty is above suspicion. Leave me now. I have much to think of. (*Rests his head on his hands. Then, dreamily*) *You* have never seen your father; for thirty years *I* have not seen my wife . . . Ah, Arabella!

Jones. Yes, sir. (*Rings bell.*)

Smith. She *would* split her infinitives. . . . We quarrelled. . . . She left me. . . . I have never seen her again.

Jones (*excitedly*). Did you say she split her infinitives?

Smith. Yes. That was what led to our separation. Why?

Jones. Nothing, only—it's very odd. I wonder——

[*Enter* Boy.]

Boy. Did you ring, Sir?

Smith. No. (*To* Jones) Did you?

Jones. Yes; you told me to. (Smith *shakes his head.*) Well, anyhow, Sir, what about the lady?

Smith. The lady? Ah, yes. (*To* Boy) Show her up, please. (*Exit* Boy.) You'd better clear out, Jones. I'll explain to her about the money.

Jones. Right you are, Sir. [*Exit.*

[Smith *leans back in his chair and stares in front of him.*]

Smith (*to himself*). Arabella!

[*Enter* Boy, *followed by a stylishly dressed lady of middle age.*]

Boy. Mrs. Robinson. [*Exit.*

[Mrs. Robinson *stops short in the middle of the room and stares at the Editor; then staggers and drops on to the sofa.*]

Smith (*in wonder*). Arabella!

Mrs. Robinson. William!

[*Curtain.*]

ACT II.

SCENE—*As before.* TIME—*Half-an-hour later.* William *and* Arabella *are seated on the sofa.*

Arabella. I had begun to almost despair. (Smith *winces.*) "Almost to despair," I mean, darling.

Smith (*with a great effort*). No, no, dear. You were right.

Arabella. How sweet of you to think so, William.

Smith. Yes, yes, it's the least I can say . . . And now, dear, what shall we do? Shall we get married again quietly?

Arabella. Wouldn't that be bigamy?

Smith. I think not, but I will ask the printer's reader. He knows everything. You see, there will be such a lot to explain, otherwise.

Arabella. Dear, can you afford to marry?

Smith. Well, my salary as editor is only twenty thousand a year, but I do a little reviewing for other papers.

Arabella. And I have — nothing. How can I come to you without even a trousseau?

Smith. Yes, that's true . . . (*Suddenly*) By Jove, though, you have got something! You have eight thousand pounds! We owe you that for your articles. (*With a return to his professional manner*) Did I tell you how greatly we all appreciated them? Excuse me a moment, love. (*Goes to telephone.*) Is that you, Jones? Just come here a moment. (*To* Arabella) Jones is my sub-editor; he is keeping your money for you.

[*Enter* Jones.]

Jones (*producing an old stocking*). I've just been round to my rooms to get that money—(*sees* Arabella)—oh, I beg your pardon.

Smith (*waving an introduction*). Mrs. Smith — my wife. This is our sub-editor, dear—Mr. Jones. (Arabella *puts her hand to her heart and seems about to faint*). Why, what's the matter?

Arabella (*hoarsely*). Where did you get that stocking?

Smith (*pleasantly*). It's one he wears when he goes bicycling.

Jones. No; I misled you this afternoon, chief. This stocking was all the luggage I had when I first entered the Leamington workhouse.

Arabella (*throwing herself into his*

arms). My son! This is your father! William—our boy!

Smith (*shaking hands with* Jones). How are you? I say, Arabella, then that was one of *my* stockings?

Arabella (*to her boy*). When I saw you on the stairs you seemed to dimly remind me——

Jones. To remind you dimly, mother.

Smith. No, my boy. In future, nothing but split infinitives will appear in our paper. Please remember that.

Jones (*with emotion*). I will endeavour to always remember it, dad.

[*Curtain.*]

A. A. M.

TOO LATE.

[The sighting of a sea-serpent has recently been reported at Liverpool.]

AUGUST wept above our beaches,
Drew to its predestined term;
Still within secluded reaches
Lay the oceanic worm;
Never fluttered pinnace flying
Told of how his flank for miles
Coil on archéd coil was lying
Somewhere off the Scilly Isles.

Came September; flew the swallow;
Autumn lanes were lined with mud;
Sere October saw us wallow
Waist-deep in an ark-less flood;
Still no daring news exploiter
Wakened from its ooze-girt zone
Amphitrite's portent: REUTER
Simply left the thing alone.

Shall we now (when dark November
Also brings its share of rain)
Thrill through every awe-struck member
At the serpent of the main?
Shall we now, when parties writhe on
Rocks about the Budget's fate,
Care for something like a python
Spotted by the second mate?

No, if stout papas at Brighton,
Listening to the breakers' scrunch,
Needed not that scare to lighten
Lethargy succeeding lunch;
Polls, I think, to-day before us,
Peers a-tremble for their doom,
Rob the laggard Dinosaurus
Of his too late-flowering bloom.

Pressmen leave him wandering vainly
Where upon the fog-bound blue
Captain Binks perceived him plainly
("As it might be me and you");
What to us are idle seamen's
Fancies, when we hourly shake
Under sheer delirium tremens
Fighting with the Fiscal snake?

"FASHIONABLE MARRIAGE AT PORT SAID.

HOWE-STRANGE."
The Egyptian Gazette.

It is rather.



Rector. "SO YOUR SON IS LONDON IS TO BE MARRIED, EH?"

Mrs. Carter. "YESSIR, HE IS, AND TO A LADY ON THE STAGE, TOO—BUT NOT A HORRID SINFUL PLAY-ACTRESS. HE SAYS SHE'S A SERIO—WHICH SOUNDS QUITE ALL RIGHT, DON'T IT?"

"His fame as a teacher and as an operating surgeon has been carried to the four corners of the earth. By his writings he has reached even a wider circle."—*The Student*.

In fact he has always been a favourite in Mars.

"And last night's contest has took hold of sportsmen the world over."—*The Standard*.

We are more interested in the contest between *The Standard* and *The Westminster Gazette*, whose "has went" we quoted a week or two ago.

Under "Situations Vacant" in the *Guernsey Evening Press*, we read the simple announcement: "Beetroots by the Perch." It is intended to convey (we assume) that there is work for those who want it at this well-known but unsophisticated little village.

Unfortunate Affair in the Hunting Field.

"Caldecote New Gorse was drawn blank, but from the Leather Mills Gorse a fox was set going, and gave the hunt a splendid circular run towards Nuneaton and Sprin wood, back to Caldecote Hall, and on to Lindley, where the rearguard went to ground."—*Daily Mail*.

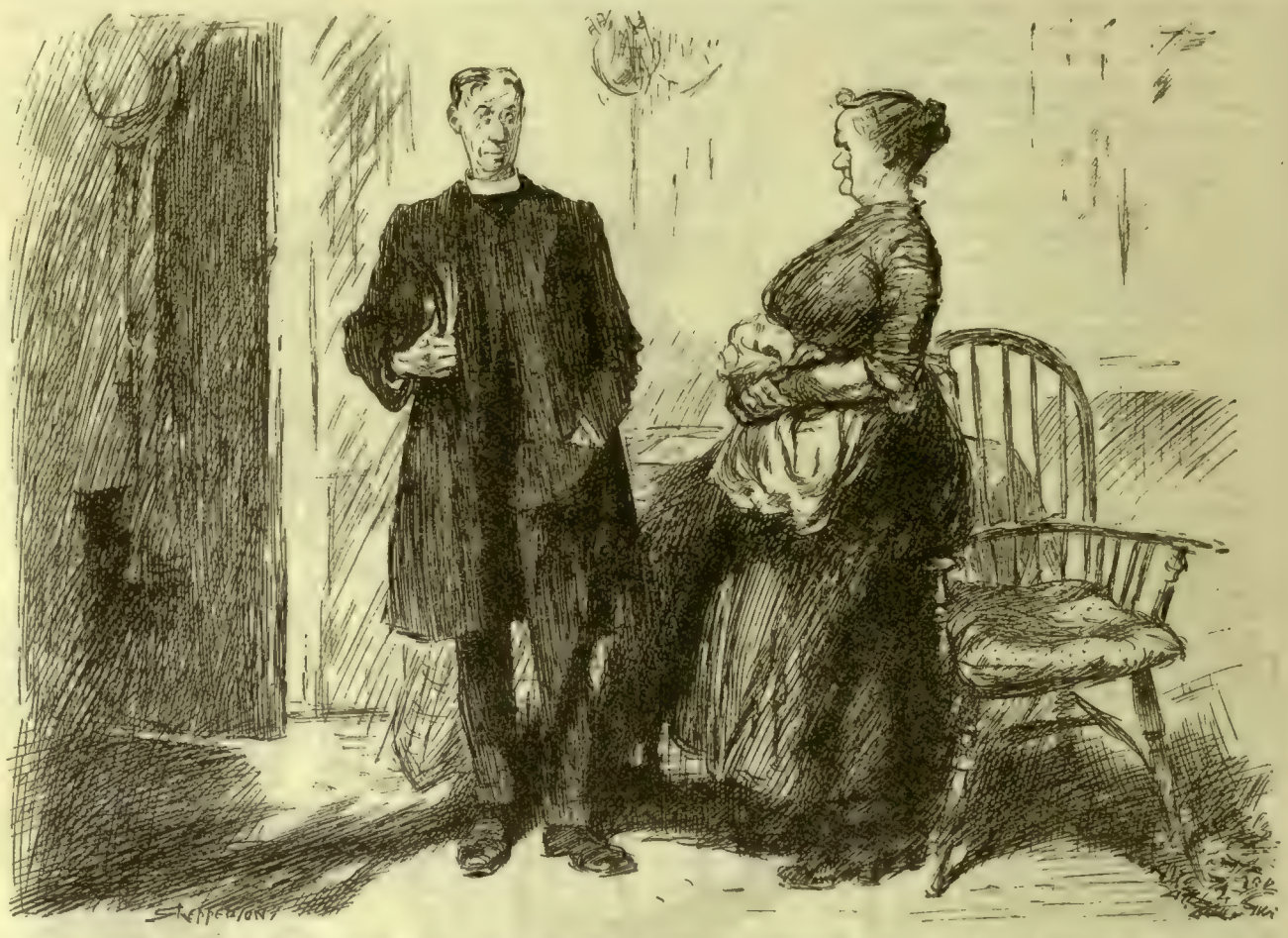
"The Municipal Elections took place throughout the country on Monday. In the provincial towns there has been very little change. The gains on one side have balanced the lossers on the other."—*The Spectator*.

This happens so frequently nowadays, however, that it has ceased to be the subject of general remark.

From a testimonial:—

"I may say your Sinearoleum was a great success here, keeping Hares and Rabbits from barking."

No more sleepless nights!



Parishioner (to the new Curate). "YES, SIR, I'VE BEEN A WIDOW FOR TWENTY-TWO YEARS, AND NEVER REGRETTED IT."

THE DEATH OF EUCLID.

["Euclid, we are told, is at last dead, after two thousand years of an immortality that he never much deserved."—"*The Times*'" *Literary Supplement.*]

A THRENODY for EUCLID! This is he
Who with his learning made our youth a waste,
Holding our souls in fee;
A god whose high-set crystal throne was based
Beyond the reach of tears,
Deeper than time and his relentless years!

Come then, ye Angle-Nymphs, and make lament;
Ye little Postulates, and all the throng
Of Definitions, with your heads besprent
In funeral ashes, ye who long
Worshipped the King and followed in his train;
For he is dead and cannot rise again.

Then from the shapes that beat their breasts and wept,
Soft to the light a gentle Problem stepped,
And, lo, her clinging robe she swiftly loosed
And with majestic hands her side produced:
"Sweet Theorem," she said, and called her mate,
"Sweet Theorem, be with me at this hour.
How oft together in a dear debate
We two bore witness to our Sovereign's power.
But he is dead and henceforth all our days
Are wrapped in gloom,
And we who never ceased to sing his praise
May weep our lord, but cannot call him from his tomb."

And, as they bowed their heads and to and fro
Wove in a mournful gait their web of woe,
Two sentinels forth came,
Their hearts aflame,
And moved behind the pair:
"Warders we are," they cried,
"Of these two sisters who were once so fair,
So joyous in their pride."
And now their massy shields they lifted high,
Embossed with letters three,
And, though a mist of tears bedimmed each eye,
The sorrowing Nymphs could see
Q., E. and F. on one, and on the other Q. E. D.

But on a sudden, with a hideous noise
Of joy and laughter rushed a rout of boys;
And all the mourners in affright
Scattered to left and right.
Problems and Theorems and Angles too,
Postulates, Definitions, Circles, Planes,
A jibbering crew,
With all their hoary gains
Of knowledge, from their monarch dead
Into the outer darkness shrieking fled.

And now with festal dance and laughter loud
Broke in the boyish and intruding crowd;
Nor did they fail,
Seeing that all the painful throng was sped,
To let high mirth prevail,
And raise the song of joy for EUCLID dead.



INTELLIGENT ANTICIPATION.

The Cloaked Figure. "Well, they seem to be counting on me. Perhaps it'd be a pity to disappoint 'em."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, November 8th.—House meets to-day with consciousness that it is poorer by the cutting off of one of its most modest and most distinguished members. Lord SELBY did not take prominent part in its proceedings. When he first entered it, stepping from the exalted position of the Speaker's Chair in the Commons, he characteristically took a back seat, whence he seldom rose to join in debate. He preferred the less obtrusive part of one who gives "sage counsel in cumber."

His views on current affairs were sought with avidity by both sides. When, at the instance of the present Opposition, a Committee was appointed to consider the possibility of reforming procedure in the Lords, Ministers and their few followers stood aside. Intent upon drastic reconstruction, they declined to dally with what promised to be a mere plastering-up of the ancient edifice. The LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION approached Lord SELBY with invitation to "come over and help us." Though essentially not a Party man, he was loyal to his Party chief. He privily consulted him on the question, and on receiving cordial consent to follow personal inclination in the matter he joined the Committee and gave valuable aid to its deliberations.

To the universal regret on his final withdrawal from an arena which he endowed with dignity is added the reflection that the event happens on the eve of a crisis in the history of the House of Lords where his sound judgment, long experience, lofty moral and mental attitude, would have been of price above rubies.

It is an oft-told story how, nominated to the Speaker's Chair on the retirement of Mr. PEEL, Mr. GULLY was not known even by sight to one-third of the assembly. As Member for Carlisle, as in other relations of daily life, he never thrust himself to the front. Unexpectedly called to the Chair, he filled it with a courteousness that graced without weakening his unfailing vindication of its high authority. His appointment on the nomination of the meagre Liberal majority under the leadership of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT was resisted by the Opposition. The honour was won for him by the narrow majority of eleven. This happened in April 1895. In August of the same year, the Unionists, returning with a majority that made them masters of the situation, and placed at their disposal the prizes that are the heritage of the victor, re-elected him by acclamation.

Thereafter, through ten eventful years he held the post, yearly growing in the esteem of the House. A man of simple tastes, sweet nature, high culture, and supreme capacity, he added appreciably to the splendid traditions of the Speaker's Chair.

> Now is the stately column broke,
> The beacon light is quenched in smoke,
> The trumpet's silvery sound is still,
> The warder silent on the hill.

Business done.—London Elections Bill thrown out on Second Reading by 157 against 40.

Thursday.—Merrily filling up the cup. Last week Irish Land Bill hacked about and returned for dead. On Monday short shrift given to LOULU's London Elections Bill. JOHN BURNS's Bill for the better planning of towns and the housing of populations, which passed the Commons by acclaim, severely handled in the melting pot.

"May as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb," said LANSDOWNE, sharpening his claymore.

Then in quavering voice that ill assorted with desperate intent, he trolled his battle-song:

> Come fill up the cup as full as you can;
> Come call up my army of bold Backwoodsmen.
> Fling wide the "No" lobby and let us go free:
> For it's up with the Budget of David L. G.

To-day House Letting Bill comes back with reasons for disagreement to several of Lords' Amendments. CAMPERDOWN to the fore as usual. Ever desirous to remind House that if anything untimely were to happen to LANSDOWNE—(which Heaven forbid!) they need not go Leaderless. Indeed, with titular coachman on the box, CAMPERDOWN always ready to take reins out of his hands and drive the next stage.

Heavily snubbed just now. Majority of Peers on Opposition Benches evidently disinclined to add to general wreck another useful non-controversial measure. CAMPERDOWN has no patience with such weakness. Up several times



House of Lords Footman.—"Per'aps I hought to tell you, m'lord, as those *persons* from Mr. Hasquidge's hopposite are hall in the front of the 'Ouse again, a-throwin' down gloves, (wich they call gaunklets) like hanythink! Their hattitude and beyaviour is what your lordship might call unpleasantly threat'nin', I might halmost say middle-class!"

Lord Lansdowne.—"Oh, that 's all right, James. You might just pick up all the gloves, you know. Very interesting mementos." [*See next page.*]

on same Amendment. In the Commons this out of order. In the Lords no Standing Orders govern debate. Every Peer a law unto himself. LORD CHANCELLOR sitting on Woolsack with appearance and insignia of President has no power of restraint.

But there are limits to the patience of a Scotchman. On fourth popping up of the Irrepressible One, LORD CHANCELLOR observed: "It is not usual for noble Lords to speak more than once on the same subject."

Ministerialists cheered; Unionists tittered; CAMPERDOWN subsided.

Business done.—Noble Lords graciously refraining from insisting on Amendments to House Letting Bill disagreed with by Commons, the little one was saved.

"A brand snatched from the burning," sighed Lord CREWE.

THROUGH THE IVORY GATE.

THE recent announcement that a Servian Bishop was about to be tried on a charge of high treason for publicly stating that he had dreamed that King PETER was deposed has prompted the inquiry whether such experiences are common amongst our own leading men. Appended are the results of an investigation s owing that this particular form of dream is by no means the monopoly of the Servian episcopacy.

Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE, who recently informed a representative of *The Daily Chronicle* that he "believed in having dreams and in turning them into realities," is reported to have had a strange vision the other day during a hard-earned nap between the Acts of *Trilby*. The renowned histrion dreamed that Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER had abandoned the Stage for Parliament, that Mr. MARTIN HARVEY had become a Bishop, Mr. CYRIL MAUDE an Admiral, and Mr. H. B. IRVING a Judge.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, like Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE, is a great dreamer. It is reported by a writer in *The Rational Review* that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE recently had a remarkable dream, in which Mr. ASQUITH resigned the Premiership and Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL was appointed Viceroy of India. On his communicating the dream to Mr. ASQUITH, the Premier remarked, with a merry twinkle, "My dear DAVID, I am delighted to hear it; you know that dreams always go by contraries."

By a strange coincidence on the same night on which the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER had this dream, the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE also dreamed that Mr. ASQUITH had resigned, but that it was Mr. LLOYD GEORGE who was appointed to succeed Lord MINTO.

"THE WORLD'S BOOKS BETTERED."

COMPLAINTS have been made that whereas the business man, the soldier, the artisan, the clerk, nay, even the shoeblack and the crossing-sweeper may now peruse the essence or pith of the World's Masterpieces in fortnightly paper editions, the Carmelite Press has as yet done nothing to cater for the more leisurely needs of bibliophiles, litterati, bookworms, and connoisseurs. To meet this long-felt want, we are happy to announce that the aforementioned publishing house intends to compile and issue (once every blue moon) an improved and expanded edition of the gems of literature for the express benefit of students and millionaires. Remember that

"THE WORLD'S BOOKS BETTERED"

IS NOT A MERE REPUBLICATION.

It is a painting of the lilies of literature, a gilding of the golden coin of fancy, an enhancement of the noblest and greatest works of the greatest writers that have ever wrought.

How often have you not laid down some massive volume with a sigh, and said, "I wish there were more of it." Well, that is just what there is going to be. Try to imagine your *Homer* in duodecameters, an *Inferno* of twice its present roominess, the Chronicles of Barchester with the remotest details of all the mechanism of all the minor canons, and Bradshaw's Guide with photogravures of the wayside villages, and double the usual number of trains. Everything will be done by experts: thus, to take a few instances:—

Mr. W. BEACH THOMAS extends and improves the Story of Eden from *Paradise Lost*.

CORALIE STANTON and HEATH HOSKEN re-write and intensify the love-letters of ABELARD and HÉLOÏSE.

Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX out-Walters the Waverley Novels; and

Mr. HALL CAINE elaborates Mr. BERNARD SHAW's introduction to Mr. HALL CAINE's latest work, under the title of "The White Elephant."

Bound in rhinoceros hide, with medallion of Lord NORTHCLIFFE and PISISTRATUS on the covers, "THE WORLD'S BOOKS BETTERED" will be more than the limit. They will create an epoch. They will (as our American cousins say) be IT.

From all bookstalls at 7 guineas per cwt.



SOME OF "THOSE PERSONS" WITH THE GLOVES.

"The result was that in the name of the City Fathers the nightmare of the tramway was placed on the breast of the city."
The Lahore Tribune.

No mixed metaphors for our jovial contemporary.

From an advertisement:

"A gentleman writes: 'After 25 years use I have found a cup of tea taken in the morning about a quarter of an hour after a dose of —— a great boon."

It is only right to give these remedies a fair trial before rushing into print about them.

"Prize Pugs.—Mrs. H. A. Reckitt, of Hastings, was a successful exhibitor in the rabbit classes at the Lewes Fanciers' Show on Thursday. He took two firsts and a second."—*Hastings Observer.*

If there is any point about which you are still doubtful, do not hesitate to write to us.

From a circular letter sent out by *The Daily Mail*:—

"Dear Sir,—I am endeavouring to ascertain the effect of the new Eight-Hour Act, and I should be glad if you could kindly let me know briefly how it affects the working of your mind."

Fortunately this letter came not to us but to a correspondent, so we need not confess.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

ENCOURAGED by the splendid example of Mr. HENRY JAMES, the heroine of whose new novel "is a lady who has been engaged six times while her mother has three husbands," a number of other well-known novelists meditate similar excursions into matrimonial arithmetic. Thus Miss Susan P. Fargus, the famous Texas romancer, announces a story entitled *Polly Andry's Husbands*, the plot of which is of a most complicated character. *Polly*, who is a *maîtresse femme* of the most pronounced type, marries simultaneously six husbands in six different States. Four of them had been married twice before, and the remaining two were monogams.

Another redoubtable novelist, Mrs. Gertrude Sparrowhawk, has just completed a charming tale called *Mamie's Relations*. *Mamie* is a little girl of seven whose mother has been divorced seven, and her father eight times. With that splendid tolerance which is such a fine feature of the smartest American society, *Mamie's* parents are in the habit of sending her on a round of visits to their previous partners. The confusion caused in the mind of the little visitor is most divertingly described in Mrs. Sparrowhawk's story, which has been "crowned" by the Academy of Griggsville.

A charming book of reminiscences which is shortly promised by the firm of Odder and Odder is *My Matrimonial Vicissitudes*, by the famous Portuguese pianist, Madame Forma Minto. Perhaps the *clou* of this delightful entertainment is the chapter in which she relates how, at the third concert of the Philharmonic Society's season some years ago, she played with the most brilliant success her fifth husband's fourth pianoforte concerto, and was six times recalled.

That distinguished peer-elect, Admiral Sir JOHN FISHER, O.M., G.C.B., is so deeply delighted, as he well may be, with the splendid appreciation from the pen of Mr. ARNOLD WHITE which appeared in *The Daily Chronicle*, that he is about to write a short biography of that illustrious publicist under the attractive title of "The Whitest Man I Know." Mr. ARNOLD WHITE, it will be remembered, used of Sir JOHN FISHER the memorable phrase: "He gives the impression of being elemental man in the midst of wax figures." Acting on this suggestion we understand that Messrs. TUSSAUD have ordered an animated and speaking effigy of our great Admiral, which will walk the quarterdeck with suitable nautical expressions at the hours of 12, 3, 6 and 9 every day.



THE DIFFERENT SIDES OF A STORY.—No. V.

Catalogue description: "FOR SALE, GREY MARE, QUIET IN ALL HARNESS, ONLY SOLD OWING TO THE OWNER GOING IN FOR MOTOR CARS."

It is asserted that the LORD ADVOCATE is engaged on an historical romance abounding in the most improbable and fantastic incidents, of which the hero is *Prince Alexander*, the hereditary sovereign of Uritania.

"The Daily News" and the Prize Ring.

We were greatly shocked by a full column report of a prize-fight in the *Daily News* of November 9, bristling with such vulgar technicalities as "swung up his left," "hugging, interspersed with kidney punching," "Welsh again found the Londoner's face" and "put an upper-cut to the jaw." We can only suppose that this report was printed by oversight, and that our contemporary had quite intended to publish something like the following:—"We are informed by a press agency, which shall be nameless, that another of the brutal displays, for which the National Sporting Club is notorious, took place last night. The contestants were two fine, strapping young fellows, Frederick Welsh, of Pontypridd, and John Summers, of Canning Town; and we cannot but think that their glowing health and splendidly-developed physique might have been put to some better purpose. It is not our intention to report this event in any detail; we place on record the fact that it happened, so that the public may know that this so-called sport of prize-fighting still exists in our midst. Our readers, by the way, may perhaps be interested to learn that "prize-ring" is really a misnomer, the space set apart for contests of this kind being, we understand, of a rectangular shape."

The Artistic Touch.

"A dainty box of Yarmouth bloaters or kippers sent carr. free."

Look out for our charming sack of coals.

AT THE PLAY.

"LORRIMER SABISTON, DRAMATIST."

I HAVE my grave doubts whether the profession of British Dramatist is so established and assured that it can afford to make merry in the open at its own expense. Nor am I certain that the cynical reflections of a playwright upon his own art—very right and profitable, no doubt, in the private circle—is likely to afford much entertainment to the general public, for one must not judge by the almost professional sympathy of a first-night audience. Yet if Mr. CARTON is not depending for success on his exposure of the humours of his trade, I don't quite see what he is depending on; for he makes no recognisable appeal to the elemental emotions. In the whole play there is only one moment of strong feeling, and even then the processes that led up to it had been conducted off the stage.

But, anyhow, his play suffers from a fundamental flaw which makes the whole fabric shaky from the start. *Lorrimer Sabiston* is a dramatist who has hitherto taken the side of the angels and grown rich beyond the dreams of dramatic avarice by giving the public what they want—anæmic propriety with virtue ever triumphant. But suddenly, taking the nether powers into his confidence, he writes the real thing, a veritable hair-raiser, entitled "One Law for the Woman." He dares not produce this in his own name for fear of alienating the British matron. So he induces *Noel Darcus*, a starving young playwright, to let it be fathered on him under a mutual bond of secrecy. It never seems to have occurred to *Sabiston* that he might just as well have produced the play anonymously and saved himself from the grossness of taking advantage of the poor boy's extreme need. This is not the first time—*The Builder of Bridges* was another case—where the character played by Mr. ALEXANDER has cheerfully undertaken to behave intolerably without any apparent sign on the part of either author or actor that he was being asked to do anything outside the day's work of an English gentleman.

Well, the play had a great vogue (I don't know how it eluded the Censor or what the police were doing at the time), and then came a very pretty touch of irony. *Sabiston's* friend, *Lady Cheynley*, with whom his prospects of elopement were beginning to look quietly rosy, throws him over for the supposed author of the town-shaking play, whom she assumes to be made of the same virile fibre as his alleged creation. But even this dramatic situation loses much of its effect by the ill-judged humours of a scene in which the aggrieved husband presents a figure of farce.

Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER made up for his regrettable absence from *Mid-Channel* by being on the stage for the best part of the whole three hours. He threw off his almost continuous speeches—consisting largely of metaphors, the kind that you have to think out over night — with astonishing fluency and good nature. But apart from this feat he was not called upon for a great effort. It seemed that at any moment he might be required to do some acting, but the moment never came, except that just before the final Act he suffered a brief spasm of depression on hearing



Noel Darcus (Mr. GODFREY TEARLE) *to Lorrimer Sabiston* (Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER). "Mind, if I accept it, it 's only because I 'm starving."

[*Note.*—*Noel Darcus* is the hollow, attenuated figure on the right.]

that he could never hope to be the co-respondent in the *Cheynley* suit.

I ought to add that he wore a horned moustache and a short pointed beard, which went admirably with a certain Mephistophelian quality in the character of *Sabiston*. These trimmings were inaccurately referred to as "whiskers" by someone in the gallery who wished "GEORGE" to take them off; but I sincerely hope that Mr. ALEXANDER will not be foolish enough to follow the advice of this intimate humourist.

Miss BERYL FABER played the part of *Lady Cheynley* very naturally, like a woman of the world who has exchanged her illusions for a little quiet philosophy, and is therefore the very last kind of person to want to run away with a half-baked genius. Life with *Sabiston* and with *Darcus* she compared respectively to a minuet and a tarantella, and selected the latter. Yet I could not bring myself to picture Miss FABER as dancing so frenzied a measure with any conceivable partner. She spoke throughout with a level calm which declined to distinguish between what was worth saying and what was not. Thus, to the popular platitude, "There is nothing so certain in life as its uncertainties," she appeared to give the same value as she gave to the best of Mr. CARTON'S novelties.

Mr. GODFREY TEARLE'S performance in the invidious part of *Noel Darcus* was a sketch in the rough, showing strength without finish. If *Darcus* had not assured us with his own lips that he had been at Harrow as well as Oxford, I might have mistaken him for a RHODES scholar. Mr. LOWNE, in his usual part of friendly critic, was as delightfully human as ever; and of Mr. VIVIAN REYNOLDS, who played a Press interviewer, I could have wished to see a great deal more. Miss ROSALIE TOLLER was a really picturesque *ingénue;* but her young man, the *Rev. Everard Bayne* (Mr. MARTIN LEWIS) looked more like a chorister than a curate. Mr. JAMES CAREW (as *Sir Henry Cheynley*) did a kind of rude justice to a part that needed Mr. FREDERICK KERR to make it seem probable.

The play was full of happy turns of phrase, but these hardly made up for its transparent *naïveté* of construction. There was no movement, except that when two people thought that they had exhausted our patience they got up and changed their seats; or when one of them had to be manœuvred out of the way the typewriter came in and announced the arrival of a dressmaker or a call on the telephone. Pipes and eighteen-penny cigars were in frequent requisition to tide over the embarrassments of a sedentary life.

As for the metaphors already referred to, I should have been better pleased if their quality had been as generous as their quantity. To *Sabiston's* reminder that he has given him a stepping-stone to fame and fortune, *Noel Darcus*, recognising that his own fount of inspiration is likely to remain unproductive, replies: "What is the good of a stepping-stone when the stream is dry?" I have taken this metaphor home in my head and tried to work it out, but it makes no sort of sense in the context. They are not even talking about the same kind of stepping-stone.

Wit and enterprise and many other excellent features abound in Mr. CARTON'S new work; but I must have my final snarl, and say that when a dramatic author sets out to ridicule, with however light a touch, the foibles of his fellow-craftsmen—and in what is professedly a play, not a lecture—he is bound to provide an object-lesson that is above reproach. The critic, on the other hand, has no such responsibility. Hence these brave strictures.

O. S.



Ardent Golfer (on the eternal subject). "THEY TELL ME OLD SIMPKINS HAS GONE RIGHT OFF HIS BAFFY——"
Aunt Amelia. "AH, I ALWAYS THOUGHT THAT MAN PECULIAR!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

NEXT to coming into closer touch with the South Pole than the foot of mortal man ever before carried him, Lieutenant SHACKLETON (whom the world to-day acclaims as Sir ERNEST) achieved his most stupendous work when he completed *The Heart of the Antarctic* (HEINEMANN). It is the biggest thing recently produced in the world of books. By happy chance the author, richly equipped by nature with the qualities that go to make a great explorer, has a literary style of rare excellence. In the story of a journey that brought him within a hundred miles of the South Pole he compels the least imaginative to realise very vividly the marvellous things he experienced; and this with the apparent absence of effort that is the perfection of art. Unaided by subvention from the Exchequer, he raised a sum of money sufficient to justify him in planning the expedition. The work, upon perfection of whose details depended the safety of his own life and those of his companions, was personally supervised by him. Nothing was left to chance. The reward of this care was gathered throughout the expedition, there being at no point a break-down in the equipment.

What strikes one in reading the wondrous tale is the deathless hope, the dauntless good humour that faced the awful difficulties daily recurring. "When things seem at the worst they turn to their best," is SHACKLETON'S favourite axiom, the sure foundation of his philosophy. It proved triumphant to the last. Famished, cramped, bruised with frequent falls over sharp ice, cut to the bone by icy gales that sometimes travelled at the rate of seventy miles an hour, snow-blinded, frost-bitten, SHACKLETON and his two companions who made the final Southern journey held on till, literally, they fell down. They turned back for the simple but sufficient reason that their food supply was exhausted. "Whatever regrets may be we have done our best," is SHACKLETON'S half-apology for giving up the quest for the mystic Pole. The two sumptuous volumes are profusely illustrated with photographs taken on the spot, and are further enriched by valuable maps which mark new territory.

Clearly I ought to be grateful to certain publishers for their friendly lead in the matter of criticism so kindly given me upon the wrappers of their books, because if it could ever happen that the reviewer were too unconscientious to read—— Happily, however, in the case of Mrs. HENRY DE LA PASTURE such a contingency is little likely to arise, and her latest story, *The Tyrant* (METHUEN), is as full as ever of those qualities which have gained her so many admirers. Personally, I always think of this charming author chiefly as the chronicler of delightful mothers. No one else can write of them quite so tenderly and well. We all know how fortunate *Peter* was in this respect, and now in *Mrs. Kemys* the author has given us yet another wholly lovable parent. But poor *Mrs. Kemys* had a husband, the Squire of Nantgwilt, and the "tyrant" of the title, whose avarice and despotic temper made the beautiful Welsh home a place of misery for wife and children and household. Suddenly, however, *Richard Kemys* is called away on a voyage, and a chance discovery (what that was you must find out for yourself) enables his long-suffering wife to

turn the tables. This is huge fun. The house becomes transformed, money is lavished, the sons are made happy, the daughters sought in marriage. And while everybody concerned, including the author, is having a thoroughly happy time, the tyrant-squire returns unexpectedly. And then comes yet another surprise, in the very tender and beautiful ending to an altogether charming book.

Acting on the eponymous principle, when I took up *Above All Things* (LONG) and found that its author was W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE, I settled down comfortably for a four-hours' journey into the West Country; and this was rather foolish, for as a matter of fact a twopenny 'bus fare from Charing Cross would have covered the whole geography of the plot. And, to tell the truth, if it happened to be a wet day and the vehicle a motor-bus, there might have been some more exciting incidents. *Above All Things* is a very simple story of the variations of sentiment amongst some very ordinary people, the only entanglement being that one of the ladies is already married, and it has to be discovered that her husband is really dead and being impersonated by an impostor before her hand is free. The author has made the mistake, I think, of trying to transfer interest from one heroine to another. It was no use to tell me (in so many words) that *Arthur* began to find he was really in love with *Kate*, and that *John*, who was supposed to adore her, underwent a similar cardiac change, and fastened his affections on *May*. *May* met *Arthur* at the beginning of the book, and I was prepared to like her, whereas nothing was done from an artistic point of view to make me feel interested in *Kate*. *John* was dull, and he would have suited her nicely. After all, it is my feelings that have to be considered, and, waiving this, why, in the name of LONG, has the book been entitled, *Above All Things*? If any of the people had lived in one of those very new blocks of flats, or had owned an aeroplane, I could have understood it; but as most of the action takes place in Vincent Square, Westminster, and nobody even contemplates aviation, I confess it beats me altogether.



WHAT OUR BOOKSTALLS ARE COMING TO.

Customer. "GIVE ME *THE ATHENÆUM*, *THE GUARDIAN*, AND A YAPPY YOW."

Esther Carey, The Bride (METHUEN)—not of Abydos, but of St. John's Wood, where the artists come from—was a daring young woman to marry the man she did. *Armstrong* by name and *Armstrong* by nature, everything about him was strong, especially his temper. He was, as she told him, a fearful spectacle when he was in a rage. The day after they became engaged she paid him a surprise visit in his studio, where she knew he would be working at his statue, "The Bride." And, lo and behold (*horresco referens*), she saw two brides besides herself—the white marble statue, and another white figure "with brown hair heaped upon its head." As she had never seen a model before, she fainted on the spot. When she came to, *Armstrong*, after indulging in a little Armstrong language, set to work to smash the beautiful head of the marble bride with some heavy instrument. Whereupon *Esther* fled "as if from the presence of a lunatic." And yet she married him in the end. Miss GRACE RHYS in the first part of her story describes *Esther's* efforts to make a living after her ruined and disgraced father had departed this life, leaving his wife and daughter to sink or swim in the stormy seas of workaday London. The text of the book is that adversity is the best discipline. But unless *Armstrong* has seen fit since his marriage to bridle his temper I can't help thinking that *Esther* will sometimes sigh for the relatively easy trials of her pre-nuptial state.

JOHN AYSCOUGH, having recently published a book entitled *A Roman Tragedy and Others* (ARROWSMITH), now states that to have called his new book (*San Celestino*) a tragedy would have been to challenge just castigation, "for its author cannot handle tragedy." Fortunately it is not for me to dispute this. The protagonists of "A Roman Tragedy" devote some seventy pages to a laborious development of their characters and make little progress with their plot until they are within thirty pages of their end. Then, realising their unpunctuality, they achieve a hasty climax of murder and sudden death and leave nothing for the last twenty pages but retrospective explanations. Of the "others" the last two only are good, a third, "Reversions," opening hopefully with a lively account of a gallant captain's matrimonial enterprise, but concluding dismally with a surfeit of opportune coincidence. Mr. AYSCOUGH's new book, *San Celestino*, is described by its publishers (SMITH, ELDER) as a work that throws fresh light upon the career of CELESTIUS V., the man ever remembered for his connection with the "gran' rifiuto." It expressly disclaims any historical intention, and so cannot be criticised upon points of accuracy. It denies itself the title of a novel, and so cannot be blamed for lack of sustained dramatic interest. But even by describing it as "an essay in reconstruction" the author has not avoided by anticipation all fault-finding, for there is about it a jerkiness of writing that no sub-title can excuse. Yet in the simplicity of this imaginative biography of the hermit saint, who was made Pope against his will and had the bright idea of sending in a resignation, there is so much that is attractive and powerful that I wish I were a schoolmaster with the author as my pupil. "AYSCOUGH," I should have said, "this might have been an excellent essay of yours. Tear up that copy and write it all over again."

A modern Jonah.

Extract from Col. PATTERSON'S book *In the Grip of the Nyika*:—

"The game ranger was dazed for a few moments by the shock, but when he came to his senses he found himself being carried off in the *maw* of the lion."

The italics are ours; the humiliating and congested situation was the game ranger's.

"GOLF.

At Sunningdale, on Saturday, Oxford University beat the home side by 7 goals to 4. (Picture on page 9.)"

Page 9, however, was a distinct disappointment.

THE ROUND OF DESTINY.

(Dedicated to the prophetic almanack-mongers.)

EVEN as erst, when the Pythian
Priestess, pretending to swoon,
Forged in the smoke of her smithy an
Artful political rune,
Doubtless Arcadian villagers,
Heedless of omens of war,
Careless of far-away pillagers,
Followed their herds as before;—

So, when oracular offices
Send me their leaflets of doom,
All unaffected by prophecies
Calmly my cleek I resume;
Bogeys of apocalyptical
Authors, whoe'er they may be,
Less than a gossamer whip tickle
One that has sliced from the tee.

Steady of eye as a halibut,
Stolid of will as a serf,
Plough I the soil of the valley (but
Always replacing the turf);
Where is your wiser philosopher?
Earth's international rubs
Harm not the soul who is boss of her
Surface by dint of his clubs.

Tell me no tales of a demagogue,
Read me no diplomat's wile;
Any old thing will set them agog,
Nothing can alter my style;
Here on this dune, with its sandy cap
Fronting the infinite main,
I and my 26 handicap
Start on our cycle again.

If you would garner my gratitude,
ZADKIEL, MOORE, and the rest,
Makers of mystical platitude,
Augurs of strife and unrest,
Tell me next year if some serious
Swerve in the counsels of Fate
Means to cut down my imperious
Card of 108.



Material Customer. "WHAT 'S THAT, WAITER?"
Soulful Waiter (captivated by the band). "THAT 'S A BIT OF *OUR MISS GIBBS*, SIR!"

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Boiling with indignation, I beg leave to avail myself of the publicity of your columns to bring to the light of day yet another scandalous case of unemployment due directly and entirely to the iniquitous system of Free Trade under which Great Britain at present struggles. Reading, a few evenings ago, my paper, I found the following piteous demand for work:—

"Fat man wants job, age 32; 5 ft. 11; 21 stone; been on stage."

What could provide a better example of the handicap under which we labour than this advertisement? To think that this Briton, with his splendid natural advantages, should be condemned to waste away in desuetude (is that the word?) while, in the many penny shows now touring these islands, there are hundreds, nay, thousands, of foreigners and infidels who have taken advantage of our lax laws to dump their mountains of flesh on our markets! Here we have an important British industry strangled, while the home-grown article advertises plaintively for a job of any kind. How much longer is this to continue? I naturally perused the "Wanted" column of my newspaper to see if I could find for our portly friend-in-need the best market for his wares. Alas, the most appropriate that I could find was the following:—

"Trouser press and stretcher, new condition; state lowest price; on approval."

Even for this I fear he is ineligible. It stipulates "new condition." He confesses to 32 years' wear.

Or again there is this:—

"First-class canvasser; no wasters.—Apply 7 to 9 p.m."

It is brief and not explicit, but it might suit.

A little further down I find the following:—

"Overcoat, warm, grey, good condition, fit ordinary man, 15*s.* 6*d.*"

This again brings home to us the hard lot of our friend. Even the privilege of buying a warm grey overcoat for 15*s.* 6*d.* is denied to him. Picture his position as the winter nights grow colder. Does not this case from everyday life prove to every true Briton the iniquity of this penal Budget?*

I am, Yours etc.,
INDIGNANT BRITON.

*["How does the Budget come into it?"—ED. "Uncarned increment!"—I. B.]

"However Cambridge 'packed' well, and finished their five men 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th."

Even a novice, we should have thought, could have packed them tighter than that.

THE LORDS' APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE.

[Hints for an Electoral address, following the line of argument adopted by the Radical Press.]

WHAT! Men of England! Shall it be
That you, a self-respecting nation,
Propose to crook a servile knee
And grovel at the Peers' dictation?
If so, you cannot be aware
What outrage you are asked to bear!

Then you shall hear the horrid truth.
We made a Bill, a perfect treasure;
We sent it up, and they, forsooth,
Said that on such a doubtful measure
(Here comes the insult) they preferred
That you should have the final word!

That Budget, simple, bright and terse,
They did not fling it back or flout it,
But, just to make you wince the worse,
Chose to invite your views about it!
Has Liberty been ever dealt
A nastier knock beneath the belt?

Not for ourselves we raise a squeal;
Our case is rough, but yours is rougher;
It is for you we rather feel,
Guessing how sadly you must suffer
At being asked if you detect
Anything wrong in your Elect.

For such were we four years ago,
And such we should by rights continue,
And you should not be asked to show
A reason for the faith that 's in you—
A faith that 's got some years to run
Before you need another one.

Meanwhile, if you incline to hold
No further views on any matter,
'Tis your prerogative of old
Which no one yet has sought to shatter;
For in defence of such a right
Even a worm would turn and bite.

So, if these self-anointed Peers
Challenge your claims (of which the sum is
That for a term of six full years
You 're privileged to act as dummies)
And ask you what you really think,
Rise in your wrath and strike them pink.

Ay! this is Armageddon's eve!
To-morrow's fight shall mend or end 'em—
Stern chastisement, with no reprieve,
For that outrageous referendum;
Henceforth no Peer will lightly choose
To dare consult the People's views! O. S.

In reply to a Woman's Suffrage deputation Lord CREWE has given it as his opinion that "the cause of free food will probably be strengthened by women's votes." Certainly the cause of free food, as supplied by the prison authorities, needs strengthening.

Under the heading "Extracts from the Registers of Bonds and Judgments," we read in *Perry's Gazette*:—

"Breen, Julia (plaintiff), Curraghgraigue, Ballindaggin. . . . (*Pronounced in Court*, Oct. 27)."

A memorable occasion, which PERRY does well to record.

WEEK END WISDOM.

["We should be poor-spirited indeed if we did not welcome any fresh departure in journalism whose aim is to afford our judges [the British public], without prejudice and without favour, the clearest means of estimating the value of our ideals, the extent of our successes, even the depth of our shortcomings. . . . . It is an arduous task to be impartial, but it is worth the effort, and I fancy that never more than now was the moment more propitious or the need more urgent."—*Mr. Lloyd George on "Independence in Criticism," in "The Week End."*]

IT is with great pleasure that we are able to furnish our readers with further extracts from special articles to be contributed by other leading politicians to journals of note.

Thus, the LORD ADVOCATE, writing on "The Need of Accuracy" in *The Precisian*, will make the following admirable and suggestive remarks:—

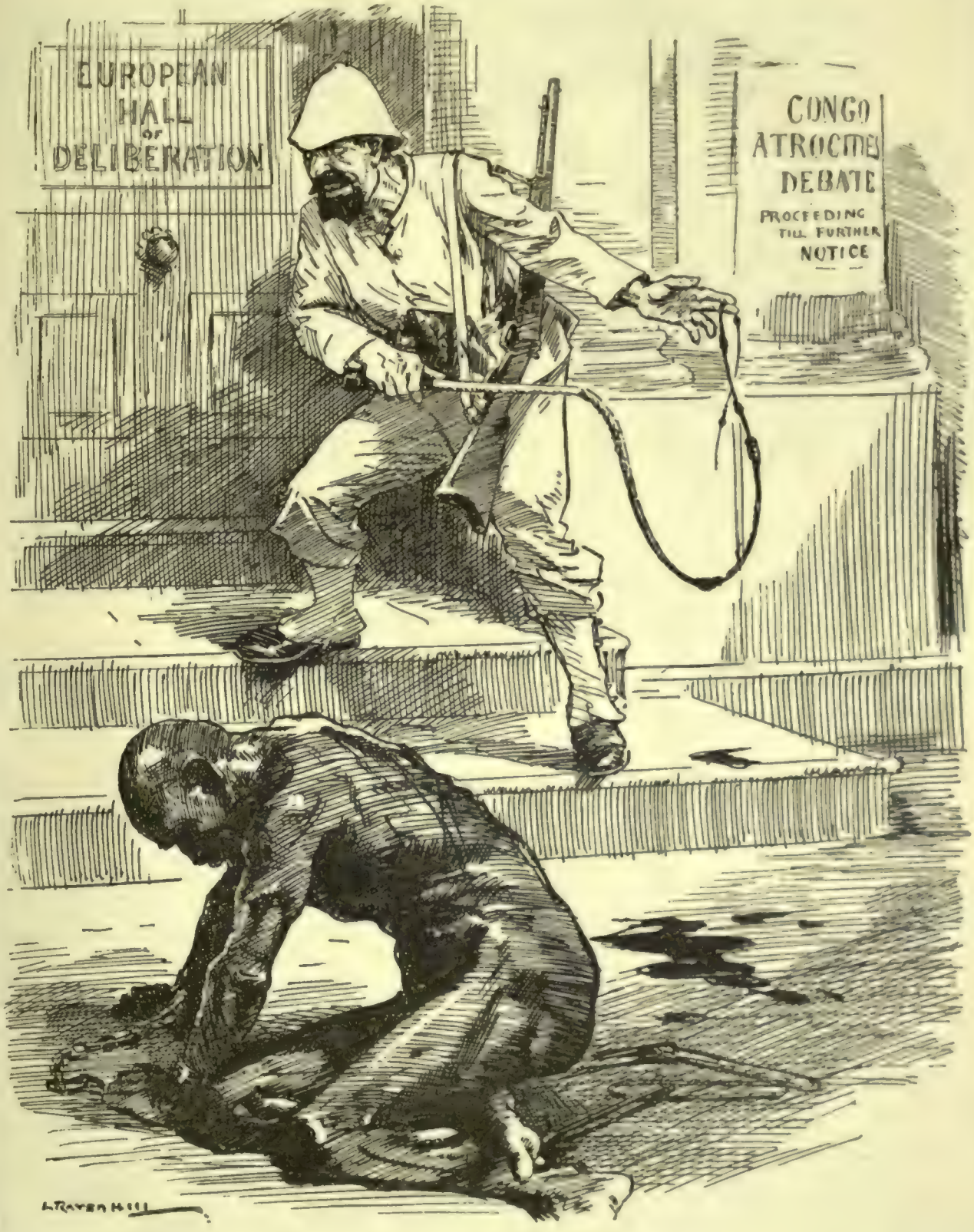
"No politician, certainly no one implicated, however humbly, in the Government of the country, can fail to welcome the exact and diligent presentation of facts bearing on current events. No doubt the prevailing tendency is to accept opinions presented on customarily recognised authority with too little scrutiny and often with a too unquestioning obedience. Hence the paramount importance of a paper which, aiming at impartiality as well as conciseness of statement, may well be found to meet the requirements of that vast body of the public which wishes to be guided, informed, and helped concisely, promptly and clearly on the great topics of the day—from the labourer pining in his hovel to the Duke squatting on his unearned millions. It is a difficult job to be accurate, but it is worth the effort, and I am convinced that never more than now was the moment more propitious or the need more imperative."

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, discussing in *The Moderator* the need of restraint, will make the following timely comments:—

"There is no doubt that many speakers are carried away by wishing to make the meeting a success or to score a point and leave a vivid impression on the minds of their hearers; and they, therefore, sometimes cross the borderline without realising the effect some of their remarks may have. The busy age may to some extent account for this. The man whose future depends upon his tongue cannot always spare the necessary time to familiarise himself with the meticulous minutiæ of a tedious theme. He may even find it difficult merely to ground himself in the broad issues of any comprehensive policy, and the temptation to economise time and thought by the simple process of looking only at one side of a question is almost irresistible. Again, the verisimilitude of an unconvincing statement is always hugely enhanced by a liberal resort to decorative polysyllables. In fine, to be accurate—*hic labor, hoc opus est;* but it is worth the struggle, and I feel that never more than at the present was the hour more opportune or the need more clamorous."

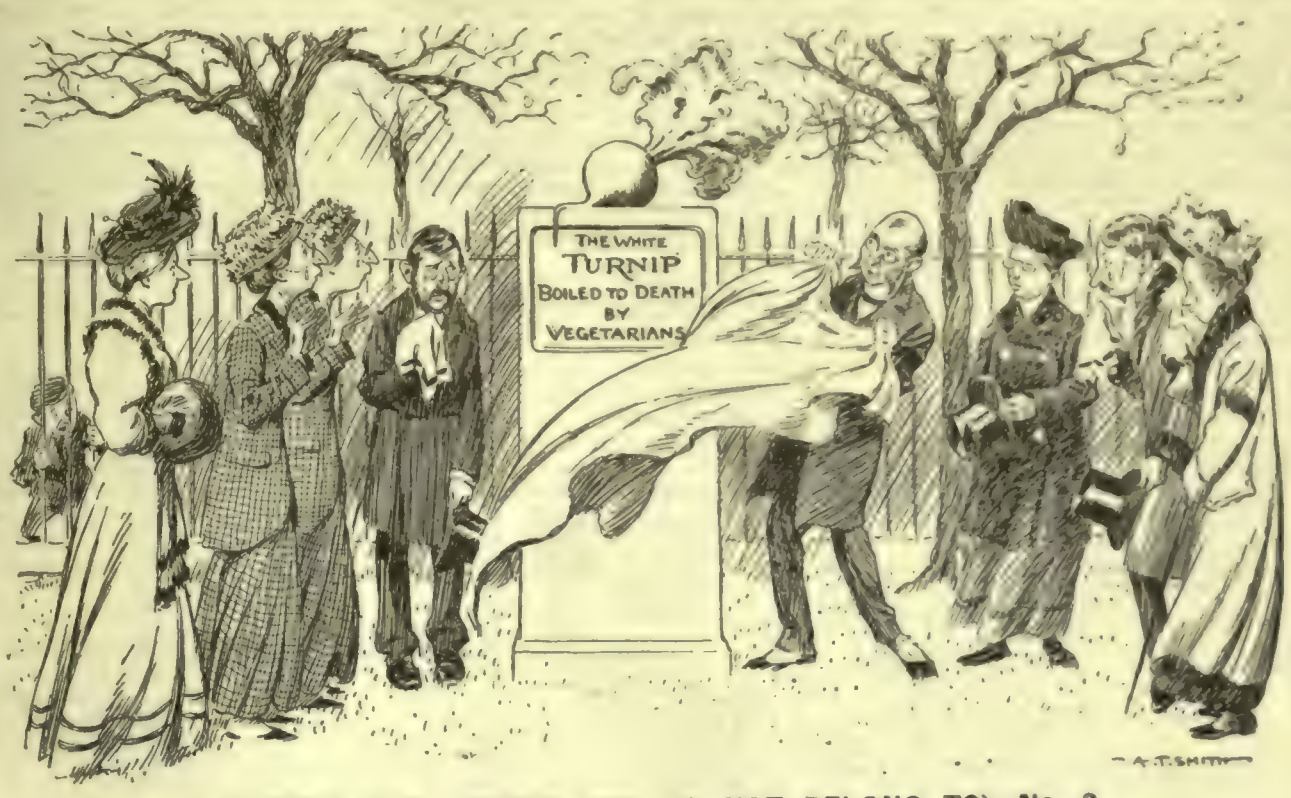
A COLOURABLE SUGGESTION.

TROUBLE is imminent in house-decorating circles, as there seem to be theories abroad that wall-paper should harmonise, or contrast with, a person's—and more especially a lady's—mood, character and complexion. It will be no light matter for the chatelaine of a country house, or the manageress of a hotel, to adjust the various apartments to her guests' idiosyncrasies, or *vice-versâ*. What is going to happen if the choleric individual "sees red" on getting up in the morning, the hypochondriac has been quartered amid blue surroundings, and the *ingénue* is bestowed in the pink instead of the green bedroom? There will in all probability be some highly chromatic passages over the breakfast table, and the house party will be off colour for the rest of the day. If such a contretemps is likely to happen, the



THE GUILT OF DELAY.

Congo Slave-Driver. "I'M ALL RIGHT. THEY'RE STILL TALKING."



SOCIETIES WE ADMIRE (BUT DO NOT BELONG TO).—No. 3.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE COMMEMORATION OF MODERN MARTYRS.

only solution is that intending week-enders should send on ahead, or bring with them, their appropriate wall-paper and bedroom hangings.

When the company is very mixed, the dining and reception rooms had better be decorated with a rainbow-hued and early-Victorian flowe ed pattern or heather mixture, otherwise there wi.l be bolts from the blue and wigs on the green. The most popular visitors will, of course, be of the chameleon type, who take their colour from their environment, and suit their mood to the dado for the time being. An arrangement of coloured lights might also be brought into play with the aid of a competent theatrical limelight man. ea.h conversationalist being suit ibly stimulated. This is quite a pretty idea, which we commend to the givers of American freak dinners. There will also be some c.nsolation for the colour-blind.

Esprit de corps.

Passenger (to motor-bus conductor). "What 's all this crowd about? Is it the mo or show?"

Conductor. "Yes, Sir, and the most successful show we 've had so far."

"Two anglers who were fishing from Clacton Pier yesterday caught a cock pheasant that was swimming in the sea."—*Manchester Evening News.*

It will be remembered that we called attention a week or two ago to an eel which was mistaken by a f x for a cock pheasant. This is apparently the Manchester version of the story.

Natural History Notes.

Facts about the Bear: its Habits, Amusements and Limi'ations.

"The professional bears of Grand Trunks have been allowed to have a fair innings lately, but none would be surprised to witness the sudden clipping of their wings."—*Weekly Report.*

VALE!

[The *Life of Sir Robert Perks*, who is retiring from public life, has been written by Mr. DENIS CRANE.]

"PUT me among the good men," was my cry,
"There let me live, and there enraptured die.
I have no wish for men of common worth,
The dull encumbrance of our patient earth.
Not these, though useful, can fulfil my need,
But men supreme in word and great in deed—
Men who can give or lend a helping hand,
And, grand themselves, teach others to be grand."
In vain I cried, but at the last there came
A man attuned to goodness and to fame.
On all around he shed his matchless rays,
And all around rejoiced to sing his praise.
Within the public eye he wrought his works;
His mien was mo 'est and his name was PERKS.
A space he lingered 'mid our fume and fret,
Did good by stealth, became a Baronet;
Learnt in division lobbies how to trudge it,
And much disliked, nor voted for, the Budget,
And then, grown weary of the endless strife,
Withdrew his virtues from our public life.
Farewell, farewell, majestic Methodist!
Imperial Million-pounder, you 'll be missed.
Still, in your *Life* by Mr. DENIS CRANE
You breathe and live and move and work again,
And by your precept train the world to do
Such things as few could do as well as you.

Commercial Candour.

"'You can fool some of the people all the time, and all the people some of the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time.' That is the idea on which our business has been built up."—*Advt. in "Johannesburg Daily Mail."*

CHARIVARIA.

M. CAMILLE FLAMMARION, the eminent astronomer, denies the report that life on Mars has been destroyed by a terrible cataclysm. This will cause great relief to persons having friends there.

***

It is so frequently said that enterprise is dead in this country, and that we have not the necessary grit to surmount obstacles, that we are pleased to hear that an English Cinematograph Company has at length overcome Mr. HALL CAINE'S well-known hatred of publicity, and has succeeded in obtaining a series of photographs of the great Manxman at home.

***

The decision that no drinks are to be sold to skaters at the new rinks strikes us as a wise one. It will obviate false charges being brought against persons who are unable to keep their equilibrium.

***

It is announced from St. Martin's-le-Grand that money orders can now be obtained anywhere in the United Kingdom for payment in Papua or Tonga. The news has been received quietly.

***

A writer in a Radical contemporary suggests that everyone in favour of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S proposals shall send a postcard to Lord LANSDOWNE with the words, "We demand the Budget" written thereon. We understand that the suggestion has the support of the POSTMASTER-GENERAL, who would, indeed, like to see the idea carried further, everybody of the opposite opinion using the same medium for the expression of his views.

***

At the present moment the PREMIER needs all the encouragement he can obtain, and he is said to be intensely gratified at receiving approval from his own daughter. "I think I may say that the Government has done well during its four years of office," said Miss VIOLET ASQUITH in opening a political bazaar at Hammersmith. It is very seldom that a man is a hero to his Violet.

***

We hear that the feeling of gratitude to the House of Lords felt in licensed victualling circles is something quite extraordinary, and a proposal that any peer, upon producing satisfactory evidence of identity, shall be served in any public-house in the United Kingdom with a mug of beer at half the ordinary price is being taken up enthusiastically.

***

"The stomach is not a vital organ," said a doctor at an inquest. "A person can get on quite well without one." This suggestion for a new operation comes just at the right moment. Society was getting tired of having its appendix removed.

***

"Accepting a wager of £20 that he dare not propose to the lady cashier, a railway-man in a restaurant at Lebeau, South Dakota," *The Daily Mail* tells us, "won the lady's heart and hand after a courtship lasting 2 min. 25 sec." The trouble will begin, we imagine, when the lady is informed why the gentleman proposed.

***

In a recent paper Dr. JOHANNES MENLI-HILTY recommends us to abandon the customary position of the body during sleep, and instead to place the feet higher than the head. But this is not a new idea. Gentlemen who have dined well have often been known to sleep quite soundly with their feet on the pillow.

***

At their forthcoming Congress the Socialist Labour Party will consider the adoption of distinctive colours for election purposes. Yellow and black have been suggested. A pretty compliment to the advanced Radical Press and to the undertakers.

***

Marriage à la Carte is the title of a forthcoming musical play. Let us hope it will be *à la* D'OYLY CARTE.

***

A Croydon sweep, we are told by a contemporary, is a keen collector of china, and something of a *connoisseur* in that line. We are longing to know whether he has a special weakness for black Wedgwood, or does that remind him too much of his calling?

***

Poor Dr. BODIE! It now looks as if he had not even obtained an old waistcoat for his £8,000.

***

The small boy who writes to ask whether Bunyan Sunday, which was celebrated recently, has any connection with the Harvest Festival, which is held on the occasion of the Ingathering of the Corn, is recommended not to attempt humour till he is of riper years.

***

The Bishop of HULL, we are informed, is suffering from a severe strain of the ankle, caused by slipping on a banana skin. What bishops say on such occasions is still a matter of mystery.



Householder. "VERY HANDY, THESE BIJOU RESIDENCES. I JUST KNOCK A NAIL IN THIS WALL AND HANG UP MY HAT, AND THEN GO INTO THE BEDROOM AND HANG UP MY COAT!"

TO INTENDING BARRISTERS.

I GATHER from the weary and not a little sour expression on their faces that my friends William, James, George and Henry are on the eve of yet another examination. These incorrigible fellows always seem to be being examined nowadays, and from that I suppose that there is among the examiners one confirmed optimist who does not despair of finding some good in one of them. But even he may eventually get annoyed, so I have decided to forecast one or two of the questions which will probably be asked of them, and to set forth the answers thereto in such a pleasing and instructive style as is bound to secure the passing of any one of them who will take the trouble to learn such answers by heart. This indulgence I do not limit to William, James, George, or Henry; any examinee in the world is welcome to use them in whatsoever subject he may be examined, for one should never tie oneself too closely to the subject matter of the question actually asked. I have chosen the subject of Law, because my four weary and sourfaced friends are going to be barristers, and I cannot believe that they would submit to an examination in Botany or Logarithms.

Question 1. "Distinguish a crime from a tort."

Winning Answer. "One cannot be too careful in distinguishing crimes



'ARRY AT THE MOTOR SHOW.

"'ERE, COME ALONG, 'ERB—WOT'S THE GOOD O' LOOKING AT THAT? CAN'T YER SEE IT'S SOLD?"

from torts. However much alike they may at first sight appear to be, there is that in their natures which is so totally different, so, one might almost say, diametrically opposite, as to lead one later to wonder how the deuce . . . I should have said, how in the world one ever came to regard them as standing in any need of being distinguished. The short truth is this: crimes are crimes and torts are torts all the world over. Given a thing which might be either, there is one efficacious and entirely conclusive test. Examine it minutely, and, if the criminal element preponderates, it is a crime; if the tortious, it is a tort."

Question 2. "Does the Statute of Limitations apply to parol contracts? Give your reasons."

Winning Answer. On the one hand a statute, being a statute, applies to everything. On the other hand this statute has, confessedly, its limitations. Yet it was no doubt with a view to its applicability, either to parol contracts or something else, that the Legislature hit on the happy device of a Statute of Limitations. I feel it is not for me to look too closely into the motives actuating a body of men so vastly superior to myself as the British law-giving authority, but since I am pressed by my indulgent examiners to state my opinion, I will now proceed to do so, demonstrating incidentally on what grounds I establish the very definite conclusion at which I arrive." (Let me now inform you, William, James, George and Henry, that the defeating of this question is a matter of guile. Having contrived to be near the bottom of a page by this time, you finish off with the words:—"The question, does the Statute of Limitations apply to parol contracts, may be answered decidedly in the . . ." Say that was page 5, you number your next page "8," and proceed as under. It would be unwise to make any reference to the possibility of some of your pages being lost before they reach the examiner. His suspicions might be aroused. Much better let him tumble to it himself.)

"Page 8.

"of Limitations. For those, among other reasons, it will be clearly seen that the answer stated above is the right one, and the contrary opinion, though often urged with apparent seriousness in our courts of law, entirely mistaken."

Question 3. "A. is the owner of a house. B. also is the owner of a house. The houses of A. and B. adjoin. C. is a bankrupt, and has made a will in which he leaves £4,000 to D. D. has applied for debenture mortgage stock in the E. Company, Limited, to which F. is secretary. Upon investigation it turns out that A., B., C., D., E. and F. are all one person. Trace the several effects upon the various civil and criminal rights and liabilities arising therefrom."

Winning Answer. "Much might be said on this most interesting point, but this candidate prefers to deny himself the pleasure of a minute examination of the results of the circumstances described. Rather he intends to confine himself to a courteous appeal to the better nature of his examiners, and to beg of them as a personal favour that they will let him through this time. The candidate is a married man with twenty-five children and no salary. He bears an excellent character, and, if the Court will only deal leniently with him this time, there is bound to be such a burst of enthusiasm in home circles as cannot fail to result in a very pleasant theatre party and a most substantial supper afterwards at the Carlton, to which it is as good as certain that the examiners will be invited. This is mentioned as a matter of interest, and in no way as a bribe. Thank goodness, however England may have sunk in other matters, she can still boast the finest, least partial, least corruptible and best-looking examiners in the world."

NERO AND NEROINE.

Just as a matter of form I took a pair of gloves and drove round to the Galleries, but I did not expect to find anybody there. However, there appeared to be quite a lot of people.

"Then the dance has not been postponed?" I said to the man who accepted my coat.

"Hardly seems like it," he replied.

"Perhaps they haven't heard the news," I said; and I bustled off to find someone in authority.

A dear old friend, who used to share my Latin proses at school, approached, staggering beneath a weight of orders, ribbons, garters, rosettes and what not.

"Look here," I began at once, "this is no time for dressing up. We can't stand fiddling here while Rome is burning. You re a steward?"

"How did you guess?" he asked.

"Well, you must stop the dance. I suppose you've heard what's happened?"

"The question is, have you heard what's going to happen? My boy, I'm going to introduce you to the prettiest girl north of the Equator. Ah, here she is."

Mechanically I went through the introduction, and with a heavy heart broke into what the Press calls the "mazy waltz" with her. Feeling that the whole thing was some horrible dream I led her to a secluded corner, and offered a meringue, an ice, a cup of coffee, champagne cup, and a *marron glacé*. She refused them all.

"Yes," I said, "I agree with you. It is a mockery to sit here eating, when in the great world outside——"

"One can't begin after the very first dance, I always say."

"Sometimes I wonder if I shall ever eat again."

"Lots of people feel like that, just after—— Oh, do let's talk about something else."

"There is only one thing to talk about," I cried. "The Constitution has been torn asunder— -"

"I don't think you're doing what I asked you," she said coldly. "Have you been to many plays lately?"

"Plays! Haven't you heard the news? The so-called House of Lords—"

"Oh, politics! Do you know, I don't take much interest in them."

"This isn t to be dismissed lightly as 'politics,'" I said excitedly. "The whole world—north of the Equator——"

"Isn't that the music beginning? Let's go back, shall we?"

We went back; and I decided to leave the giddy throng in order to strike somehow a blow for freedom. Just as I had got my coat my friend the ambassador came up.

"A charming girl in green for you here," he said, taking me by the arm. "The best dancer south of the Aurora Borealis. Let me introduce you."

Once more I found myself treading the mazy whirl; once more I found myself sitting on the sofa in the little room on the right as you go downstairs.

"Have you been to many dances lately?" said the girl in green.

"Is this a time for dances," I said, sternly, "when all England is reeling under a blow dealt by a handful of hereditary irresponsibles? You have not heard the tidings? They have kept the ill news from you, fearing to mar your innocent gaiety? Yet the time must come when——"

"Oh, do tell me. I love anything exciting."

"A revolution has begun, the end of which no man can foresee."

"Oh where?"

"You ask me *where*?"

"Of course you mean in Spain. But then they're always having them there, aren't they? I think Queen Ena is so sweet, don't you? Isn't the floor good to-night?"

"Spain? What of Spain? We have had a revolution forced on us in England! In England, yes; but all Europe—south of the Aurora Borealis——"

"Shall we be getting back? It's so hard to hear the music from here. I suppose you've heard about the Budget being thrown out?" she went on, as we got up. "I'm so glad, aren't you? I hate horrid taxes."

As soon as I was alone again I dashed to the cloak-room, struggled into my hat and coat, and told t e porter to get me a hansom. I would shake the dust of frivolity from my shoes, and——

"Hallo," said my friend the archduke, "you can't possibly dance in all those things. Leave 'em here and the man will give you a ticket. I have a delightful girl with golden slippers just round the corner—the best talker west of Suez. She wants to sit this out with you."

Ah, here at last was a girl who understood! She too had no heart for dancing.

We sat in silence for some time in the little room on the right as you go downstairs. Then I looked all round me, saw that we were alone, and said in a hollow voice:—

"When our shords are seethed—when our swords are sheathed there will not be one Duke left."

"Have you seen *Smith?*" said the best talker west of Suez.

"No. Are the chosen of the people to be thwarted by a handful of irreconcilables? Shall a degenerate——"

"Don't you love Marie Löhr?"

"Yes. Is the Representative House to be browbeaten——"

"Do you go to many plays?"

"Several. The battle is joined; the lists are set; like a trumpet-call to lovers of liberty comes——"

"Have you read any good novels lately?"

"Five. The revolution into which the haughty backwoodsmen have entered so lightly——"

"Do you rink a great deal?"

"Moderately. Are the lords of Walbottle, the patrons of the beer bottle, to dictate——"

"Have you been to the Motor Show yet?"

"No." I sighed deeply. "Do you mind if we stop for a moment?" I said. "I m getting rather giddy."

* * * * *

"A ravishing creature in pink," said a voice after supper; "the jolliest girl outside Pwllheli. She's been keeping a dance for you."

"This is the best tune in the book," said the ravishing creature as we took the floor. "Don t let 's lose any of it. You start with the left foot—*one*, two, three, *one*, two, three."

"Which foot do you go on with? That's much more important. I shall try the right . . . This is delightful. One of us must be dancing awfully well."

"I expect it's me. What have you been doing all day? Don't say 'working'; all the others said that."

"Ah! Well, the truth is——"

"Just as you like, you know."

"The truth is," I said firmly, "I've been reading the papers. The daily papers."

"All of them—even *The Financial News?* They're awfully exciting now, aren't they?"

"Yes. Oh, yes. Only—— I think I must have read too many of them. One loses one's sense of proportion."

"I lose simply *everything*. Gloves, fans, handkerchiefs."

"Well, you very nearly lost *me*. I all but went after the third dance."

"Why? Did you have a very heavy partner?"

"No, not exactly that; but—— I say, are you keen on — on politics and things?"

"Why, of *course*."

"Good. Then let's—let's talk about them . . . some day."

"Rather."

"Only not just now."

"Oh, no!"

"No, of course not. I say, have you any more dances to spare?"

"I think so. I'll see when we sit down. I'm enjoying to-night awfully, aren't you?" said the jolliest girl outside Pwllheli.

"Awfully," I said with conviction.

A. A. M.



"PICTURE PUZZLES." HARDEST PUZZLE OF ALL—TO FIND THE HOSTESS.

PAIRED OPINIONS.

FREQUENT inquiries reach us from conscientious voters as to the best way of arriving at an honest opinion upon a debatable question like Tariff Reform, when so many authoritative views are daily thrust upon them. Thus:—

(*a*) What Mr. BALFOUR thinks.
(*b*) What Mr. BALFOUR used to think.
(*c*) What Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL says.
(*d*) What Mr. WALTER LONG maintains.
(*e*) What the hired roughs at Bermondsey thought.
(*f*) What the hired roughs at Horley thought.
(*g*) What Mr. CHAMBERLAIN said in 1884.
(*h*) What Mr. DUMPHREYS said all along.
(*i*) What Mr. BALFOUR declared about Old Age Pensions.
(*j*) What Mr. URE subsequently reiterated.

Our answer is that frigid and calculated organisation is necessary; method alone will bring peace. Let the conscientious voter do as we do—paste on uniform cards all the statements as they appear, put them in a drawer, go through them every week, take out and destroy all pairs (*i.e.*, statements which cancel one another), and decide, for the time being, by such arguments as remain, if any.

The above list appears, on the face of it, to promise great confusion of conscience. Actually, it is quite simple, the pairs being, of course, as follows:—*a*, *b*; *c*, *d*; *e*, *f*; *g*, *h*; *i*, *j*. An opinion formed before these arguments were put forth would therefore remain intact.

The filing system, thus adapted to politics, not only brings mental quiet and ensures a right decision, but affords pleasant recreation during the winter evenings, highly instructive to the little ones.

LINES TO TWO LIBERAL KNIGHTS.

STOUT *shikaris* tiger-hunting are accustomed, ere they shoot,
To invoke Sir PERCY BUNTING, to adjure Sir JESSE BOOT.

Savage Dukes, their hecklers fronting, grow incontinently mute
If they see Sir PERCY BUNTING or espy Sir JESSE BOOT.

Freshmen on the Cherwell punting, as they twang the festive lute,
Serenade Sir PERCY BUNTING and extol Sir JESSE BOOT.

Hooligans, their stature stunting with the premature cheroot,
Quail before Sir PERCY BUNTING, blench before Sir JESSE BOOT.

Pigs at once refrain from grunting, owls instanter cease to hoot,
Daunted by Sir PERCY BUNTING, chidden by Sir JESSE BOOT.

Engines in the act of shunting shriek with ecstasy acute
If they see Sir PERCY BUNTING or behold Sir JESSE BOOT.

E'en the year's autimnal tunting brightlier glows on leaf and fruit
Wheresoe'er Sir PERCY BUNTING wanders with Sir JESSE BOOT.

"The most successful of the three dances was the Daffodil, a charmingly pretty waltz which introduces the pas de cheval, this being the first time, so far as is known, that this movement, suggestive of the prancing horse, has been introduced into any ballroom dance."
Daily Mail.

The writer must be mistaken; we have certainly noticed this movement for years past.



First Farmer. "'ERE, YOU REMEMBER TELLING ME YOU GAVE YOUR 'OSS TURPENTINE WHEN 'E 'AD COLIC." *Second Farmer.* "AY!"
First Farmer. "WELL, I GAVE MY 'OSS TURPENTINE, AN' 'E DIED."
Second Farmer. "WELL, *MINE DIED TOO!*"

THE BRITON'S BIRTHRIGHT.

Extract from a letter condemnatory of the increased duty on whisky:—"Some persons are born teetotal to their own misfortune, others achieve teetotalism by their own weaknesses, but the men who have made this nation for us, and we who have yet to consolidate our great Empire for our descendants, are men of strength."

O, WHA but we should rule the sea?
The men o' "pith an' power,"
Wha spread the sway we haud this day,
They aye were hauf-seas-owre.
Where'er the Union Jack has flown,
Has followed Britain's law—
"One race, one speech, one flag, one Throne,
One dram"—or maybe twa.

Thae feckless, puir, teetotal loons,
For them my heart is wae!
Hoo can they ken the strength o' men
Weel primed wi' usquebae?
The nation's wark is no' for them;
They e'en may lay it doun;
They little think it 's nocht but Drink
That mak's the warld gae roun'.

Though fules may jibe, we 'll aye imbibe
The spirit o' the age,
An' stootly stan', as straucht's we can,
Tae guard oor heritage;
For gin it hap we should let drap
The knack o' gettin' fou—
Britain beware! for then and there
Ye meet yer Waterloo!

BOOKMEN AS CANDIDATES.

THE announcement that, like Mr. METHUEN, Mr. HEINEMANN also contemplates entering the Parliamentary arena comes as no surprise to those who have been watching the trend of ambition in literary circles.

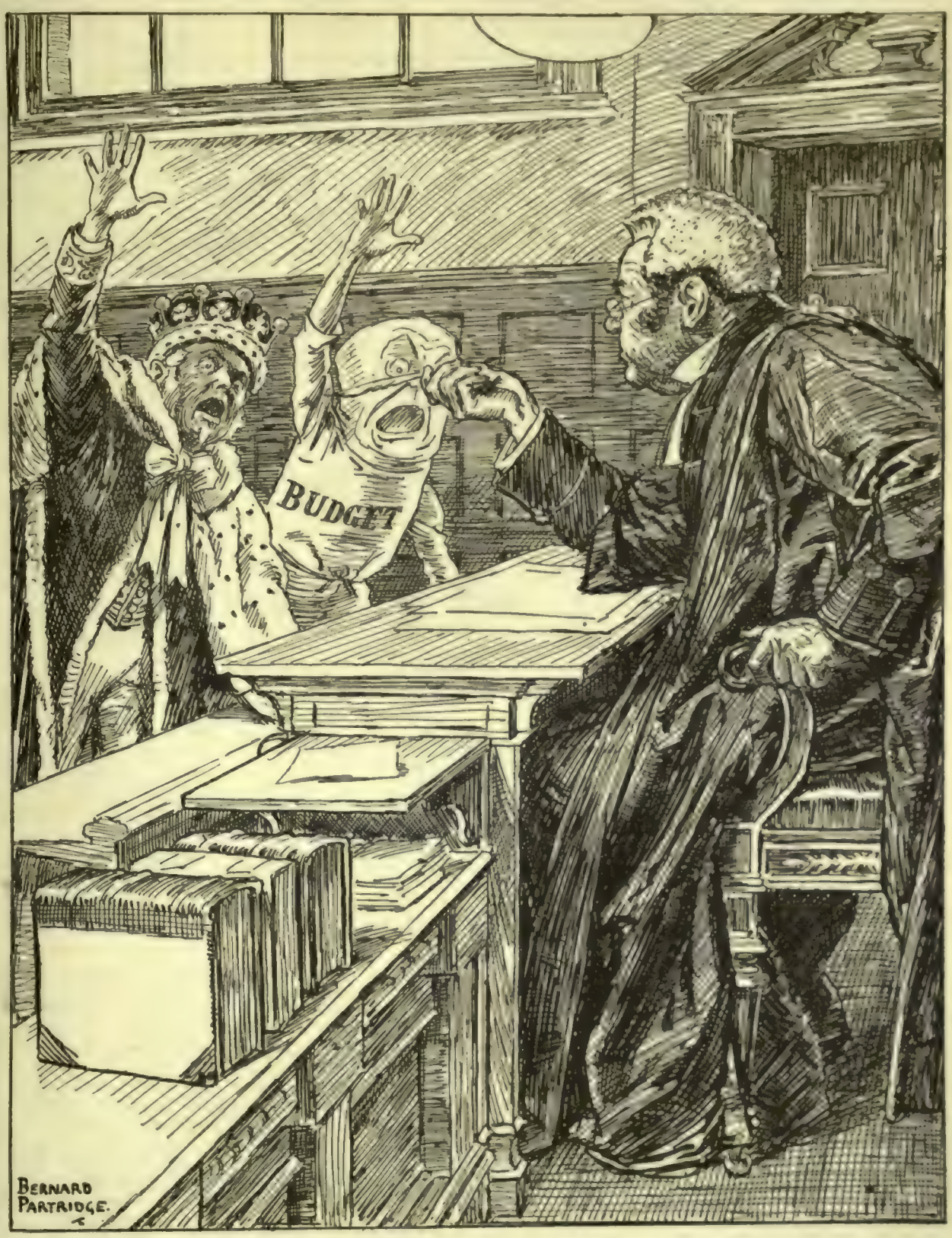
Mr. HEINEMANN'S first intention, we understand, was to offer himself as a candidate for the Isle of Heinemann, as his famous client, Mr. HALL CAINE, wittily calls it. Imagine his disappointment on ascertaining that the Isle of Heinemann has no representative at Westminster! Mr. HEINEMANN, however, has since been greatly gratified by the pressing invitation of the Bayswater International Association that he should come forward as an Independent candidate in the Humanitarian interest.

Enormous satisfaction is expressed in Nonconformist literary circles at the announcement that Sir WILLIAM ROBERTSON NICOLL, M.O.K., O.O., will contest the Crockett division of Galloway in the Kailyard interest. There was some natural disappointment in the hop county that Sir William was not going to carry the banner of Lloyd-Georgian Reform to victory at the head of the Men of Kent, but it is generally admitted that the claims of the Kailyard Caucus were irresistible. Mr. DAVID LYALL and the Reverend CLAUDIUS CLEAR have already thrown themselves into the campaign with extraordinary energy, and there is hardly a hamlet in the whole division which has not already been waked to ecstasy by the intoxicating eloquence of those two superb and pathetic orators.

Mr. JOHN LONG, on recently being asked whether he was going to stand for Parliament, returned a somewhat enigmatic answer. "Whether I go to Westminster or not," he replied, "at any rate I mean to stand by Wales."

Mr. EVELEIGH NASH, it appears, also favours the gallant little Principality, a safe seat having been offered him in Cardiganshire. Asked why he was attracted to this particular locality, Mr. NASH observed, "Cardiganshire has always appealed to me through its picturesque qualities and associations. What should we do without Cardigan waistcoats? The town of Cardigan, perhaps you may not be aware, has two stone bridges across the river Teifi, an old and stately church, and the remains of an ancient castle famous in Welsh history. I feel that as its Member I should be able to do much to restore the fallen fortunes of this romantic spot."

Lastly, Mr. CLEMENT K. SHORTER, it is freely bruited in Fleet Street, is considering the urgent request of the Haworth Liberal Association to stand for that division of Yorkshire.



CHARGE AND COUNTERCHARGE.

His Honour John Bull. "AND WHICH IS THE PLAINTIFF?" Both. "ME, SIR!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



AWFUL SCENE OF GLOOM AND DEJECTION, WHEN THE MINISTRY HEARD OF THE LORDS' DECISION TO REFER THE BUDGET TO THE COUNTRY.

House of Lords, Tuesday, November 16.—Something delightfully casual, superbly English, about Parliamentary manner at great crises. To-day climax reached in first stage of one that promises to exceed any that have shaken the country since Reform Bill times. Incidentally, but primarily, existence of House of Lords as partner in legislative machine is at stake.

Common knowledge that LANSDOWNE, punctual in his place at 4.30, carries in waistcoat pocket the final, irrevocable challenge to fight to the finish. Yet attendance limited to a score of Peers. On front bench to right of Woolsack CREWE and GRANARD sole representatives of a threatened Government. For companions on the other side of Table, HALSBURY, CAWDOR, LONDONDERRY, SALISBURY, MARLBOROUGH, DONOUGHMORE and ASHBOURNE support their Leader.

Brief pause followed on striking of half-hour. Silence broken by voice of LANSDOWNE, discovered standing at Table with fateful scrap of paper in hand.

"My Lords," he said, "I beg to give notice that on the second reading of the Finance Bill I will move that this House is not justified in giving its consent to this Bill until it has been submitted to the judgment of the country."

That was all. Had he been observing across the Table into the languid ear of Earl CREWE that it was a fine day, there might have been more inflection of emotion in his tone, more of flutter in his manner. CREWE seemed on point of replying, "Yes, but rather cold, don't you think?" Recognising irrelevancy of remark he forbore.

No cheer burst forth from confident Opposition, no sharp response from jubilant Ministerialists. AMPTHILL put a question as to position of British Indians in Transvaal, and House proceeded to deal with the Orders of the Day.

HALSBURY's imperturbability a cloak for exuberant honest satisfaction.

"This 'll teach 'em, TOBY, dear boy," he said, as we crossed Lobby by closed doors of deserted, desolate Commons. "Those Radicals, with URE at their head, have been putting about stories to effect that we, the old nobility, are influenced in opposition to Budget by personal considerations, strengthened by sympathy with an honourable Trade.

It is true LLOYD GEORGE, with Welsh attorney instinct, mulcts landowners in various ways. Increases the Death Duties; invents a Super-tax specially designed to catch a pensioned ex-Lord Chancellor. Also puts up charges on Licensed Victuallers. What of that? LANSDOWNE's amendment distinctly shows that all we think of is the welfare of the country. We are not going to sit by and see it trampled upon by the vote of 300 so-called representatives of the people. Lord Codlin is the friend of every man who has a vote. Mr. Short is a fraud."

"But," I asked, "isn't there some little difficulty on a constitutional question? Didn't you in 1897, when SPENCER, KIMBERLEY, and other Liberal Peers desired to move amendment to Voluntary Schools Bill involving money question, quote with approval Sir THOMAS MAY's dictum that 'all aids and supplies to His Majesty in Parliament are the sole gift of the Commons, not to be changed or altered by the House of Lords?' And didn't you thereupon declare SPENCER's Amendment out of order?"

"Tut, tut, TOBY, M.P. You are, after all, a sort of child in these matters. *We* were in office at the time. The Bill to which you allude was *our* measure, and we weren't going to have it mauled by Liberal hands. Suppose you never heard of the retort of LITTLETON upon COKE in a famous leading case, 'Circumstances alter cases?'"

Business done.—Lord LANSDOWNE tables amendment disposing of Budget Bill.

Wednesday night. — From darkest depths of disputation round Irish Land Bill the MEMBER FOR SARK has always seen the stars. It seemed all up with the bantling when the Lords almost literally mangled it. Certainty of early funeral confirmed when the Commons, disdaining to discuss the Lords' amendments *seriatim*, disagreed with them *en bloc*. But there's money in it, and SARK does not remember a case when either Irish landlord or tenant refused to take cash from the Saxon.

Facts of case simple. GEORGE WYNDHAM's well-meant scheme for facilitating transfer of Irish land from owner to tenant has broken down owing to faulty financial provisions. These ST. AUGUSTINE proposes to remedy. The bonus bestowed by the Wyndham Bill by way of oiling the machinery of transfer was twelve millions sterling. The Bill Lords and Commons have been playing battledore and shuttlecock with proposes to throw in an extra three millions, completing a total of between seventy and eighty millions, for which the British tax-payer, that modern ISSACHAR, an ass borne down by cruel burdens, will provide.

Controversy between Lords and Commons arose upon landlords and tenants fighting each other for larger share of the plunder. To-night, Bill comes back for the consideration of Commons' reasons for disagreeing with Lords' amendments. The landlords, justly fearful of losing the bone whilst snatching at its reflection in the brook, cave in and agree not to insist on their amendments.

That all very well if they stopped there. Proceeded to carry others less drastic but not more likely to be accepted by Irish Nationalists. So Bill goes back to Commons, still in peril. But, as SARK insists, an additional three millions is not to be wantonly chucked away.

Business done. — Irish Land Bill further considered.

JUST AS YOU LIKE IT.

[*Being a close adaptation of "As You Like It," Act II., Scene 5, including the famous invocation, "Duedame, duedame, duedame."*]

Mr. Asquith sings:

UNDER St. Stephen's fane,
Who would with me remain,
Tuning his merry note
Unto old COBDEN's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But Free Trade and fair weather.

Mr. Balfour sings:

Who doth all dumping shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Growing the food he eats,
Content with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But Tariff and fine weather.

Mr. Lloyd George sings:

Since it has come to pass
That every idle ass
Loves his own wealth and ease,
Grown rich by slow degrees
(Dukes dam'em, dukes dam'em, dukes dam'em):
He, even he,
Well tax'd shall be
An if he will come to me.

Mr. Asquith.—What's that "Dukes dam'em"?

Mr. Lloyd George.—'Tis an East End invocation for calling fools within my circle. I'll get my Bill passed if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the well-born in England.

Mr. Asquith.—And I'll go worry the Lords; their ruin is prepared. [*Exeunt.*

The French Manner.

"The Committee appointed as its chairman Professor G. F. Charnock, and embraced a number of gentlemen of recognised ability."—*The Engineer.*

FROM THE ETHICAL BILGE-TUB.

WE have received the appeal of "The International Order of Ethics and Culture," which seeks to replace "our crumbling religions" with a brotherly friendship "founded on the mutual inspiration of social-ethical actions." The "programm" of the new Order is quite in keeping with these high aims. It "prescribes moral and financial help for all the progressiv currants [*sic*] as far as they are in accordance with the principles of the Order," and creates

"a sort of cummunity whose meetings are open for everybody, official speaches in the case of funerals, weddings and in other important and emotional events of life if somebody is asking for it or if the clergyman refuses the attendance."

The organisation of the Order is absolutely democratic:—

"We are fighting dogmatism of any kind as well as every worship of authorities. In our circles there shall be cultivated but noble friendship. We remark that we exclude from our meetings any a coholic beverage, doing so for the sake of opposing the unreasonable drinking costoms and in order to secure the majesty and the earnestness of our work. We aknoweledge by this the full right of the antialcoholic movement and other social and ethical movements of the kind, but we dont command our members any obligation of such kind for their private life."

After all, the best guarantee of the seriousness of the new movement is afforded by the list of its officers and supporters. The President of the International Central Committee is Miss Gertrud Woker, of Berne, and amongst others "the following personalities have declared to be in accordance with the aims of the Order":—

Rev. E. Baars, Vegesack (Breme).
Prof. Dr. Odo Bujwid.
Paul Geheeb, Pedagogist.
Miss Mally Kachel.
Leopold Katscher.
Dr. A. Suter-Ruffy.
Dr. Saleeby (London).
Director Kiss, Budapest.

But the names of distinguished men and women of science are not enough. "Homes must be established everywhere . . . To found a Home we want but 5 plucky persons who devote about 2 hours weekly to our cause." We sincerely trust that this interesting cummunity will lend such impetus to the progressiv currants that they will sweep away the vicious costoms of the past in an avalanche of antialcoholic enthusiasm.

"On Saturday the Sutton Town Band returned the compliment by coming to Epsom, where an enjoyable programme was given by the Town Clock."—*Epsom Advertiser.*

Unfortunately the repertoire of our town clocks is so very limited.



Highland Ferryman (during momentary lull in the storm). "I'M THENKIN', SIR, I'LL JUST TACK YER FARE; THERE'S NO SAYIN' WHAT MICHT HAPPEN TAE US."

LIEUTENANT SMITH.

[Territorial officers are sometimes mystified at the strange way in which words of command are mutilated for the sake of smartness at the Chelsea School of Instruction: the Guards, for instance, execute certain movements on the word "HIPE."]

LIEUTENANT SMITH, a "Terrier," fared forth to learn his trade;
Boldly he went to Chelsea School and stood upon parade.
They rated and they humbled him; and then, when all was ripe,
They crowned his efforts with a smile and taught him to say "HIPE."

With rare enthusiasm filled, back to his corps went he,
Resolved that all should share his luck and learn this mystery.
He proved to all his N.C.O.s that any form or type
Of movement could be carried out by merely shouting, "HIPE."

Amongst a batch of raw recruits he chanced to get to know
A butcher with a splendid voice who hailed from Pimlico;
When evening fell this man was wont to shout the joys of tripe . . . .
Smith made him sergeant on the spot, and changed the word to "HIPE."

Intoxicated with success, he madly cast away
His whistle and his compass, and even his *épée!*
And when on Company Parade bestowed an extra stripe
On Corporal Jones, who gave the word: "Move to the left in——HIPE!"

At length the Adjutant, informed of Smith's insane career,
Took the young man apart, and said, "None of your Guards' tricks here;
You've done your duty, passed your Schools; but now, Sir, you must wipe
Your military tablets clean: we can't put up with 'HIPE.'"

My tale is done: the maggot word had camped within his brain.
'Twas two years later when I saw Lieutenant Smith again;
I met him in a country place where I was shooting snipe;
Poor chap, he scares the hungry crow; and all he says is "HIPE."

CROWNED CRITICS.

AFTER inspecting the famous wax bust in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum, the Emperor of GERMANY has declared that he has no doubt that it is a genuine Leonardo, and rumours are current that, following his great example, other exalted personages are prepared to make similar pronouncements and settle once and for all the disputes of artists, archæologists and historians.

The King of GREECE, for instance, is said to have expressed his royal conviction that the ninth and tenth books of the *Iliad* are both up to sample, and that the *Odyssey* was not written by a woman; he also exonerates PHIDIAS from the accusation of having carved portraits of himself and PERICLES on the shield of Athena. Just at present he is preparing an authoritative plan of the battle of Salamis (480 B.C.) in order to clear up a few points that have puzzled historians.

King VICTOR EMMANUEL, again, has promised the POPE to look round the galleries of the Vatican some afternoon and settle the dates of one or two disputed pieces of statuary.

It will also come as a great relief to many hesitating antiquarians to learn that the KHEDIVE is assured that the great Sphinx is genuine, and was probably there in the time of MOSES.

President FALLIÈRES is another exalted *cognoscente*, and is preparing a monograph showing the original disposition of the lost arms of the Venus of Melos.

Meanwhile Big BILL TAFT won't say whether COOK got to the Big Nail or not.

THE GOLD-FISH.

WHEN Saccharissa said she wanted some gold-fish I naturally asked why. These were her "reasons":—

(*a*) I *want* them.
(*b*) They look so tweet and twinkly in a dear little bowl.
(*c*) They are soothing to watch.
(*d*) Their up-keep costs so little.
(*e*) The water absorbs the gases in the room.
(*f*) I *want* them.

I countered thus:—

(*a*) You don't *really* want them.
(*b*) The stars are tweeter and twinklier "in that inverted bowl we call the sky."
(*c*) You can watch me smoking.
(*d*) When Tariff Reform comes their food may cost us more.
(*e*) I can be no party to fish-poisoning.
(*f*) I don't.

She listened patiently, murmured "Yes, darling, but——" at intervals, kissed me resignedly, and said, "Well, dearest, if you're *determined* . . . and I had set my heart on them."

So of course I bought a couple of the little beggars next day.

Saccharissa greeted me rapturously, dropped the bowl on the floor, and screamed. William and Mary (I had named them already) lay gasping.

"Oh, Jack, what shall we do?" she wailed.

"Give them air!" I shouted. "Or, rather, water. Quick!"

She flew for a basin and returned panting. Then, as she hates clammy things, she picked them up with the fish-slice and dropped them into their native element. They looked almost as relieved as Saccharissa.

"Will it hurt them, do you think?" she quavered. "Is there anything else we could do?"

"Well . . . we might put a dash of whisky in, to buck them up a bit, but——"

"Cruel!" she flashed, "to make fun of a dumb——"

"All right! Try them with an ant's-egg—one each—mustn't let 'em gorge."

A couple of ant's-eggs were administered, and, would you believe it? that hog William snaffled both.

"Oh, *poor* Mary!" said Saccharissa. "And I'm sure she's starving—see how she keeps on opening and shutting her mouth!"

"Merely bad language," I said. "The water deadens the sound."

"Do you think so? . . . Well, I wish she wouldn't—it looks perfectly *beastly*. Jack, why don't they drown when they open their mouths?"

"Because they breathe with their gills, of course. Fancy not knowing that!"

"But their gills are open too," she objected.

"How on earth could they breathe with them shut?"

"Ye—s, but why- ——"

"Mary is ready for another ant's-egg," I said firmly. "Tempt her to beg—see if she'll stand on her tail. I'll keep William off with the paper-knife."

Mary was uppish and refused to beg. As for William, I was simply disgusted. After several futile efforts to elude the paper-knife he went to the bottom and sulked—like a naughty child.

"Stir him up," said Saccharissa. "I'm sorry he has such a vile temper. Stir him up!"

"Give me an egg-whisk," I said, "and William shall think he is helping at a performance of 'The Maelstrom' at the Hippodrome."

"No, we mustn't be heartless. Just a weeny poke."

I gave him a "weeny" poke, and William simply hared round the basin, looking as sick as mud.

"That's enough," said Saccharissa presently, "or else he'll get curvature of the spine. We mustn't over-tire him, bad though he is. Oh, I *am* glad you bought them, Jack! They will be a perpetual source of joy!"

"H'm!" I grunted.

* * * * *

She tended them zealously for three days, "changing the water" whenever she felt dull or had nothing special to do. William had a near shave in the sink once. If the grating had been a hair's-breadth bigger, or if William had eaten fewer ant's-eggs for breakfast, his number would have gone up. The fourth day she asked me to feed them, as she was "busy." The next day they were forgotten altogether, and starved. Saccharissa, on discovering her error, wept bitterly and grossly over-fed them.

For a week they battened on a generous diet; then she was "busy" again and I had to feed them.

I fed them without protest for three days. Then I reminded Saccharissa that they were her fish, not mine. She said—quite mildly—"Yes, dear."

After a fortnight had passed without change, I suggested that as the fish had lost interest for her I might at least get some fun out of the investment. Why not a bent pin and a worm, or races in the bath?

The idea "did not appeal to her."

Disgusted at such ingratitude, I advocated a little dinner to our *parvenus* friends, the Browns. Why not take the shine out of them with an up-to-date savoury, "Gold-fish on Toast"? She said I was always thinking of my—of food.

So I said, "Dash it! We are both sick of them. Let's give them away!"

"What a waste!" she said.

* * * * *

It was a real relief when the cat did a little fishing on her own account.

A CITY SHOW.

[The Lord Mayor of London is said to be anxious to restore the old system of apprenticeship.]

MY Lord, once more in "old Cockayne"
Your words have found my thoughts a setting;
I draw on Fancy's strings again
And set her puppets pirouetting;
The curtain 's up, then, trumpets blare;
No waits occur at Fancy-Fair!

Your bold apprentice from his bench
I see play truant down the alley
To watch a fight, or woo a wench,
Or, leaving cares of task and tally,
He goes by Holborn Bar to see
A junketting at Tyburn Tree.

Then o'er a tankard in the Chepe
I watch some swell Dick Turpin racket,
Gape at his ruffles' dainty sweep,
Admire the lace upon his jacket,
And see the silver-mounted pair
Of barkers which I knew he 'd wear!

I watch him toss his liquor down;
The still-room maid he gaily banters;
He flings the grinning boots a crown,
Jumps on his mare, and off he canters;
A dirty scoundrel? Oh, of course!
But what a seat upon a horse!

I hear the mail-guard blow his horn,
I chat with watchmen in the porches,
I see a golden summer morn
Steal up and dowse the linkmen's torches,
Before my Lady mounts her chair
For Lincoln's Inn, from Crosby Square!

* * * * *

Thus, then, and thus my mummers play;
They bow with old-world airs and graces;
Then through the misty wings they stray
Back to the silent, shadow places,
To wait in some dim green-room's hall
For Fancy's cue—for Memory's call!

Our Boys.

"Rudgard carefully cut the tip off his cigarette. . . . He drew his liqueur stand towards him, and, pouring out a glass of ab inthe, drank it off at a gulp."—"*Daily News*" *feuilleton.*

The young dog!

The Modern Shoot.

"Mr. M. J. Sutton's shooting party had a capital day's sport on the Holme Park estate. Eight guns accounted for over 500 head of pheasants, ducks, hares and rabbits, most of which *had been* most generously distributed locally and otherwise."—*Reading Mercury.*

Once more the idea of making two of the above words lean to the right is ours.



THE PRIVATE VIEW.

Lady Goldberg. "WELL, GENERAL, WHAT WERE YOU AND YOUR CHARMING DAUGHTER SAYING ABOUT MY PORTRAIT?"

Gallant General (who prides himself on his tremendous tact). "MY DEAR LADY, I MAKE IT AN INVARIABLE RULE ON THESE OCCASIONS NEVER TO REMARK ON ANY PORTRAIT. THERE IS TOO GREAT A CHANCE OF THE ORIGINAL BEING WITHIN EAR-SHOT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT looks as if ROBERT HICHENS, in his recent trifle, *Barbary Sheep*, was giving us a little of the superfluous material left over from the preparation of his present larger work, *Bella Donna* (HEINEMANN). In both novels he handles the same rather distasteful theme, the passion of an Englishwoman for an Oriental. But, while in *Barbary Sheep* the lady's infatuation was abrupt and improbable, here, in *Bella Donna*, he is dealing with a type that is clearly *capable de tout*. It has been a weakness with Mr. HICHENS to be too expansive. Usually, instead of putting himself to the pains of selecting the one right word or phrase, he gives us a round score to choose from. And in *Bella Donna* he still seems to mistrust the imagination of his readers and even to doubt if they are giving him their full attention; for he is constantly reminding them of his Nile background with its familiar noises and movements. But, apart from this reiteration of certain details, the old fault has been amended. From the first page, where he introduces a most intriguing portrait of a fashionable doctor, the story is told with an economy of language which increases with the growing interest of the action. In the last half, indeed, we are scarcely allowed breathing-time for reflection; otherwise we should perhaps wonder whether he has provided *Bella Donna* with an adequate motive for the attempted destruction of her husband by poison. Certainly no sufficient argument is advanced to show that his elimination was an essential to her freedom, she being the woman she was; or that she was likely to feel more comfortable in the rather variegated *ménage* of the Græco-Egyptian *Baroudi*, if she had joined it as a widow rather than as a runaway wife. But I was too well entertained to worry much about this. What did worry me a little was the author's reference to ROBERT BROWNING as having carried his new wife away "to the peaks of the Apennines." There can no longer be any need for concealment in the matter; anyhow it is an open secret that he took her to the low-lying plains of Tuscany to keep her warm. To have exposed her on the snow-bound summits would have been a cruel experiment, which might well have justified the indignation of his father-in-law.

Poor distressful old Ireland! People who write novels about it always will try to make their fiction funny—I suppose for the sake of contrast with the tragedy of its figures and failings and facts. *The Search Party*, by Mr. G. A. BIRMINGHAM (a name which has already, I fancy, had something to do with the making of Irish history), is, according to Messrs. METHUEN, "pure comedy from beginning to end." Inconsequent, farcical, comic-opera kind of comedy I should call it; tolerable and even amusing with lights and music and pretty faces and dresses to help it out. But in cold

prose it is like the little girl i' the nursery rhyme. If it is to be good, it must be very, very good. Otherwise—but perhaps I had better explain what the search party were after. It is not, as you may be thinking, a case of *cherchez la femme;* the hunt is after the village doctor, the village buffoon, two M.P.'s and a sergeant and constable of the R.I.C., kidnapped one after the other and shut up in the same room by an alien manufacturer of bombs, who had lately settled in the part of "Connacht" to which four of them belonged. At first no one but the doctor's sweetheart seemed to think his disappearance at all odd, but at last with great difficulty she persuaded the M.P.'s wives, and the local Peer (there is always a local Peer in Irish stories), and the rest of the local constabulary to join in searching for the missing men. And when they found them they were all playing leap-frog in their dormitory prison, M.P.'s, doctor, sergeant, constable and buffoon, and making no attempt to escape, though they knew that their captor had got away in his motor-car fourteen hours before. And the end of the comedy was that they all agreed to say nothing more about it, an example which I cannot do better than follow.

Draw in your Stool, says OLIVER ONIONS, says he; and so I did, and listened, under the auspices of Messrs. MILLS AND BOON, to a considerable number of short stories with plenty of the right stuff in them. Perhaps the least successful effort is the first, which deals with a romantic episode in the grand old days of *Dec. Jun. Brutus* and *J. Cæsar*, just before the siege of Massilia (705 A.U.C., I fancy). No doubt Gaulish galley-slaves had their sentimental passages at the period, but the "carry" is a bit too long for my imagination. The next, which describes a bull-fight, is vastly better; but the author shines most, I think, in Yorkshire, whether on the moors, by the mine head, or along the coast, and "The Golden Farmer," "Jacques," "Karberry," and "The Splosher" are all very good. The last story, too, deserves special mention, because there is a murder in it, perpetrated (if that is the word) with an icicle broken off a pump-spout. Here, I think, Mr. ONIONS has shown himself unenterprising to the last degree; he ought to have spun the story out into a serial, and offered blood-money for the solution of the "Mystery of the Manor Yard." Suppose there had been a thaw next day, where was the evidence? Anyhow, *Draw in your Stool* by all means and ye winna regret it.

I wonder whether, when MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON had written her latest novel, she was a little at a loss what to call it. If so, she had decidedly a happy thought in giving it the title it now bears, because *Happiness* (METHUEN) is a story less of particular events than of life in general, and compact of "a number of things" making for contentment or the reverse. Naturally, however, this makes the book almost impossible to describe in detail. I shall content myself with a record of my personal pleasure in it, and the remark that of the many characters that crowd a very wide surface I was most interested in that of old *Telham*, the oilcloth millionaire, whose efforts to win happiness for himself and others meet with such pathetic disaster. For the rest, the book struck me as essentially feminine (in the best sense). It is full of delightful women, very wise and modern and subtle, holding broad views upon life, and perhaps just a little too ready to express them on all occasions, with special emphasis on topics that must, some years ago, have been left untouched. In her desire for sincerity the author has at times been (if I may say so very gently) a little too contemptuous of mere reticence. But, this apart, *Happiness* remains a notable achievement in modern fiction, and that sadly rare thing, a novel that is worth buying to read and keep.

Upon the fifteenth page of *The Last Lord Avanley* (MILLS AND BOON) I read, "Then, for the first time, she saw that his face was not the face of a man, but of a wild beast, and in spite of the pleading look in his large, lustrous eyes, a wave of revulsion swept through the girl's whole frame." And afterwards, at great length, GERALD MAXWELL describes *Millicent Tabor's* struggle to like this unfortunate being well enough to marry him. What, however, I feel most forcibly about the book is the pity that so much labour has been wasted upon such an unsavoury subject. Sympathy both for *Lord Avanley* and for his mother I can feel poignantly; I am conscious also of the atmosphere of doom and terror which surrounds this man with the monster's face; but in his love-affair I can feel no sympathetic interest whatever. Indeed, "a wave of revulsion" sweeps over me, too, at the thought of it. *Lord Avanley* has, of course, to die, so that life may be made easy for *Millicent*, and I must admit that his death is most elaborately and thoroughly stage-managed. This was only fair to him, for the wretched man had had but a poor show in the drama of life.



Maid "DINNER IS QUITE READY, SIR."
Poet. "HUSH! A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT IS HOVERING NEAR ME. I MUST SACRIFICE THE SOUP!"

Moretum is, I understand, a Latin word signifying a peculiar kind of salad, a mixture of herbs and condiments mentioned by VIRGIL. This information comes from a *junior optime* in the Mathematical Tripos, and may, therefore, be accepted with every confidence. *Moretum Alterum*, recently published by CHAPMAN AND HALL, is a literary salad composed by J. B. WINTERBOTHAM. His ingredients are a cultivated mind, wide reading, sympathy, a happy knack of quotation and allusion, and a pleasant gift of expression in a considerable range of subjects. Result, a book of essays which may be read with profit, interest and amusement by many sorts and conditions of men. Not the least attractive part of the volume consists of the sonnets which are interspersed between the essays. These display no ordinary mastery over a difficult form. I hope we shall have more from Mr. WINTERBOTHAM—more both of essays and of sonnets.

Sir HENRY NORMAN on the crisis:—

"The incredible has happened. It will be followed by the inevitable."

A very tame sequel.

"Wanted, Emma, Kidnapped, Two Years Ago, Salem Chapel, cheap; books, magazines, in exchange."—*The Lady.*

"Cheap" seems the right word. Certainly the reward offered for the unfortunate child after two years' absence is not excessive.

CHARIVARIA.

"I BEG to move—" said Lord CREWE in the House of Lords by way of opening the historic debate on the Finance Bill. If he could have his way, some of us would soon have to beg to live.

***

The other day the streets of Berlin were almost impassable owing to the impossibility of finding sufficient out-of-work men to clear away the snow. This fact is being used by Free Traders here as one more example of the horrible consequences of Protection.

***

"There is nobody," said Mr. URE at Ripley, "who does not know quite well that we have ceased to be a self-governing people." Perhaps the most terrible example of this loss of self-control is to be seen in the growing tendency to inexactitude.

***

The unkindest cut of all! Mr. BIRON, the magistrate, in the course of a case at the Old Street Police Court: "Is Mr. URE in favour of the Budget?"

***

The sours of victory! Mrs. PETHICK LAWRENCE assures the Liberals that their experience of the past four years will be nothing in comparison with what the Conservatives will have to undergo if they prove intractable on coming into power.

***

That delightful writer, Mr. A. E. W. MASON, has been complaining that his duties as a Member of Parliament make it difficult for him to write novels. We understand now the pressure that has been brought to bear on several literary men to become candidates.

***

At the same time, seeing the extent to which politicians are indebted to fiction for their facts, we should have thought it ought to be possible to arrive at some kind of working arrangement.

***

The Express has been asking, "Which is Britain's sunniest spot?" and, with splendid local patriotism, a Bermondsey man writes to ask us whether we know that the South of London is the Riviera of the Metropolis.

***

Much is made by our newspapers of the preparations in Germany for "the inevitable war." It is good to know that our military authorities are also moving. *The London Gazette* announced last week that it has been decided that the First Military Member of the Army Council, who has hitherto been styled Chief of the General Staff, shall hereafter be styled Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

***

Our dear old friend, *The Daily News*, has fairly lost her head over the present situation, and is becoming almost incoherent. "The House of Lords," she says, "has many a time heard the vices of the House of Commons denounced in tinkling fustian." This curious material sounds a little like brazen shoddy.

***

The following significant advertisement has recently appeared in a newspaper:—

Young Llama, trained to saddle; suitable for a boy; as good as pony: price 30gs.

This confirms the report that people are giving up their llamas in favour of motor-cars.

***

With reference to the correspondence in *The Daily Mail* on the subject of Round Churches, we believe that they are by no means such rarities as is generally imagined. We know a number of parsons who are square men in round holes.

***

Twenty missionaries of the sect who call themselves "Pillars of Fire" have arrived from the States and will endeavour to convert London. The title of the sect, so peculiarly attractive during a cold snap, is characteristic of American cuteness.

***

A new giant apple from California, known as the Winter Banana, has made its appearance at Covent Garden. It now remains for the West Indies to retort with a banana named the Spring Apple.

***

It seems peculiarly appropriate that Mr. CHURCHILL should have charge of the Assurance Companies Bill, seeing that he is one of the most prominent exponents of this art.



"SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE."

Cabby (on receiving his minimum mile fare in coppers). "ONE FOR THE MISSIS, ONE FOR MESELF, TWO FOR THE SIPPERS AND—(*forte*)—I'LL BANK THE REST."

"Thousands of people gathered round the station and raised deafening cheers as his Lordship was seen discussing the staircase from the platform."—*Glasgow Herald*

The painting of this historic scene has, we understand, been entrusted to Sir HUBERT VON HERKOMER.

"All that man could do Shackleton and his companions did, and there will be few Englishmen who will not read the narrative without a thrill of pride."—*Daily Telegraph*

This handsome appreciation is freely quoted in advertisements. Some publishers are easily pleased.

ON THE STUMP.

THE news that the House of Lords is about to tour the country has been received with great enthusiasm by both parties. *Mr. Punch*, however, is afraid that some of the peers may not live up to what is expected of them, and he has, therefore, prepared two or three examples of the sort of speech that is wanted. These speeches are not written for Lord ROSEBERY'S well-tried "Hundred and Fifty," but for the great mass of Tory Peers who have not as yet taken a prominent part in political affairs. To those of them who insist on speaking quite sensibly and articulately *Mr. Punch* can only express his regret that they should be willing to shatter yet another national belief.

I.—*For a Dull Duke.*

My lords, ladies and—h'm, ha—gentlemen. My—er—ladies and—er—gentlemen, I have thought it my duty, ladies and—h'm, ha—gentlemen, to come before you this evening, or, as I might say, to-night—to—er—on this auspicious occasion—h'm, ha. And when I say "auspicious occasion," ladies and gentlemen, I mean that the occasion has come, has—h'm, ha—in fact, arrived, when—h'r'r'r'r'm—it is an auspicious moment to—h'm, ha—come before you. H'r'r'r'r'm. We are faced, gentlemen, we are, I say, faced by a constitutional—h'm, ha—crisis in the—er—constitution, unprecedented, I say without fear of—without fear of—of—contradiction, *unprecedented*, ladelmen, that is, gentlies—h'r'r'r'r'm—*gentlemen*, in the history of the—h'm—constitution. That will not be denied. This constitution, this, I should say, crisis in the constitution has not been provoked by *Us*. We, ladies and gentlemen, in the exercise of our—h'm, ha—established right, what I might call—what, h'm, I think it will not be—er—traversed—travestied—*traversed*, as I say, by our bitterest opponent as our established right, even by those who—h'm, ha—in fact by—er—who seek to abolish us. H'r'r'r'r'r'r'r'm. On the one hand we have this ancient House, of which I have the honour to—h'm, ha—to form no inconsid—I should say some inconsid—to in fact belong, whose hallowed rights—h'r'r'r'r'm—whose rights, as I have already—h'm, ha—established are hallowed by the—er—by undoubted—er—h'r'm—by the—er—sanctity of centuries.

That will be admitted. On the other hand we feel—and it is because I feel it so strongly, ladies and gentlemen, that I am among you to-night, in order to put before you my views on this great constitutional crisis. H'r'r'r'r'm.

Our opponents have—h'm, ha—not hesitated—they have not hesitated, ladies and gentlemen, to allege that the basest of motives are inspired, that, I should say, we owe our inspiration to—that in fact we are basely inspired by motives which—h'm, ha—by—er—base motives. H'r'r'r'r'm. To that motive, to that allege—h'm, ha—allegation I give a qualified—an unqualified denial. Gentlemen, whatever our motives, and speaking for myself I can claim that I have been—h'm—*actuated* by, without any qualification whatsoever—and when I say qualification, ladies and—h'm, ha—gentlemen, I do not mean to imply—h'r'r'r'm—but as I say to *actuate*—the, er,—*inevitable*—inevitable consequences—consequences set up by—er—as I have said, to deny the allegation—h'm, ha—without qualification of—a-a-a-a-*tish*—the motives—h'r'r'r'r m—of, in short, the Budget. (*Loud applause.*)

II.—*For an Irresponsible Earl.*

Dear old souls, here we are, all the whole jolly lot of us, met together in solemn conclave about this dam rotten Budget. What price "solemn conclave"? I thought of that in my little bath this morning. "Archibald," I said to myself as I turned out for sponge drill, "you've stepped right on to it! 'Solemn conclave.' You're amongst them, pride of the harem." What?

Well now, about this dam Budget. I mean, whose jolly old idea was it? Give you my word it wasn't mine—never had any sort of head for figures. I know at school when they used to ask me to *prove* that if two sides of a triangle were equal then the squares on the hypothenuse were parallel, I always used to say, "My dear old spot, if Euclid says it *is* so, I take his word for it. He's been in the business longer than I have and he ought to know more about it. But of course if dear old Algebra says it isn't (and *he's* had his sign up quite as long as Euclid, I should think), and you want me to give a casting vote, well then what I say is, Let's toss for it. Heads Euclid, tails jolly old Algernonbra. Heads! There you are then."

Yoicks!—gone away. Where were we? Oh yes, the Budget. Well, I don't profess to be much of a cheese at geography, but I do know what Welshmen are famous for. "Also ran—Benjamin Trovato." What? Keep your eye on me and don't believe anything that the six-and-eightpenny *in re* merchant from Cambria tells you. "Cambria" is fairly torrid—I got it from the Harmsworth Atlas. "Wales, formerly called Cambria"—sort of Polly Jones, *née* Smith, don't you know?

Well, as we were saying, dear old souls, they passed along the Budget and we hoofed it out; and now I've been sent down here—and jolly glad I am to see you all looking so chubby and well—to tell you *why* we applied the boot. Well, why did we? I'll give you two free guesses. Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, and try your luck. What, no entries for the manicure set and the hem-stitched handkerchief? Look here, I'm simply giving them away. Oh, all right then, I'll tell you myself.

We chucked out the Budget, ladies and gentlemen, because it was a *dam rotten* one. (*Loud applause.*)

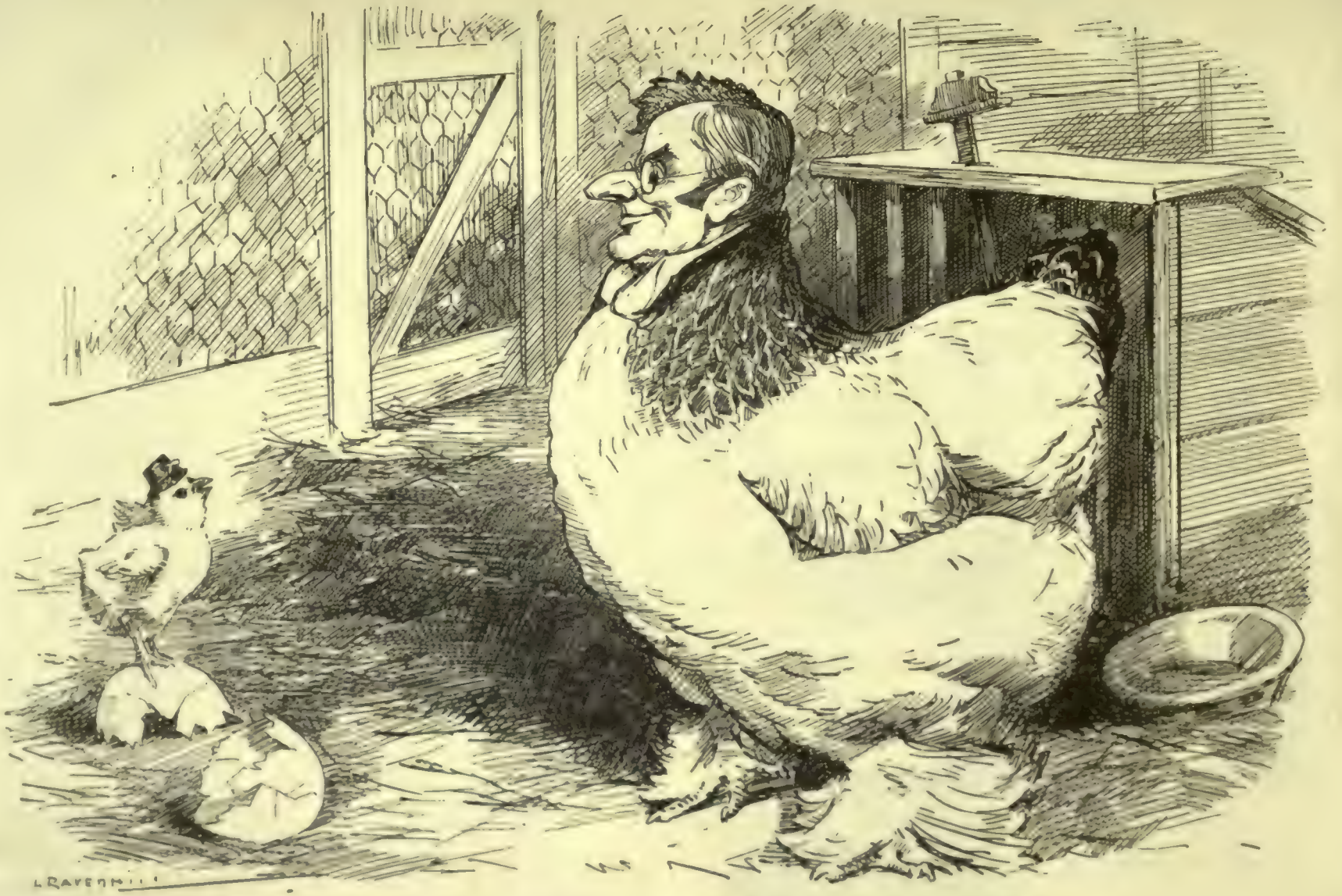
III.—*For a Backwoods' Baron.*

Ladies—and—gentlemen, I have been asked—to exp'ain to you—why we rejected—the Budget. When I was last in London—in 1893—I helped to reject—the Home Rule Bill—of the traitor GLADSTONE. Ladies and gentlemen, I was proud to have done my duty then—and I am equally proud—to have done my duty to-day. There are amongst us—certain progressive spirits—upon whom—all true patriots—must act as a check. My father—opposed—as long as he could—the introduction of railways—into this country. His advice—was in the end—disregarded. When I travelled up to London—last week—I felt more than ever—that my father was right. The country, gentlemen—has been spoilt. On my way yesterday—to the Zoological Gardens—I was disgusted to learn—that these vandals had burrowed—even under the earth. Coming back—from the British Museum—last Monday—I was horrified to discover—that trams passed along the Embankment. Had I not been ill—I should have voted against that measure—as, I understand—did many of my colleagues—in the House. At Madame Tussaud's—two days ago—I looked back—upon all that has happened—in the last fifty years. And all the misery—and unhappiness—that is to be found—in the villages and towns to-day—must (I decided)—be put down to—the curse of elementary education. Ladies and gentlemen, I say—without hesitation—that the lower classes—should have been left where they were—that in raising them you have raised a monster—worse than any that Frankenstein brought into being.

Gentlemen, we rejected the Budget—because it sought to create war between the classes. England will never be at peace—unless the classes keep to their proper stations. The upper class to rule—and the lower class to obey. (*Loud applause*). A. A. M.

"By this process any radicals can in turn be removed."

The above appears in *Hall and Knight's Algebra;* and since the introduction of the Budget HALL'S letter-bag has had to be enlarged twice in order to meet the daily flow of communications asking for further particulars.



BIRRELL'S BANTLING.

Irish Land Chick (*hatched with difficulty*). "BRAVO! I THOUGHT WE SHOULD NEVER PULL IT OFF!"



SOCIETIES WE ADMIRE (BUT DO NOT BELONG TO).—No. 4.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION OF PAINFUL PASTS.

THE GIRAFFE HUNTER.

THE INTREPID TEDDY'S NARRATIVE—WITH A FEW INTERPOLATIONS.

(Puzzle: Find them.)

EARLY next morning I went back to camp, and soon after reaching there again started out for a hunt. In the afternoon I came on giraffes and got up near enough to shoot at them. But they are such enormous beasts that I thought them far nearer than they were. Too big to live, anyway. My bullet fell short, and they disappeared among the mimosas, at their strange, leisurely-looking gallop. Of all the beasts in an African landscape none is more striking than the giraffe, and none more in need of destruction. Usually it is found in small parties or in herds of fifteen or twenty or more individuals. Although it will drink regularly if occasion offers, it is able to get along without water for months at a time, and frequents by choice the dry plains, or else the stretches of open forest where the trees are scattered and ordinarily somewhat stunted. Like the rhinoceros—the ordinary or prehensile-lipped rhinoceros—the giraffe is a browsing and not a grazing animal. The leaves, buds, and twigs of the mimosas or thorn-trees form its customary food. It never attacks anyone, being the gentlest creature breathing. Its extraordinary height enables it to bring into play to the best possible advantage its noteworthy powers of vision, and no animal is harder to approach unseen. This is, of course, very unfair to the hunter. Again and again I have made it out a mile off, or, rather, have seen it a mile off when it was pointed out to me, and looking at it through my glasses would see that it was gazing steadily at us. It is a striking-looking animal and handsome in its way, but its length of leg and neck and sloping back make it appear awkward even at rest; and no doubt it ought to be exterminated. When alarmed it may go off at a long, swinging pace or walk, but if really frightened it strikes into a peculiar gallop or canter very difficult to keep up with. They are defenceless things, and, though they may kick at a man who incautiously comes within reach, they are in no way dangerous. This makes them the more worthy of our soft-nosed bullets. An ex-President shooting at them runs no risks.

I was carrying the Winchester loaded with full metal-patched bullets. I wished to get for the Museum both a bull and a cow. One of the three giraffes was much larger than the other two, and as he was evidently a bull I thought the two others were cows. As we reached the tree the giraffes showed symptoms of uneasiness. One of the smaller ones, being a coward, began to make off, and both the others shifted their positions slightly, curling their tails. I instantly dropped on my knee, and, getting the bead just behind the big bull's shoulder, I fired with the 300-yard sight. I heard the "pack" of the bullet as it struck just where I aimed, and away went all three giraffes at their queer rocking-horse canter in the most contemptible way. Running forward, I emptied my magazine, firing at the big bull, and also at one of his smaller companions, and then, slipping into the barrel what proved to be a soft-nosed bullet, I fired at the latter again. The giraffe was going straight away, and it was a long shot, at 400 or 500 yards, but by good luck the bullet broke its back, and down it came. No need to say how pleased I was. I had got another specimen for the Museum. The other bulls were now getting over the crest of the hill, but the big one was evidently sick, and we called and

beckoned to the two saices to hurry up with the horses.

I rode full speed after the giant quarry. I was on the tranquil sorrel, the horse I much preferred in riding down game of any kind, because he had a fair turn of speed, and yet was good about letting me get on and off. As soon as I reached the hill-crest I saw the giraffes ahead of me, not so far off as I had feared, and I raced toward them without regard to rotten ground and wart-hog holes: one must be reckless sometimes. The wounded one lagged behind, but when I got near he put on a spurt, and as I thought I was close enough I leaped off, throwing the reins over the sorrel's head, and opened fire. Down went the big bull, and I thought my task was done. But as I went back to mount the sorrel the cad struggled to his feet again and disappeared after his companions among the trees, which were thicker here, as we had reached the bottom of the valley. So I tore after him again, and in a minute came to a dry water-course. Scrambling into and out of this I saw the giraffes ahead of me just beginning the ascent of the opposite slope, and touching the horse with the spur flew after the wounded bull. This time I made up my mind I would get up close enough. Off I jumped, throwing the reins over my sorrel's head, and opened fire once more, and this time the great bull went down for good. I had got two of these rare and steadily disappearing creatures — no small thing. Unfortunately both were bulls, so I must go on prayerfully shooting all I can till a cow turns up.

The Memorial to Coquelin.

"'Messieurs, vous êtes ici chez vous,' said M. Claretie, when the party, including Sir John Hare, Sir Squire Bancroft, Sir Charles Wyndham, Mr. Arthur Bourchier, Mr. Max Beerbohm (representing Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree), Mr. Norman Forbes (representing Mr. Forbes Robertson), Mr. Henry Neville, and Mr. Gilbert Bayes passed from the committee-room where M. Claretie had received them, and where the solemn and dread committee of Sociétaires with full shares in the business of the House of Molière will sit, according to annual rule, in a month's time to consider the elections of new members, along the carpeted passages hung with pictures, into the green-room, which is a museum of sculptures and paintings."—*Daily Telegraph.*

We understand that the compositor's reason for placing the full stop here was that the little box with the commas in was getting empty. But it seems a pity to have stopped the sentence just as it was getting into its stride so nicely.

We ought to add how pleased we are to see that the dramatic profession has reached the loftiest rung of the social ladder, and that its leaders are now "represented," just like Monarchs. This is the true Kingship of Art.

AT THE PLAY.

"BEETHOVEN."

IT would be easy enough to make merry over the latest of Sir HERBERT TREE's sporting experiments, but a much harder matter to appraise it seriously or even to classify it. It is neither drama proper nor musical tragedy, but a sort of series of *tableaux parlants* with incidental music. The life of BEETHOVEN could not well have furnished stuff for an ordinary play, its chief tragedy being the deafness which not only cut him off from human intercourse but, by a cruel irony, forbade him the physical realisation of the products of his own art. In a sense the man is nothing; his music is everything. But since this was not to be an opera, and the orchestra was



SYMPHONIES COMPOSED WHILE YOU WAIT.
Beethoven ... ... Sir HERBERT TREE.

bound to play a subordinate part, it was necessary for the stage action to enforce the musical element, and this was achieved by the risky device of presenting the Master from time to time in the throes of composition—always a spectacle that threatens to come perilously near to the ludicrous—with the orchestra taking it down bar by bar. Compromises of this kind are not likely, however well handled, to satisfy either brand of critic—the dramatic or the musical.

The First Act introduced us, rather naïvely, to most of the known features of BEETHOVEN's career. The local atmosphere might almost have been cut with a knife. In a series of loosely-connected episodes, taking place in some Public Gardens near Vienna, we saw the Master applauded by his own circle, patronised by the Court, ridiculed by his bourgeois brother *Nikolaus*, attacked by a premonitory spasm of deafness, jilted by a second-rate lady, and finally improving the occasion by sketching out, to her memory, the scheme of a Symphony.

The Second Act was much better. We had got to know him by now, and to take the atmosphere for granted. Here, too, the Master's egoism, the excessive interest he took in himself and expected every one else to share, seemed more human and excusable. For the physical tragedy grows before our eyes, till, in the midst of a rehearsal, it culminates on a sudden in a total loss of the sense which was his very life.

After this, the Third Act, in which we saw the dying of BEETHOVEN, was almost an anticlimax. It was eked out with certain painful family details which somehow seemed to miss their ironical purpose, and rather detracted from the dignity of the scene. Nor did I care very greatly for the introduction of the Nine Symphonies in concrete female form, with recitations for each—a touch of artificial phantasy which was rather worse than the sordid realism which preceded it. A passage from "The Ode to Joy," which followed immediately upon the musician's death, seemed rather untimely in its gladness.

Sir HERBERT TREE must be complimented three times over. First for his make-up, which was marvellous; secondly for his unusual success in merging his own personality in that of his character; thirdly for the art by which he made us realise the pathos of that physical infirmity which seldom receives a fair solace from men's sympathies.

The other parts were negligible. Mr. EDWARD SASS as *Nikolaus* had most to say; but it was on very obvious lines. The orchestra, under the clever conduct of Mr. LANDON RONALD, who made the selections, all from BEETHOVEN, was perhaps the best feature of the evening. I am not sure that we should not have had a better time if the music had gone on all the while. Sir HERBERT, disguised as the Master, might have conducted.

A Russian Tragedy, which concluded the entertainment, was a sort of potted *Tosca*. Mr. HENRY AINLEY, who had had a small and colourless part in *Beethoven*, was here himself again as a pallid Nihilist. Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL had a moderate chance that suited her well; but even her cleverness could not lend plausibility to the fatuous "confidence trick" by which the Governor of Petrovolsk allowed himself to be tied up for slaughter in the chains of his own prisoners. A few gallery hisses of a sympathetic character followed the fall of the curtain, but whether intended for the Governor, or his system, or a Tsar whose portrait on the wall was the constant recipient of loyal salutes, I am not prepared to say. O. S.

A CLASSICAL CONTRAST.

["A marble Venus or a dancing faun would have no place under the roof of an English hall; I do not hold it for barbarism that any one would see the fire flash warmly upon a sideboard of plate rather than upon the marbles of the South."—*Evening News.*]

I HAVE (in bronze) a tiny
  Adventuress of Greece,
A little laughing Phryne,
  Upon my mantelpiece,
And when I see her smiling
  Imagination strays
Once more in brave, beguiling,
  Divine Athenian days!

Cool marble courts are ringing
  As merry voices call,
Where girls are garland-stringing
  For Springtime's festival;
In lanes of linkéd lightness
  The roses rope, and flow
Blood-red upon the whiteness
  Of chiselled Parian snow!

I have a pot of pewter,
  And when the firelight gleams
It too will turn transmuter
  Of commonplace to dreams.
Then, though the year's at chill Yule,
  Once more in August's reign
I tee the pallid pilule
  And win the thing again!

On turf of headland thymy,
  Where brine-washed breezes strive,
I lay the subtle stymie,
  I drive the spanking drive;
I see the grey tides sleeping,
  I watch the grey gulls wheel,
Till through the dusk come creeping
  The lights of distant Deal!

O pewter and O Phryne,
  Since both of you may bring
Your visions blue and briny
  Or garlanded of Spring,
I welcome you together
  Upon my mantelpiece,
And love both magics, whether
  Of England or of Greece!

THE CLAIMANTS.

["A valuable oblong diamond, set in a silver collet, is lying in the Lost Property Office at Scotland Yard waiting to be claimed. It was found in a cab in the West End, and the police are now endeavouring to discover the owner."—*Daily Express.*]

To the First Commissioner of Police.

I.

DEAR SIR,—I notice in *The Express* that our diamond has turned up safely. The loss of it has caused unspeakable grief both to my wife and myself. I shall be glad if you will send it to the above address without delay. It is an oblong diamond set in a silver collet, exactly as you describe it.

Yours faithfully, THOMAS DODD.

II.

DEAR SIR,—In case you should not be successful in tracing the owner of the diamond in the silver collet I shall be pleased to value it for you, and buy it on the best possible terms. I may say that I have had many years' practice as an expert in precious stones, and only failed to be called in in connection with the Cullinan diamond through absence from town.

Yours to command, IZRAEL BOKAU.

III.

DEAR SIR,—The oblong diamond which you have found belongs to a lodger of mine who has had to take to her bed since she had the misfortune to leave it in a cab in the West End, and is therefore unable to claim it in person. She has, however, given me the enclosed letter authorising me to call for it. I might add, for additional proof of the *bona fides* of this claim, that the collet in which the diamond is set is of silver.

Yours truly, G. NEWIN.

Enclosure.

DEAR SIR,—Please give to bearer the oblong diamond. I lost it, exactly as you say, in a cab in the West End. It is a very fine one, an heirloom, and I should hate to lose it. I was in despair till I saw your ad.

Yours sincerely, AGATHA DOPE.



Elder Sister. "DO YOU WANT WOMEN TO HAVE VOTES?"
Younger Sister. "No."
Elder Sister. "WHY?"
Younger Sister. "BECAUSE I LIKE TO HEAR ABOUT THE SUFFRAGETTES."

AN EXAMINATION PAPER FOR PEERS.

[Lord ROSEBERY suggested that only 150 Unionist Peers, specially selected for the purpose, should be allowed to vote on the Finance Bill. The following paper is one of those that would have been set in the Selection Examination.]

N.B.—Marks will be awarded for style and spelling.

(1.) State RICARDO'S Theory of Rent. Is it your theory? Show that (*a*) the prosperity of the country, (*b*) the happiness of the farmer, (*c*) the satisfaction of the agricultural labourer are dependent upon a rise in rents.

(2) "*I advise the Dukes to put away their pocket-handkerchiefs.*"

Who was the author of this saying, and why did he say it? Did they put them away, and, if so, where did they put them?

(3) Write a brief historical account of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, omitting any reference to (*a*) his being a Welshman, (*b*) his profession as a solicitor, (*c*) spoliation, (*d*) confiscation, (*e*) robbery.

(4) Where is Limehouse? In what year (if any) did Mr. GORRINGE rise to fame there? Describe shortly six of the natural beauties of the place.

(5) "*Money is tight.*" "*They have let loose Chiozza-Money.*" Discuss these statements and show that they are intimately related to one another.

(6) Write an account of four well-known malefactors in order to illustrate the career of COBDEN, and show that if COBDEN were alive now he would repudiate LLOYD GEORGE and support Lord LANSDOWNE.

(7) Cite at least five cases in which the foreigner has been made to pay, and show how he can best be prevented from carrying out his criminal intention of trading with this country. The nationality, age and fighting weight of the foreigner must be stated in each case.

(8) Write a short sketch descriptive of incidents in the daily lives of Mr. A. J. BALFOUR and Mr. URE on the supposition that they had both been cast away on a very small desert island in a frigid but not necessarily calculated latitude.

(9) "*I see no more difference between a Labour Representative and a Socialist than I do between a coloured gentleman and a full-blooded nigger.*"—*Lord Newton in the House of Lords.*

Discuss this statement in the manner of CHARLES LAMB, and give other examples of light badinage from their Lordships' debates.

(10) Show that the Land Taxes of the Finance Bill will produce no revenue and will ruin the owners of all agricultural land exempted from their operation.

THE SMALLEST MONSTER ON RECORD.

WITH reference to the "monster" demonstration of outraged Britons which occurred near the House of Lords last Thursday, some uncertainty as to the exact numbers will have been noticed in the daily press. *The Daily News* says there were 9,000 present, *The Daily Chronicle* 5,000, and *The Morning Leader* "about two or three thousand." The last-named journal should do better than this if it wants to get on; but meanwhile we follow our habitual practice with regard to Radical demonstrations, and accept the smallest figures admitted by any Radical paper.

Unless the People's indignation shows a marked improvement, instead of a monster procession to Hyde Park, protesting citizens will probably be invited to make their way to the more suitable surroundings of the Eustace Miles Restaurant.

There is a strong feeling in certain quarters that the authorities should now recognise that demonstrations are a necessary medium for the expression of opinion, and should make proper provision for them. It is suggested that Parliament Square should be reduced in size by building extensions to render it more cosy for these monster displays. In cold weather the draughts are most uncomfortable, if you are not properly crowded. It is also held that the police told off for duty at demonstrations should not be of the ordinary kind that push one about and actually walk their horses on the pavements, but should be picked men of mild physique.

THE SCARE-HEAD DIALECT.

JUDGING from the sensational contents-bills of the newspapers and the hysterical head-lines of some of their leading articles, it would appear that the resources of the English language are likely to be a little strained during the course of the impending electioneering contest. Lest any foreigners or simple-minded folk should be led astray through being unable to discount the perfervid expressions of party phrase-mongers, it seems advisable to subjoin a short vocabulary of political idioms with their current interpretations:—

PHRASE.	EXACTITUDE.
The Lords Declare Civil War:	The Peers prefer to let the nation decide on a measure.
The Enemy:	Fellow-subjects who don't happen to agree with you politically.
The People:	Fellow-subjects who *do*, to the exclusion of all others.
Forcing a Revolution:	Spoiling the Christmas holidays with a General Election.
High-handed Tyranny:	Acting without consulting your opinion.
Tearing Up the Constitution:	Not being convinced by your arguments and asking for better authority.
Letting Loose Chaos:	Allowing the country to be run for a few weeks by steady-going permanent officials instead of excited politicians.
Smiting Them Hip and Thigh:	Getting rather the best (or possibly the worst) of a verbal encounter.
Ure Another:	My dear Sir, I am almost inclined to question the validity of your somewhat sweeping assertion.

No doubt many similar flowers of speech will crop up and wither during the next few weeks, or, as our political stylists would put it, the full-fledged upas-tree of blighting metaphor will deafen the open-mouthed electors with the Malebolge of party invective. We can only hope that Truth will be stronger than Faction, and wish ourselves a speedy issue out of all our exacerbation.

"There was a balloon descent near Falmer on Saturday afternoon. It contained two passengers who had travelled from London, and came down on Newmarket Hill on realising that they would otherwise be probably carried out to sea." *Sussex Daily News.*

Some of these balloons are so human that they seem to do everything but talk.

Dr. NAPIER, M.P., in *The Daily News*:—

"500 Liberals could be easily found who would esteem it an honour to sit in the House of Lords for a year for the special purpose in question, and afterwards, if thought advisable, to pass an Act to dispeer themselves."

After which we should have the evening papers coming out with a placard, "Sensational dispeerance of 500 members of the aristocracy."

HOW A SCULPTOR REALLY WORKS.

(As revealed by a recent controversy.)



WAITING FOR INSPIRATION.



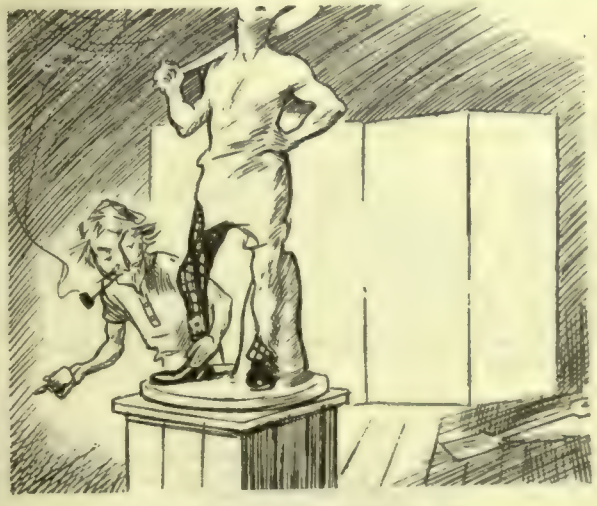
THE START



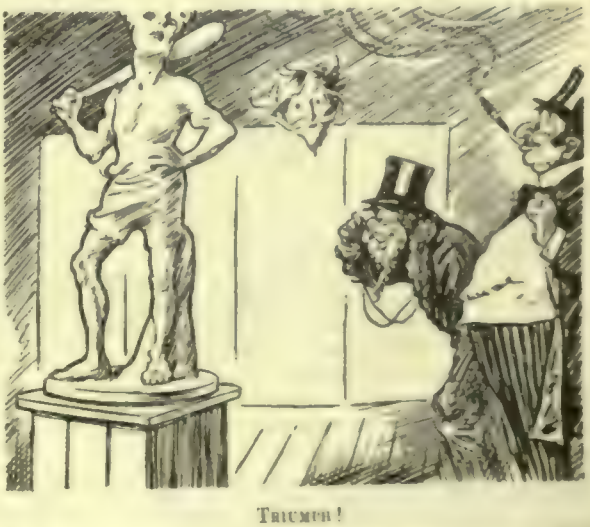
GROWING ENTHUSIASM.



SATISFACTORY PROGRESS.



ANY SACRIFICE IN THE CAUSE OF ART.



TRIUMPH!



"WHATIVER MADE THEE MARRY, JOHN—AND THEE SEVENTY?"
"BECAUSE I THOWT, LAD, IT 'UD BE NICE TO THINK THERE 'D BE SOME 'UN TO CLOSE MY EYES WHEN TIME COMED."
"CLOSE THEE EYES! WHY, MON, I 'SE HAD THREE WIVES, AND THEY 'S ALL ON 'EM OPPENED MINE!"

THE MARKET FOR MOTLEY.

["There ought to be scope for every variety of poetical energy, and in our cynical society the dearth of witty, ironical, and satirical verse is serious."—*Athenæum.*]

In an age that is hollow and humdrum,
And heedless of all that is grand,
When the epic is burst like a dumb drum,
And lyres have gone out of the band;
When we faint with the flippant and caustic,
Ye gods! shall they *ask* us to use
(It 's enough to make anyone's jaw stick)
A jocular Muse?

There 's a want of satirical rhymesters,
A dearth, they declare, of the clown!
When the soul of a decadent time stirs
The staidest to stand on his crown;
Why, I tell you, my dear *Athenæum*,
The bardlets whose absence you weep,
They are blocking the kerbs: one can see 'em
Like so many sheep.

It 's the bane of my life; it 's the sorrow
That pierces the lobes of my heart
And impends like a cloud o'er the morrow—
That everyone *will* be so smart;
No longer the rhapsody pleases,
The rage of our forefathers clogs,
Young poets are packed full of wheezes,
The humorous dogs.

I rather lament and look back (but
In vain) to the season of song,
When the sound of the lute and the sackbut
And serious music was strong;
To the days of the leonine bangers
Of harps with their wrath and their woe,
When Parnassus was roaring like Sanger's
Or Wombwell his show.

I pine for the lachrymose ditty,
I weep for the ponderous ode,
I hate all this stuff that is witty
And meant to make people explode:
For the trade in the verse that is pungent
(Compared with the songs that are sad)
Is too overcrowded, and one gent
Is feeling it bad.

Budget Processional.

AIR:—"*Marching through Lloyd-Georgia.*"

[With humble acknowledgments to the talented author of the song of which copies were distributed among the people whom Captain Hemphill had invited to assemble in Parliament Square for the purpose of a demonstration against the Lords.]

THE land! the land! 'Twas LLOYD that pinched the land!
The land! the land!—don't get behind the band!—
With the Ballot in his eye and the Budget in his hand,
LLOYD pinched the land for the People!

"A newspaper in Indiana, with seemingly the best authority, publishes an interesting article concerning a blind German inmate of a poor-house who goes hunting with a revolver and seldom fails to return without game."—*Manchester Evening News.*
Very natural and satisfactory.



TAKING THE RISKS.

Pilot Lansdowne. "FULL SPEED AHEAD!"
Ex-Pilot Rosebery. "LOOKS A BIT THICK, DOESN'T IT?"
Pilot Lansdowne (*cheerfully*). "CAN'T HELP THAT—FULL SPEED AHEAD!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, November 22.—An interesting day for strangers fortunate enough to lead the long *queue* patiently waiting for admission to gallery. Pleasure greatly enhanced by surprise. Had heard of disproportionate forces in rival camps. Prepared to see Ministerial benches a wilderness, faced by crowded Opposition seats. And lo! there was not a vacant place on benches to right of Woolsack. Above the Gangway serried rows of senators in soberhued costume suitable to the weather. Below, a cluster of white-robed Bishops suggesting a flock of gulls taking shelter from icy gale. (The word here used strictly in ornithological sense.)

Explanation of rare phenomenon obvious. The Opposition, streaming in from far and near, overflow their banks like Tweed in time of torrent. Sweep over and fill hollow places across the floor. For the Backwoodsmen, brought up at a trot to save their country, situation had no embarrassment. Many didn't know one side of House from t'other. Found it convenient to hear LANSDOWNE and HALSBURY addressing them face to face.

Second surprise ruffled Strangers' Gallery when LANSDOWNE rose to move amendment. With cry of "Revolution!" ringing in their ears they expected its titular Leader to dress the part. Cap of Liberty on head, blood-red sash flung over shoulders, weighted with a scimitar or two. That was the sort of thing that seemed suitable to occasion. "Instead of which" there stood at the Table the mildest-mannered man that ever wrung the neck of an ancient Constitution. Scrupulously dressed, frigid in manner, rarely raising voice above conversational tone, CITIZEN LANSDOWNE opened a campaign fraught with vital interest to the country, destinies of political parties and fate of House of Lords.



"FAR BE IT FROM ME."

"The Budget has the unpleasant aspect of being both crude and vindictive. I do not say that it is crude and vindictive. Far be it from me to say anything of that kind." (*Laughter.*)
(Lord Rosebery.)



"A STRANGER IN THESE PARTS."

Peer from the Backwoods. "Constable, *where is* the House of Lords?"
Policeman. "Where 's the 'Ouse of Lords, Sir? why, close 'ere. Bear round to the left by Oliver Cromwell; but *'ow long it 's goin' to be there*, I shouldn't like to say!" (*Retires chuckling.*)

In the duel which promises to be historic first blood drawn by CREWE. As Leader of House, his duty to move second reading of Budget Bill brought in fresh from Commons. A clumsier tactician would have followed course common to ordinary business. Would have explained and extolled the measure, expressed horror and indignation at threatened action of Opposition. CREWE played a finer stroke. What was Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba? This was the Budget Bill, making provision for national finance and allotting its expenditure. He was a simple peer, member of a branch of the Legislature which, according to constitutional precept and the usage of centuries, has no hand in framing or remodelling Budgets. His duty entirely formal—to move the second reading of a Bill which, unless immemorial practice were departed from, would in equally formal manner be accepted by both sides.

Nay, so thoroughly imbued were noble lords with a sense of their duty, that after mutely reading the Bill a second time, they would, unless we were born to a new earth, a new heaven bending over us, suspend Standing Orders, pass it through Committee, read it a third time, and so home to dinner.



LIGHT-HEARTED REVOLUTION.

Lord Willoughby de Broke. "Oh, never mind that knife, I want to read you a little light verse before you go by one of England's greatest poets—Bromley-Davenport."

CREWE played his part admirably, and with pretty air of surprise heard LANSDOWNE in what was the only acrid passage in his speech denounce and deride the procedure.

Quite in order after LEADER OF OPPOSITION had fired first gun that Ministers should make response. Knew where they were now. War openly declared against dominant position of Commons in relation to Budget. By one of those fortunate accidents that occasionally mark Parliamentary manœuvring, LORD CHANCELLOR had brought down with him a few notes suitable for reply to LANSDOWNE'S speech. These he produced, and expanded them in moderately brief discourse listened to with breathless interest by assembly that thronged a chamber usually half empty.

Odd to note, with full knowledge of all the scene imported, that there was almost total absence of demonstration of feeling. Had the Commons been about the business, storm of cheers and counter-cheers would have interrupted and inflamed successive speakers. The rising of LANSDOWNE, with a multitudinous majority at his back, was greeted by perfunctory cheer. His best points were hailed with grudging approbation.

LORD CHANCELLOR for most part spoke in equally chilling atmosphere. Only once was there sharp cheer from the Liberals leavening the lump of Backwoodsmen invading their territory. It rose when he read from his notes the evidently well-weighed words: "It is impossible that any Liberal Government should ever again bear the heavy burden of office, unless it is secured against a repetition of treatment such as our



Lord Londonderry contributes a little fuel to the flames—delivered on the premises free of charge. No "scuttle" for *him*.

measures have had to undergo during the last four years."

Business done.—On motion for second reading of Budget Bill LANSDOWNE moves amendment which he explains is not designed to throw it out; merely to prevent its passing.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—After fortnight's holiday, Commons back to grindstone. Pretty full attendance, notably in Irish camp habitually empty during debate on Budget Bill, save when it touched liquor question. To-day Lords' fresh amendments to Irish Land Bill under consideration. As anticipated, risk of losing the Bill (and the extra millions it divides between Irish



STANDING UP TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR.
The Marquess of Salisbury makes the best speech of his life.

landlord and tenant) averted. REDMOND *aîné* and JOHN DILLON unite in denunciation of servility of ST. AUGUSTINE to landlord influence. Several divisions taken, with pleased assurance that they could do no harm. Will look well in the home papers, showing how alert and implacable are our M.P.'s. MOORE of Ballymoney, who knows his countrymen, summed up situation in shrewd remark.

"Hon. Members below the Gangway," said he, "are ruthless in pointing out the shortcomings of the Bill. When they go back to Ireland they will say to the people: 'Look what a splendid Act we have secured for you, wrung from the hands of ironclad landlords and a lukewarm Ministry!'"

House of Lords still debating amendment to Budget Bill. Everyone regrets absence of the mover. Having his appointed task, Lord LANSDOWNE yesterday gallantly performed it, though sorely handicapped by a severe cold. To-day wisely stays at home.

Among speakers, WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE, introducing himself as "a member of the struggling and deserving class of Barons," beat the record. Quoted at length what is, as far as memory goes, the worst bit of so-called poetry heard in either House for half a century.

"An extremely amusing parody on *Locksley Hall*," he described it by way of introduction.

Proved to be the sort of poetry that *Silas Wegg* wouldn't have "dropped into" except on double terms of extra payment. The lines barely scan and utterly fail to catch the swing and rhythm of a familiar verse singularly easy to parody. Here are a couple by way of sample. They forecast a state of things prevalent after "the rhetoric and vulgarity of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has jockeyed, bullied and jostled the country into accepting" his Budget:

> "Then shall exi'ed commonsense espouse
> some other country's cause,
> And the rogues shall thrive in England, bonneting the slumbering laws."

To stop a body of British nobility rushing down a steep place and insist upon their listening to doggerel like this is worse than the *Ancient Mariner*. Cast decided chill over proceedings.

Business done.—Second night of Budget Debate in Lords. Commons make progress in final disposition of Irish Land Bill.

Thursday.—Turns out that MEMBER FOR SARK, last week predicting safe deliverance of Irish Land Bill, is justified by the event. At that time no gleam of light in the black clouds save the reflection of the three million golden sovereigns wherewith the Bill was baited. Commons had rejected *en bloc* the Lords' amendments. The Lords substituted others. Irish Nationalists denounced them as equally bad. Deadlock seemed immovable.

ST. AUGUSTINE, in charge of Bill, with brave heart plodded on, smiling, conciliatory. Has his reward in final smoothing away of what seemed insuperable difficulties. Bill now assured of being added to Statute Book before Prorogation preliminary to final passing off the stage of a memorable Parliament.

Both sides pleased with this final triumph of a Minister whom the gods loved to extent of several times nearly doing him to death whilst still young. Owing to no fault of his own, came a cropper in his first few months of office. His Education Bill cast forth by the Lords by way of getting their hand in. Other legislative efforts not more lucky. But it stands to his credit that he settled the long bitter controversy of Irish University Education, a prickly problem predecessors in Irish Office glad to drop. That and the latest Irish Land Bill not a bad bag for a Chief Secretary in a comparatively short-lived Parliament.

Business done.—Lords' Amendments to Development Bill considered. SPEAKER rules several out of order as breaches of Commons' Privilege in connection with finance.



Shopman (to boy who has asked for a penn'orth of pills). "DO YOU WANT THEM IN A BOX?"
Boy. "YUSS, O' COURSE. THINK I'M GOIN' TO ROLL 'EM 'OME?"

THE PROVINCIAL EDITOR'S LETTER BAG.

I.—*From the Vicar.*

DEAR SIR,—I have read the account in the current number of *The Gazette* of the opening of the new parish hall, and am pained and surprised to find how many excisions have been made. Surely, when one who is in a position to know everything and has some literary skill goes to the trouble to provide you with free copy, it is at once inexpedient and ungracious to abbreviate and distort.

That my own remarks on the platform should be cut short is nothing to me; but I think it very hard that the admirable little speech of our Squire, who had it typed expressly for me (and for you) and altered his dinner-hour in order to come down and deliver it, should have been so heartlessly condensed. He spoke for at least ten minutes; but all that you allow him to have said might have been spoken in two. This is more to be deplored than you may think, for Mr. Bamber-Guy stands to Boreham Green in the relation of wealthy parent, and it is in his power to make or mar the parish room. It would not in the least surprise me to hear that your cavalier treatment of his address has caused him to reduce his donations. Of Miss Pulham-Allways' singing I said, according to the duplicate copy of my MS. before me, "Her voice is both pure and resonant, and she rendered the *aria* with faultless precision and taste." I did not write this idly. The words expressed my deliberate opinion, based upon a careful study of music that has lasted many years. Moreover, Mrs. Pulham-Allways was seated next to me and was aware not only of my appreciation of her daughter's efforts but also that I was for the time being your representative. What, then, do I feel—and what must she feel—to read in your paper the bald statement that "Miss Pullham-Allways contributed a pleasing solo"?

It was with perfect cognisance of what I was doing that I inserted the name of the maker of the excellent bagatelle board; but your ruthless pen goes through it without a thought. I am not one—as you ought to know—who does things without a reason. If ever a man has worn himself to the bone in a good cause and for no possible reward save the knowledge that he has done his duty, it is Mr. Pykelet, my curate. How natural and proper, then, that I should single him out for praise? But what do you do? You merely group him with half-a-dozen ordinary villagers who may have lent a hand to move a table, or done something purely perfunctory, and say that they were "a willing band."

So much for sins of omission, but what of those of commission? Here we are on more serious ground. It is all very well, owing to exigencies of space, to condense a contribution, but it is a very different and graver thing to twist and change a contributor's meaning. This you have done more than once.

I wrote, for instance, very thoughtfully of Miss Larcom's voice, that no doubt with practice it would greatly improve and be a pleasure to listen to. But what do I read in your report?—"Miss Larcom aroused great and well-deserved enthusiasm by her charming *morceaux*." How do you know that? You have no right to go behind the back of your accredited critic. Can it, I wonder, be true that Miss Larcom is engaged to your advertising canvasser, as I am told is the case? If so we have a very reprehensible suggestion of nepotism at work.

Again, I find that you say of Mr. Harry Wildmarsh's recitation that it was "received with roars of laughter." That, I regret to say, is true; but what you do not print is my opinion as to its extreme vulgarity and undesirability.

I notice that you also say that Mr. Arthur Corney had done "yeoman's service in bringing the evening to a successful issue." I am aware of no yeoman's or other particular service on the part of Mr. Corney. You doubtless have private reasons of your own, but allow me to reiterate the opinion that in such a matter as this the Vicar is more likely to be well informed of the relative value of each helper than you can possibly be.

No doubt you will reply that a column and a half is long measure for a parochial event of the kind; but permit me to inform you that this is not so. The opening of a parish room is epoch-making. Men who hitherto have been in the habit of spending their evenings in the public-house will now congregate here in blameless pursuits, and nothing but good can follow. A new civic life will thus be set up, a sociability hitherto unknown in Boreham Green. Indirectly, if not directly, the very Empire must be the gainer.

I shall peruse with interest any reply that you care to send, and meanwhile I trust that some means will be found to do justice, if not to Miss Pulham-Allways, at least to Mr. Pykelet, in your next issue. Yours faithfully,

GERALD AMBERLEIGH.

"TO-DAY'S CROSS-CHANNEL PASSAGES.
(By arrangement with the S.E. and C. Rly.)
DOVER-CALAIS.—Wind E., gale, clear; sea rough."—*Daily News.*

Surely the S.E. & C.R. can get us better terms than these.

MOMENTOUS MEMORIES.

IN view of the intense interest attaching to personal reminiscences of poets, we are sure that the following report of the charming address delivered by the Hon. Amanda Guppy at the last meeting of the Tupper Elocution Society will be perused with rapt attention by our readers:—

"I knew MATTHEW ARNOLD quite well by sight, and on one occasion, as I was going to pay a visit at the house of a friend, passed him on the stairs. I remember that he wore a frock-coat and carried a silk hat in his left hand and an umbrella in the right. His was, indeed, a striking personality.

It was one of my dearest ambitions to meet BROWNING, and it was gratified a few years before the death of the great poet and thinker, when I sat next but three to him at a luncheon party given by Lady Löwenjäger in her charming bijou residence in Bayswater. I noticed that BROWNING wore a turned-down collar and declined pepper with his vegetables. After lunch I think he smoked a cigarette, but it may have been a cigar. I cannot be certain whether he partook of coffee or not, but his general bearing was certainly most affable.

I also knew ELIZA COOK'S second cousin quite well, a sturdy and interesting personality, who thought nothing of running upstairs two steps at a time when he was over fifty. But curiously enough he did not care for the poetry of his distinguished relation, preferring that of MARTIN TUPPER. By a strange coincidence my first nurse's name was Martha Tupper, and to this circumstance I am inclined to trace my life-long preference of blank to rhymed verse. In this context I may mention that my grandfather once saw BLANCO WHITE at Liverpool, coming out of a grocer's shop.

EDWARD FITZGERALD, alas! I never saw, though I have read all that Mr. SHORTER has written about him with the utmost avidity and pleasure. How great is the debt which we owe to the generous enthusiasm of that industrious bookman! But once when I was quite a tiny girl, while staying with some friends on the coast of Suffolk, we went for a sail in a boat which was handled by none other than a man who knew the famous Posh, FITZGERALD'S trusty nautical ally.

Of living poets one must speak with due reticence, but I hope I am not transgressing the bounds of literary etiquette when I say that I once took part in a spelling bee with Mr. WHITWORTH WYNNE, and was present at a meeting of the Primrose League when Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN was among the audience."



QUESTIONS FOR "THE BOOK OF ETIQUETTE."

IF, DURING A GROUSE-DRIVE, THE NEXT GUN PERSISTENTLY FIRES ALONG THE LINE AND FORCES YOU TO TAKE COVER IN THE BOTTOM OF YOUR BUTT, IS IT CONSIDERED CORRECT TO RETURN HIS FIRE?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IF the author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden* has drawn the protagonist of her latest story, *The Caravaners* (SMITH, ELDER), from life, I can only hope, in the cause of international amity, that the original of *Baron Otto von Ottringel* will never be confronted with his portrait. Perhaps, however, his self-complacency would even then blind him to the truth; but I am sure he would not enjoy the book half so much as I did. It is an account of a holiday tour in vans, taken by some delightful English and German friends, who have rashly extended an invitation to *Baron* and *Baroness von Ottringel* to leave Storchwerder in Prussia and join their company. The result is disaster; for though the rains of our unhappy summer are unable to quench the courage of the voyagers the society of the *Baron* (who is at once a bully, a snob and a fool) proves so appalling that terror of it breaks up the party within a week. I think it was DICKENS (or was it Mr. CHESTERTON?) who once commented upon the difficulty of making an unpleasant character reveal itself naturally in the first person. The author of *The Caravaners* has managed this with wonderful success, for, though *Baron Otto* describes the tour from his own point of view, we see him throughout—his conceit, his selfishness, and, worse than all, his quite terrible idea of humour—as he must have appeared to his disgusted fellow-travellers. It is this character drawing, and the gradual revolt, amid English associations, of the down-trodden *Baroness Edelgard*, that make *The Caravaners* one of the cleverest and most amusing stories of the year.

Next, perhaps, to Lord EDWARD FITZGERALD, the romance of revolutionary times in Ireland clings most fondly round ROBERT EMMET. To this result the pathetic song written by TOM MOORE doubtless largely contributed. His story is a sad one, painful for an Irishman to write, pitiful for Irishmen to read. It reveals the passionate patriot giving up fortune, life, and what was dearer to him, love, to the task of freeing his country from a hated yoke, baffled by the incompetency of one section of his compatriots, betrayed by another. There are some authorities who believe that, save for these malign influences, EMMET'S rebellion of 1803 would, at least at the outset, have succeeded. Between knaves and fools it came to the ground, and he to the scaffold. The condition of his little force on the eve of the rebellion recalls our unreadiness on the outbreak of the Boer War. There were no guns ready. There were hand-grenades but no matches, and at a critical moment means of transport failed. Worse still was the atrocious treachery of EMMET'S countrymen. One to whom he handed sixty guineas, to buy guns withal, bolted with the money. Another, entrusted with a packet of letters, which, falling into the hands of the prison authorities, would compromise EMMET'S *fiancée*, handed them to the Governor. A third secretly sold him to the Government for a thousand pieces of gold. These things Mr. STEPHEN GWYNN tells in the form of a romance—*Robert Emmet* (MACMILLAN). It is a class of narrative somewhat risky. The reader is, in an ordinary way, disturbed by doubt where fact finishes and fiction begins. Mr. GWYNN was fortunate in finding romance prepared for him, and, closely following it, produces a book of unfailing interest. But if I were an Irishman I should not select EMMET and his times as a topic of conversation, and should certainly not write of them.

The Irish atmosphere and scenic effects of KATHARINE TYNAN'S new stories are of course unexceptionable, but one is led to expect a rather more bracing lot of incidents and less conventional situations than she provides. In *Cousins and Others* (WERNER LAURIE), the first story, which occupies a third of the book, relies on that very ancient device, the discovery of a document which proves that the impoverished but aristocratic family (A) is really the owner of the acres occupied by the comparative *parvenus* (B), the beautiful daughter in A having previously engaged the affections of the handsome son in B, though B objects to the alliance. A lunatic is also brought into play in order to show that the hero, with whom we haven't had time to get acquainted, is worthy of his valuable prize. In another story a timely young man delivers from a burglar the lady with whom he has quarrelled at a ball; and in a third the sole complication is the dressing up of a girl as a boy. One doesn't like to fall out with one's cousins, especially when, as here, their surroundings are so delightful; but until the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER sees fit to tax literary plots for their hidden gold or artistic designs I shall continue to hope for something better in short stories than the ordinary standard of the magazine. Perhaps the writer has some more interesting second cousins up her sleeve.

Western civilization is apt to attach too much importance to death, but Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT knows better. In *The Glimpse* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) he treats of death as an event no more final, as far as the soul is concerned, than the extraction of a tooth. His *Morrice Loring* is an æsthete with a fine contempt for humanity and the universe in general. Believing that only the minority possesses a soul and that the souls of the elect are poor and ephemeral things at the best, he lives in a world of disillusion and sordid circumstance. He dies and comes to life again, and in the realisation of his own death he learns the relative values of the mortal body and the immortal soul. Henceforth he can perceive the spirit in the most unlikely human envelope (your most stolid parlour-maid not excepted) and is able later to regard the passing of his dearest one less as an end of things pleasant than as a beginning of things beautiful. The author has expounded his philosophy in a subtle and engrossing story, but has erred in interrupting the narrative and weakening the exposition by the insertion of a too full description of the soul's release from the body. He should have credited his readers with some imagination and have omitted half his mass of very earthly precision and most mundane superlatives. Otherwise he has written a novel very readable and comfortable to those who have seen or feared death.

There are people to whom a new book by Mr. MAARTEN MAARTENS is an event. I am one of them, and *The Price of Lis Doris* (METHUEN) would convince me, if I needed convincing, that this is as it should be. The story is not merely worth reading for the pleasure of it; it is worth the putting off of something else which may seem to be more important. Briefly, it tells the tale of a Dutch peasant boy, a born artist, who, while his soul prompts him to paint his native landscapes, yet deliberately seeks and achieves success at portraiture. This comes about through the treachery of his first patron, *Odo Pareys*, who, taking advantage of the boy's sense of gratitude, steals his landscape sketches, passes them off as his own, and wins with them the praises of the art world. Mr. MAARTENS draws his hero, *Lis Doris*, and those with whom he moves, with a vividness which, in spite of the evidence of his former books, is a revelation. Of the many characters, *Odo Pareys* and his servant *Job* are, in my opinion, the least convincing, possibly because they are too cruel. They may be lifelike, though I prefer to think that they are the remnants of Mr. MAARTEN'S earlier tendency to be hard on his own people. Of that tendency there is not very much trace in this book. There are unpleasant persons besides *Odo* and *Job*, but there are many more pleasant ones. *Lis Doris* himself is admirable. *Yetta*, who marries *Odo* to get the means to assist *Lis*, is a very sweet being; and *Jacob Raff*, the *Lokstars*, and the other artistic people; *Yetta's* father and others of the village folk, but particularly *Yetta's* father; *Redempta*, *Lis's* adopted daughter (I got very fond of *Redempta*), all these are so real and charming that I would gladly read another book about them. This one is long, but it's too short.



HOME HOBBIES IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

NOBLEMAN TRYING HIS HOME-MADE SUIT OF ARMOUR ON A VASSAL.

Mrs. WILSON FOX is to be congratulated upon writing a book which avoids goody-goodiness and still points out an evident moral. *A Dangerous Inheritance* (S. P. C. K.) is intended for a particular public—for young people (girls, if possible) who can appreciate a stirring tale; and I imagine that it is exactly what that public will like. A villainous uncle wants to dispose of his niece so that he may inherit her millions, and although he meets with just punishment in the end he certainly keeps things from becoming dull while he is alive. We see, also, this rich child growing from an inconsiderate girl into an unselfish woman, and a whole family content and happy with the simple pleasures of country life. Indeed, in days when so many novelists have apparently forgotten that domestic affection still exists, this picture of the *Thorne* family is almost distinguished. But Mrs. WILSON FOX puzzles me when she writes of "a telling slow pitcher." Is it, I wonder, a remote connection of a googly, or just a ball which appeals for l.b.w. of its own accord?

"It is unfortunate for A. D. Ball that he will not have his regular inside until after Christmas."—*The Tatler.*

He must make up for it in the New Year festivities.

"The Million Shilling Fund which is being raised by the Anti-Socialist Union now totals 100,000 shillings. This is one-tenth of the amount which is needed."—*The Evening News.*

Yes—no—yes, it is!

CHARIVARIA.

A VICAR writes to the Editor of *The Express* to inform him that, to avoid the danger of a cold after christening, he always uses tepid water in the winter. But what we would like to know is this: Is there any reason why, throughout the year, the choice, "Hot or cold?" should not be put to the infant?

***

There arrived in London last week two young Venetian blacksmiths who have undertaken to prove that it is possible to push a barrel round the world within twelve years. It seems incredible that one should have had to wait so long for this problem to be tested.

***

An interesting experiment is to be made in Paris. Two mounted Municipal Guards are to be stationed in the Rue de la Paix, and will endeavour to direct the traffic there. We fear that unless they are backed up by artillery the experiment is doomed to failure.

***

With reference to the farthing fares which are about to be instituted on one of our tramway systems, we are informed that it is not proposed at present to carry children at half-price.

***

The news that one of the polar snow caps of Mars is now broken in half leads one to suppose that the Martians also have their COOK and PEARY, and that the dispute has been solved in a sensible and equitable way.

***

By-the-by, Dr. COOK is now reported to have suddenly disappeared, and his whereabouts is a matter of speculation. All we will say at present is this: Do not be surprised if you hear within the next fortnight that the South Pole has been reached.

***

Willesden's old police-court is to be converted into a music-hall. This is following the example of the higher courts, which are sometimes turned into theatres.

***

Bones of a mammoth and of a species of rhinoceros have been found at Hackney Wick, and many nervous old ladies are leaving the neighbourhood, while others make a point now of searching under their beds every night.

***

"FORTUNES IN EGGS,"
the title of an article in a contemporary, is perhaps an exaggeration, but the persevering prospector may sometimes find a chicken in one.

***

"It is estimated," we read, "that there are half a million fewer pigs in the United Kingdom to-day than there were last year." Frightened away by the Budget?

***

Dr. BODE, we hear, objects to RICHARD COCKLE LUCAS'S bust being re-named "The Floorer of Dr. Bode."

***

"Once get a customer's boot off and entertain him with the right sort of patter," says *The Shoe and Leather Record*, "a sale is usually effected if the victim has the required amount of cash on his person." A threat to turn him out into the street with only the one boot on would, we should say, usually do the trick.

***

Paris, according to *The Express*, is *Chantecler* mad, and the tradesmen are selling Chantecler hats, Chantecler umbrellas, Chantecler cravats, and even Chantecler socks. There is even talk of a Chantecler play making its appearance soon.

We hear that as the result of the action of certain libraries, a Society for the Protection of Writers of Pernicious Books is to be formed at once. The only troublesome point is the question of the Chairman. There will be no difficulty in selecting a Vice-Chairman.

***

The KAISER is designing for the members of the Imperial Aero Club a blue uniform with large gold buttons and a peaked cap surmounted by airship propellers. The KAISER has always been fond of testing the loyalty of his subjects.



Mrs. Jones (convulsed by the Vicar's comic song). "DEARY ME! I 'M SURE 'E 'S A WONDERFUL MAN FOR A PARSON. NOBUDDY COULDN'T CALL 'IM TIGHT-LACED!"

The Art of Indexing.

From Christmas Catalogue of Books:
"*Country and Gardening.* Chats with the Chicks, by Mrs H. L. Sandford."
Author (we trust) of *Half-Hours with the Hens.*

A STRAIGHT ISSUE.

THE peculiar interest which is being taken in the forthcoming General Election has encouraged *Mr. Punch* to send round the country a Special Referendum Commissioner with the view of eliciting answers from the electorate to the plain question—*Are you going to vote for, or against, the Budget? and, if so, why?* From the replies so far received he has selected at random a few specimens for publication. They prove how thoroughly the British Public recognises that for once it has before it a simple, clear and straightforward issue.

I.—WHY I SHALL VOTE FOR THE BUDGET.

1. Because I 'm against the Lords for having let so many rotten Bills pass. They want reforming.

2. Because I disapprove of the Budget, but disapprove of my wife still more, she being a Militant Suffragette, and I want to annoy her.

3. Because, though I regard the Super-tax as iniquitous, I have my hopes of being made a Liberal Peer. [Private and confidential.]

4. Because, though the Budget knocks me hard, it knocks my neighbour harder still.

5. Because I 've tossed up and it came like that.

6. Because Tariff Reform "means work for all," and I don't want to change the habits of a lifetime. ["Weary Willie."]

7. Because, though the Budget does not actually mention them, I am in favour of Welsh Disestablishment and Home Rule.

8. Because I can't get that Chinese Slavery poster out of my head.

9. Because I hear rumours of ASQUITH'S retirement, and I 'm an old man and don't want to miss the fun of seeing LLOYD GEORGE and WINSTON fighting over the spoils.

10. Because Beer doesn't agree with me.

11. Because Tobacco makes me sick.

12. Because I have a cure of souls in the neighbourhood of York, where the Archbishop comes from, and he voted for the Budget.

13. Because I consider the Liberal Government much more revolutionary than the Lords, and I love revolutions. ["Red-cap."]

14. Because, though I don't myself think the Budget a good one, I have the most tremendous faith in Mr. URE'S passion for Truth. If he says it is so, then it is so.

15. Because all my poor relations in Ireland have an old-age pension a-piece, and not one of them over 55 years of age.

16. Because I want to get the Anglo-German War over as soon as possible, and then we can all settle down comfortably.

17. Because down Limehouse way we look on LLOYD GEORGE as one of us.

18. Because our Tory Member didn't ask me to his last garden-party.

19. Because a man 's a man for a' that.

20. Because I 'm in favour of a Single Chamber.

21. Because I voted Tory last time, and I 'm a pendulum.

22. Because my chauffeur is a naturalised anarchist and I dare not neutralise his vote.

23. Because I love all foreign nations and would hate to see 'em taxed for our benefit. I call it a beastly selfish policy.

24. Because *Mr. Punch* is obviously against the Budget, and, though I am also against it, I consider that he ought to be impartial.

II.—WHY I SHALL VOTE AGAINST THE BUDGET.

1. Because *Mr. Punch* is obviously in favour of the Budget, and, though I am also in favour of it, I consider that he ought to be impartial.

2. Because I have a living in the diocese of Bristol, and my Bishop voted against the Budget.

3. Because, though I thoroughly approve of the Budget, my wife is a Militant Suffragette, and it is as much as my place is worth to go against her.

4. Because, after I 'd subscribed a lot to the Party Funds, ASQUITH refused to make me a Bart.

5. Because my Liberal paper seems to be taking Lord ROSEBERY under its protection, and I always make a point of disapproving of him ever since he won the Derby.

6. Because, if they had had the pluck of a rabbit, the Liberals would have gone for the Lords long ago.

7. Because I am a member of the I.L.P., and *we* made this Budget, and LLOYD GEORGE annexed it without proper acknowledgment, and so I shall vote against him just for spite.

8. Because of the filthy weather we 've been having under this accursed Government.

9. Because, though I am very fond of the Budget, I shall support the Lords for having consulted my views in the matter.

10. Because I 'm a PERKS man.

11. Because I 'm told that the Lords have "thrown the Constitution into the melting-pot," and this interests me very much, being a plumber.

12. Because our Liberal Member buys his meat at the other butcher's.

13. Because I have eleven daughters of uncertain age and the Budget puts no tax on bachelors.

14. Because I tossed up and it came like that.

15. Because, though the Budget suits me nicely, my wife thinks it best for us to be on the side of the Aristocracy.

16. Because, being an intelligent Liberal, I can't stand the hysterics of *The Daily Chronicle*.

17. Because I 'm bored to death with all this lunkum about Backwoodsmen. As if the regular Unionist Peers wouldn't have had a thumping majority without them.

18. Because I voted Liberal last time, and I 'm a pendulum.

19. Because the Budget puts no export duty on Wax Busts.

20. Because my Liberal organ says that "the Lords have declared war on the People," and, though I know it isn't true, I rather respect them for it, being a bit of a bull-dog myself.

21. Because, man for man, in point of statesmanship, intelligence, and knowledge of affairs, the pick of the Peers are as good, any day, as the pick of the Commons, notwithstanding their hereditary disadvantages.

22. Because my chauffeur is an admirer of Mr. BALFOUR'S philosophic works, and I dare not neutralize his vote.

23. Because I am a plural voter, and the Liberal party, to which I belong, thinks I ought not to use more than one vote. So I shall just vote once for the Budget, and five times against it.

24. Because on principle I disapprove of all Budgets.

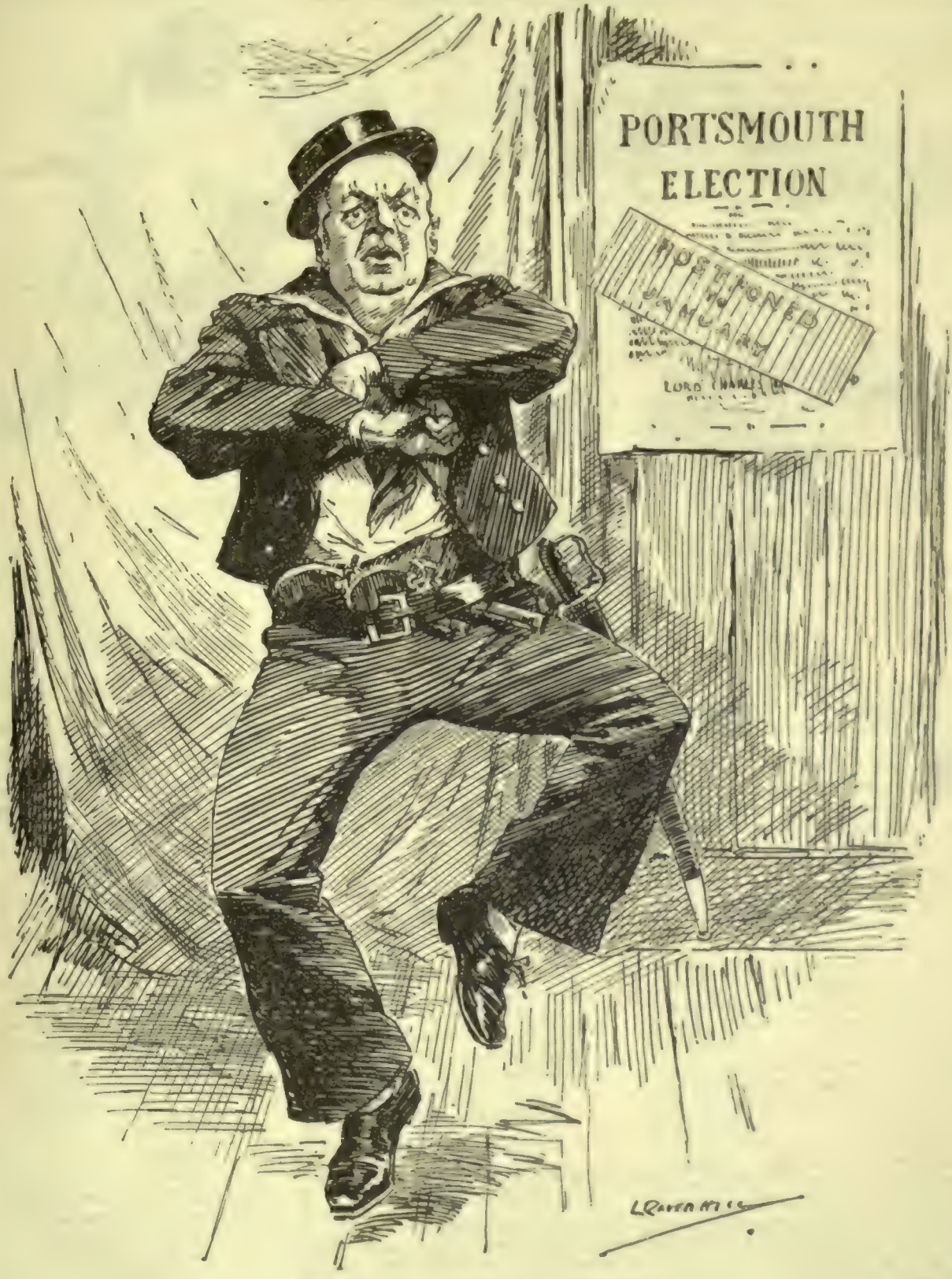
O. S.

"Clean smart girl wanted as general . . . App'y personally to Lord Nelson, Caistor-on-Sea."—*Eastern Daily Press.*

That as a consequence of the Budget a blameless peer should have had to descend to advertising for a general servant shows us from what a reign of terror the Lords have delivered us.

"By Public Request,
Gilbert and Sullivan's Famous Opera,
'OUR MISS GIBBS.'"
Advt. in "The Advocate of India."

Next week IBSEN'S masterpiece, *The Whip.*



TWO MONTHS' HARD.

CHARLIE BERESFORD. "ALL VERY WELL DOING THIS SORT OF THING FOR A FEW DAYS, BUT WHEN IT COMES TO WEEKS AND WEEKS AND WEEKS——"





SOCIETIES WE ADMIRE (BUT DO NOT BELONG TO).—No. 5.

THE POOR DUMB ANIMALS' AMUSEMENT LEAGUE.

WOMAN'S WHOLE EXISTENCE.

["There are few housekeepers nowadays who take time to enjoy their linen closet, as did their grandmothers."—*Daily Chronicle.*]

My sisters have a passion
For being up-to-date;
To wear the latest fashion
Is all in all to Kate;
Elaine seems quite unable
To leave the club bridge-table,
While empty-headed Mabel
Does nought but roller-skate.

With weird Maud Allan dances
Godiva charms her set;
The poor deluded Frances
Is now a Suffragette,
And Mary, too, is taking
To whips and window-breaking,
Which rapidly is making
An "Anti" of Annette.

But as for me I 'd banish
Such notions far away,
For views so bold and mannish
Inspire me with dismay.
I loathe the noise and din in
The life I find my kin in
I only want the linen
Of mother's mother's day.

For me there is no rapture
In all the world that beats
The thrill with which I capture
A moth among the sheets.
When, spotless in their places,
I pile my pillow-cases,
Not Youth in Love's embraces,
Knows any sweeter sweets.

In rows of reasoned order
Behold my white domain—
Fair cloths with hem-stitched border,
And borders that are plain;
It makes my heart-strings tingle
To see how bed-spreads mingle
With double sheets, and single,
And snow-white counterpane.

So leave me, safely wedded
To peaceful housewife's *rôle*,
Ready with needle threaded
To darn the starting hole.
Let me but spend my leisure
Among my laundered treasure,
I ask no giddier pleasure
To satisfy the soul.

WHAT TO DO WITH THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

VARIOUS suggestions have already been made with regard to the future of the great Sydenham glasshouse, one of the most remarkable being that which recommends its conversion into a great aeronautic centre.

In old days, when a great man had rendered conspicuous services to his country, his grateful compatriots were in the habit of rewarding him by the gift of an estate as well as of a title.

This is a generous practice which might well be revived, and assuredly there never was a greater abundance of eligible tenants for glasshouses.

Already we understand that a movement is on foot for acknowledging the unsparing and long-continued exertions of the LORD ADVOCATE on behalf of social reform. Mr. ANTHONY HOPE, we are informed, has decided to lay the scene of his next and most extravagant excursion into the realm of fiction in the Kingdom of Uritania, and the inhabitants of the canton of Uri—the scene of the exploits of the heroic TELL—are about to send a deputation to congratulate their eponymous hero on his magnificent assertion of the rights of the democracy against their ducal oppressors.

It would, we venture to submit, form a fitting culmination to these graceful tributes if the Crystal Palace were presented to Mr. URE as a residence and recreation ground for that great hierophant of the Higher Political Criticism. The Palace, with a little adaptation, would form a home stately enough to answer the requirements even of so august an occupant, and the grounds might be laid out as a golf course abounding in species hazards and presenting every variety of lie.

LETTERS TO A MARTIAN.

MY DEAR SIR,—I quite agree with you that there is in the whole universe no more distasteful and wearisome job than that of canal-building. Still, as you say, one must live, and if you don't build canals you will die for want of moisture—a dreadful fate from which our happy climate in the meantime exempts us. It is good of you to suggest that I should cheer your short periods of leisure by my letters. I'll do my best—no man can do more—but I ought to warn you that we're not always so gay and irresponsible as you seem to think us. We have Budgets and constitutional controversies and riots about female suffrage, and discussions, not easily settled, about the hundred worst books; and there are gloomy and depressing dramas and many thousands of political speeches; and Dr. BODE, of the Berlin Museum, threatens us with war because the late Mr. R. C. LUCAS, a sculptor, inserted two square feet of British bed-quilt in a wax bust which he modelled some sixty years ago with the plain and dastardly intention of deceiving German *connoisseurs* into the belief that LEONARDO DA VINCI had had a hand—possibly two hands—in its manufacture. All these matters afflict us strangely, so that we might occasionally come to look upon canal-building as an agreeable dissipation; but, when all is said and done, we do manage to have our lighter moments.

I wonder if I might tell you something about women? You've heard about them, of course, those stern, logical, silent directors of our welfare. When the French, more than a hundred years ago, wanted to embody the abstract idea of Reason, they naturally chose a woman, and they put her triumphally in a car and danced and shouted round her, calling her a goddess. What else could they have done? I mention this little historical incident merely to show you with what awe and respect we encompass the sex, and how worshipfully we treat it. Bless you, my dear Sir, we men know our own wretched qualities well enough. We strive in vain to better them, and of course we never fail to recognise how immeasurably those qualities are bettered by the companionship and example of women.

Have you ever seen two or three women at tea together and endeavouring to say good-bye and to part from one another? No, of course you haven't—it was an idle question. I'll wager that when your people have seen enough of one another you just shake hands or rub noses or execute a *gambade* (pardon me if I misdescribe your valedictory symptoms), and so make an end quickly and separate. That's how we do it, too, we men, I mean; but if you think that's how the women do it, you're very much mistaken. Let me try to give you a specimen in brief.

You are to imagine, then, that four ladies have come together for the sole purpose of settling the date and the agenda for the annual meeting of the Women's Clothing Guild, a parochial institution of the committee of which they are members. They have been having tea, for the afternoon is well advanced, and they have been discussing almost every subject except the particular one that brought them together. A mere man, a transient embarrassed phantom, has flitted uneasily across the scene, but he has now vanished on the plea of work or letters, and the ladies have the drawing-room to themselves:—

Hostess. I never saw anything like it before. Diamonds, you know, about half-a-dozen of them, in the middle of the day, and a great blazing ruby thing dangling from her neck. She really *is*, you know, isn't she?

First Guest. Yes, she is. You've hit her off exactly. That woman's a public scandal—No more tea, thank you. Well then, just the teeniest half cup: one lump—and the extraordinary thing is that all the men run after her. I've told John that, if I see him so much as nod to her, I'll put him on half rations. She's like a woman I read about in a book the other day called *Love the Wayfarer.* Now that's a book if you like.



THE VOGUE OF THE PICTURE VEILS.

He. "WHO'S THAT IN THE VIRGINIA CREEPER?"
She. "THAT'S ANGELA."
He. "NONSENSE! WHY, SHE TOLD ME SHE WAS COMING IN COPPER BEECH."

Second Guest. Isn't it! I think the Vicar's wife—I forget her name—is just a perfectly splendid character: family prayers twice a day and ten children to bring up on £300 a year. It's too touching for anything.

Third Guest. I don't care for these very good people in books myself. And, by the way—though I can't imagine what put me in mind of her—has anybody seen Mrs. Porter lately?

The Hostess. Well, you can't help seeing her hat, anyhow. It's the most awful hat in the world.

Third Guest. My dear, if she were only half as respectable as her hat I shouldn't have anything to say. Haven't you heard about her?

The Rest (in chorus). No, do tell us!

[*I omit the details of* Mrs. Porter's *career.*

The Hostess. I always *knew* there was something wrong about that woman.

The Rest (together). So did I.

[*At this point the guests, and lastly the hostess, rise in a slow and lingering succession and then stand still aimlessly.*

First Guest. Well, I'm afraid I shall have to be going now. It's John's time for getting home, and——

Second Guest. My dear, I always told you you spoilt that man. You never get anything out of a man if you pamper him.

Third Guest. I must get home too. I'm really much too late already.

Hostess. Why are you all in such a hurry? Do sit down again. Well, if you must you must.

[*They do not move.*

First Guest. I'd all but forgotten the one thing I wanted to say. You know the Concert some of us have been getting up? Well, my tenor has cried off—flu or something—and left me in an awful hole.

[*They discuss this for ten minutes more, all standing, until at last the three guests squeeze themselves reluctantly out of the door, and the hostess is left alone.*



The Vicar. "NOW, CHILDREN, WHAT IS A FALSE DOCTRINE?"

Inspired Maiden. "PLEASE, SIR, BAD MEDICINE."

Hostess (suddenly to herself). Good gracious! We've never settled about the Guild!

[*She dashes after them and shouts, but they are too far gone, and only silence answers her.*

* * * * *

There, my dear Sir, is a fairly accurate picture drawn from the life. Some day I may give you one or two more.

Yours in space, AN EARTH-WORM.

THE DARK SIDE OF THE DRAMA.

["We ask why we, alone among British subjects, are to be allowed to exercise our profession only on the impossible condition that we hurt nobody's feelings."—*Extract from letter to the Press on the Censorship Committee's recommendations, signed by the Dramatic Committee of the Society of Authors.*]

You who would envy the dramatist's lot
Cherish this feeling no more, but dispel it on
Being informed that his cupboard has got
Quite an unusual skeleton.

Mark him as, flushed with success, or perhaps
Wearing excitement's peculiar pallor, he
Stammers his thanks for the cheers and the claps
Lavished by stalls and by gallery.

Seeing him thus, you 'd suppose he enjoyed
Life with an almost unvarying cheeriness;
Yet with one grief is his pleasure alloyed,
Turning his triumph to weariness.

Others have licence to utter their mind,
Wielding a pen that is ruthlessly critical;
Now and again to say something unkind
Even of leaders political;

He, he alone, in this land of the free,
Forced to compose with meticulous nicety,
Wishing, like Balaam, to curse, must agree
Meekly to say *Benedicite!*

Is he just itching to serve it up hot?
Yet, like a parasite born or a cringer bred,
He must "hurt nobody's feelings—" that 's what
Takes all the gilt off the gingerbread.

Couched upon roses, he feels but the thorns.
Must, then, his tongue never show its uncivil edge?
Must he alone spare his fellow-man's corns?
Dramatists, strike for your privilege!

A contemporary quotes the following from *Life*:—

"It may be all right for a man to wear padded shoulders, if he doesn't forget, and pick a quarrel with a man who was born that way."

But are men born with padded shoulders? "*Nascitur non fit*," says the poet.

"There was no money in the safe, and the burglars had to retire bootless."—*Daily Record.*

The necessity for removing the footwear before retiring will be explained in our next instalment.

BOOKS FOR THE BILLION.

A BULKY OUTPUTTER.

(Special.)

SOME years ago one of Mr. A. Leveson Tiles's admirers made an interesting calculation as to the bulk of his output and the measurement of paper and ink used in its production. The figures relating to one series alone were truly momentous. It was found that if these volumes were placed flat one upon another they would form a monument nearly one thousand times the height of Greeba Castle, the loftiest private house in the world; that the paper used in their production, if made into big sheets, would suffice to wrap up the Himalayas, the Andes and the Cordilleras in separate parcels; and that the printer's ink employed would suffice to fill the Caspian Sea ten times over.

Since that day more than three hundred new books have emanated from the prolific pen of Mr. Tiles, and at the present day there are nearly one hundred pages in the British Museum Catalogue filled with entries under his name.

Messrs. Mark Marmion & Co., Mr. Tiles's present publishers, are now issuing a New Series of Glory Books for Boys and Girls.

FOR THE HOME AND THE PLATFORM.

BALLADS OF BRAVE BANTLINGS.—Edited by Albert Leveson Tiles. Large crown 8vo, red limp lambskin, 1*s.* net; crimson crash, 1*s.* 6*d.* net; paste grain gilt (boxed), 3*s.* net; Persian yapp, gilt top (boxed), 4*s.* net; pink porpoise hide, with luminous paint top (oxidised corners) and differential gear, 10*s.* net.

Ballads of Brave Bantlings is a fearless budget of poems suitable for recitation in kindergartens, crêches, &c., while the binding renders it peculiarly well adapted for all gatherings of a festive and yappy character. It aims at celebrating the intrepidity of infants as shown in the pages of history, on the field of battle, in the fight for the franchise, the cause of freedom and the service of humanity.

"There is no better volume of recitations with chits and counterchits for their theme."—MR. WILLIAM DE MORGAN.

"*Ballads of Brave Bantlings* has converted me to Baby suffrage."—MR. JAMES DOUGLAS.

"I estimate that if you sell twenty million copies of your new book, your output will then exceed that of the authoress of *East Lynne*."—THE EDITOR of *The Statist*.

"Mr. Leveson Tiles is the finest outputter in existence."—*Golf Illustrated*.

"The prolificacy of Mr. Tiles is truly magnificent. Frankly, he is the Lope de Vega of the nursery."—*Daily Chronicle*.

THE KID REVIVER.—Stimulating short stories for backward brats, including valuable copyright and other pieces by COULSON KERNAHAN, G. B. BURGIN, HENRY JAMES, DANTE, ALFRED AUSTIN, and other Wits, Humorists and Laugh-compellers. In crown 8vo, Chinese chow yapp, glacé top with bevelled edges and reciprocating Pasteurized book-marker, 5*s.* net.

"No sane boy and few sane men could fail to be more nobly demented after reading this intoxicating *olla podrida*."—*Morning Leader*.

"Mr. Tiles has achieved the difficult task of exactly meeting the crying need for good, witty, sparkling but withal refined pabulum for the mind of the ingenuous youth."—COUNTESS SCHLICK.

"To describe the new house one feels the need of the advertising agent, but to say that the window frontage is a vision of loveliness to the woman of any and every grade of society is to speak with only meagre justice."—*The Westminster Gazette*.

But what need of an advertising agent when articles like this (in praise of a certain shop) appear in the news columns? And, by the way, isn't this what Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES wanted?

"He holds a record for the bow and arrow, having at the national meeting in France, to the amazement of the assembled archers shot an arrow thirty-six yards—no less than twenty-seven yards further than the longest shot ever known to have been made by an Englishman."
Ideas.

We can but faintly imagine the scene. The orgy of enthusiasm which celebrated the occasion of the previous record of nine yards must have been completely outdone.

"Wasn't it Macaulay who wrote:—

Lives there a man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
Returning from some foreign strand:
'This is my own, my native land?'"

So ends the patriotic and impressive outburst (several pages long) of a South African tradesman who wants to get an air rifle off his hands. The answer is "No."

Advertisement of a vacancy for a teacher:

"The post is resident and the salary offered from £40 (FORTY POUNDS) per annum, with Laundry expenses according to qualifications and experience of a candidate."

B.A.'s are allowed as much as three collars a week.

"Wanted an instructor or instructress capable of teaching the English language without impoverishing it with the usual solecisms and unintelligible jumble of French words. No English need apply. Germans preferred."
Advt. in French paper.

Another ruined industry.

NEW BUDGET PROPOSALS.

THERE is not a man in this country, excepting such as are happily penniless, who is not sick and tired of Budgets. It is not that people object to pay; the trouble is caused by the Government choosing how and when payment shall be made, instead of leaving it to the discretion of the individual.

Why should not the country be financed by voluntary contributions? Everybody would then be happy: the man who did not care to pay on beer and tobacco could pay on what he liked—or, rather, on what he didn't like—and the black stain of income-tax perjury would be removed for ever from the country's escutcheon, if there is such a thing.

In the front of every house a securely locked money-box should be fixed. Any householder or lodger or other responsible citizen not contributing to the box with decent frequency would, of course, be liable to criticism by his neighbours. Indeed, public opinion would quickly make the frequent insertion of coin in this box one of the conventions of our land.

The boxes would be cleared periodically by officials who would come round in broad daylight and make no attempt to conceal the contents from the inquiring gaze of the onlookers. Special provision might be arranged for reporters and press photographers on clearing days.

It stands to reason that any man, in the occasional moments of unusual joy that come to the average person—such as a discovery that the gas-meter has been registering to the detriment of the company—would be more inclined to rush out to his Budget box and slip in a shilling, out of sheer gratitude, than to work out the figures on his tax paper and (failing to make them wrong) write a cheque in cold blood.

Sufficient guarantee that the funds forthcoming would be adequate surely lies in the oft-repeated assertion of the tax-payer that he does not mind paying his share towards the nation's expenses, provided he can pay in the way he likes best.

Finally, it must be remembered that this is supposed to be a free country, where even the notion of compulsory service in defence of our homes sends a cold shudder down the backs of the Sons of Liberty. Why not be consistent, and bring both taxes and rates into line with the admirable voluntary system which makes our Army what it is?

"The Czar while proceeding to Italy will avoid Australia."—*Beira Post.*

He will have to be careful, though.

WHY READ AT ALL?

FOR BUSY MEN.—THE WORLD'S GREATEST AUTHORS TAKEN IN AT A GLANCE.—I. Mr. HALL CAINE



CHILDHOOD. THE FAVOURED ISLE.



THE PARTING.



SETTLING DOWN TO WORK.



THE RECOGNITION.



THE RESCUE.



THE RETURN. KISMET.



Basil. "MUMMY, TELL US A STORY ABOUT FAIRIES AND WITCHES AND IMPS."
Mother. "THERE WAS ONCE A LITTLE IMP AND ITS NAME WAS BASIL."
Basil. "PERHAPS YOU'D BETTER KEEP TO WITCHES AND FAIRIES."

SCORN NOT THE BARD.

Scorn not the bard. There is a folk
That treats him as a kind of joke,
A weak and tepid card,
The strong man's mocking and a shame;
He may be that, but, all the same,
Scorn not the bard.

The flowing mane that you resent
Is there for use, not ornament,
To help him in his song;
When gravelled in his dire employ,
A handy tress wherewith to toy
Gets him along.

His taste for turning things about
And wrong way on and inside out,
Is not to be denied;
An irritating trick, I grant;
But, as to helping it, he can't!
You 've never tried.

It is the painful truth that he
Is prone to warble of the sea,
And overapt to cling
For ever to some hackneyed tune
Of ladies' eyebrows and the Moon,
Of Love, and Spring.

But, tho' his scheme is bound to pall,
Let us be candid. After all,
This is no fault of his;
However hard it be to stand,
The man must sing of something, and
It 's all there is!

You argue that you don't see why.
To tell the truth, no more do I!
I only know it 's true;
Indeed, at such a point we touch
On things too deep for me and much
Too deep for you.

Fate has inscrutably decreed
The presence of the poet's breed
In every time and state;
He is the fruit of Fortune's whim;
If you dislike it, don't blame him;
Go and blame Fate.

E'en you, I take it, don't suppose
That he deliberately chose
To tend his homely trade;
It 's that that comes so bitter hard—
Poor beggar, he was *born* a bard!
He wasn't made.

Then, readers, far from showing scorn,
Remember that you both were born
Alike of common clay;
For you are you by Nature's laws:—
The bard is but a bard because
He 's built that way. DUM-DUM.

R. I. P.

AN acute French traveller wandering observantly through England once remarked that every town seemed to have several men named Job Masters, and he wondered that no confusion resulted. Alas, a time has come or is about to come when no traveller, French or otherwise, will ever say this again. For Job Masters is dead. The game is up. Where once was his stable is now a garage; where once was his horse is now an internal combustion engine; where once was his "fly" (strange but cherished misnomer!) is now a motor car. The end may not be quite yet, but it draws near and nearer every moment. And being so near, and this being an age of haste and anticipation, let his epitaph be written:—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF POOR
JOB MASTERS,
Who, patient as his great namesake,
waited steadily to be employed,
on no nourishment but a straw.
He was always ready to drive anybody anywhere,
in rain or shine, heat or cold.
His horses were old and his carriages
were older,
but they were all we could get
and we had to put up
with them.
His watchwords were Livery and Bait,
and he will be sadly missed.
His end was Petrol.

What an irony of circumstance it will be if, when the melancholy day arrives, Job Masters has a motor funeral!

Commercial Candour.

From a bootmaker's advertisement:
"8 YEARS' WEAR! 12 HOURS' EASE!"



THE ORDEAL BY FIRE.

DAME ASQUITH. "HERE, I SAY, YOU'RE COOKING MY PET BIRD!"

LANSDOWNE. "WELL, MUM, IF HE'S THE PHŒNIX YOU MAKE HIM OUT TO BE, THAT WON'T HURT HIM. HE'LL RISE FROM HIS ASHES."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, November 29.—Two fine speeches to-night, akin inasmuch that each was grievously handicapped by deplorable infirmity of acoustical properties of Chamber. Difficult for audience to follow at full length some eloquent passages in Lord MORLEY'S stately oration. Lord JAMES in this respect even less successful.

Enough caught to make it clear JAMES was taking another important step in a career which reflects pride upon English political life. SARK knew him first thirty-six years ago in House of Commons. He chummed with HARCOURT on Front Bench below Gangway. Mr. G. was still Premier, his mighty majority won at polls in 1868 having faded to nothingness. His enemies were those of his own household. None more artful and active than his two young friends seated below Gangway on his right hand. Indiscipline on part of really capable followers had its not unaccustomed reward. In recess of 1873, following on Prorogation of a Parliament destined never to meet again, HARCOURT was made Attorney-General, HENRY JAMES Solicitor.

Must have been strange experience for HENRY JAMES, speaking to-night amid chilling silence of his later love, once more to win the cheers of representatives of Liberal Party. Temporary severance from men he has worked with for just upon a quarter of a century painful, he admitted. But where honest conviction compels he is inflexible in obeying its impulse. Neither private friendship nor promise of personal aggrandisement influences him.

There was a time, midway in his career, when the greatest prize of his profession was within his grasp. Had he only stood by his old chief when in 1886 Mr. G. unfurled the Home Rule Flag, the Woolsack was his. But, though for HENRY OF NAVARRE Paris may have been worth a Mass, for HENRY JAMES the Lord Chancellorship was worth naught compared with the treasure of an unsullied conscience. While still in the prime of life he deliberately fell out from the race for office. Now, at another critical epoch, conviction forces upon him severance from long-time political friends.

Business done.—LANSDOWNE'S amendment to Finance Bill further debated.

Tuesday.—At half-past eleven CREWE having made an end of speaking, House presented a scene beheld only half-a-dozen times in half a century. Looking down upon it, one was chiefly struck by the superb reticence of our Old Nobility. Here they were fighting for their legislative lives. Within half-an-hour they would take an irretrievable step fateful to themselves. Yet there was no sign of turbulent emotion, no cheers or counter-cheers, such as would have rung forth in the Commons had analogous provocation presented itself.



"DEATH-BED THREATS."

Chamber more crowded even than on opening night of debate. Every bench on either side occupied. Late comers stood packed together shoulder to shoulder in the space behind and flanking the Woolsack, just as if they were mere Commoners thronging the Bar. Privy Councillors were wedged in behind the rail that marks off the steps of the Throne. Difficult to say where the throng of upstanding Peers terminated and where the Privy Councillors began. It seemed to be all one crowd.

In the front centre, only partially guarded by the sanctuary of the Woolsack, sat the LORD CHANCELLOR, submerged in the unwonted tide of humanity. But for his full-bottomed wig, a patch of light grey set in the mass of black coats, his presence would not have been recognised.

Round the side galleries, continuing the length of the seldom frequented seats behind the canopy of the Throne, was flung a garland of fair women. For the most part they added colour and brilliance to the scene by the dainty hues of evening dress and the sparkle of diamonds. Some, taking their seats when debate opened at half-past four, still wore their morning dress.

CREWE spoke for an hour and a half. A stern sense of duty led him to review the arguments for and against the Budget Bill. The effort not nearly so effective as his first utterance in the historic debate.

"I beg to move," he then said in response to the voice of the Clerk at the Table who, citing the Order of Business, remarked "Finance Bill; second reading."

What was the use at this time of night, or indeed at any time during the past nine days, of defending the Budget in detail? It was stillborn when laid on the Table of the House; the sooner it was buried the sooner to sleep. Happily, if the first hour of CREWE'S harangue was undeniably dull, the last half-hour made amends by its polished irony. The half-hour would have amply sufficed.

A murmur of applause from the back benches followed his sitting down. LORD CHANCELLOR putting the question for the Second Reading of Budget Bill in curiously business voice, a faint cry of "Content!" rose on his right.

"Those that are of the contrary opinion say 'Not content!'"

There was nothing approaching a roar from the serried ranks of the Opposition 350 strong. Still there was no doubt the Non-contents had it, and the LORD CHANCELLOR, not mincing matters, said so.

In the Commons, when division takes place upon motion made from Treasury Bench, SPEAKER invariably declares that "the Ayes have it." In this respect the Lords have the advantage in the matter of admission of actual fact.

Odds overwhelmingly against the Bill. The forlorn hope gallantly led by CREWE resolved to die fighting. Division challenged, the crowd slowly moved towards the Bar that gave exit to the No lobby. So dense was the throng it seemed it would never squeeze through. But no one was in a hurry. Those behind refrained from crying "Forward!" Those in front were too well bred to cry "Back!"

The faithful few supporting the Government kept their seats for fully ten minutes after the opposing host began to melt away by the Bar. Why



"I am not aware that these abstract resolutions encourage anybody, and I am sure they do not frighten anybody."

should they hurry? There was room and to spare in the Aye Lobby, through which they would presently stroll at leisure.

The Primate, quitting his corner seat below the Gangway, turned sharp to the left; looked as if he were going out to swell the scanty numbers supporting the Second Reading. Halting by steps of Throne, he took sanctuary within neutral quarter. Finding at hand the familiar rail reminiscent of the altar enclosure in another place, he laid his hands upon it and regarded the moving scene. As he stood there, with gold cross gleaming on his white robe, he looked as if he were about to say a few words to his dearly beloved brethren. He refrained, and from this coign of vantage heard the figures of the Division announced—For the Second Reading, 75; against, 350.

So the Budget upon which the Commons spent seven months' hard labour finally sank into the abyss. No shout of triumph rose from the victorious host; no groan of despair testified to the dolour of the defeated. Just a buzz of conversation as Noble Lords, unused to the exercise, tried to work out in mental arithmetic the little sum setting forth the precise majority.

The day's work was done; midnight boomed from Big Ben; thing was to go off home to bed; which Noble Lords proceeded to do.

Business done.—The Budget's.

House of Commons, Thursday.—On Tuesday Lords flung down gauntlet. This afternoon Commons pick it up, amid outbreak of enthusiasm in Ministerial camp unprecedented during existence of present House.

Great muster of Members, overflowing into side galleries. Strangers throng benches allotted to them, some sitting in couples on Gangway steps. Peers crowd their gallery, sitting silent, apparently unabashed whilst PREMIER utters a few plain words on their recent conduct.

Nearly two-score Questions on Paper. Put and answered amid buzz of animated conversation that made their purport unintelligible. Presently a rousing cheer burst forth. Members below Gangway on Ministerial side sprang to their feet waving hands and hats. It was a greeting to ASQUITH entering blushing from behind SPEAKER'S Chair.

A moment later another cheer from benches opposite heralded the approach of PRINCE ARTHUR. The champions must have encountered each other at the private entrance behind the Chair. Probably halted to talk for a moment about the weather.

At ten minutes past three PREMIER discovered standing at Table. Again a storm of cheering rose and fell. Opening sentences indicated fine fighting form. Speaking in louder tone than customary, with added deliberation, he drove home the charge embodied in the Resolution he was about to submit, "That the action of the House of Lords in refusing to pass into law the financial provisions of this House for the service of the year is a breach of the Constitution and a usurpation of the rights of the Commons."

Salvos of cheering punctuated his sentences. They reverberated from all sections of Ministerialists. For once British Liberals, Labour Members, and Irish Nationalists are united against a common enemy, represented by the quiet-looking, evidently amiable gentlemen seated in the Peers' Gallery,



MR. HAROLD COX LISTENS TO THE OLD, OLD STORY.



MR. BALFOUR'S SPEECH HAS A DISASTROUS EFFECT ON MR. KEIR HARDIE'S LEFT LEG.

presently to be butchered to make a Socialist holiday.

PRINCE ARTHUR'S appearance on scene an agreeable surprise for both sides. Reported he would not be able to leave the room to which for some days he has been confined by sickness. But if there is fighting to the fore he is not the kind of man to keep out of the front line. So he came, and if his speech fell below the level at which it invariably flows the House recognised the cause and sympathised with the plucky sick man accordingly.

Business done.—Resolution vindicating Privilege of Commons carried by 349 against 134.

Friday.—Prorogation preliminary to Dissolution.

A Bridge Problem in *The Westminster Gazette*:

"Y deals and leaves it to Z who declares hearts. . . . Z's (dummy's) hand was: Hearts, 5, 4, 3 . . ."

The great question is whether Y, having executed justice upon his partner, may plead the unwritten law.

"A small piece, rather indistinct in form and colour, as the name, 'Reflets sur Peau,' indicates, by Debussy, completed the programme."

It sounds even more indistinct than DEBUSSY'S "*Reflets sur l'eau.*"

"Mr. Pound still hugs his affectations. . . . We are afraid, however, that affectation will overwhelm everything else in the long run unless Mr. Pound beware."—*Evening Standard.*

The writer should keep on bewaring too.



QUESTIONS FOR THE "BOOK OF ETIQUETTE."

WHEN A DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNER, WHO IS YOUR GUEST, AFTER HAVING PEPPERED A BEATER KILLED YOUR FAVOURITE DOG, AND NEARLY SHOT YOURSELF, CLAIMS ALL YOUR BIRDS, AND PROCEEDS TO GATHER THEM—WHAT (WITHOUT TRANSGRESSING THE LAWS OF HOSPITALITY) SHOULD YOU DO NEXT?

THE 9.43 A.M.

"THE bathroom pipe is leaking again," said the business man's wife at breakfast; "I wish, dear, you 'd call at the plumber's on your way to the station." The business man glanced at the clock. He caught the 9.43 every morning. It was now 9.20, and the plumber's was *not* on his way to the station, but two hundred yards further on; still, the business man had only been married three months, so he smiled and nodded and said he should have to run for it.

Old Mr. Jones from lower down the road saw him shoot by as he came out of his gate. Mr. Jones was also on his way to the small suburban station. He also travelled by the 9.43, and he became troubled. He looked at his watch but distrusted it, and remembered all the watchmaker had said when he (Mr. Jones) recently declined to believe it wanted cleaning. Mr. Jones was a portly person, but he had a passion for punctuality, and he began to run. It was his rule, and he never broke it, to give the crossing-sweeper at the corner a penny every morning, and to-day in his hurry he gave him half-a-crown by mistake.

When young Robinson, also bound for the 9.43, saw Mr. Jones running, he knew the old gentleman would not risk apoplexy or an aneurism if there were any time to spare. So gripping his pipe in the corner of his mouth he started after his puffing leader at a young gallop. Taking the corner at a sharp angle he collided with the butcher coming for morning orders. His pipe shot out of his mouth with the impact and broke in fragments on the pavement It was a nicely coloured meerschaum. Its owner glanced at the wreck, and ran on, his empty lips gibbering.

Thirty seconds later, Mr. Brown, a pasty-faced stockbroker with a permanent frown, turned into the station road and saw young Robinson, his daily travelling companion, sprinting for the train. The sight deepened the furrow on the stockbroker's brow, and he debated how the leakage of time could have occurred. It must have been either when he broke his bootlace, or when his wife had asked him for a cheque and would not take "No" for an answer. In any case he started jogging, though he felt seedier than usual that morning, and jogging was particularly painful.

Five other men, all 9.43 *habitués*, saw him running and caught the contagion. Two typewriting girls, who always ran when the men ran, formed the tail of the procession, and scuttled gasping on to the platform clutching their sides and their large wobbling head-gear.

When the business man walked calmly on to the platform at 9.42½ he wondered why everybody was out of breath.

A lady having ordered *Paris Fashions* over the telephone, received the following answer by post:—

"Madam, with reference to your order for 'Tariff Passion,' the Chief Office advise me they are unable to hear of this work, and I should be glad if you could kindly let me have publisher's name and address and further endeavours will be made to procure."

The book should be written at once—by, say, VICTORIA CROSS and Mr. F. E. SMITH.

AT THE PLAY.

I.—"THE HOUSE OPPOSITE."

"MURDERS," said pretty *Mrs. Calthorpe* in the Second Act, catching my eye across the footlights, "are committed for various reasons, but four-fifths of them, I believe, from sheer boredom."



"REPENTANCE AT LEISURE" (IN FACT THROUGH THREE ACTS).

Richard Cardyne . . . . . MR. H. B. IRVING.
Mrs. Rivers . . . . . MISS EVA MOORE.

Whereat I smiled sheepishly, put back my pocket-knife and gave up wondering how to get at them over the orchestra. Obviously I was discovered . . . .

The story of *The House Opposite* is a well-known one. *Richard Cardyne* sees from *Mrs. Rivers'* room, at 2.30 A.M., the figure of a dark and sinister man lit up in the window across the street. The man carries a dagger, and *Cardyne*, watching him steal into the best bedroom with it, comments, "Odd, very odd." Some people would have thought even more of it. On the same afternoon the Permanent Under-Secretary of the Home Department (whose job I had never properly understood before) consults the *Right Hon. Henry Rivers* (ex-Home Secretary) about a knotty murder which has taken place at the house opposite in the early hours of the morning. *Cardyne* is calling too, and when he hears that an aged housekeeper, *Ann Carey*, has been arrested on suspicion, he realises that he has dropped right into the middle of a Hard Case. He cannot give evidence that the murderer was a man without also giving evidence that *Mrs. Rivers* is an unfaithful wife. What shall *R. C.* do?

Richard was a bad man, but he drew the line at letting an innocent woman die. He decides to wait until the last possible moment—that is, until *Ann Carey* has been condemned to death and the petition for her reprieve has been refused—and then to reveal what he saw through the window. He waits, in fact, ten weeks; and if *Mrs. Rivers*, whose emotions we are allowed to witness, suffered a good deal in that time, I think it may safely be said that *Ann Carey*, whom we never saw at all, suffered even more. However, it is only at actual death that *Richard* draws the line. Well, the last day having arrived, *Cardyne* and *Mrs. Rivers* prepare to intervene. It is arranged that the latter shall first tell everything to her husband. *The Right Hon. Henry Rivers, K.C., M.P.*, is very busy with his evening paper when his wife begins her confession, and at the end of it he looks up and apologises: "I'm sorry, dear; what were you saying?" Just as she is about to tell him again, he drops his paper and says casually that, by the way, if he might interrupt a moment, and knowing how interested she had been, the real murderer at the house opposite has been discovered, and it was a man!

And there you have the final situation. Her own confession was, after all, unnecessary. Has he heard it? Will she ever know how much he knows? Or will he—— But he comes back again for a final word before the curtain descends, and makes it fairly plain (I think) that he has both heard and forgiven.

I have hinted that there were moments of sheer boredom, and when I tell you that this story was spread over four Acts, you will understand. At least three characters were dragged on in order to fill up time; and to one of them, *Mr. Stuart Fillerby*, I owe an apology. *Mr. Fillerby* was a dark young man who defended *Ann Carey* over the tea-cups with great eagerness, saying that he *knew* she was innocent. Well, that looked very suspicious and I really thought then that I had found a clue . . . . But no, nothing came of it.

MISS EVA MOORE as *Mrs. Rivers* played a very trying and emotional part in a very able way, but somehow I can never quite believe in her. The evening showed her to be an ideal actress rather than a real Home Secretary's wife. MR. H. B. IRVING made an excellent *Cardyne*. *Cardyne* had an enormous success with women, but his love-making on the stage to *Mrs. Calthorpe* was (for an established Don Juan) a most inept performance. Yet MR. IRVING made it seem almost credible. MR. HERBERT WARING as usual gets all that is to be got out of his part. Only to see him look at his watch on the stage is a joy to me; there is nobody else who can put half as much into this impressive piece of business.

II.—"LITTLE MRS. CUMMIN."

I have been reading what I said in these pages three years ago about *The Eglamore Portraits*, the novel by MRS. MANN from which RICHARD PRYCE has adapted *Little Mrs. Cummin*. It seems (if I may say so, for want of a second opinion) to have been a remarkably able review.



GETTING HER THINGS TOGETHER.

Mrs. Cummin . . . . . MISS LOTTIE VENNE.
Clarence Eglamore . . MR. KENNETH DOUGLAS.

"*Juliet*," I wrote, "is delightfully drawn; the most lifelike heroine I have ever met." I was right; but not until I had the pleasure of seeing sweet MISS MARIE LÖHR play the part did I realise fully how delightful *Juliet* was.

"*Clarence*," I said, "had a habit of setting his under-teeth below his upper"—(of course I was quoting MRS. MANN. She must see now that it would be absurd to set them *above*)—"and projecting his lower lip when angry. I found myself doing this all through the book with *Clarence*—I suppose one gets into it at last." My doubt was justified; one never gets into it. MR. KENNETH DOUGLAS, like a wise man, did not do it once last Thursday. I suppose he had discovered the difficulty of it during rehearsals.

"She (MRS. MANN) should not have let the mother-in-law die," I ended. "One has no time to get in the mood for it, hateful though that person was." Ah, but how true that is; for in the new stage version the mother-in-law doesn't die! However, I cannot, I am afraid, claim this as the result of my criticism. It is obviously the result of asking MISS LOTTIE VENNE to play the part of *Juliet's* mother. And shall MISS LOTTIE die? Not for forty thousand Mrs. MANNS, or we 'll know the reason why.

Yet my review, I confess modestly, was not flawless—the mistake was in the last sentence. How could I have



Conscientious Patient (to Specialist). "WELL, DOCTOR, I SHOULD NOW LIKE TO COME TO A DISTINCT UNDERSTANDING AS TO FEES. MY SOLE INCOME, I MUST TELL YOU, IS TWENTY-FOUR POUNDS TEN SHILLINGS A YEAR."

called *Mrs. Cummin* hateful? Exasperating she was, certainly. That she nearly broke up *Clarence's* happy home I admit. But no one who has had the joy of seeing Miss VENNE play the mother-in-law will call her hateful.

All young couples should go to the Playhouse to see this jolly little farce of newly-married life. And old persons and single persons may go too—to see some extremely good acting, not only from the delightful people I have mentioned already, but also from the six other players in the cast.

The Visit (by the same authors) preceded *Little Mrs. Cummin.* It is a pathetic story, intentionally full of farcical moments, and some of us didn't quite know whether we were supposed to laugh at them or not. I think perhaps it is better to keep the laughter for the later piece. You don't want to grow *too* fat. M.

What they do with our little ones.

"The committee decided to permanently amalgamate the children from Cove to Bolham daily in a van."—*Western Morning News.*

HOW A HERO DINED.

(*With acknowledgments to "The Daily News."*)

THE Budget was being assassinated. But how did its outraged author fare on that momentous evening? I will tell you. Whilst the massacre was in progress he was sitting quietly in an ordinary Strand restaurant, where I had the inestimable good fortune (owing to the fact that the seat opposite to him was vacant) of being his *vis-à-vis* at dinner. I could not take my eyes off the man: I was fascinated. I thought of the great heroes of history. I thought of JULIUS CÆSAR, of HANNIBAL, of NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. He had a companion, to whom he spoke. His every gesture seemed eloquent. He is a typical Celt. I noticed that he took sauce with his fish and crumbled his bread ever so lightly with his left hand. His eyes flashed fire, his long hair covered his collar (its size I could not gauge) at the back. I thought of BYRON, of SHELLEY, of ST. FRANCIS of Assisi, of CONFUCIUS, of YOSHIDA TORAJIRO.

The fish passed, and he came to the meat. He had no evening wear, but was quietly, plainly dressed, a man of the people, without characteristic eccentricities, unadorned by rings or other fopperies of elegance. He took salt: he sipped his wine. And meanwhile the Budget was being done to death in cold blood. Yet there was nothing to indicate in his manner the tremendous issues for him and for England that were about to be decided.

And now the meal was over: he lit a cigar, he called for the waiter, he paid his bill. He was gone. And thus lived the man on the night of the Lords' great act of treason to British liberty. I thought of JEREMIAH, of AMOS, of MAHER-SHALAL-HASHBAZ. Almost mechanically I gathered up some of the spent crumbs from his plate, put them in my vest pocket, and passed out into the night.

"It was a Russian translation of Duma's 'La Dame aux Camelias.'"—*Evening News.*

So *that's* how the Russian Duma amuses itself.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Letters of John Stuart Blackie (BLACKWOOD), addressed to his wife and edited by his nephew, ARCHIBALD STODART WALKER, make delightful reading. One is admitted to the intimacy of a brilliant mind confiding its impressions on daily life to a sympathetic companion. The letters have all the breezy frankness that marked BLACKIE'S conversation, and occasionally disconcerted individuals among the company favoured by it. He came in touch with most of the leading lights in Literature, Politics and Scholarship illumining the last half of the nineteenth century. GLADSTONE, the late Duke of ARGYLL, TENNYSON, BREWSTER, JOHN BRIGHT (whom he greatly admired), BROWNING, BUNSEN, CARLYLE, Lord DUFFERIN, Dr. GUTHRIE, HENRY IRVING, JOWETT, KINGLAKE, CHARLES KINGSLEY, LECKY, NORMAN MCLEOD, THEODORE MARTIN, Lord ROSEBERY—these are some of his associates, a galaxy which in combination of variety and brilliance it would be difficult to excel. Among many gifts BLACKIE possessed one that enabled him, sometimes in a single sentence—he rarely took more than three—to draw a living picture of a man or woman. The portrait was complete, not only in respect of personal appearance, but also of character and intellect. It is tempting to quote, but the harvest is rich and, regarded as a granary, the Booking-Office is small. The gentle reader is bidden to go a-gleaning for himself. He will not regret the enterprise.

I hesitate to describe *Godfrey Marten, Schoolboy*, as a classic, lest to certain minds the term should convey an odious suggestion of XENOPHON and CÆSAR (J.); but I may safely say that no book has ever dealt more faithfully with the opening years of public-school life, and that any work from the pen of its delightful author, CHARLES TURLEY, is assured beforehand of a wide welcome amongst boys, young and old. If in *The Minvern Brothers* (NELSON) he has not achieved quite such a *tour de force* as in *Godfrey Marten*, where he succeeded brilliantly in the perilous task of making the schoolboy tell his own story, Mr. TURLEY'S hand has lost none of its cunning. There is the same variety of types, the same sense of character, the same fidelity to life. Those who know his work need not be told that he has no use for the rather morbid sentimentality of the little-hero-business which delighted a former generation. It is enough for him to keep our sympathies always unconsciously on the side of whatever makes for the right public-school spirit; beyond that he never moralises. Naturally our interest is strongest in the earlier and more irresponsible period, while these twin brothers were still going through the plastic stages of development; but our attention is held to the end, and that, too, by a story that seldom goes outside every-day life, and only includes such adventures as put no strain upon our credulity. "Boys," we are told, "will be boys," and certainly I, for one, look to remain in that happy and primitive state as long as CHARLES TURLEY continues to retard the work of Time by that alchemy of which he holds the secret.



HOME HOBBIES IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE LORD OF FOOTELBURY SHOES HIS OWN CHARGER.

There is a Provençal form of wit known as a *galégeade*—so I learn from *The Diverting Adventures of Maurin*, translated from the French of M. JEAN AICARD by Mr. ALFRED ALLINSON (LANE)—and its acquaintance is a good thing to make. It involves, in a way, the same kind of notion as pulling a person's leg. One can give a brief instance which suggests something of the idea. The phrase "*nom de pas Dieu*" is a favourite expletive among Provençals who want, so to say, to swear in fun. The negative *pas* neutralises the oath from the moral aspect, but the Devil, who is on the look-out for such lapses, doesn't realise until the words are out of your mouth that you are not really swearing at all, and he finds himself sold. There are a good many more *galégeades* in the story of *Maurin*. *Maurin* is one of those happy-go-lucky fellows who know every inch of the countryside, and can guarantee you fine sport with your gun if you are in their good books; who have a fund of humour mingled with a shrewd commonsense which is valuable to more people than care to own it; who have a rare liking for a bright eye; and who lead the *gendarmerie* the deuce of a dance and yet always come out top-dog because they have everybody's sympathy. To some extent the type is existent in England, but I doubt whether it could ever attain the perfection which it reaches in the atmosphere which M. AICARD reproduces.

In *Airy Nothings* (ELKIN MATHEWS), a volume as modest in size as in title, JESSIE POPE justifies the many critics who recognised the high claims of her first volume of light verse. Neat and nimble and fluent as ever, she has now gained that command of technique which makes a most difficult art appear as easy as the shelling of peas. A very gentle satirist, her shafts are never barbed, but they always arrive if she wants them to. Among women writers in this kind she still has no rival; and, if the rest of her sex had her sense of humour, I should be tempted to join in the cry of "Votes for Women," knowing full well that we others would be safe in their hands. Meanwhile I commend this little volume to all who can appreciate a clean and pretty wit when they see it; and am glad that these "airy nothings" have been fixed in so pleasant a "habitation."

"Big Ben was tolling the hour of midnight. For hours before that the House of Lords had throbbed with excitement."

"There was none of the excitement which attends a critical division in the House of Commons, but instead an air of stately calm."

When the historian of the future writes about the Great Day, he will be glad to have for his guidance these contemporary extracts, both, by the way, from the same column of *The Daily Mail*.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Right Honourable LLOYD GEORGE has referred to his opponents as "criminals." Well, they certainly seem to be doing their best to get into a Tariff Reformatory.

***

A correspondent writes to *The Observer* complaining of the uncomfortable seats in the Strangers' Gallery in the House of Lords. He suggests that they should be covered with morocco leather. We understand, however, that the proprietors do not feel justified in incurring any outlay at a moment when there is some uncertainty as to who would reap the benefit of the same.

***

We have sometimes heard of a man's heart being in his mouth. *The Glasgow News* tells us of a still more remarkable phenomenon. The Archbishop of YORK, our contemporary informs us, is "a Caledonian from his head to the soul of his feet."

***

The improvement in Trade continues to spread. The type-founders are now working overtime making asterisks in order to cope with the huge demand which has sprung up since the action of the libraries in regard to a certain type of fiction.

***

"Blue is a trying hue for most men," says *Men's Wear*. Certain novelists are now finding this particularly true.

***

Meanwhile, the report that a powerful syndicate of writers of pernicious novels is about to found a new library to be known as Muddie's is declared to be premature.

***

The expert committee of the Kaiser Friedrich Museum appointed to enquire into the authenticity of the Flora bust are rather hard on their own institution. They declare the bust to be one of the most notable acquisitions of the Prussian collection.

***

Suggested names for the two little Polar Bears who have just been born at the Zoo (only they must promise not to quarrel):—Peary and Cook.

***

"It is not every man," says *The Great Western Railway Magazine*, "who can boast of a family of the size possessed by a packer in the company's service at Taunton whose wife recently gave birth to her twenty-third child." But then the *G. W. R. M.* must remember that most of us would have a difficulty in finding room in our homes for so many piccaninnies. A packer has peculiar advantages.

***

A "leatherless leather" exhibition is to be held at the Eustace Miles Restaurant to prove that it is possible to do without animal skins. We wonder whether any other eating-houses will take up the idea, and hang out a notice:

"NOTHING LIKE LEATHER"?

LIAR!

TRY OUR STEAKS AND CHOPS.

***

An exceptionally cold Christmas is predicted, and *The Express*, which is always up-to-date, publishes a timely article, "How to enlist in the London Fire Brigade."

***

We cannot help thinking that people are jumping to hasty conclusions when they infer, from a statement made by some Eskimos to the effect that one day they saw a white house fall from the sky to the ground, that this was ANDRÉE's balloon. It may merely prove that there are jerry-builders in Mars.

***

"GOVERNMENT BOOT CONTRACTS"

is a heading which catches our eye in a newspaper. We are not surprised that it should contract. It was predicted that unless the Budget were passed the shoe would pinch.

***

"I really must apologise for giving you a few facts," said Mr. LLOYD GEORGE at Carnarvon. No apology was needed. Any change in this direction is always welcome.

***

Mr. NOEL BUXTON, the Liberal candidate for North Norfolk, has acknowledged that he holds £80,000 worth of stock in a brewery, but states that this does not prevent his being a keen temperance advocate. It is a great thing to be Liberal-minded.

***

A lady writes to *The Express* asking parents, guardians, and teachers to send to her clever sayings of children for a volume which she is preparing. Since reading this our elders bring out a note-book whenever we speak, and we fear we are becoming horribly self-conscious.

***

A notable saying of the week: The Mayor of CAMBERWELL (at a meeting of the Camberwell Borough Council)—"I will have no member of this Council called a baboon." Bravo, Sir! You show a very proper and manly spirit.



Mistress. "THERE, EMMA, THAT 'S HOW THE GLASSES SHOULD GO." *New Maid.* "YES, 'M, YES. YOU SEE I'VE NEVER LIVED IN A DRINKING FAMILY BEFORE."

"Owner of Motor-car: 'Let me have my bill, please. I've had some biscuits and cheese and a glass of bitter. What has my chauffeur had?' Waiter: 'Salmon trout, half a bottle of Moselle, black coffee, and a cigar, sir!'

"Owner of Car: 'Let me have my bill, please. I've had some cheese and biscuits, and a glass of bitter. What has the chauffeur had?' Waiter: 'Salmon trout, half a bottle of Moselle, black coffee, and half-a-dozen cigars'!" *The Statesman.*

This is one of those good stories which bear telling twice. But observe how the tobacco habit grows upon a man.

Mr. Punch greatly regrets that the following letter from the grocer has only just come into his hands:

"SIR OR MADAME,—I respectfully beg to inform you that on and after JULY 6th I shall cease to stock Wines and Spirits, as I am relinquishing the Licence. My primary reasons are conscientious objections to same, also in view of the increased Cost of Licence."

Mr. Punch is only afraid that with the death of the Budget the conscientious objections may go too.

"Four years ago Dr. Warre resigned the Head Mastership, and yesterday he received a cordial welcome back."—*Morning Post.*

Another curious old Eton custom.

"Owing to the wind, a pinnacle from Bath Abbey during the night fell harmlessly within the palings. The River Avon was low."
—*Leicester Daily Mercury.*

The splash must have been terrific.

ELECTION CORRESPONDENCE.

"SINGLE CHAMBER."—You touch upon a very real danger. As a distinguished Labour Member remarked the other day on being asked if he was in favour of the abolition of the Lords:—"What!" he said, "and let loose all those fellows on the electorate? Not me!" The prospect indeed gives us pause. Not only would all these Peers secure the franchise, which at present is denied them, along with women, aliens, and lunatics, but they would be allowed to stump the country during Election contests and actually enter the House of Commons. We should say that one hundred would get there easily on their merits (lots of them have been there before), and another hundred on the strength of their titles, for the British public still dearly loves a lord. These would form a very strong Tory element in the Commons, and your alarm is most reasonable; for, as you remark with great propriety, the idea of a Single Chamber is only thinkable on the assumption that it would be permanently Radical. Our present deplorable system, by which at worst the Lords only check legislation without initiating it, is infinitely to be preferred to a Single Chamber strongly impregnated with the decadent and putrefying influence of the Peerage,

"BRITISH HUMOUR."—"That the crowd (in Trafalgar Square) was moved by a serious determination did not destroy the sense of humour which is never absent from a gathering of Britishers. The production of a turnip, deftly carved to represent a vacuous face surmounted by a peer's coronet, raised shouts of laughter when it was hoisted on a stick with the inscription, 'The eldest born,'" You say that this passage, taken from *The Daily Chronicle*, makes you despair of British humour. Bear up; you have missed the point, which is really quite a good one. You have forgotten that that great Organizer of Monster Demonstrations, Capt. HEMPHILL, of the National Liberal Club, only escaped a turnip face through his elder brother, Lord HEMPHILL, being born before him.

"CHAOS IN THE CUSTOMS."—If you particularly want to go to the Head Office of the Customs to make a sketch for your threatened masterpiece in the manner of the late M. GUSTAVE DORÉ, we have no doubt that Mr. LAWRENCE GUILLEMARD, Chief of that Department, would give you every facility for studying Primeval Chaos on the spot. Indeed, thanks to the present smooth working of his Office, he would, I am sure, spare time to give you a personal sitting as "The Prince of Darkness," or, possibly, as "A Dragon of the Prime."

"FREE TRADER."—Are you down-hearted? Don't be that. The prayers of every good German are being raised on your behalf, that "the glorious institution of British trade freedom may be triumphantly vindicated" at the polls *(Berliner Tageblatt)*. As for Herr DELBRUECK, who says, in defence of German protective tariffs, "Under our present fiscal *régime* our industry has conquered the entire world," I should not pay any attention to such language. It is true that he is the Imperial Secretary of State for the Interior, but he is thinking of his own Interior and not yours.

"PENDULUM."—Yes, we have read Mr. BIRRELL'S quotation from Mr. BURKE to the effect that "a change in the national spirit" is "the most terrible of all revolutions," but we cannot help you. Mr. BIRRELL may have been referring to the Elections of 1906, or, again, to those of 1910. It is not always possible to see clearly into the mind of a Cabinet Minister. Mr. BART KENNEDY, however, has that power, and you should consult him. But he is very busy talking just now.

"NATIONALIST."—If you have any doubt as to whether your Irish Representatives are on the side of the People in the great struggle now impending, you cannot do better than read Mr. JOHN REDMOND'S open letter to Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, who has been going round America with the hat (dear old U.S.A.!). In that pregnant communication he says that the House of Lords has "challenged the immemorial right of the people's representatives to fix the taxes and to control the finances of the country." We can well understand that your faith was a little shaken on the occasion when the Irish people's representatives refused *en masse* to vote for the Third Reading of the Budget, thus declining to exercise their "immemorial right to fix the taxes." But words speak more strongly than actions, and this letter should restore your confidence.

"ONE OF THE PEOPLE."—Your brain must be on the soft side if you really suppose that the coming contest is between the Peers and the People. If it were it would be over before it had begun, since there are only a few hundred Peers and I don't know how many millions of the others; and, besides, the Peers can't vote. Of course the match is really People *v.* People, as it always is—each team playing at home. I see you are on the side of the People. Well, so are we. And, with any luck, we ought to win. O. S.

THE PLAINT OF AN ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

THEY thrust a nozzle down my throat, they pumped me into shape;
They bound my windpipe tightly that my breath should not escape;
They laced me in the spotless buff, I wore it with an air;
'Twas tight, but it was comely—and one suffers to be fair.

I was a gay and buoyant thing. Alas, I little dreamt
That all this bravery was doomed to ruin and contempt;
That, when they tricked me in my best, 'twas but to undergo
The ignominy of the mire, the insult of the toe.

Men leap not on the slumb'ring hare or meditating hart;
The very evil-smelling fox is honoured with a start;
But me, in most unknightly wise, they placed upon the ground,
And ten stern men on either side stood hungrily around.

Their boots were harsh, their eyes were fierce, their forms were scantly clothed;
Methought they glared on me as on an object that they loathed.
The sudden whistle pealed; and in a moment, like one man,
They seemed to fall upon me—and the jolly fun began.

They rolled me here, they drove me there: where'er I sought to turn
There was a clumsy foot to hack, an iron head to spurn;
Ever in front was one with poised and calculating boot;
Ever behind a brutal thud betokened the pursuit.

No hand was raised to help me; save for two apart that stand
Guarding the refuge nets, they shunned to touch me with the hand;
And these, when fawning I approached, but hurled me madly back,
Or punched me with the knotted fist, half-stunned, before the pack.

Buffeted, dodging, doubling, in my panic-flight I flew
Over the breathing-line—in vain; they haled me forth anew;
With monstrous bounds they savaged me, half-maddened by the squall
Of twenty thousand raucous throats all yelling, "On the Ball."

Their breath grew short, their eyes were glazed; but still in frenzied ire
They bruised me with their mighty feet, they rolled me through the mire;



THE COLOSSUS OF BATTERSEA.

The Right Hon. John Burns (*to his native borough*). "SHIFT ME, AND YOU BECOME A BLASTED HEATH!"

["If he were defeated the borough would never recover from the indelible stigma of rejecting him."—*Report, in "The Times," of Mr. John Burns' speech at the Battersea Town Hall.*]



SOCIETIES WE ADMIRE (BUT DO NOT BELONG TO).—No. 6.

THE LEAGUE FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF SILENT INFLUENCE.

Till bloated, sullen, desperate, I let them do their worst,
Hoping, before the crack of Time, with any luck, to burst.

Shame on the callous mob that cheered! Shame on the coward host
That fought to gain the privilege of who should hurt me most;
And shame on him that shaped me as an orange, to my shame,
Not as my eggy kinsman of the Rugby Union game!

It is men's task to raise him up; from hand to hand he flies,
Or, folded in their warm embrace, calm as a babe he lies;
They spare to kick him in the wind, save with a courteous grace
That lifts him through th' empyreal air, soaring aloft in space.

Ah gods, the swelling joys of such a flight! What pride to see
The world below, the wild hands stretched in welcome! And what glee
To flatter the expectant back, and then, with impish change,
Dash edgeways down, and leap, in lively error, out of range!

What cheers attest his prowess as he travels high and far!
What hush of awed suspense awaits his Crossing of the Bar!
And ah, how sad to think that aught so vital should depend
On being made all over round, or pointed at the end.

For we were both of like estate; but Fortune's fell employ
Has made of me a rolling drudge, and him an eggy toy.
And very much I would the boot were on the other leg—
Th' Association Orange he, and I the Rugby Egg.

DUM-DUM.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE success of Mr. WILLIAM DE MORGAN's new novel, with the snappy title, *It Never Can Happen Again*, is said to be likely to inaugurate a new era in fiction. Novelists, who have ever been quick to discern the trend of public favour, assisted by their publishers, never renowned for an adamantine and pedantic reluctance to assimilate their rivals' methods, have settled down to invent titles of similar discursiveness. Thus, Mr. JACOBS' new collection of short stories will be called *Those who go Down to the Sea in Ships*; Mr. HEWLETT's new novel, *They Love Too Much who Die for Love*; while Mr. DE MORGAN is at work upon *I Always Said the Thing was Extremely Unlikely to Recur*.

The recent decision of the circulating libraries to manage their own business in their own way has, it is well known, drawn from the Librarian of the House of Lords an eloquent protest. There is, however, no truth in the statement that Mr. GOSSE's letters to *The Times* have been bound in crushed levant as a gift to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE with a view to so placating him that he may relent and permit the House of Lords—and its Librarian—to exist, after all.

The notoriety procured for Mr. WILLIAM WATSON by his chivalrous description of a London hostess as "The woman with the serpent's tongue," has borne good fruit, and we are already promised by other bards "The man with the camel's hump," "The woman with the elephant's ears," "The girl with the hare's lip," and "The boy with the frog's march." Meanwhile, following time-honoured custom, "The woman with the serpent's tongue" is to be arranged as a more or less unclothed dance at the music-halls.

LETTERS TO A MARTIAN.

MY DEAR SIR,—You have heard, of course, that in this happy country of ours we are soon to be plunged into the turmoil and terror of a General Election. Already in every constituency the electors are being adjured with every variation of menace, entreaty and cajolery to march shoulder to shoulder to a certain triumph, and to allow no rust to dim the brightness of their flashing swords. Not a single stone anywhere is to be left unturned, for who knows what stone may conceal a mass of votes sufficient to determine the issue? The party pamphleteers, too, are busy with their wares, highly spiced and admirably composed. It would surprise you to read their efforts and to find how infamous we all are. Within the next five or six weeks six hundred and seventy men, all, according to one view or the other, criminals of a peculiarly atrocious kind (since their design is to shatter their country beyond hope of mending), will be returned as members of the House of Commons, and the land will have peace.

My pity in the meanwhile goes out to the candidates. Theirs is the speech-making part. Night after night they must travel from place to place in the pursuit of a majority of votes, and every night they are to be seen and heard on platforms. There is my friend Butterfield, for instance. Butterfield is a good, honest, solid man, a member of the London Stock Exchange, who has been selected to contest a County Division in the interest of Tariff Reform and the House of Lords, two great objects which divide him and his from the rapscallions who support Free Trade and the democracy. Butterfield has been a loving husband, a fond father and a pillar of finance in the City, "instead of which" he now runs about the country neglecting his business, abandoning his wife and family, and addressing political meetings. He tells me he has held more than thirty meetings in the past three weeks and hopes to hold fifty more before his polling day. He is no longer a man; he is an inexhaustible reservoir of words and phrases, which he pours out twice a night for more than half-an-hour without stopping. I heard him last week, and I am bound to say he did it admirably well.

What interested me, however, was not so much his speech itself as the thoughts that must have been passing through his mind as he uttered it. You'll say, perhaps, that a man like that can't think. You're entirely mistaken. While the pat phrases are tumbling out of his mouth he is thinking furiously, and his thoughts play him the most fantastic tricks. Let me give you an example to show my meaning. Butterfield's actual speech shall stand in the ordinary roman letters, while his thoughts shall appeal to you in italics.

You are to imagine a schoolroom in an agricultural village and an audience of fifty or sixty of the free and independent.



STUDY OF MAGAZINE COVER-DESIGNER EVOLVING SOMETHING NEW IN NECKS.

The chairman has had his ten minutes and has called on "our esteemed and popular candidate, Mr. Butterfield." Butterfield is on his legs. I pass over his preliminary compliments to the intelligence of his audience, and plunge into what I may call the thick of his speech:—

Butterfield. Why am I appealing to you? Why are we to have a general election? Because the House of Lords, in the exercise of its undoubted right—(*Mustn't say they rejected the Budget. That would be giving the show away*)—decided that the revolutionary proposals of this Government ought not to be passed into law without—(*This sentence is getting a bit mixed. However, now that I've begun it, I must finish it*)—a consultation, I mean, without submitting it to the judgment of the people. Is there anything wrong in that? Why, it is the Lords who are the true friends of the people.—(*A voice:* "Down with them!")—If my friend—(*It's that confounded Radical labourer they told me about. Why can't the beggar stop at home? What does he want to come to my meeting for?*)—will consider for a moment he will see that it is his Radical friends who are afraid to consult the people—(*The voice:* "Not much")—while we are willing to be guided by them—(*Better to leave the House of Lords and get on to the Budget and Tariff Reform*). The Radicals are very proud of the Budget—(*The voice:* "They've a right to be"). Yes, it's the only egg the Radical hen has laid after all these years, and the poor creature's going about the country—(*The voice:* "The country's going to teach you your place")—and—(*That rascal has put it out of my head. What was I saying?*)—eventually they can only complain that the grapes are sour. Now if the Budget is such a miracle of fairness as they say—(*There's a chap in the third row who looks like a Nonconformist minister. Wonder if he'll be down on me*)—why do they tax the working man's whiskey and his tobacco—(*Voice from the third row:* "That's better than taxing his food")—and how—(*The Chairman ought to stop these interruptions and keep these fellows in order*)—do they dare to come to you and call this a poor man's Budget?

There—I've given you a mere extract, of course, but it will serve as a sample of the rest. At the end the Chairman said that Butterfield would be only too glad to answer any number of questions. The questions were put right enough, but I never saw anybody look less delighted than Butterfield at having to tackle them. And this is the sort of thing he has to do every night.

Yours to a turn,

AN EARTHWORM.

"The house must be suitable for the occupation of a lady, or one that could be made so with a moderate expenditure."—*Advt. in "The Field."*

Money can't do it—you have to be born that way.



SCENE.—*Children's Dance.*

"I SAY, CHARLIE, WHAT'S THE ETIQUETTE? MY NEXT PARTNER'S LOOKING FOR ME AND THIS ONE'S STILL HAND AT IT."

SUPPRESSED EMOTIONS.

[Intending prosecutors will find all the information they require, except the Poet's address, in ARCHBOLD'S book on Criminal Proceedings, under the heading of "Inciting to a Breach of the Peace."]

TELL me not in noisy leaders
Life is at its crisis now,
And the crisis is the readers' . . .
Where's this crisis, anyhow?

"Revolution, riot, chaos!
Consternation, uproar, scare!"
Save in one obstreperous dray 'oss
I've not seen them anywhere.

Not in him "the wave of passion
Which has swept the countryside;"
Startled by a latest fashion,
He, to show his feelings, shied.

That irrelevant excepted,
Of the many I have seen
Not in one have I detected
Feelings from his outward mien.

Manners, goings-on and faces
I have watched and watched in vain;
Active wrath 's still spent on braces,
Cursers mostly curse the rain.

People still enjoy their victuals
(Gourmands even ask for more);
Life has still its beer and skittles,
Things are as they were before.

If you 've rightly gauged the Nation
(Meaning by the "Nation," us)
Let us all with acclamation
Step outside and make a fuss.

Let us do the thing by slices,
Take a sporting bard's advice;
If there 's this excess of crisis,
Goodness gracious, let us *crise!*

THINGS *YOU* DIDN'T KNOW.

Damp is very injurious to pianos. It is a mistake to clean them with a hose.

Foreign bodies in the eye should never be removed with a pin. Loosen all clothing about the neck, remove artificial teeth, and keep patient amused till the doctor arrives.

Trousers will last nearly as long again if worn only half the time.

To tell if a poker is really red-hot, breathe on it and apply it to the back of the hand.

Freckles can be removed with a file, but it is a tedious process.

Earwigs will not attack dahlias if you smother them in tar—either of them.

To avoid a pimple while shaving, cover it with luminous paint, and shave in the dark with a safety razor.

There is no law in this country against dropping a penny stamp into a pillar-box, unattached to a letter or other missive.

A kick from a mouse would probably not even waken a sleeping elephant. A kick from an elephant, on the other hand, would probably injure a sleeping mouse for life.

Geysers are met with in Iceland, where some of them throw up fountains of steam and hot water 200 feet high. In England they are mostly used for heating bath-water, and are seldom more than 3 to 3 ft. 6 in. high.

"The fire broke out about nine o'clock. The night watchman promptly gave the alarm by blowing the heap of ruins, only one block being saved."—*Daily Graphic.*

"Blow the ruins," said the watchman as he fanned the flames with all his breath.

BARBARA'S PRESENT.

"IF you *should* happen to be in Regent Street to-morrow at four" (ran the assignation), "just where what's the name of that street comes into it, and a lady in a very pretty new mauve coat and skirt bows to you, raise your hat and say, 'Crisis,' and she will let you help her with her shopping."

My guess at the name of the street was successful. I raised my hat and said, "Good afternoon."

"But you had to say 'Crisis,' " said Miss Middleton. "That's the password."

"I can't. I've sworn I'll never say it again. I took a most fearful oath. Several people heard me taking it, and swooned."

"But how do I know you're the right one if you don't say it? Well, I suppose I shall have to let you come. I've just lost mother; she went in at the silver department and out at the art fabrics—like people when they can't pay for their hansoms."

"Yes, that's bad. The accused, who appeared to feel her position acutely, gave a false address. What are you going to buy?"

"Well, I thought I'd just help you get *your* presents first."

"I'm not giving any this Christmas. I gave a lot only a year ago."

"Oh, but haven't they paid you any wages since then?"

"Yes, a few trifling sums, only—— Quick, there's your mother!" I pulled Miss Middleton hastily into the nearest shop and shut the door.

"What fun!" she said breathlessly. "Mother *loves* hide-and-seek."

Mrs. Middleton hurried past, covered with parcels, and dived into another door.

"It's quite safe now," I said. "Let's go and——"

"What can I have the pleasure of showing you?" said a soothing voice at our backs.

We turned round in alarm.

"Er—we only just—let me see, *what* was it you wanted?" said Miss Middleton to me.

"I don't really want anything. I was going to help you buy one of those—— *you* know."

"Yes, but I've got that. I know there was *something* you said you wanted very much."

"Probably tea."

"Tiaras," explained Miss Middleton hastily. "Of course."

"Certainly, madam," said the shop-walker. "If you will just sit down," he continued, leading us to a little room out of the main stream of shoppers, "I will send somebody to attend to you."

We sat down mechanically. I leant my stick against a show-case and balanced my hat on the top of it.

"Now you've done it," I said. "How many tiaras shall we have? I've got nearly four pounds."

"We needn't have any. We can say we don't much care about their selection."

"Or that we wanted one specially built for us."

"One goes into dozens of shops without buying *anything*," said Miss Middleton cheerily.

"I never do," I replied gloomily. "Hush, here he comes."

An attendant advanced briskly towards us. I put my hands in my pockets and tried to count my money.

"Tiaras, madam? Certainly. About what price?"

"Tell him about three pounds eight and six," I whispered to Miss Middleton. "Three pounds nine," I corrected, as I ran another sixpence to ground.

"Here is a beautiful one at two hundred and fifty pounds."

"Too much," I prompted softly.

"Oh," broke in Miss Middleton brightly, "I'm so sorry—such a silly mistake! We wanted neck-chains, not tiaras! Barbara has a tiara already, hasn't she?" she appealed to me.

"Two," I said quickly. "If not three."

"I'm so sorry," said Miss Middleton again, with a dazzling smile. "The first gentleman must have misunderstood. Of course we gave her a tiara last year."

The man was disappointed; I saw that. But the smile melted him, and he went off in all friendliness.

"Tiara doesn't sound very much like neck-chain," I remarked after a pause.

"Oh, don't you think so? It depends how you say it. Same as Beauchamp and Cholmondeley."

"And what is it when pronounced properly?"

"It's a chain that hangs round your neck, and when you don't quite know what to say to anybody you play with it carelessly. Or else you finger it absently. Like men smoking cigarettes, only better for you."

"I see. Well, here comes a hundred of the best."

The attendant got to business at once.

"This one," he said, holding up rather a jolly one, "comes out at ten guineas."

"Tell him," I whispered to Miss Middleton, "that we've only come out with three."

"That's *very* pretty," she said. "Are those moonstones?"

"Yes, madam. The fashionable stone this year."

"It's more for next year that we want it."

"I should say this season. I don't think you will find a prettier one than this, madam."

"It's very sweet. But aren't they unlucky, unless you happen to have been born in the right month?" She turned to me. "When is Barbara's birthday?"

"May," I said unhesitatingly. "I mean March."

"Anyhow," said Miss Middleton, "I know it's wrong for moonstones, because I was thinking of giving her some two years ago, and it had to be opals instead."

"We both thought of it," I said.

Miss Middleton looked at me so admiringly that I began to get reckless.

"Besides, we don't know the size of her neck," I went on. "And she never smokes—I mean she never doesn't know what to say to anybody. So I think we should be making a mistake if we gave her this. I do indeed. Now if it had been anybody else but Barbara——"

The man looked from one to the other of us in bewilderment.

"If you could show us some hat-pins instead?" said Miss Middleton hurriedly, before he could open his mouth.

"This is excellent," I said, as he retired in confusion; "we're working down well. All we've got to do now is to wait till he comes back and then say that we're sorry but we meant hairpins. With hairpins you're practically there."

"Supposing they only had gold ones."

"Then we should point out that they wouldn't go with Barbara's curiously-coloured hair. You leave this to me. I can finish it off now on my head. At the same time I'm sorry I'm not going to spend *anything*."

"Oh but you are," said Miss Middleton. "You're going to give me and mother tea."

"Of course I am," I agreed.

After tea I went back to the shop by myself.

"I want," I said, "a trifle for about three pounds. A moonstone pendant or something. Yes, that's very sweet. No, I'll take it with me."

They packed it in a pretty little box for me, and I'm going to send it to Miss Middleton on the 24th. I am putting in a card with the words "From Barbara" on it. As I said, I am not giving any presents myself this year, but I do think that Barbara should repay at least *some* of the kindnesses which have been showered upon her so wantonly.

A. A. M.

"A good home wanted at once for small pony retiring from business."
Dumfries Standard.

He will have to take up a hobby of some kind now—gardening or fretwork.

WHY READ AT ALL?

FOR BUSY MEN.—THE WORLD'S GREATEST AUTHORS TAKEN IN AT A GLANCE.—II. MR. ROBERT HICHENS



THE GLAMOUR OF THE ORIENT.



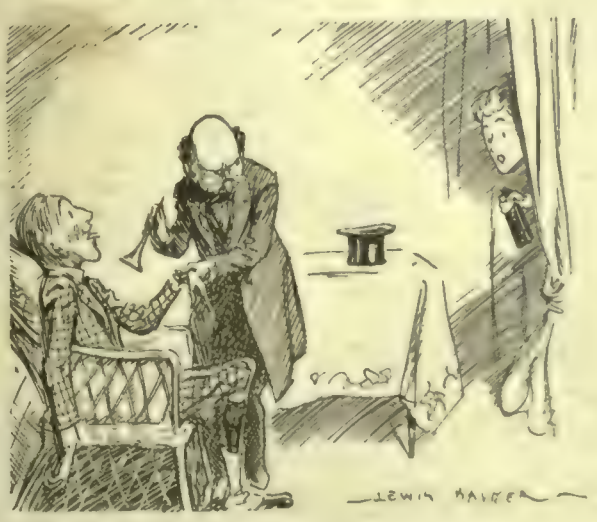
DEPARTURE OF THE HUSBAND.



BY THE MOONLIT NILE.



RETURN OF THE HUSBAND.



UNMASKED!



THROWN OVER!



Boy (having blown for taxi). "HERE, I DON'T WANT YOU. I BLEW ONCE TWICE."
Cabby. "OH, I THOUGHT YOU BLEW TWICE ONCE."

For Christmas Festivities.

["To collect for its purchaser the life stories of fifty friends is the purpose of 'The Interview Book,' a novelty among this year's Christmas gifts."—*Daily Mail.*]

Mr. Punch has not seen the work in question, but knowing the tendency of the day to false delicacy he ventures to suggest a few questions which are probably omitted from it, but could not fail to add to the liveliness of the happy season which is upon us:—

Who was your father?
How often was he a bankrupt?
Who was your mother?
What is her real age?
Do your parents get on together?
If not, whose fault do you think it is?
When were you born?
Were you ever expelled from school?
What is your income?
Have you now become temperate?

"The Takin was not a new discovery, for it was known as far back as 1838."—*The Observer.*

It was known even earlier. There was an excellent one in connection with the South Seas in 1720.

CREATURE COMFORTS.

["What greater pleasure can there be to a private gentleman," says CARL HAGENBACK in his *Beasts and Men*, "than that of maintaining and establishing personal friendships with a collection of foreign animals?"]

FOR years I led a dreary life;
The days passed slowly, one by one;
I fed the ducks, reproved my wife,
Played HANDEL'S *Largo* on the fife,
Or gave the dog a run.
I neither realised nor knew
The pleasures of a private Zoo.

I never loved a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
Nor ever to my lot it fell
To know a penguin really well,
Till, early last July,
I bought a small menagerie,
And oh! the difference to me!

Now, when my spouse, perverse or cold,
Induces an attack of dumps,
I feel encouraged and consoled
When in their *manège* I behold
My camels' greater humps;
I fly from dear mamma-in-law
To Kate, my talkative macaw.

When statesmen's speeches are disgraced
By vulgar insults which denote
A lamentable lack of taste,
I seek my monkey-house in haste
To find an antidote;
I turn for manners to the lair
Of Bosco, my performing bear.

Those "lions" whom we *fête* and feed,
Heroes of sword or brush or pen,
Are they more dignified, indeed,
Than creatures of that nobler breed
Which decorate my den?
The more my fellow-men I view,
The more I love my private Zoo!

COLDSTREAM.

AMÉLIE DE L'ENCLOS, we are informed,

"reaches what is described as the 'four-lined C,' a note which, it is claimed, has never before been reached by a singer."

Hint for the lady's advt. manager:

She was the first
That ever burst
Into the "four-lined C."

"DAINTY: Always keep a lemon on the washstand. It will prevent the skin forming round the half moons at the base of the finger nails, and keep the latter in good condition."—*Manchester Weekly Times.*

Another useful tip to remember is that a pomegranate kept in the wardrobe prevents the hair from falling out.

"The Scherzo is a fine wild piece of music, always struggling to fly away into space, restrained by the Composer, ably assisted by the players."—*Madras Times.*

Why do the players' blisters hurt so?
Because they're grappling with the Scherzo.



DISILLUSIONED.

Average Peer (*on the stump*). "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN——"

British Workman. "'ULLO—WHERE'S 'IS SINISTER EYE, AN' 'IS RAVENIN' MAW, AN' 'IS BLOOD-STAINED DAGGER AN' ALL, SAME AS IN THE PAPERS?"



PEEROTS ON TOUR.

Chorus (with conscious pride). "Yes, we sat upon the Budget on the flo-o-or,
A thing we had nev-ah done befo-o-ore."
(Lords Lansdowne, Halsbury, Londonderry, and Curzon.)

THE FALL OF THE BLOOD.

I HAVE scarcely got over the shock yet, although it happened more than twenty-four hours ago.

We called the youth "The Pedigree Pup." He traced his ancestors back to the CONQUEROR. Not that there was much harm in that, but he was always ramming the allegation down our throats, and it used to get on our nerves. Otherwise he was a harmless well-dressed idiot. With regard to his pedigree, as a matter of fact, none of us believed in it—and in any event it seemed an insufficient excuse for him—and you may be sure his trusted intimates never lost a chance of telling him so.

But two of us felt sorry about this yesterday.

Yesterday we were out with him when on a sudden he fell heavily on his back on the pavement. A confounded piece of banana skin had done it. And when the Pedigree Pup tried to rise he couldn't. With a groan he fell back again. At first we thought he was trying to draw us, but when we bent down to help him up we saw a sight which made us feel queer. Blood was trickling from the side of the Pedigree Pup—*and its colour was blue.*

You never saw such shame-faced sceptics as we were then. "We're sorry, old chap," we said, just before he noticed what we had seen. Then he looked at us reproachfully, and swooned . . . It was the work of a minute to call a cab and to rush him to a hospital.

Our feelings during the diagnosis may better be imagined than described. We had to wait only ten minutes, but it seemed as many hours. "If he gets over this, we'll never chaff the poor old fellow again," we said.

At last the doctor—much too young for his job, it seemed to us—appeared.

"Well?" we asked in unison.

"Your friend has sprained his ankle," he said.

"But the blood, doctor?"

"What blood?"

"Why, the blue blood."

"Ah, I had forgotten that," he said, and smiled in what we regarded as a callous manner.

"We were fond of our friend," I said reprovingly. "In falling, he surely broke an artery?"

"A very natural mistake," he said kindly. "So many amateurs find a difficulty in distinguishing between an artery and a fountain pen."

* * * * *

"For some informality in front of the Durham goal posts, Gamon had a free kick allowed, but he made a wretched attempt with him to shake hands and say good-bye, for he was later."—*The Yorkshire Post.*

GAMON *must* remember to be in time.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE BLUE BIRD."

To Mr. JOSEPH HARKER who painted the scenery; to Messrs. CAYLEY ROBINSON and S. H. SIME who helped him in designing it; to Miss INA PELLY who arranged the dances; to Mr. LYALL SWETE who produced the play; and to Mr. HERBERT TRENCH who had the courage to present it, I am greatly in debt for some extraordinarily beautiful spectacular effects in *The Blue Bird*. And there was M. MAETERLINCK, too. I must not forget him, for, after all, it was he who provided the matter to work upon. But he would have fared indifferently without the assistance of these others. I do not complain that his work was a medley of pantomime, fairy-tale and allegory. New dramatic forms are always welcome if they lend themselves to presentation on the stage. My complaint is that this is not good pantomime nor right fairy-tale nor sound allegory. As pantomime it has not stuff enough in it to go round, and it has too little "relief" for what stuff there is. As fairy-tale it lacks cohesion and really provides no story, as *Peter Pan* does, to hold the imagination of children. As allegory, it is wanting in the logical consistency that is demanded of symbolic work.

The main idea, I am authoritatively informed, is the search of Mankind after Happiness. But this quest is conducted in the most unlikely quarters—now in a graveyard, and now among the cavernous haunts of the spirits of disease and war and death. And, when one has the Idea symbolised by two little innocent children in search of a Blue Bird, the unlikelihood of this course of inquiry almost touches the limits of the grotesque. The fact is that a few disconnected ideas have occurred to M. MAETERLINCK, some of them drawn from the realm of poetic phantasy, others founded on hard fact: as that there are no dead; that those whom we call the dead are just asleep, and wake up to the old life whenever the living remember them—a very gentle thought; that Nature—both the animal and the vegetable world—is the enemy of man; that the dog is a beautiful exception; and so forth. A fairy poem might possibly have been built up round these ideas, with everything left to the imagination. But when you try to stage them; when you try, in the prosaic atmosphere of a theatre, to illustrate your fancy by concrete instances, you are forced into all kinds of inevitable crudities. This peril does not escape the intelligence of M. MAETERLINCK, and so he attempts to disarm ridicule by a little merriment of his own, not always well-timed. Take the graveyard scene. He wishes to illustrate the poetic thought that there are no dead. So, after some incongruous frivolity on the part of the questing boy, midnight strikes, the lights are turned down, and when they are put up again the graves are seen covered with stiff rows of funereal flowers (the critic of *The Times* pauses in his rhapsody to give a catalogue of their Latin names). A poet, just using words without pictures plain or coloured, and trusting a little to my imagination, might trace for me, in the flowers that spring from a grave, the symbol of immortality, and I should be content. But this stage-mechanism leaves me cold and sceptic.

I may add that the subsequent exhibition of a dancing skeleton in Act V. did not help much to confirm M. MAETERLINCK'S statement that there are no dead.

Take again the pretty fancy of a region inhabited by unborn children waiting for their birth. Realized in concrete form, the scene invites to impious laughter. Two children, blue and unborn, are already in love with one another; a third informs the little human boy, *Tyltyl*, who is only half his size, that he hopes shortly to become his baby-brother. *Father Time* seeks to relieve the situation with some mild facetiousness; but it is really the splendour of the scenic background that saves it.

I know I shall be called profane and a Philistine. I know that, if I were a good critic like the others, I should approach a work by M. MAETERLINCK with the awe due to a Master of Symbolism, and attribute any apparent failure on his part to my own want of poetic insight. Well, I must bear these reflections with what meekness I can command, and meanwhile invite the others to go and see *Peter Pan* once more, and recover their childhood.

The performance was excellent. Little Miss OLIVE WALTER, as the boy *Tyltyl*, was the best child I have ever seen on the stage. She maintained an admirable interest and curiosity in the various wonderments which it was her business to investigate, and did not attempt to conceal her very natural indifference to the lectures of which she was from time to time the innocent victim. I cannot share the general enthusiasm for the dog and cat, not caring much for half-human hybrids. Give me the uncompromising actualities of Drury Lane.

Next to the extreme beauty of the scenery (and I wish, by the way, that more gauze had been used to give the right vagueness to things of the imagination), I cherish most the memory of Miss INA PELLY as *Water*, a charming study in the manner of the nymphs of Mr. WATERHOUSE'S pictures, and her exquisite dance in the Third Act. If only some of our "classical" performers had her youth and litheness and grace of limb.

As a great admirer of Mr. HERBERT TRENCH'S enterprise, I wish I could forecast a long success for his latest presentation. But, in spite of its many delightful fancies, I am afraid that the children will want a more enthralling tale, and one with less of death in it, and that their elders will feel that in this effort to realise abstract ideas the stage, not for the first time, has overstepped the limits proper to its art.

But I am grateful to M. MAETERLINCK, for, until I had seen his *Blue Bird*, I never appreciated at its full worth the genius of Mr. BARRIE. O. S.



VIVE LE SPORT!

GOING OUT AFTER BLUE BIRDS.

Tyltyl . . . . . MISS OLIVE WALTER.
Mytyl . . . . . MISS PAULINE GILMER.
Tylô, the Dog . . . . . MR. ERNEST HENDRIE.
Tylette, the Cat . . . . . MR. NORMAN PAGE.



QUESTIONS FOR THE "BOOK OF ETIQUETTE."

IF YOU HAVE RIGGED OUT A GUEST TO ENABLE HIM TO COME OUT BEAGLING, IS IT PERMISSIBLE, WHEN YOU SEE HIM NEGOTIATING BARBED WIRE, TO REMIND HIM OF YOUR VESTED INTEREST IN A PORTION OF HIS WARDROBE?

A CASE FOR LOYOLA.

I MET him, where one meets most of the odd characters, in a public-house. He was drinking the national beverage, now reduced once again to its traditional price, and drinking it not the less readily on that account.

We had no introduction save the circumstance that we chanced both to be taking refreshment at the same time—and, after all, is not that a bond? He did not begin to talk at once, and very likely would not have done so had not a little man come hastily in, received his drink, laid his money on the bar without a word, also without a word drunk it, and hurried out again.

"You might guess a hundred times before you could say what that man does," said my neighbour.

I gave it up at once. He might have been anything requiring no muscle, and there are so many varieties of such professions. An insurance agent, but he was too busy and taciturn; a commission agent, but he was alone; a cheap oculist, but he would not be free at this hour. I therefore gave it up at once.

"He 's a conjurer," said the man.

"Not on the stage: goes out to parties and smokers."

I expressed the necessary amount of surprise and satisfaction.

"Odd what different things men do," he continued. "There 's all sorts of trades, isn't there? I often sit for hours watching men and wondering what they are. Sometimes you can tell easily. A carpenter, for instance, often has a rule pocket in his trousers that you can spot. A lawyer's clerk has a certain way with him. Horses always leave their mark on men, and you tell coachmen even in plain clothes. But there 's many left to baffle you."

"Yes," I said (for I, too, am a "bromide"), "it needs a *Sherlock Holmes*."

"And yet there 's some to puzzle even him," said my man. "Now what do you think he 'd make of me?"

Upon my word I couldn't say. He was just the ordinary artisan, with a little thoughtfulness added. A small, pale man, grizzled and neat, but the clothes were old. The shininess and bagginess of the knees suggested much kneeling; nothing else gave me a hint.

"I give that up too," I said.

"Well," he replied, "I 'll tell you, because you 're a stranger. I 'm a worm-holer."

"A worm-holer?"

"Yes, I make worm-holes in furniture to make it seem older and fetch a better price."

"Great heavens!" I said, "I have heard of it, of course, but I never thought to meet a worm-holer face to face. How do you do it?"

"It 's not difficult," he said, "to make the actual holes. The trick is to make 'em look real."

"And what becomes of the furniture?"

"America chiefly," he said. "They like old English things there, the older the better. Guaranteed Tudor things will fetch anything . . . we guarantee all ours."

"And you have no conscience about it?" I asked.

"None," he said. "Not any more. I had a little once, but there, the Americans are so happy with their finds it would be a shame to disappoint them. I look on myself as a benefactor to the nation now. I often lie awake at nights—I sleep badly—thinking of the collectors in U.S.A. hugging themselves with

satisfaction that a chair which QUEEN ELIZABETH might have sat in is theirs at last. Just think of their excitement and joy. No man who brings such simple and honest feelings to his fellow-beings is a rogue. You admit that?"

I am no casuist. "Tell me how you came to be a worm-holer," I said.

"It was out of gratitude," he replied, "to a dealer who had been kind to me. I wanted to repay him. I had no money, only ideas and some ability. He had up to that time been on the straight, as we say. I showed him how to make much more money and save himself and his family from ruin. He had no chance in the ordinary way; as a purveyor of spurious antiques—always, mark you, giving pleasure and happiness — he could succeed. "Because," he added, as he finished his beer, "it's not what *is* that counts but what one thinks it."

He wished me good morning and walked out.

"Good heavens!" I said again. "Where am I?"

And I am still wondering.

A SPORTING TRAGEDY.

["Athletics," according to Miss MAY SUTTON, "are the best antidote for premature love affairs."]

In early youth he loved and wooed,
And oh! his ways were wondrous gentle;
For sports, which he considered rude,
He did not care one continental;
But, though her heart he strove to gain
With many a tender word and deed, he
Found all his amorous efforts vain
Because she thought him far too weedy.

"The man who marries me must show
Some skill at outdoor exercises,
Have scored his century or so
And won his share of sporting prizes.
In time, perhaps, I 'll love you well,
And may consent to have you by me,
But *now* you cannot even tell
A cut past cover from a stymie."

He strove to bang the hefty four,
He learned to bowl the googly twister,
To lean upon the lusty oar,
Disdainful of the frequent blister.
All sports proved potent to delight
One who had been so limp a lover,
From over-flying WILBUR WRIGHT
To under-studying a shover.

But, though the prospect of her hand
First turned his taste in this direction,
Sport's fascination gripped him, and
Stifled his premature affection.
The passing years have left him free;
Her words on Man are simply cutting;
A solitary spinster she,
While he 's—improving in his putting.

AT THE KNEE OF AN IDOL.

BY ALBERT DE TOMPKYNS, M.P.

[*With acknowledgments to Mr. Arthur Ponsonby's fascinating treatise on the iniquity of riches, "The Camel and the Needle's Eye."*]

. . . BUT while the possession not merely of riches B. D. A. (Beyond the Dreams of Avarice), but of wealth beyond the standard of a full competence, has been shown to be damaging to the owner and dangerous to the community, it would be undesirable to enforce an abstinence from the amenities of life calculated to interfere with the happiness of the Enlightened Unit.

In arriving at a clear definition of the sumptuary limit, nothing is more helpful than the concrete instance. Let us, therefore, begin with boots. Man is a walking animal, but unhappily, deprived of his pristine horny-footedness by the enervating influence of an advanced civilisation, cannot dispense with these cumbrous and costly leather cases. Under Socialism, as WALTER BAGEHOT once acutely surmised, every man would have one boot. Possibly, if he were alive now, he might be tempted to add "and one roller skate." But setting aside this solution as alas! too Utopian, we have to ask ourselves the following soul-shaking (or shall we say sole-shaking?) question: How many pairs of boots ought the Enlightened Unit to possess without becoming a danger to the community?

Here the opinions of experts are in acute conflict. Lord ALTHORP, that stalwart Radical, has pronounced the irreducible minimum for a self-respecting single-chamber man to be sixteen pairs, and absolutely condemns the use of elastic sides. Sir JESSE BOOT, on the other hand, places the figure as low as six. We shall probably not be deviating from the norm of sociological exactitude if we split the difference, and say that the Enlightened Unit should not possess more than eleven pairs of boots and shoes.

Another cognate question of vast importance for the community is that of camels. How many camels may a man possess without incurring the stigma of opulence and passing into the dread limbo of mirthless misery, for, as Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE remarks: "A millionaire seldom smiles." Statistics compiled by Mr. GRAYSON reveal the terrible fact that the son of a peer recently kept a private menagerie. In Paris it is a common practice for decadent gentlemen and ladies to perform in a private circus. But the associations of the camel are such as to repel the sympathies of all right-minded humanitarians. The camel suggests Egypt, that ever-present witness of our tyranny and oppression. The camel has been celebrated by Mr. KIPLING, the apostle of a debased Imperialism. And lastly, in the witty language of that great theologian, BERNARD SHAW, "The man who keeps a camel generally gets the hump." Taking all these considerations into account, it will, we think, be readily admitted that there is no urgent need for a Self-respecting and Enlightened Unit to keep camels at all, but that, if he does, he should not run to more than four, or say two dromedaries. As the great NAPOLEON truly remarked, "*Il faut se borner.*" Before we quit this branch of the subject let us say that the question whether peers should or should not keep private menageries is implicitly answered in the title which collectively symbolises the credentials of our hereditary legislators—Lord No Zoo.

Another question of poignant interest at this moment is that of yachts. How many yachts, for example, may a baronet or, to be concrete, may Sir THOMAS LIPTON possess? Yachting, when the owner is a genuine seaman, is a healthy and invigorating pursuit? We think we shall not be deviating from the standard of good taste and economy if we say that no person possessing a full competence ought to own more than one steam yacht, one racing cutter, and three motor launches. A larger number would probably lay the owner open to a charge of ostentation, which, if he is a man of humane views and a supporter of the land taxes, might prove embarrassing to his *amour propre*. In this context we would also suggest with all respect that no Radical M.P. ought to give more than sixteen Fragonard dinner-parties in the course of a single season.

When we approach the discussion of the bi-cameral system in a fitting spirit of dispassionate detachment, a number of problems of vital interest literally leap to the eyes. How many times ought a "backwoodsman" to go to a Gaiety burlesque to justify his being denounced in *The Chronicle* as the "*ne plus ultra* of devilish decadence"? How many times must a peer succumb to inebriety before he is entitled to be called (1) a drunken helot, (2) as drunk as a lord? These are only a few of the perplexities which beset the path of the earnest sociological inquirer in search of the sumptuary limit. Sauerbeck's Index Number is no doubt a useful but by no means an infallible guide, and an emotional stimulus can always be obtained by the perusal of the treatises of Crittenden, Blamphin, Orella Corre and Alpheus Boker. But in these, as in all other psycho-political investigations, the honest observer should rely chiefly on his own prepossessions, eschewing the mirage of statistics and the *fata Morgana* of fact . . .



THE TOY-SHOP OF THE NEAR FUTURE.

IN VIEW OF THE TENDENCY TO REALISM IN TOYS, IT IS FEARED THAT VERY SOON NOTHING BUT THE ACTUAL ANIMAL WILL SATISFY OUR YOUNGSTERS.

THE BIRDMAN

(By one who is a bit sick of the title).

His nerves are sublimely unflustered;
  Selecting a suitable date,
He can vanquish the kite or the bustard,
  And storm at Olympus's gate;
    Behold him, my free Muse!
    Astounding the sea-mews,
And leaving the petrel behind him pumped out and irate.

The lord of the welkin, the satrap
  Of fowls o' the air, he may spurn
(As he sits in a sort of a rat-trap,
  Tied up with a windmill concern),
    From the shrike to the hoopoe
    His subjects, and pooh-pooh
The whole feathered tribe—till it comes to a difficult turn.

If I sought some aerial roamer
  To send Araminta my love,
Should I turn to the strong-wingéd "homer"?
  Should I plead with the Paphian dove?
    Should I crave for the swallow,
    My fair one to follow?
Not much! when the gyroscope packet is pounding above.

Old Jupiter's minions are jealous:
  The roc of the rose-coloured East
And the birds of which scientists tell us,
  The stout pterodactyles (deceased),
    Would rise in their anguish
    From graves where they languish,
To learn that the skies had been pinched by a parvenu beast.

For observe how (to quote the reporter)
  The monoplane leaps from the ground
(When the wind 's in a suitable quarter)
  And after a bump on a mound
    Bolts up to the ether,
    All England beneath her,
Twelve yards from the earth and completes an unparalleled round.

This only I ask of the papers
  That term him the prince of the sky—
Can the airman compete with the capers
  Of gnats, when the sunset is nigh?
    Can they swoop like the creatures
    That tickle one's features?
Or soar with the verve and the grace of the bluebottle fly?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MY private belief is that MAUD DIVER became so strongly attached to that excellent former creation of hers, *Captain Desmond, V.C.*, that she wrote *Candles in the Wind* (BLACKWOOD) solely for the pleasure of bringing him into it. And small blame to her. Accordingly, when her latest hero, *Alan Lawrence*, has been brought to the last limit of human endurance, suddenly there enters, the god from the car, an English officer "whose fine-featured face seemed oddly familiar." So that was all right! *Desmond* locked away the too-tempting revolver, nursed *Laurence* through a sharp attack of fever, and generally straightened things up all round. Amongst other worries, *Laurence* was vexed with himself because he had fallen in love with the wife of Somebody Else. I do not think he can have read many Anglo-Indian novels, or he would have known that they seldom have any other foundation. Eventually, however, *Videlle*, who, to make matters worse, is tainted with black blood, dies of plague, and my only reason for sorrow was that this naturally ends the book, which, so long as hero and heroine were kept apart, was interesting, and even in parts thrilling. Not by reason of the plot, which, as you see, is no great matter, but for the setting. This is quite wonderfully well done. Miss DIVER'S pen-pictures of the tremendous Afghan frontier bring all the romance and terror and mystery of this fringe of Empire home to the reader with a force that must surely leave the smallest Little Englander gasping and enlarged.



Salesman (lately promoted to curio department). "THIS NECKLACE, MADAME, WAS ORIGINALLY MADE FOR THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, WHO GAVE IT TO ANNE OF AUSTRIA. WE 'RE SELLING A LOT OF THEM."

I like a book that flings a crowd
  Of fighting actors on the stage,
With threats and curses shouted loud
  And pistol-shots on every page—
A book that sends my heart, long pent
  Below, a-fluttering to my mouth;
And that 's what RANDALL PARRISH meant
  To make *My Lady of the South*.

It hails from Messrs. PUTNAM'S SONS,
  And when I say it hails, it 's true;
It fairly buffets you with tons
  Of points which ought to thrill you through.
They don't—not me, at least—and yet
  It rather puzzles me to trace
Just where our RANDALL fails to get
  His finger on the vital place.

The reason isn't that he bores
  By giving a transparent plot;
Or that the Yankee Civil War 's
  A hackneyed period; it is not.
He has an eye for types of men;
  He does not hug the beaten track;
He starts his story well, and then
  He somehow seems to lose the knack.

The sex problem, it is true, looms frequently in *Love and the Wise Men* (METHUEN), but Mr. PERCY WHITE has treated the subject so amusingly and discreetly that it will shock the puritanical as little as it will entertain the prurient. "Modern education," says *Spenser Kirke*, "is suffering from the blight of a false delicacy which makes schoolmasters ashamed to teach the young that they are as much a part of the world as kittens," and obsessed by this idea he sends his nephew, *David Kirke*, and *Philip Herriott* to the Institution "Bard" at Rouen, in which the most modern system of instruction was supposed to prevail. The result, however, was that the two boys became intensely alive to the emotions which were to have been subdued. *Mme. Bard*, along with *Patricia Harcourt*, a charming girl who lived inconveniently close to the Institution, played ducks with all educational theories, and *David* and *Philip* left Rouen precipitately. After this set-back *Philip* went placidly to Rugby, and as he managed to go there in his sixteenth year and also succeeded in watching a Gentlemen *v.* Players' match at Lord's in August I think that he had more than his ordinary share of luck. *David's* education in the meantime was supervised by his uncle, and things went smoothly enough until *Patricia* arrived in England. Then, in spite of systems and philosophy, *David* fell in love, and so did *Philip*, and so, to round off the comedy, did *Spenser Kirke*—although his charmer was not *Patricia* but *Philip's* mother. Perhaps it is a pity that the story does not end with the uncle's downfall, for *David's* pursuit of a wife is a little out of harmony with the prevailing spirit. Still, so full of delicious irony and so free from sarcasm is *Love and the Wise Men* that I am more inclined to congratulate the author than to criticise.

"In a letter to Mr. T. Harrington, M.P., Mr. Waldron states that the demands of his duties requiring my presence in Dublin, I make it impossible that he should stand as candidate at the forthcoming General Election."—*Dublin Evening Mail.*

So if Mr. HARRINGTON has a seat which isn't yours, no doubt they are the ones.

"To-day's Cross-Country Passages.
(By arrangement with the S. E. & C. R.)"—*Daily News.*

In disgust at our friendly hint, the S. E. & C. R. has (it will be seen) given up arranging the weather for cross-Channel passages, and now confines itself to the land.

From "Hints to Memsahibs" in an Indian paper:—

"To clean furniture: Rub on the following: 1 of beeswax to 1 spirits of turpentine; strain through coarse muslin."

For heavy pieces of furniture the muslin should be very coarse.

CHARIVARIA.

WHEN is a next door not a next door? For solution of this riddle address the Rt. Hon. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, marking the envelope plainly "Cardiff Tailor."

***

We are pleased to see that the exemplary sentence of three months' imprisonment has been passed on a man for a fraud on the War Office. There is something peculiarly unsportsmanlike in taking advantage of the innocence of this institution.

***

Superstitious persons are saying that a proof that death is hovering over the House of Lords may be found in the titles which the two newest peers have chosen. Admiral Sir JOHN FISHER becomes Baron FISHER of Kilverstone, and Sir ARTHUR GODLEY is now Baron KILBRACKEN of Killegar. In each title there is a distinct suggestion of homicide. *Absit omen*!

***

Mr. BALFOUR is taking a fortnight's rest. His message to his colleagues: — "You make the speeches: I 'll do the rest."

***

In his racy speech at the Authors' Club on Naval Gunnery, Admiral Sir PERCY SCOTT apologised for the fact that "by force of circumstance his remarks had to be rather like *Hamlet* with the Prince of Denmark left out." But surely, writes an old lady, the KAISER is not yet Prince of Denmark?

***

The Political Stakes. Scratched.—*The Chaos.*

***

"The dwellers in glass houses," said Mr. BIRRELL at Bristol, "have begun to throw stones at the Constitution." Does this figure of speech, we wonder, shadow the acquisition of the Crystal Palace by the Government as a home for evicted peers?

***

"If manners make the man, clothes make the woman," says Mrs. GEORGE CORNWALLIS WEST. Nothing was said as to what makes the militant suffragette, but we think it cannot be manners.

***

The statement made by a police inspector at East Ham to the effect that in the county of Essex all birds are protected on Sundays is, we are informed, not strictly correct. During the summer a sparrow hopped into an Essex church, the door of which was open, and was allowed to remain there during the whole of the sermon.

***

More signs that we are in for an arctic winter! During the cold snap last week seventy Polar bears suddenly appeared at the Hippodrome. It is many years since so many have been seen in London.



Bus Conductor (at Hyde Park Corner). "'ERE, WOT YER WANT TO GET DOWN 'ERE FOR? Y'ASKED FOR THE MARBLE ARCH. THIS AIN'T THE MARBLE ARCH."

Passenger. "WELL, ANYHOW, IT 'S WHAT I CALL THE MARBLE ARCH."

Too old at sixty.—COBDEN's doctrines?

***

"In many respects," Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES told the members of the Kit Marlowe Club, "SHAKSPEARE was a very plain, ordinary, straightforward person." Mr. HALL CAINE, however, denies indignantly that he was very plain.

***

Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN expresses surprise that Mr. ASQUITH should have made no mention of National Defence in his pronouncement on Liberal policy. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN forgets that the PREMIER has to consider the feelings of his supporters, some of whom seem just now to prefer the offensive to the defensive.

***

De mortuis, etc. "A very pretty little play, and quite original music," a lady was overheard to remark on leaving His Majesty's Theatre after seeing *Beethoven* (since deceased).

***

The late Mlle. GRAJEAN, of Paris, we learn from *The Express*, has left a will bequeathing a small annuity to each of her two hundred pets—including 7½*d.* a day to her fowls. The birds, we hear, already realise that they are now of independent means, and are sturdily refusing to lay eggs.

***

TOM LEWIS, the plucky little hero who was decorated by the KING last week, has been interviewed by a newspaper man. He expressed the opinion that the music at St. Paul's was "fine," that the Zoological Gardens were "fine," and that the performance at the Hippodrome was "fine." Fortunately he was not asked what he thought of the weather, or a reputation for splendid consistency might have been damaged.

***

Lord CURZON, speaking on the House of Lords at Oldham, exclaimed: "What cant it is, what humbug, what hypocrisy, to talk about an effete oligarchy when they are continually pouring Radical recruits into it!" This is praise from "Sir Hubert," and the Radicals are purring.

***

The Willesden Board of Guardians has completed a roll-call of the inmates of the workhouse, and has discovered among the paupers a Civil servant, a poet, a chartered accountant, a pianoforte maker, and a number of clerks and tradesmen. Peers are evidently too proud to give their correct designation.

***

Rumours of a grave political scandal reach us. It is said that a certain Liberal M.P. who is going about the country predicting an enormous majority for his party has entered into a competition, started by a contemporary, which offers a large money prize for the most accurate guess at the result of the election. The scandal is that he there predicts (*on dit*) a majority for the Conservatives.

INTERVAL FOR REFRESHMENT.

COME let us call a sacred truce!
So shall the hustings' hideous hum
And lips that bandy loud abuse
Respect The Season and be dumb,
Silenced by pudding of the stodgy plum.

Here's Christmas on us with its brood
Of ancient memories, dear and tried,
When decent souls may well exude
A goodwill not to be denied
Even to people on the other side.

Let us adopt a festal cheer,
And, for a little breathing-space,
Admit that even in a Peer
There may be points of saving grace
Lurking behind his lordship's "turnip-face."

Let us allow that even LLOYD,
For all the bricks he loves to heave,
Is not so hopelessly devoid
Of manners as you might believe,
But has a small behaviour up his sleeve.

Let us presume that SANDY URE
Is grievously misunderstood,
Having a conscience quite as pure
As little WASHINGTON'S, the Good,
Who couldn't tell a whopper if he would.

Let us give out that WINSTON C.
Is loyal and would still remain
A Jonathan to DAVID G.,
Although the Tories (come to reign)
Asked him, like WHITTINGTON, to "turn again."

Let us infer that Mr. Bung
Has got no privy axe to grind,
But simply prays to serve among
The benefactors of his kind,
And views the Budget with an open mind.

Let us ignore the Navy ghost,
Nor count for gospel all we've read
About the Teuton's "*Am Tag*" toast,
But follow REGGIE'S lead instead,
Sleeping in natural places, such as Bed.

Let us believe that, in his heart
Grateful for bounties we bestow,
JOHN REDMOND cannot bear to part,
To leave our well-loved isle, and go
Away from where the Old-age Pensions grow.

Let us, in fact, not judge at all.
Myself, I take a genial line,
And with a temper purged of gall
Give voice to pity half-divine
For those whose views don't happen to be mine.

O. S.

Telepathic Suggestion.

"The electrical equipment of the car is so arranged that the mere fact of wishing to inspect any of the high-tension apparatus causes the whole of this to be connected to earth, and thus made safe before it becomes accessible."—*Railway News.*

Supposing three passengers in the car wished to inspect the apparatus, three didn't want to at all, and one hadn't thought about it much, what *would* happen?

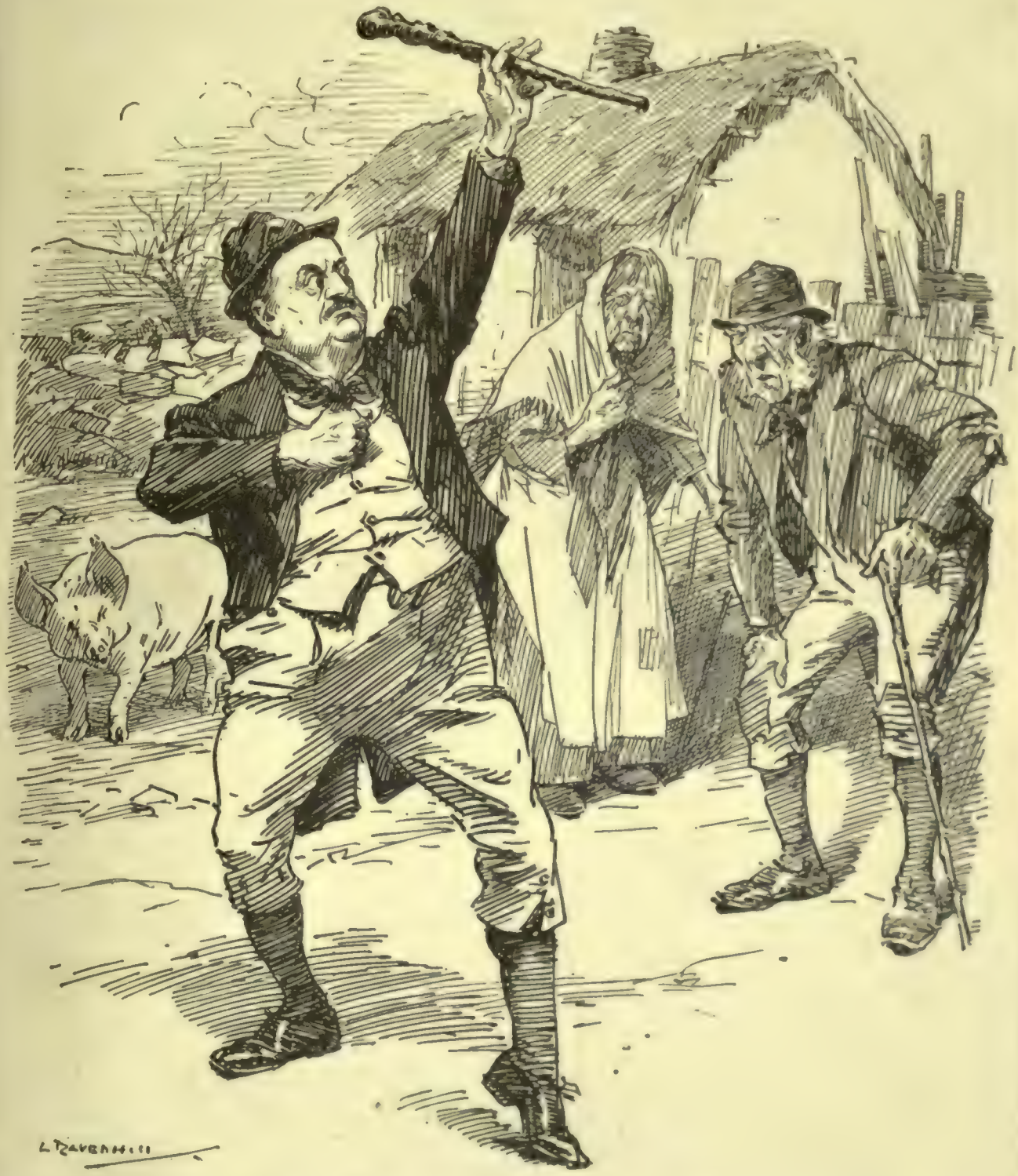
LETTERS TO A MARTIAN.

MY DEAR SIR, I like to fancy you pegging away gallantly at your particular section of the Amalgamated Martian Canal Works, Unlimited, and still finding time in the midst of these absorbing tasks for the consideration of matters that interest us on this circulating ball of ours. You tell me you're death on Psychical Research, for instance—isn't there a dash of levity about the expression?—and you want to know if we're doing anything in the matter. Well, I'll do the best I can for you—though I ought to warn you that I'm a philistine in these things. I'm without the proper amount of reverence or credulity—you can call it what you like—and the spirits will not come when I do call them, either from the vasty deep or from anywhere else.

The truth is you ought to apply to Sir OLIVER LODGE. He's a Professor and a Knight, having attained to the latter dignity on account of his eminence in the former. He can tell you all that may be learnt about the subject. What he doesn't know isn't knowledge. You could write the particulars of his ignorance within the circle of a threepenny-piece and have plenty of room left for the Kings of Israel and Judah and the iniquities of Germany according to that war-desiring Socialist, Mr. ROBERT BLATCHFORD. Sir OLIVER has written and published a fat book. Its price is 7*s.* 6*d.* (net) and its title is *The Survival of Man: a Study in Unrecognised Human Faculty.* What is this outcast Faculty which the heartless mass of men has hitherto refused even to bow to? It is the Faculty of communicating with the greater mass which, not to put too fine a point upon it, has died and been buried. Sir OLIVER LODGE, however, hasn't lost courage—not he. He keeps pegging away, just like you. Listen to him:—"The boundary between the two states—the known and the unknown—is still substantial, but it is wearing thin in places; and, like excavators engaged in boring a tunnel from opposite ends, amid the roar of water and other noises, we are beginning to hear now and again the strokes of the pickaxes of our comrades on the other side." It sounds all right, doesn't it? The mention of water is particularly comforting, but it must be confessed that it doesn't carry the humble investigator very much further.

However, you mustn't be put off by a little thing like that, you must go on, or rather I must go on for you; and then we shall discover a vast amount of assorted beliefs. There was once in our land of the living an amiable and cultivated man named MYERS who took a deep interest in spirit manifestations, and believed firmly that after death he would be able to communicate with his surviving friends. To prove his good faith and to test subsequent investigators, he wrote out a message and sealed it up in an envelope, proposing to communicate its contents to his friends after his death. He died, and his friends set to work with a properly authorized and duly entranced medium. The medium delivered *her* message all right, but when the envelope was opened her version was something hopelessly different from what MYERS had written.

You would have thought that this fantastic fiasco would have settled the whole thing. Not a bit of it. They've got some ladies to take fresh messages from MYERS in what they call automatic script. Two of these initiates, it appears, have the power of reproducing on paper what MYERS thinks, and they do it in the queerest crabbed language, in scraps of Latin and far-fetched allusions; and then the two scripts are put together, and by long puzzling you get the authentic stroke of the pickaxe and you realise that the boundary is wearing thin in places. Was there ever such a farrago of rubbish? In truth they are worrying MYERS, not to death, but beyond it, and if the mediums may be relied on he's losing his patience, and no wonder. Less than six months



REDMOND'S CONCESSION.

Mr. John Redmond. "AND SOON WE'LL BE FREE FROM THE DEGRADING TYRANNY OF THE SAXON."
Irish Peasant. "AN' WHERE WILL WE BE AFTHER GETTIN' OUR OULD AGE PINSIONS FROM?"
Mr. John Redmond. "OH, WE'LL STILL TAKE THEIR MONEY!"



SOCIETIES WE ADMIRE (BUT DO NOT BELONG TO).—No. 7.

THE LEAGUE FOR THE RESCUE OF NERVOUS AND ELDERLY PERSONS FROM LONDON TRAFFIC.

after his death he was appealing to them "not to break him up so"; and "NELLY," a famous, but not a cruel, medium, said some very severe things about her mother (also a medium), who, it appears, wouldn't let MYERS go to sleep as he desired. "You must tell her not to," added NELLY.

If you want to know more about NELLY and her mother (whose fleshly name is Mrs. THOMPSON), and if you would learn about Mrs. PIPER, who is a sort of chief prophetess—she comes from Boston, Mass.—you had better try to get Sir OLIVER'S book; but perhaps on the whole you 'll prefer to go on with your own digging and pickaxe-work.

Yours in a tunnel, AN EARTHWORM.

"A very easy way to place coal on a fire at night to avoid the usual noise, especially in a sick room, would be to have a black velvet glove made large and easy (the shape of baby's first glove with just the thumb), and one can then pick up any size piece of coal and place it where one needs it without a sound. A hook to hang it on near the corner of the mantelpiece would be a sure way of knowing where to find it."—*Woman's Life.*

How simple! Having placed the piece of coal on the hook you would be quite sure where to find it next morning; no need to say to yourself, "Let 's see, where *did* I put that piece of Wallsend?"

"One Jogendra Dutta, of Chittagong, has been arrested for offering a bride to the Additional Sessions Judge of Backerganj."—*The Statesman.*

Yet it was a kindly thought.

LATEST NEWS FROM THE HOP MARKET.

THIS winter, according to the views of the best experts, we are to be "tarantulated" by a number of new dances of the most alluring and catchy description.

Old composers have redescended into the arena to compete with their youthful rivals, and the hitherto despised native-born melodist is gradually coming by his own.

One of the features of the hour is the number of amateurs who have sprung to fame as composers of dance tunes. Thus, Mr. Nathaniel Buffles, a venetian-blind-maker of Harringay, has composed a delicious waltz, entitled "Crème de Menthe," and Miss Nettie Tibbitts, who keeps a poultry-run at Moreton-in-the-Marsh, is responsible for the favourite "Cluck, Cluck" barn dance.

Of successful foreign importations it may suffice to mention that Moritz Wern, a Hungarian bandmaster, has written a "Rêve de Dalila," that Odön Klingsor, a Croatian conductor, has perpetrated a "Messalina Two-Step," and Joris Sweelinck, of Dubbeldam, a "Jezebel Polka."

Not only are the names of all the famous heroines of history being requisitioned, but living luminaries are also being called into service. Mr. Caradoc Ap-Jenkins of Criccieth has celebrated the prowess of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER in his "Budget Break-down," and Professor de Rougemont has dedicated his "Yours Truly" waltz to the LORD ADVOCATE, who also is honoured in a set of lancers entitled "A Merry Winston and a Happy New Ire."

CAMPAIGN NOTES.

[These Notes have been supplied by impartial representatives of both Parties. *Mr. Punch* prints them here in the hope that everyone of his readers will find among them *something* to make the Christmas holiday happier.]

A Great Opportunity.

MR. THOMAS TUTTLEBOY, who has just been chosen as the People's Candidate for Wopham, has a splendid chance of snatching a notable victory for progress. At the last election the reactionaries' majority was 8,834 in a poll of close on twelve thousand. Should Mr. Tuttleboy wipe this out he will have achieved one of the most stupendous personal successes of the election. He is enthusiastic at the wonderful opportunity of distinction which has been afforded him, and is brimful of confidence that he will at any rate reduce his opponent's majority by several hundreds.

The East Willylebone Split.

It is early yet to prophesy who will be returned for East Willylebone, but it really looks as if the unfortunate split in the Unionists' ranks will be the means of losing a safe seat to the Socialist and Pro-German party. The patriotic candidates for last week were Mr. Rupert Gubb (U. and T.R.) and Mr. Soaper Touchwood (U. and T.R.), but in order to admit of a straight fight against the Radical they have both retired, and Mr. James Sporran (U. and T.R.) and Mr. Hope Billson (U. and T.R.) have been selected in their place. On Monday of next week the claims of Sir Archibald Hemp (U. and T.R.) will be considered, while efforts are being made to secure *The Evening News* man for Tuesday, if he should be disengaged.

The Pensions Lie Again.

Once more the heartless lie about old-age pensions is going the rounds, and once more Mr. BALFOUR with consummate skill has nailed it to the counter. Mr. H. E. Bulge, the candidate for the Chiltern Hundreds, recently wrote to his leader as follows:—

"DEAR MR. BALFOUR,—A small boy has been spreading a rumour here to the effect that you and all your colleagues on the front bench voted for the Old Age Pensions Bill on the second and third readings, and that the House of Lords was enthusiastically in favour of it. Please nail this dastardly lie to the counter."

Mr. BALFOUR replied yesterday:

"MY DEAR BULGE,—The report is undoubtedly a lie. Only a fool would believe it, and only a knave would say it, and I have no hesitation in nailing it to the counter. Yours very sincerely,

A. J. BALFOUR."

An Earl's Warm Reception.

The contempt felt for the Peers by all thinking men was well shown at Upperby yesterday, when the Earl of Aldwych attempted to speak on behalf of the Food Tax and Revolutionary Candidate. The result was entertaining to a degree.

"Ladies and Gentlemen—(*Hooray*)—I have come here to-night—(*'Oo stole the common from the people?*)—That was a long time ago, I'm not going to speak about that now—(*Well, we're going to*)—A man is not responsible for what his ancestors may have done—(*If it wasn't for your ancestors you wouldn't be a heart*)—That's nothing to do with it—(*Yes it 'as; don't be so ungrateful*)—Are you going to listen to me? I've got my back to the wall—(*Walbottle, 'e means*)—Damn it, will you—(*Naughty!*)—Ladies and Gentlemen—(*That's right, Hughie, don't you mind the horrid men. You begin all over again, dearie*)—I only ask for fair play—(*Did you give the Budget fair play?*)—Yes, we did—(*Oh, Percival, 'ow can you? and on your birthday too!*)—Look here, do you think I *want* to talk to you?—(*Do you think we want to listen to you?*)—Evidently you don't—(*'Ow bright Little Stanley's getting*)—Very well, then, you needn't—(*That's right, ducky, you get along to bed, Perkins will bring your tea up in the morning*)—But I'm just going to say one thing; if your beastly Radical gets in and the Germans come, don't ask *me* to defend you—(*Ow, mercy, mercy!*)"

Pinking and the Elections.

An interesting situation has arisen at Little Froglands. One of the industries of the constituency is that of pinking, and much doubt has been expressed as to which way the pinking vote would go. Last week the National Society of Pinkers asked the following questions of each Candidate:

(1) Will you, if elected, do your utmost to further the interests of the pinking trade?

(2) Do you approve of State aid to pinkers?

The Liberal Candidate has replied:—

(1) By all means.

(2) Certainly.

The Unionist Candidate's answers were:—

(1) Yes.

(2) Yes.

After considering these replies at a meeting which lasted some hours, the Society decided to recommend that its members should vote for the Liberal Candidate. The pinking vote is therefore gained for progress.

A Cessation of Hostilities.

The two Candidates for N.E. Sparkton have decided to observe a truce during the Christmas holiday, and no meetings will be held between the 23rd and the 27th. It is the proud boast of Englishmen that they are always ready to sink political differences in the face of a great national festival. But, as soon as the armistice is over, Sir Moses Hoggenheim and Mr. Otto Steiner will be fighting as fiercely as ever!

The "Voice" again.

"A Voice" was in deadly form again last night at Craven Ash, and quite spoilt the effect of the Radical's attack on the House of Lords. For instance:

". . . We have been accused of bringing in this Budget from motives of revenge. That is a baseless accusation. Our one motive was revenue."

A Voice. "Wot O!"

Later on it interrupted with even more deadly point.

"And while we are pledged to economy," the Candidate was saying, "we are none the less absolutely determined to maintain the Navy in a condition of invincible superiority."

A Voice. "Yus, I don't think!"

The effect of this was withering.

Shot and Shell for the Campaign.

There is no such thing as "Free Food." You have to pay for everything you eat.

(The above is issued as a leaflet, at 1s. 6d. a thousand, by the Tariff Reform League.)

Horseflesh is cheaper in Germany than in England. You cannot get it at any price in this country.

(The above is issued as a leaflet, at 1s. 6d. a thousand, by the Free Trade Union.)

A vote given to the Liberal is a vote sold to Germany.

Linoleum.

Number of million feet manufactured:

In Germany (1908) ...	32,156
In England (1902) ...	33,259

See that this is driven home into the mind of every elector.

Germany is now building one super-Dreadnought a month (cf. *Daily Mail*). In 1912 they will have 52. What will the price of food matter to you then?

The Duke of SUTHERLAND owns more than a million acres. There are some men who do not own one. Is this fair?

Sugar Sifters.

1908	England ...	£181,236
	Germany ...	£179,997

(Brazilian silver at 5*s.* an oz.)

1732	England ...	512 men
	Germany ...	27 men

(Less re-exports and including cost of freight.)

English increase per cent., 25. German increase per cent., 84.

What have you got to say to *that?*

A. A. M.

"FLIGHT WITH CINEMATOGRAPH."

Daily Mail.

"Elopement with Typewriter" is a fairly common headline; this is something new.

WHY READ AT ALL?

FOR BUSY MEN.—THE WORLD'S GREATEST AUTHORS TAKEN IN AT A GLANCE.—III. THE FEUILLETON-WRITER.



WHO KILLED SIR RUPERT?



ALONE IN LONDON.



PLOT AND COUNTERPLOT.



THE HUMAN SLEUTH-HOUND.



A VOICE FROM THE GRAVE.



AFTER MUCH TRIBULATION.

MOTORBIKOLOGY.

I AM the possessor of a motor bicycle which is distinguished (as witness printed documents in my possession) by being "the most unrivalled motor bike on the market." I therefore feel well within the mark in stating that my pattern of machine is extremely unique, and that what is true of mine is *more* than true of other motor bicycles. On the strength of this fact I come forward as a Discoverer in a science which has been called, I regret to say, "Motorbikology." My root discovery is: (*a*) that no correct estimate of the speed and running cost of a motor bicycle has yet been published; and (*b*) that the popular belief that a motor bicycle travels at a speed ranging from twenty-five to forty miles an hour, at a cost of less than a farthing a mile, is entirely erroneous. I will give my conclusions, and the scientific evidence upon which they rest, without comment.

I.—*Personal Declaration.*

I, during twelve months, ran my motor bicycle 6,654 miles. Time occupied, 1,251 hours. Cost of running, £189.

II.—*Grand Conclusion.*

A 3½ h.p. motor bicycle travels at an average speed (*net*) of five miles an hour at an average cost of seven-pence a mile.

III.—*Analysis of distance travelled.*

	Miles.	Miles.
Reading of cyclometer		7,732
Deduct for error due to optimism of cyclometer	861	
Deduct distance running with bicycle in starting	217	
Total deductions	1,078	1,078
Total distance travelled		6,654

IV.—*Analysis of Time spent.*

Number of hours running... ...	394¼
Hours taking in petrol, repairs by roadside, asking way, etc. .	207
Hours in garage repairing, tuning up, and finding out what was the matter	563
Clerical work abusing Railway Company, complaining of oil, corresponding *re* gosling, marmoset (see below), etc., etc. ...	86¾
Total hours	1,251

V.—*Analysis of Cost of Running for Twelve Months.*

	£	*s.*	*d.*
4% interest on £63 (cost of machine with accessories)	2	10	4¾
Depreciation on cycle for one year	32	15	0
Renewal and repair of tyres	7	3	0
Petrol	4	7	0
Lubricating oil	3	5	4
Brought forward ...	50	0	8¾
Compensation—Gosling, 4*s.*; marmoset, £2 17*s.*	3	1	0
Legal fees incidental to last item	4	12	8
Charges at various garages .	11	14	0
Surgeon's fee attending gunshot wound ... ... (Sparking plug blew out and shot me in leg.)	4	4	0
Druggist's a/c do.		14	7
Surgeon's fee attending 2nd gunshot in old wound ...	15	15	0
Nurse for three weeks ...	11	10	0
Druggist's a/c do.	2	4	0
Five pairs trousers burnt ... (Heating of engine lights up rider's trousers.)	8	15	0
Allowance on clothing otherwise injured	6	6	0
Leather coat, leggings, etc....	4	17	0
Tools, small parts, replacements, taxidermist setting up marmoset, carbide, lamp-oil	14	9	0
Dinner at Ritz Hotel to owner of marmoset on amicable settlement	6	8	0
Licence, fees, tips to persons pushing, etc., etc.	7	3	8
First fine and costs	2	3	6
Second fine and costs... ...	8	13	0
Third fine and costs	17	6	0
Sundries and incidentals ...	9	3	4
Total cost ... ...£	189	0	5¾

A PRESENT FOR A GOOD BURGLAR.

A STUDY IN ADVERTISEMENT FICTION.

CHAPTER I.

"BUT," said I, stepping rather suddenly into the dining-room, "either I am dreaming or you are a burglar."

"Of course it is not for me to say," he answered, toying idly with a jemmy, whatever that may be, "but I should guess that you are dreaming. I notice that you have got pyjamas on."

"Have I?" I said.

Asbestos Pyjamas do not shrink in the wash.

CHAPTER II.

"I notice," I continued, "that you do not directly deny that you have come here to do something naughty."

"I may be a burglar," he answered, "but I am no liar."

The Boston Syndicate will teach you any profession in three lessons.

CHAPTER III.

"Burglar," I said, "I do believe that you meant to burgle my Christmas-tree. I could have forgiven you anything but that."

"Given?" he said quickly.

"Forgiven," I corrected. "As it happens I have no tree to burgle. To think that I am a nephew and yet have not been given a Christmas-tree, and that, if I had, you would have burgled it!"

"Say what you like about your aunts," he said, "but for myself I only dropped in to see if I could pick up a Christmas card or two." He tried to look me in the eye without laughing.

"Let us rather drink each other's health," said I. "An excuse like that deserves something wet. After all, I suppose that I was wrong. Of course there is no such word as 'burgle.'"

Insure your Christmas-tree against Fire and Dishonesty at the Moon Office.

CHAPTER IV.

We drank.

Drink and Enjoy (if you can) Smith's Non-intoxicant Gooseberry Squash.

CHAPTER V.

"A merry Christmas to you," said I, in my cups.

"Thanks," he answered.

"No trouble,' said I, deprecatingly.

"Nor expense," he added, sarcastic-like. "This liquor has a nice golden tint about it. I suppose there is no more gold in the house, is there?"

"Lots down the cellar," I said, rising.

"A man who takes a hint as quickly as that," he said, commanding me to be seated, "ought to take the right hint. . . . Now, try and guess this one. When you are playing bridge and you dare not go no trumps, hearts, clubs or spades, what do you declare? And if so, where are they, and is the safe door locked or only just pushed to?"

"The safe is locked, I told him, "and it is only a meat safe. Personally I should leave it to dummy."

"No diamonds worth declaring!" he sighed. "And yet you wish me a merry Christmas. But I suppose that every cloud has. . . . "

"Not this cloud," said I. "The forks are only electro, and bad electro at that. By the way, when I said that about Aunts, I did not mean to include Aunt Mary. Though she has not got a silver lining, she has at least remembered what a good nephew I am to her. After all, what is mere silver compared with the kind thought?"

Buy Brumjum Forks and Spoons. They are not worth stealing.

CHAPTER VI.

"In the cupboard above your head is the handsome vase which," I continued, "was sent to me by Aunt M——"

"Thanks," he said, rising to go, "but I happen to be a nephew myself."

All seasonable Contributions should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.



Boy. "WHAT HAS HE BEEN DOING, MOTHER?"
Mother. "I DON'T KNOW, DEAR, BUT IT MUST HAVE BEEN SOMETHING VERY BAD INDEED."
Boy. "I KNOW. HE MUST HAVE BEEN CONTRADICTING HIS MOTHER."

ANNOYANCES OF A NIMROD.

["I was too near to shoot, had no time to raise my gun, and there was the lioness coming in the other direction. I had the presence of mind not to turn my back on the rhinoceros, and stepped aside, but it did the same. I then stepped to the other side, and was distinctly relieved to see it pass on."—*Extract from a letter of the Acting District Commissioner of Baringo.*]

When I was casually making
  Some punctures in a lioness,
I heard a sound of branches breaking
  Behind my back, and muttered
    "Bless!"

Clad in a sort of leather "lino,"
  And much too near for me to pot,
There came a most enormous rhino
  That seemed in haste and rather hot.

I waited for a while *in loco*
  Until the homely-featured brute
Had wellnigh barked me with his boko;
  Then I meandered off his route.

But he, with that amazing rudeness
  That stamps the larger types of game,
Invalidated all my shrewdness
  By spotting it—and did the same.

So, anxious to avoid collision,
  And feeling death involved a bore,
I acted with extreme decision,
  And two-stepped to the right once
    more.

That did the trick: his shoulders shrugging,
  The pachyderm (a great release)
Departed thence and left me plugging
  My wounded lioness in peace.

But still it made my hair untidy;
  It seems a shame one cannot make
A simple bag of large *felidæ*
  (Such as are found in Afric's brake)

Without this ever-present trammel—
  The risk that, from another track,
Some utterly extraneous mammal
  May want to barge one in the back.

"Lord Denman puts the case in a nutshell as a red herring to save the House of Lords."
Daily Chronicle.

This reminds us that *Saved by a red herring*, or *Put me among the nuts*, is the title of our new election serial.

Commercial Candour.

The Breeders' Gazette advertises the following testimonials in the American edition of an English magazine:—

"'I am continually surprised at the number of persons who regard The Gazette as one of the choicest pieces of literature that comes to their homes, and who eagerly read its pages.'

PROF. W. A. HENRY,
America's Foremost Agricultural Educator.

'That little story by Robert Jameson in The Gazette of June 23 is as near literature as anything we find these days in the periodicals.'

MILTON O. NELSON,
Secretary Northwestern Cedarman's Association."

A modest little paper, *The Breeders' Gazette*.

Mr. Punch's suggestion for a Christmas Card:—

Mr. —— wishes you
A MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND
A HAPPY NEW YEAR.
(*Have you any books of ours? If so, please return them.*)



THE UPPER PICTURE REPRESENTS THE "SPORTING SHOTS" WHICH THE SQUIRE HOPED TO OBTAIN BY REARING WILD DUCK AND FLYING THEM FROM THE TOP OF THE HILL; THE LOWER ONE REPRESENTS THE INGLORIOUS REALITY.

CHRISTMAS, 1909.

[The author has been instructed by a Child of the Period to compose the following lines on his behalf.]

ONCE more the silly season comes
When grown-ups overload their tums,
And self-respecting babes must school
Their saner selves to play the fool.

We moderns are not quite so green
As our poor parents must have been,
Nor can we view as aught but bosh
This silly Santa Clausy tosh.

The ancient myth 's a bit too thin!
I've seen the van-man handing in
All Santa Claus's gifts. What 's more,
The bills were settled at the door.

Oh, if my poor dear parents knew
The modern infant's point of view,
And learnt that it was shared by me,
How disappointed they would be!

It pleases them to talk a lot
Of fairy tales and tommy rot
And make a most mysterious fuss—
It pleases them, and don't hurt us.

On Christmas-eve they love to tread,
Like stealthy burglars, round my bed—
I never knew what pure delight meant
Until I saw their young excitement.

As stage conspirators they creep,
Poor darlings, thinking I'm asleep,
Though I can scarce control my features
While watching these pathetic creatures.

So once again I make pretence
To bid adieu to common sense
And, just to humour these good folk,
Play once again the worn-out joke.

And this must be my lame excuse
For putting stockings to a use
For which, though meant to be suspended,
The bally things were not intended.

Life's Little Ironies.

"Mr. —— should have given a lecture on Tuesday night on his travels in the land of the Esquimos, but owing to a chill he was unable to deliver the lecture."—*Local Paper.*

Our beastly climate again. So different from the Arctic Circle.

CHRISTMAS HINTS.

WOMEN are always at a loss to know what to give to their men-folk at Christmas. They might give a worse present than a blue plush tobacco-pouch embroidered in silver—but it would be difficult.

A new game for the long winter evenings has just been invented. It is exceedingly simple and only requires a sense of humour and a little cotton-wool. The game is called "Deaf Man's Buff" and is a pleasant change.

It is an unhealthy practice to lick the gummed side of postage stamps—and to lick the other side is silly. The best way is to leave a packet of envelopes in a basin of water all night; in the morning your stamps will be found to stick readily wherever required.

"2590—Parcel lady's clothes: Coat, skirt, blouses, hats, boots, shoes, trousers; fit youth 16-17."—*The Lady.*

The Suffragette telegraph-boy is apparently retiring from business.


VOTE
VOTE
FOR
Happy Christmas
TARIFF
REFORM
MORE
EMPLOYMENT
FOR ALL!
Bernard Partridge.

ARMISTICE.





QUESTIONS FOR THE "BOOK OF ETIQUETTE."

A LADY (WHO CHANCES TO BE THE ONLY PERSON BESIDES YOURSELF UP AT THE DEATH) ASKS YOU TO GET HER THE BRUSH. YOU FIND IT IN THE POSSESSION OF RAVAGER, THE MOST SAVAGE HOUND IN THE PACK. WHAT IS THE DIGNIFIED COURSE TO PURSUE?

IT IS A LIE

THAT in the year 1831 Mr. ASQUITH said that nothing should ever shake his faith in the House of Lords.

That LEONARDO DA VINCI always stuffed Victorian bed quilts into his wax busts.

That President TAFT weighs only 7 stone 4 lbs.

That SANDOW lives entirely on *moules marinières*.

That Mr. ROBERT BLATCHFORD is really trembling.

That Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN has bought the SALTING Collection.

That East Marylebone is an earthly paradise of contented Unionists.

That COOK and PEARY have signed articles of partnership.

That Mr. ELLIS BARKER has a pure English accent.

That one can have quite a decent game of billiards with three hard-boiled eggs.

That, strictly speaking, a large outfitter's three hundred yards away from a castle is a small tailor's next door to it.

That any good thing can come from a Radical Government.

That any good thing can come from a Conservative Government.

THE REAL MARTYRS.

HE was lying, a mass of bandages, in his hospital bed, and I asked the doctor to tell me who and what he was.

"We don't know," he said. "He hasn't spoken yet. He was brought in late last night and is still unconscious."

Just as I was passing on, the bandages stirred and the man opened his eyes.

"Hullo!" he said, looking at me.

"Hullo!" said I, recognising his voice. "You? What on earth are you doing here? What's the matter?"

"But where am I?" he asked, and then took in his surroundings. "Great Scott, it's a hospital!"

"Of course. You're hurt. You must have had an accident," I said.

He thought silently for a little while and then remarked, "Of course. I was thrown out of the Town Hall at last night's Liberal meeting."

He began to laugh.

"But you're not a Suffragette," I said.

"No," he said, "that's the joke. I called out, 'Down with women!' and they thought I said, 'Votes for women!' and threw me out. I must have put the accent on the wrong word, and all they heard was 'women.'"

"What is that you're saying?" a feeble voice inquired from the next bed.

My poor friend repeated the story.

"It's true enough," said the feeble voice. "I ought to know, because I was sitting next to you. I know it was a mistake, but it didn't help matters a bit, and one of the stewards broke my head. And," he quavered piteously, "the stupid thing is that I'm a Liberal too, and dead against the Suffragettes."

PIANISTIC PERILS.

AWFUL EXPERIENCES OF MR. BAMBERGER.

THE reality of the perils to which magnetic artists are subject has once more been vividly brought before us in the poignant narrative of the attempted kidnapping of a young pianist by an infatuated countess which appears in the columns of *The Daily Chronicle*, a paper notoriously averse from sensationalism of every kind.

That this is no new danger is abundantly made clear in the thrilling recital of his own experiences with which Mr. BAMBERGER has graciously condescended to regale our representative.

Mr. BAMBERGER, who was reclining in a sumptuously upholstered armchair at the house of his father-in-law, Sir Pompey Boldero, was clad in a dazzling kimono surmounted by a tasselled Zingari smoking-cap. His clear-cut features indicated genius; his brow exhaled the sublime. Mrs. BAMBERGER, a *petite* figure clad in a shimmering gown of some soft material, crouched picturesquely on a *cinque-cento* saddlebag stool at the feet of her sultanic spouse. When our representative had recovered from his natural nervousness at the proximity of these two superhuman figures, Mr. BAMBERGER began his recital:—

"One of the most extraordinary experiences which I ever underwent was when fulfilling an engagement at a Court concert in Dahomey. The performance was attended by the whole corps of Amazons, with their *generalissima*, the Princess Ju-Juba, a superb brunette. Mrs. BAMBERGER, who was sitting in the front row, suddenly became conscious of a sense of acute compression in the region of the jujugular vein and discovered that she had been lassoed from behind by the Princess! With a violent effort she disengaged her neck from the noose and, removing a diamond-hilted hatpin—the gift of the Emperor MENELEK—from her *toque*, drove it with unerring aim through the hand of her assailant. The confusion caused by the incident was terrific, but by a happy thought I improvised an *intermezzo religioso* of so narcotic a nature that the Amazons were all thrown into a state of comatose impassivity, and were successfully removed on stretchers by the attendants.

"I had another narrow escape," continued the great virtuoso, "in Tiflis, where a Circassian Duchess, after I had declined her offer of marriage sixteen times, resorted to drastic measures to break down my opposition. At my last recital, while I was playing CHOPIN'S Funeral March, a bomb was exploded on the platform. The room was filled with an asphyxiating vapour, and when I recovered consciousness it was to find myself in the car of the Duchess's dirigible balloon, heading straight for the Caspian. 'Be mine,' cried the infatuated Circassian. 'Never,' I replied with implacable disdain. Swift as thought she severed the cords that attached the car to the balloon, and with lightning velocity we plunged down into the waters of the Caspian. Five minutes afterwards I was picked up by the yacht of the Khan of Khokand, which happened to be cruising in the vicinity, but the Duchess was never seen again. Entangled in the wreckage of the car she sank like a stone to the blue depths of the Caspian."

Mr. BAMBERGER wiped away a tear and proceeded: "Having refused a dukedom in Circassia, it was not to be expected that I should accept the offer of a mandarinate in the Yang-tze valley. But I had more than all my work cut out to escape from the minions of Prince Pung, who was bent on securing me as the husband of his aged stepmother, a venerable lady of some ninety summers with a singularly lurid past. Suffice it to say that, at the suggestion of my faithful tuner, I was smuggled out of the palace in the interior of my Bluthstein grand and conveyed in a junk for several hundred miles down the river, until it was safe for me to emerge from my lair. During all that time I was fed through an orifice in the top of the piano and had nothing to eat my food with but a tuning-fork.

"The story of my capture by Nihilists in Odessa you know already. In all I have been kidnapped twenty-nine times—a record amongst living pianists. Indeed, I doubt whether LISZT himself equalled this number. Most of my kidnappers were Countesses, but I had a most humiliating experience in Manchester, when I was abducted by the widow of a Jubilee Knight."



Phyllis (*up from the country*). "BUT, DICK, THIS IS JUST LIKE THE LAST PIECE YOU BROUGHT ME TO SEE HERE."

Dick. "MY DEAR PHYLLIS, DON'T BE ABSURD. THIS IS *THE NAUGHTY GIRL OF NICE* AND THE OTHER WAS *THE GRASSE WIDOW*. SURELY YOU KNOW THAT NICE AND GRASSE ARE TWO ENTIRELY DIFFERENT PLACES."

From *The East Anglian Daily Times* we extract the following clerical intelligence:—

"Whereas the Rector of St. Giles' has a net value of about £90 a year, the Vicarage at the village of Newport has an endowment of three times that amount."

A scheme for the official valuation of Rectors should certainly be tacked on to the next Socialist Budget.



THE CONSERVATIVES OF 1909.

"The Liberals are the Party who are resisting change and occupying the position that Conservatism was wont to occupy."—*Mr Haldane at Dunbar.*

(Messrs. Haldane, Lloyd George, Asquith, Churchill, McKenna, and Herbert Samuel.)

A PANACEA.

[Mlle. CLAIRE DE SERVAL recommends us to fast for two days a week regularly, as a cure for diseases of the mind and body. She herself has fasted for as long as forty days, during which time her brain was more active and clear than usual; anxiety, worry, care were all suspended, and she was able to regard a precarious future with serenity.]

If ills of the flesh should assail me,
If toothache should rage through my head,
If I'm seized with bronchitis,
Sore throat or gastritis,
And ready to wish I were dead;
I know that all physics will fail me—
The days of the doctor are past—
I only desire to
Be left to retire to
My own little chamber and fast.
In peace and silence there
I watch the weeks slip by;
No chop, no steak, no ales, no cake
Come near to make my organs ache;
I munch a little air,
A little light I try,
And day by day I grow more gay,
And fleshly sorrows fly.

When ills of the spirit depress me,
When the future seems dark and forlorn,
When I'm filled with misgiving
And can't earn a living
And wish I had never been born;
When fortune declines to caress me
And shows me a face overcast,
There's only one favour
I'd trouble to crave her—
A month or two's nice quiet fast.
And as the moments flew
I'd learn to raise my head,
For this great thought with joy is fraught:—
Now I've been taught to live on naught,
The future I may view
Without a trace of dread;
If food's *de trop*, what matter though
I cannot earn my bread!

No doubt there are some who would quail at
The rigorous cure I commend.
Some people would label
The joys of the table
Life's principal object and end.
Even I, when I started, would pale at
The thought of a forty-day fast;
But the comforting fact is,
With plenty of practice
I've come to enjoy it at last.
Yet every now and then
I feel my courage slump;
There comes a fear that spoils my cheer
And bids the tear of grief appear:
Suppose some silly men
To this conclusion jump
That they have met a Suffragette—
Suppose they ply the pump!

Our Overworked Judges.

A contemporary on the need for more of them:—

"But perhaps the most convincing evidence of all is the practice now pursued by several of the judges of sitting half an hour, or even longer, every day but Saturday, in order to keep pace with the business."

THE PROVINCIAL EDITOR'S LETTER-BAG.

II.

DEAR MR. HEDGES,—I am venturing to send you a box of cigars to smoke during the festive season. They are, I think, not bad, and I know that you are one who can appreciate tobacco when you meet with it. May I congratulate you on your article on the proposed iniquitous diversion of the Charton Road? It seemed to me admirable both in substance and manner, although, if a criticism might be found, it would probably bear upon the lenience of your pen and your too kind generalisations. But a busy man like yourself, with a thousand duties, many of them small and vexatious, to perform (and, indeed, Mrs. Scrase and I often marvel you can get through it all), and a new-comer among us too, cannot of course be in a position to know, as I, for example, must, with premises right on the present road, how utterly unnecessary and contrary to public interest this step is.

You look at the case from the broad standpoint of a publicist; whereas I, who have lived here all my life, see it also as a born and bred Eastburian. To me and mine, and I assure you to most of the town, this change would be a blow too severe to contemplate without emotion. Call us sentimentalists if you will—there is no disgrace in that—but we, like yourself, are something more too. We stand for what is right and just against the new and predatory faction which follows Mr. Garner. It is therefore that I say, More power to your elbow!

The cigars, I ought to tell you, are of the famous 1899 crop, and are absolutely ready for smoking. But you should keep them in a warm place. If you have a cupboard near a chimney so much the better.

With all the compliments of the season, believe me, dear Mr. Hedges, Yours cordially, SIMON SCRASE.

III.

MY DEAR HEDGES,—Christmas being on us, I take the opportunity of sending you a case of sherry, a wine which is, I am glad to say, coming into fashion again. So far as I am concerned it never went out, and my father before me was true to it too.

If you would bring Mrs. Hedges to supper on Boxing Day it would give Mrs. Garner and myself very great pleasure, and we would have a jolly evening and forget for once that there were any troubles or differences of opinion on anything, or that there existed so trumpery an affair as this Charton Road diversion, on which I see you take a surprising and, for you, not too well-informed line.

I wish you had consulted me before writing that article, as I am probably the only man in Eastbury who really knows all the facts. No doubt certain persons on the present road will suffer, but the public good is the only thing to be considered—the welfare of the greatest number. Moreover Lord Aberley gives the land, and that means much, especially when you remember how important is his good-will to Eastbury as a whole. But this is talking shop, and that I have no wish to do.

Let me have a line saying that Mrs. Hedges and you will honour us, and hoping that the wine will be to your taste believe me, with all good wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, Yours sincerely, RUFUS GARNER.

"He [the foreigner] may dump his goods on our shores below cost price . . . by the aid of the profits he makes in our free markets he may undersell us in the neutral empire of the world."—*The Daily Telegraph.*

You see how it's done? What clever beggars these foreigners are, making their profits by selling under cost price.



THE LITTLE RIFT.

Householder. "No, I shan't give you anything. You play all out of tune."
Cornet (confidentially). "Well, I'll tell you 'ow it is, Sir. There 's some of 'em 'as a grudge against others, and does it o' purpose."

CHRISTMAS REPARTEES.

There is a painful lack of originality about the replies to the usual salutations on December 25th and January 1st, and the British Public collectively does not appear able to devise a more brilliant reply than "The same to you and many of 'em!" on these occasions. We think there is room for a more delicate exhibition of tact and recognition of our acquaintances' *amour propre* at this season of the year. Some familiar phrases may be made to do quite well and perhaps gain additional point when serving to rebut the inevitable greeting. As witness the following brief list of rejoinders:—

To a Policeman.—"Pass along, please!"

To a Bridge-playing Friend.—"Leave it to you, partner."

To a Public-house Acquaintance.—"Give it a name!"

To an Army Man.—"Pass visiting rounds," or "Pass grand rounds" (if a Field Officer).

To a Railway Employee.—"By your leave, please!"

To a Member of *the* Profession.—"So long, old dear!"

To the Driver of a Metropolitan Stage Carriage.—"Higher up!"

To a Domestic Servant.—"It 's granted!"

To a Crossing-sweeper or Costermonger.—"Not 'arf!"

To Mr. Ure.—"*Tu quoque!*"

To an M.P. (actual or prospective).—"Many Happy Returns!"

To a Newspaper Proprietor.—"Not Too Many Returns!"

To a Teuton Fire-eater.—"Am Tag!"

To a Candidate for Charity.—"Don't mention it!"

To a Colonial.—"Bully for you!"

To John Bull generally.—"Wake up, England!"

These repartees might also be judiciously interchanged where the assailant is smaller or less pugnacious than yourself, and quite a pleasing element of surprise and briskness would be thus imported into a somewhat stale conversational gambit.

Commercial Candour.

Notice on the advertisement curtain at the Grand Theatre, Halifax:—

"A smart business firm will shortly occupy this space. Watch it carefully."

We will, indeed.

From a New South Wales Paper:—

"I. P. Blanch. Challenge to Chop William Dart, within a month from date from £1 up, and will allow him 10 seconds on a 12in log."

William's respite is very short. However—there it is. A pound off the best end of the neck for us.

"'The only book of its kind in the world. There is no more useful reference handbook of its kind in existence.'—*The World*"—Advt. in *The Weekly Times*.

The World seems to us to put the matter very fairly.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE is at least one adjective that can with propriety be applied to the work of WILLIAM DE MORGAN—prodigious. As a mere record of achievement the thing disarms criticism. Not, I think, that his latest book, *It Never Can Happen Again* (HEINEMANN), is quite equal to the best of what has gone before. Indeed, my personal feeling in reading it was one of slight disappointment, and even a slight disappointment that lasts throughout two volumes becomes a serious matter. The tale is told with all, and more, of the now familiar charm, but in itself is a poor, unfascinating thing. *Alfred Challis* had married, apparently, his Deceased Wife's Sister, so that when subsequently he fell in love with *Judith Arkroyd* he determined to elope with her in a motor before the passing of the Bill could make him an errant husband. But being upset out of the motor he lost all memory of *Judith* (a catastrophe to which Mr. DE MORGAN'S characters seem peculiarly liable), and returned to the domestic but illegal hearth. And, after all, not only did it transpire that poor *Marianne* was not the sister of his deceased wife, owing to that lady's having previously married someone else who was still alive, but that, on account of an irregularity in her own family, she was not even the sister of anybody. So there you are; though you do not arrive there without innumerable digressions and pleasant irrelevancies, which those who love Mr. DE MORGAN'S work for this very quality will much enjoy. Others perhaps will be tempted, as I was, to urge the author (in the words of the old Lancashire story) to "get eendways wi' the tale!" Still, a pleasant enough book, and now that Mr. DE MORGAN has once more proved that such can be written and appreciated in these bustling days I hope he will give the lie to his title and let it happen many times again.



Prospective Lodger. "OH, WE SHAN'T WANT MUCH FOR MEALS!" *Landlady.* "I DO 'OPE, SIR, YOU AIN'T ONE O' THEM 'ERBACEOUS BOARDERS!"

Bold, bad bishops are rather uncommon in present-day fiction, though one has been appearing before the footlights. VINCENT BROWN, however, has portrayed a prelate who is a villain of the first water. I imagine Mr. BROWN, a weary toiler through miles of unprofitable villainy, in search of a thoroughly rousing plot, bursting suddenly upon the Episcopal Bench and exclaiming, like XENOPHON'S people, "The see! The see!" The supposed autobiographist of *The Screen* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) is the natural son of the man who becomes Bishop of Lerchester, and the plot turns upon a rood-screen erected by the hero's mother, to which exception is taken by this militant Low Church divine with a past. His son has become the proprietor of *The Lerchester Observer*, and after a period of fruitless negotiations threatens to publish "The Love Letters of a Bishop" in his responsible organ, which is "a power in three counties." Although the Bishop feels compelled to resign, the sensation fizzles out, and there is no very stirring incident in the book. Possibly its most interesting features are the wrangle in the Chapter House, and, from a psychological point of view, the narrator's evident conviction that blackmail may become a solemn and sacred duty. As for the *Bishop of Lerchester*, I frankly do not believe in him, and should recommend Mr. BROWN to study some more probable types of the prelacy, beginning, let us say, with his Right (though eccentric) Reverence of *Rum-ti-foo* in *The Bab Ballads*.

Among the saddest experiences of life is the feeling that one grows every day more and more proof against the allurements of life with a single companion on an island in the South Seas. I can remember the time when nothing could have suited me better than living as HERBERT STRANG'S two young heroes live in *Palm Tree Island* (HENRY FROWDE and HODDER AND STOUGHTON). How I should have rejoiced in the circumventing of that mutinous crew; how gladly would I have braved the terrors of the shipwreck and the unknown perils of the land to which the raft floated; with what enthusiasm would I have entered into the making of tools from flint, the building of the hut, the cultivation of bread-fruit, the domestication of wild pigs and wild poultry. It says a good deal for Mr. STRANG'S story that, having long since resigned my share in such delights to the younger dogs, I should have been moved with a desire to live it all over again. This is due very largely to the discovery that the desert island idea was still capable of original treatment. I hope that Mr. STRANG, having turned his skilful hand to it, has not exhausted its possibilities. Meanwhile I commend *Palm Tree Island* to young adventurers, and advise them not to let the excellent coloured pictures distract them from the uncoloured ones, which show them how to make all sorts of useful things out of the most unpromising materials.

I have not yet got at the literary and artistic contents of Mr. TOM SMITH'S Christmas publications, for that would mean the premature destruction of their gorgeous bindings; but if you can judge of crackers by their outward show, then indeed ought these to be all glorious within. Of sterner stuff, good for business men and housewives, are the practical diaries of Messrs. T. J. and J. SMITH. They confine themselves to facts and open spaces for more facts. On the other hand some of the charming calendars of Messrs. HILLS & Co. are on the borderland where fact meets fancy. Many of them take the form of booklets devoted to a single theme, as in the case of a delightful calendar with old-world instruction for garden-lovers. A novel feature of the almanacks of the "At-a-glance" Calendar Co. is a little red frame on a movable wire for setting apart the day that is from the others that have been or are going to be.

"There is no more dramatic story in the Old Testament than the manner in which this king and his army were discomfited, and even those who are not too familiar with the pages of Hezekiah are probably acquainted from their schooldays with Byron's Assyrian."
Evening Standard.

It is pitiful to think how many people there must be who have never even heard of the Book of Hezekiah.



"LOR, BILL, WE 'VE GOT INTO A FUST-CLAWSS CARRIAGE." "YER DON'T SAY SO! AND ME WIV ODD SOCKS ON!"

1910: A FOREWORD.

FOREWARNED is forearmed. Thank me for that information and push on with this article. Its perusal will repay you a thousand-fold.

Forewarned is forearmed. Beware, you cannot be too ware, of 1910. During your recent past, while dancing, sticky hand in sticky hand, round the Christmas-tree, spilling the candle-grease on your best suit and wondering how much this show was going to cost you, you may have tried to forget the inevitable future. You may, in a foolish optimism, even have brought yourself to regard it as evitable, have even hoped to escape 1910 altogether by going to bed on December 31st, 1909, and staying there for 8,760 hours. This is a delightful idea, but impossible of execution. However well trained your servants might be, it is certain that one of them would be officious enough not only to come and call you, but to see that you got up, long before you had got into three figures. I regard my own staff (one charwoman) as a model of discretion and discrimination, but even she would not let me stay in bed much beyond April without doing something drastic and overbearing. Have I ever told you about this charlady of mine? No? Then I will not do so now. She can talk for herself.

Nineteen Ten is so called because it is the nineteen-tenth. It was pushing enough to get ahead of Nineteen Eleven, but not being on the spot at the end of Nineteen Eight it was superseded by Nineteen Nine. A little more attention to business, a little more promptitude on its part and we might have finished 1910 by now and never so much as heard of 1909. Think how nice and dry we might have been!

In its number of days and nights 1910 will bear a curious resemblance to other years you have known. There will be three hundred and sixty-six or three hundred and sixty-five of both, accordingly as the number 1910 is exactly divisible by four or not. That you will have to find out for yourself. Personally I cannot do this sum in division, and so am only going to have three hundred and sixty-five. Take it for the present that you are only going to have that number yourself and wait till you get to February the 29th to find out for sure. If you never get there, you can tell that you are going to be done out of the three hundred and sixty-sixth day. If you have not touched it by the time you are Maying, you probably never will. February the 29ths do not occur in any other month than February. Thank goodness there is only going to be one February in 1910.

The year will be chiefly famous for the fact that grouse shooting will begin on August the 12th, a thing which will delight you if you are a sportsman, but depress you not a little if you are a grouse. There will be a Scottish Quarter Day on November the 11th, and Fire Insurance Policies will expire unlamented early in January. I keep the best for the last. In the first place, on one of these three hundred and sixty something days, best known to yourself, will occur the umpty-umpteenth anniversary of your birthday. In the second place, we are going to have fifty-three Saturdays but only fifty-two Mondays.

For the rest, I wish you a happy, a very happy New Year. The year, I take it, remains "new" till about the end of the first week in January. After that it is just "the year," and you can be as unhappy as you like.

Sporting Notes.

"Speaking on the condition of the Navy, Earl Cawdor said he spoke upon the subject with baited breath."—*Sunday Chronicle.*

Stop press news:—Earl CAWDOR has just caught his breath.

"The death of his elder brother Prince Baldwin in 1802 made Prince Albert the heir-presumptive."—*Economy Notes.*

We regard this *jeu-de-mots* as ill timed.

RECEIVED WITH THANKS.

CHRISTMAS is all very jolly (and so is Boxing Day), but there comes a time on Tuesday or Wednesday, if you're well enough, when you simply must sit down and write to Uncle John and Aunt Maria to thank them for their kind presents. It will save a lot of trouble, I think — not to mention blotting-paper — if I compose the letters for you, and then you can just copy them out in no time; taking care, of course, to alter John into Herbert (if necessary), and steam engine, or whatever it is, into bicycle lamp. And as quite elderly people hate writing letters just as much as you do, I'll put in some for them too. The first Wednesday after Christmas is no day for original composition.

I. *From Archie* (10) *to Uncle Dick.*

DEAREST UNCLE DICK,—Thank you awfully for your book with Rupert the reckless on the Orinoco it is a riping book. Rupert and his intreppid band go scearching for treasur on the Orinoco it is riping, Rupert says the tressur is but a cable's length from us my intrepped comrades we can toss a buiscit to it, but Elastic Six the Indian sqor puts him on a beastly false sent. I have just got up to the false sent it is riping. Thank you awfully for sending it to me.

I hope you have had a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, we have had a riping Xmas we are just going skating so I must stop now. I will let you know about Rupert when I know if he bagged the trejjur I bet he scalps the squar for putting him on a beastly sent. It is a riping book, thank you awfully.

Love from ARCHIE.

II. *From Nancy* (8) *to the same.*

DARLING UNCLE DICK,—Thank you, darling, for the lovely book. I think it is lovely. I like it very much. I hope you will have a happy Xmas darling, my book is lovely. We have had a very happy Xmas and are quite well. I hope you are quite well. How is your darling dog Rags, have you told him about my lovely book? You must see, darling, that I have nothing more to say, so I must stop, mustn't I? Good-bye, darling Uncle Dick. Your loving NANCY.

P.S.—It is lovely about my book.

III. *From Mary* (13) *to the same.*

MY DEAR UNCLE DICK,—Thank you for your truly kind present which I shall enjoy reading very much. I have had many nice presents this Christmas, including a work-basket from Mother, a writing-desk from Father, a violin-stand, and many other nice presents. I am a very lucky girl, am I not? I must now tell you about Christmas. Well, we had a very nice Christmas, including a Christmas-tree and a dance, and I think the children enjoyed it very much although Archie overate himself and had to go to bed early. I myself enjoyed the dancing best, it was a very pretty dance, and I had some nice partners. I think dancing is so delightful, I could dance all night. I shall soon be coming out and then I shall go to proper dances, which will be delightful.

Now I must close as the children want me to come and skate with them. Hoping you are quite well, I remain,

Your affectionate niece, MARY.

IV. *From Harold* (23) *to Aunt Eleanor.*

DEAR AUNT ELEANOR,—How perfectly ripping of you! As Kipling says, "A merciful man is merciful to his hot-water bottle," and this waistcoat which you have worked for it is just the thing for the cold weather. No, I certainly won't send it back, it fits splendidly. The *least* bit tight across the shoulders perhaps, but it will soon work that off.

We have had a very jolly Christmas here: lots of mistletoe (not that I care for that sort of thing myself) and dancing and theatricals. Some of us were going to have skated this afternoon, but young Archie has just come in dripping, and says that the ice doesn't bear after all. He's got to go to bed and have hot blankets and brandy, which makes the second time he's been to bed this Christmas. Bar the ordinary times, of course. He says he doesn't mind much, because he can finish his book; one Dick gave him, which, from all accounts, is horribly exciting. They are filling a hot-water bottle for him; but I'm blest if it's going to borrow your waistcoat, Aunt Eleanor. I expect, though, it has a trousseau of its own.

With my love and again very many thanks, Ever yours affectionately,

HAROLD.

V. *From Dorothy* (2) *to the same.*
(*Dictated.*)

DARLING GRANNY,—I love you. You good granny, I fought you comed by ve train and you wasn't. Pussy runned away. My sweet old granny, I love you a happy new ear. Dear old granny, how is Rags? I dreamt Rags was red and he didn't. I love you ninety-nine,

DOROTHY.

VI. *From Thomas* ($\frac{1}{6}$*th*) *to the same.*
(*By proxy.*)

DEAREST MUMMY,—You are *too* good to me! The sweet little gaiters are just what Baby wants when he takes his motor out! They are beautifully made, and it is so kind of you to have thought of it. I have shortened him this week, and the length over-all will be 23 for that frock you are making. How good of you! Baby and I are *so* happy. Perhaps you had better make it 24, and I can easily put a tuck in. The width you wanted for the bonnet is three and a-half—how nice of you to think of it! Baby *will* be pleased. He has plenty of socks, dear, thank you, but if you have actually begun them the size will be the same as last time. Thank you so much, Mummy darling. Baby *is* grateful.

How funny! I was just saying that I must buy him some more gloves, and now you tell me you are wondering if he wanted any. It *is* sweet of you. Now it's no good asking me to measure his hand, because it's too tiny and dear for anything, but you'll know about what size. How proud Baby will be!

Good-bye, and will write about the things for Dorothy to-morrow. Baby sends his love, and so do I, and we both thank you very much.

Your loving ELAINE.

P.S.—I enclose a letter from Dorothy.

VII. *Archie* (10) *to Messrs. Hamwich & Co.*

DEAR GENTLEMEN,—Will you please forward on appro., as per catalouge, your five shilling Latham monoplane, garrenteed to fly 50 (fifty) yards for which I enclose five shillings (5*s.* 0*d.*). It's the one on page 187 of your cataloug that you wind up, and it flies. I enclose the money. Can you forward it at once as I want it to-morrow, and please forward instructions how to fly it; I will pay carriage forward when I get it and I enclose five shillings (5*s.* 0*d.*) (In a postal order).

Hopping that you will forward this at once as per my esteemed order,

I remain, Yours affectionately,

ARCHIBALD ——.

A. A. M.

THE NEW PICCADILLY CIRCUS.

[Among the season's novelties in ladies' furs are a coat of lion skin and a monster muff of bear.]

TIME was, if anyone expressed
A fixed resolve to cross the main,
To compromise the jungle's rest,
And give its fauna needless pain,
The thought would flash across my mind:—
"This gentle youth is far from happy;
Corinna must have proved unkind,
Or Sophonisba somewhat snappy."

But now appears a puzzling doubt.
My pity may be misbestowed
On one whose taste for dining out
Is merely martyred to a mode.
The girl will name the wedding morn,
When he enables her to try on
The latest thing in furs, as worn
By every leading bear or lion.

To a Certain Radical Orator.

If at first you don't succeed,
Lie, lie, lie again.



A CLOSE TIME COMING.

HECKLED PEER. "THANK HEAVEN I'VE ONLY TAKEN THIS JOB ON TILL THE 8TH."

[After the Issue of Writs the Peers are supposed to take no further part in Election contests.]

THE MYSTERY OF AN UMBRELLA.

IT was quite an ordinary umbrella to look at, with a silver-studded bamboo handle, but the very first night Maurice brought it home I noticed a change in him. All through dinner he tried to avoid my eye, and, when he failed, began to talk hurriedly about the news on the posters, and for the first time in our hitherto happy married life he retired to his study immediately after the meal. Mamma was staying with us, certainly, but that did not explain Maurice's flight, for he was genuinely fond of her, and it was our custom after dinner to discuss some subject for the improvement of our minds, for Mamma had given us a beautiful Encyclopædia in twelve volumes as an aid to culture.

On this night Mamma and I discussed the Milky Way alone. We had got to "ASTRONOMY" in the "A's." But it fell flat, and when I heard Maurice's footstep outside I whisked to the half-open drawing-room door to ask him to join us. He did not see me, and I drew back in amazement. He was in his shirt-sleeves and his stockinged feet, his hair was ruffled and his face flushed. He approached the umbrella-stand on tiptoe, carefully abstracted the new bamboo-handled umbrella without making a sound, and then, with a queer uncanny gleam of cunning in his eye, tiptoed softly back to his study.

Full of forebodings, after Mamma had gone to bed I went to the study door, but before I could turn the handle I heard Maurice's voice raised in sudden, violent anger. He was talking to the umbrella, for I heard him address it by name. Then his rage changed to pleading, and after that silence. I crept away to bed and cried myself to sleep.

Next day was Saturday; Maurice did not go up to town, but remained locked in his study with the umbrella from breakfast to lunch. I had occasion to pass the study door several times, and heard him talking to it, sometimes in the form of entreaty and sometimes with a wild outburst of anger. In the afternoon he took it out with him, though the sky was unclouded, and spent the evening alone with it in the study.

On Sunday morning he declined to come to church, and I went alone. The house stifled me. What was the matter I did not know, I dared not think. Mamma met me on the doorstep when I came back. She was very white. "My dearest child," she said, "Maurice is mad. Come and look at him."

I followed her with trembling limbs into the garden, to the study window which opens on the terrace. I peeped into the room. There sat my poor husband at the table with his umbrella up! As we watched, horror-stricken, he rose and began to pace up and down the room with his head thrown back staring up into the umbrella, which he slowly revolved above him.

"We must get help," said Mamma, and we went together to Dr. Jackson, who plays golf with Maurice, and told him all about it.

"A curious form of dementia," he said, "but not uncommon. I'll come round at once and have a talk with him."

As he opened the study door I heard a click, as Maurice hastily put the umbrella down. The interview began with a gentle hum of talking, then Maurice's voice was suddenly raised in anger and a chair fell over with a crash. I rushed in.

"What the dickens does he mean by asking if I've got madness in the family?" cried Maurice. "I'm sane enough, aren't I?"

"Yes, my dear chap," said Dr. Jackson; "but we're all mad in one particular, and yours is——"

"The umbrella!" I sobbed, throwing my arms round my husband. "Has the umbrella bewitched you, darling, that you won't be parted from it, and talk to it and sit holding it above your head?"

Maurice burst out laughing.

"Well," he said, "it's a good thing you've found me out, for I believe I *should* have gone mad if I'd tackled it alone much longer. I've been trying to paste one of the new umbrella star maps into the inside of the beastly thing for a Christmas present for you, dear. You see, each section of the map fits a section of the umbrella and will be a great help in our astronomical studies, as we can always have a portable stellar universe above our heads. But the wretched umbrella wouldn't keep still, and then I got the sections mixed up—and look here, Doctor, now you *are* here you may as well lend me a hand."

The Doctor did; but Mamma and I retired to shed tears of thankfulness and wash away the traces with *eau-de-Cologne*.

From a letter in *Country Life*:—

"It may be useful to those who suffer by frosts to know that wood ashes sprinkled over the leaves of a plant—say cucumber—which is frosted will be quite unharmed."

Luckily there are less troublesome ways, if the need is imperative, of preserving wood ashes from frost.

"Miss Druce fortunately did not have much plate about, having had a large quantity stolen while in London some time ago."—*Mid-Sussex Times*.

Some people have all the luck. For ourselves, we are constantly losing our plate for want of previous burgling.

AFTER THE FAIR.

THE proposal has often been made, but this year it is really to be carried into force, and *The Santa Claus Exchange and Mart* will be on the stalls in a few days. From early proof-sheets which have been sent to us we make some typical extracts:—

ANYONE IN NEED of a large variety of charming Christmas Presents to send away quickly as New Year's Gifts should apply at once to the undersigned, who represents a family richer than usual this year in duplicates. No reasonable offer refused, but would prefer to take five pounds for the lot—123 articles, many of them silver, all good.—Apply, etc.

TEDDY BEARS.—What offers for 14 Teddy Bears of mixed sizes, all new and never used, the owner having an old one to which she is devoted? Would take in exchange seats for *Peter Pan* or *Blue Bird*.—Apply, etc.

OLD-FASHIONED GENTLEMAN who likes to do things for himself wishes to dispose of a patent pipe-filler, a patent razor-stropper, a folding walking-stick, an automatic cigar-lighter, an electro-plated egg-opener and a damp-detector for strange beds.—Apply, etc.

WANTED TO EXCHANGE perfect modern toy representing hospital operating-room, with surgeons, instruments, patients, etc., all complete, for good-sized old-fashioned doll's house.—Apply, etc.

TO UNCLES.—Uncles in need of silver match-boxes are requested to write to advertiser, who has nine to dispose of. All in perfect condition, although, as is usual with such things, the striking department is defective. Price 5*s*. each.—Apply, etc.

WHAT OFFERS for a pen-wiper that looks like a packet of tobacco, a paper-weight that looks like *Bradshaw*, a pencil-case that looks like a Mauser cartridge, and a pin-cushion that looks like the President of the French Republic?—Apply, etc.

FREE TRADER would like to find purchaser for a calendar of mottoes from the writings of J. L. GARVIN.—Apply, etc.

FANCY SLIPPERS—A BARGAIN.—The Rev. Narcissus Ockson finds himself this Christmas with more slippers than he can possibly wear (not being a centipede), all very beautifully worked and designed, ranging in size from sevens to tens. He begs to offer these to fellow-workers in the Church at half-a-crown a pair (or one-and-threepence each).—Apply, etc.



FORCE OF HABIT.

Diana (taking a toss). "HI! CATCH MY HORSE!"

LITERARY VENTRILOQUY.

To Messrs. Latch and Bolt.

GENTLEMEN,—I am delighted with the reviews of my three books for schoolgirls published by you this autumn, viz., *Tippie's Holidays*, *The Merry Flapper*, and *Dot and her Chums*. All my books for the schoolroom are published by you and you alone, and these are the only three books written by me for YOUNG GIRLS this autumn.

With kind regards,
Yours very truly,
(Signed) ELSIE SCREED.

To Mr. Wineymann.

DEAR SIR,—I am immensely pleased with the eulogistic notices of my three novels for men and women of forty, published by you this autumn, viz., *Middle-aged Sinners*, *The Infatuation of Amanda Bodger*, and *The Neurotics*. All my full-blooded novels are published by you alone, and these are the only three books written by me for PEOPLE OF MATURE AGE this autumn.

With gratitude,
Yours faithfully,
(Signed) ELSIE SCREED.

To Messrs. Archdeacon.

GENTLEMEN,—I am simply charmed with the reviews of my three books for very young children, published by you this autumn, viz., *A Squeaker's Romance*, *The Princess of Totland*, and *The Romance of a Teeny-Weeny*. All my "Tot books" are issued by you and you alone, and these are the only three books written by me for CHILDREN UNDER EIGHT this autumn.

With sincere goodwill,
Yours most truly,
(Signed) ELSIE SCREED.

To Mr. Badleigh Wale.

DEAR SIR,—I am more than content with the reviews of my three books for Countesses of advanced age published by you this autumn, viz, *Reminiscences of the Regency*, *Horrible Happenings*, and *The Eloping Grandmother*. All my old people's books are issued by you and you alone, and these are the only three books UNFIT FOR THE PERUSAL OF ANY ONE UNDER EIGHTY written by me this autumn.

With sincere regards,
Yours very faithfully,
(Signed) ELSIE SCREED.

SONG OF THE EARLY WORM.

It was the Early Worm that lay
Serenely tucked in bed.
He said, "I know that it is day.
But I'll not raise my head
Till I have heard the Early Bird
Fly far away," he said.

"The benefits that may be gained
By rising with the sun
Have been too artfully explained.
And may be overdone.
Upon my word, the Early Bird
Gets more than half the fun.

"Some proverbs when they are reversed
Are every bit as true,
And early rising may be worst
For me, though best for you.
Dear Early Bird, I have preferred
To wait an hour or two.

Fired by the enterprise of *The Daily Telegraph* in publishing a *feuilleton*, *The Sporting Times* is thinking of entering for the serious public with a column of "Mothers in Council," to be conducted by "Amelia", and there are hopes that *The British Weekly* may be encouraged to devote some space to "Turf Tips" in the interests of Sporting Nonconformists.

CHARIVARIA.

So that the polling day for the Blackburn Parliamentary election may not clash with the football match between the Blackburn Rovers and Accrington Stanley, who meet on January 15th, the Mayor has provisionally fixed January 14th as the polling day. This determination that politics shall not interfere with sport is characteristic of the spirit that has made England what it is.

***

It is rumoured that a large contingent of American girls is on its way to this country to take part in the electoral contest. "Do not rob us of our Lords" is to be the burden of their appeal to the voters.

***

A gentleman, we hear, has offered to subscribe no less a sum than £1,000,000 to the Anti-Socialist fund provided fifty other persons will give a like amount before the end of the year. The offer is all the more creditable since the gentleman, we understand, is a man of small means.

***

"Shrinking London" is the title of an article in a contemporary. We expect that it is the effect of the rain. Most things shrink after being washed.

***

"There is no such thing as awful weather," said Judge WILLIS. He does not go quite so far as a distinguished literary man who reproved a friend for complaining of the weather with the words: "We are fortunate, Sir, to have any weather at all."

***

"The first theft was committed by EVE," said Mrs. GURNEY BENHAM in responding to the toast of "The Ladies" at a dinner of the Whitefriars Club, "but who was the first receiver of stolen property?" Men were receivers ever.

***

Burglars, last week, entered the residence of Mr. ALFRED SHUTTLEWORTH, J.P., and stole a valuable collection of twenty-seven snuff-boxes. Nothing else was touched. "Snuff 's as good as a feast," they said.

***

Handkerchiefs in colours are the latest female fashion. It is the smart thing now to have one to match the nose, and, as a hard winter is promised, red is expected to be much in demand.

***

Among the prizes given at a recent distribution was one of ten guineas to the most truthful boy and girl attending the school. This idea might be extended. Why not a prize, say, to the little one who commits fewest murders?

***

Vivette, the opera by TITO MATTEI, appears to have been discovered in a coal-cellar. There is nothing very remarkable in this. Many of our modern novels, we believe, have been traced to sewers.

***

The Bishop of BRISTOL states, in reply to a correspondent, "It is not legal for a layman, whether licensed or not, to speak in church." The layman is, so to say, only a sleeping partner of the clergyman.

***

Some of the most prominent doctors in Paris have formed a "medical orchestra," and intend to give concerts. Few persons, we suspect, have any idea what a beautiful thing is the Sneezing Song when accompanied by a performer on the nasal catarrh.

***

In consequence of the growth of motor traffic, the Barnes District Council is testing the eyesight of all men working on the roads. Only such persons as can distinguish minute objects, such as motor omnibuses, at a distance of ten yards will, we understand, be employed in the future.

***

"FARE, ONE PENNY FOR THREE STATIONS," advertises the Central London Railway, and a smart Yankee was heard asking for a penn'orth at Shepherd's Bush the other day, and choosing as his stations Marble Arch, British Museum, and the Bank.

***

"Have you tried Coalite?" asked one lady of another. "Oh, but I hear that there is something better to be had now, called Stovaine."

***

"*Who's Who*" is bigger than ever this year. "Who's Who?" sneered an individual whose name had not been included. "Who *isn't* Who, nowadays, I should like to know."

***

Answer to a Correspondent.—We should say that the greatest living authority on oaths is Judge BACON. "I never tip railway porters," said His Honour at the Bloomsbury County Court the other day.

"The disturbers were chiefly at the back of the hall, and as the rest of the gathering stood on the seats to watch them it was impossible for those at the front to see by what means the opposition was producing a continuous roar without inflexions or distinctive features."—*Morning Post.*

We have often noticed that the features of hooligans are undistinguished.

"The third try showed the wisdom of Solomon. He received the ball from Sibree, and at once cut through. He missed Poulton in his pass, but sent the ball straight out to Poulton, who finished off a dazzling movement."—*The Referee.*

This sounds like one of SOLOMON'S brightest efforts.

From a testimonial:—

"Having grown your Princess of Wales Tomato for three years, I can highly recommend it both for inside and out."

Inside, of course; but try it externally for blushing—*the* homeopathic cure.

A leading article in *The Nation* is called "The Massing of the Grand Army." "And who is Massingham?" asks a young humorist.



Landlady (to lodger). "ARE YOU IN THE BATH, SIR?"
Voice between the splashes. "YES. WHAT D'YOU WANT?"
Landlady. "I FORGOT TO TELL YOU I HAD IT FRESH PAINTED INSIDE LAST NIGHT, SIR, AND IT WON'T BE DRY FOR TWO OR THREE DAYS!"

AT THE NEXT TABLE.

["For doth he not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way as will entice any man to enter into it."—*Sir Philip Sidney on the Functions of the Poet.*]

SITTING as I did at the next table, I could not help hearing a large part of his conversation with the waiter. That is, after it had begun; but it was a long time before the waiter served him at all.

He had come in so anonymously, so to speak, and had begun reading his book, and groaning, so quickly, that the waiter, who was busy, had some excuse for attending to others first.

At last, during a lull, he approached the reader.

"You 've been a long time," the reader said, dejectedly rather than with anger.

"Yessir," said the waiter. "Great pressure of orders, Sir. Very sorry, Sir."

"It doesn't matter," said the reader. "One may as well dine late as early. Or, indeed, why dine at all?"

"Oh, Sir!" said the waiter in shocked tones. "Better dine, Sir. If we don't dine, Sir, we die."

"Well, and why not?" asked the reader. "We 've got to die sooner or later: why not sooner? It 's only a moment in all time, anyway—even if you live to be ninety. And one is the sport of Chance all the while, the plaything of Destiny, the toy of cruel Fate."

"Oh, Sir," said the waiter, "you 're hungry, that 's what it is. And when one 's hungry one's spirits sink. Let me get you something tasty. What do you fancy now? Calves' head? Very good to-day."

"Calves' head?" said the reader. "Why not? Any head will do; I leave it to you. Get me your 'something tasty.'"

"Yessir," said the waiter. "And the wine, Sir?"

"Wine? Ah, yes! Get me wine," said the reader. "Let it be strong and bemusing. Let it induce oblivion."

"Yessir," said the waiter. "But not here, Sir. Oblivion not allowed on the premises, Sir. We should lose our licence, Sir."

"All right," said the reader. "Let it produce oblivion—but only at the proper time and in the proper place." And he turned to his book again and sighed.

I watched his face as it grew more grey and weary and hopeless. "It must be a corking book," I thought.

By-and-by the waiter brought the calves' head (why don't they call it calf's head, I wonder?) and a bottle of what looked like Burgundy, but whether from France or the land of the *Wellingtonia gigantea* I could not see.



"MARY, MISS SMITH TOLD US THIS MORNING THAT EVE WAS GIVEN TO ADAM BECAUSE IT 'S NOT GOOD FOR A MAN TO BE ALONE. BRING YOUR WORK AND SIT WITH ME"

The man ate and drank listlessly, still reading and groaning.

By-and-by the waiter came for his plate.

"Did you like it, Sir?" he asked.

"No," said the man.

"Oh, Sir, I 'm sorry, Sir," said the waiter.

"It 's of no consequence," said the reader. "It will doubtless nourish me—keep me alive till to-morrow—and, after all, isn't that the idea?"

"I suppose it 's part of the idea, Sir," said the waiter. "But we like our customers to enjoy theirselves too."

"Enjoy myself!" said the reader. "Great heavens! do people still talk like that? Enjoy—in this world of despair and frustration!"

"I 'll bring the sweets," said the waiter, tactfully disappearing.

"Oh, sweets!" exclaimed the reader to himself, smiting his forehead.

He struggled with them, however, and soon after went, still the picture of woe.

He left his book behind, and before he hurried back to reclaim it I had a glance at its title. It was Mr. HARDY's new volume of poems.

AERO-GOLF.

A COMBINATION of two popular sports is suggested in *Flight*. It is to be called "Flight Golf," played with model aeroplanes. The competition consists in the attempt of each operator to fly his model from hole to hole in a less number of separate flights than his opponent. According to its originator, for the moment there is no need for the more enterprising of his readers to wait for any rules at all. We think this is a mistake, and hasten to supply some rules, and for the real article, in preference to mere toy machines:—

1. A full-sized course shall consist of eighteen holes from fifty to one hundred miles apart, the holes consisting of any convenient chalk or gravel pit.

2. The aeroplanes shall tee off from the race-course or football ground nearest to the previous hole, the use of pylons and starting-rails being disallowed.

3. Aviators shall be permitted to address their machines, their mechanics, or the bystanders in any language they prefer, always provided that it is not calculated to provoke a riot.

4. False starts, apologies for failure of the motor, or running along the ground for more than a hundred yards, shall be deemed to be "foozling," with a penalty of the loss of a flight.

5. If the aeroplane lie in water, the driver, unless drowned, may take it out, rinse it if he pleases, and play from behind the hazard, losing a flight.

6. Whatever happens to an aeroplane by accident, such as colliding with a tree or chimney-stack, coming to pieces in mid air, etc., must be reckoned a "rub on the green," and submitted to.

7. If the driver or his mechanic strike the opponent's machine in any manner, that side loses the hole.

8. In match-playing, an aeroplane lost entails the loss of the hole, unless any machine that has started off without an occupant be recovered within twenty minutes.

9. If an aeroplane be completely invested with fog, brushwood, haystacks, etc., only so much thereof shall be set aside as will permit the player to have a view of the landscape before he plays.

10. No houses, growing trees, railway embankments or other impedimenta may be removed when a machine is bunkered.

11. If an aeroplane splits in two or more pieces, a fresh machine shall be put down where the largest portion lies.

12. Any aeroplane that stymies another must be wheeled aside and carefully replaced.

13. On all occasions a two-plane match may pass a party playing three or more planes. ZIGZAG.

FESTIVE AMENITIES.

IT seems that the mottoes of Christmas Crackers take more doing than one might suppose, otherwise authors and publishers would not append their names and notices of copyright to compositions like the following:—

BELLS RING.
HEARTS SING.

M. F. BUCKSTALL
("OWEN SWAYLE")
(*Copyright U.S.A.*).

LANGHOLME, DUDE & COY, LTD., Boston, U.S.A.; London, England and Paris, Europe.

IF WE NEED NOT A FRIEND, THEN SHALL WE, IN VERY SOOTH, NEED NAUGHT ELSE.

BISHOP PONDERTWIST.

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VERNON SWATT & COY., LTD., New York, and JOHN TWID, London, England, to whom all applications for Colonial rights should be made.

Mr. Punch's own card was as follows:—

WISHING YOU A MERRY XMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

All other authors please copy.

From a Winchester exam. paper:—

"Find, by practice, the weight of 5 lik., 3 mo., 4 tras., 7 paras., 8 param., of cobweb at ·000137 milligramme per 1 khya, correct to nine places."

"Wykehamist" writes that he has been practising this for hours, but whether it is that his scales are wrong, or that he wants more practice, he *can't* get the ninth decimal place correctly.

"Achiniji begs to announce that he is opening a new Hotel at Khandalla in the specious bungalow of the late Sir Jamsetji, known as the 'Duke's Retreat.'"—*The Times of India.*

Forward the Dukes! More speciousness.

"Wm. E. Chalk was summoned under the Food and Drugs Act, 1875, for selling adulterated milk."—*Yorkshire Evening Post.*

Still, with a name like that!

"NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—'D' next week."—*Rugby Advertiser.*

Well, well, let's see what it's going to be like first.

A TEMPORARY CRISIS.

THIS is the time, O Muse,
When man at large looks back,
And mourns the past that he reviews
In ashes and a sack;
It also brings the date,
Unless I've counted wrong,
When you and I must celebrate
Our century of song.

Yes, with the turning year,
Our hundredth Punchian Op.
Will, barring accidents, appear;
And, if you give the crop
A moment's retrospect,
You'll find on every page
A barren tale of gross neglect
Of duty to the Age.

It is the poet's *rôle*
The stormy heart to calm,
To brighten up the suffering soul
With what is known as balm,
To bid men shun the base,
To execrate the low,
And, broadly, teach the human race
To give the Good a show.

Thus, from his purer height,
With deep and subtle lore
He brings them nearer to the light
Than where they were before.
That is the poet's use:
That is his task—and I've
A notion it's his one excuse
For being left alive.

But, if these hundred lays
Contain one song to set
The feet of man in loftier ways,
I haven't found it yet;
If they can show one thought
Of solace or rebuke,
One moral lesson, nobly taught,
It got there by a fluke.

No. From the very start
We have not sought to guide
The reader's morals, or his heart;
Indeed, we haven't tried.
How much he might have stood
Is neither here nor there;
If we had failed to do him good,
That would be his affair.

Muse, at this crucial time,
Come, let us take a pull,
And henceforth stick to the Sublime,
The Deep, the Beautiful;
Come, let us build anew,
Reform our readers' lot,
Teach them, in fact, a thing or two,
And show the Age what's what.

DUM-DUM.

"4 CAVENDISH CRESCENT, BATH, for sale, at Price 14 per cent. less than that refused just before present Government took office."—*Bladud* (This is not an oath, but the name of a Bath paper).

Vote for the Government and cheaper crescents.



Friend (to depressed son of the House, whose Father is giving a little amateur conjuring entertainment). "BUCK UP, OLD CHAP. IT ISN'T *YOUR* FAULT YOUR GUV'NOR'S MAKING SUCH AN ASS OF HIMSELF."

THE SHADOWS.

SPOKESBY-ON-OOZE is a delightful town—not perhaps quite so busy as your metropolis—but replete (yes, "replete" is good journalism) with refined culture and polished society. At this season of the year, too, Spokesby is at its gayest. Spokesbians never leave their town at Christmas for the Riviera—can you say as much for your Londoners? We have before us the prospect of the Primrose League Annual Ball *and* Supper, the Social Club Whist Drive *and* Hot Pot Supper, and a Dramatic Entertainment by the junior members of the Amalgamated Order of Ancient Shepherds, followed by a Supper. Yet with all these gaieties in view we are uneasy. Our mirth is forced, our anticipations are nervous, even our appetites are failing. Across our ancient constituency the shadows of Jubber and Snooks have fallen. I heard Jubber first. He was tremendous:—

"This ½*d.* tax on undeveloped land is the thin end of the wedge. When it is driven home, as driven home it will be unless the honest, intelligent, upright impartial toilers of Spokesby come to the support of a sympathetic House of Lords—and on the heart of each peer is written the words, 'The Rights of Spokesby'—what shall we see? Your ancient parish church will be given up to the impious gambols of atheistic Socialists. Your wives and daughters will be redistributed according to the dictates of Trades Union agitators. Think of that as you sit by your firesides and gaze on your beauteous wives and sweet babes. You working men, gaunt and half clothed, will stagger down the streets of your historic borough looking with pathetically intelligent eyes for the work that is not there. Your great colonies, proud hitherto of the mutual attachment between Spokesby and themselves, will leave you with loathing. The Crown, the Church, the Country and the Empire, nay even the Corporation of Spokesby itself, will all be submerged beneath the *ignis fatuus* of a devastating Socialism. And when the German Invasion comes, as come it will, as you lie under the iron heel of a German conqueror, the nations of the earth will declare in chorus, 'Spokesby betrayed the virtuous peers and richly deserves its fate.'"

That settled me. I was determined that nothing of the kind should happen, so I went to Snooks's meeting the following night with an impartial mind and a brick-bat in my pocket.

But Snooks was just as tremendous.

"What does this 2*s.* tax on corn mean? Pause and think, I beseech you, enlightened and intelligent toilers of Spokesby. If it be forced on you by the autocratic action of an irresponsible House of Lords let me tell you calmly, quietly, and with a full sense of responsibility, what the consequences will be. Your old-age pensioners will barter the bounty given them by a generous Liberal Government for a single meagre loaf of rye bread. Your good wives will starve themselves to save the scanty morsel of horse-flesh, which will constitute your mid-day meal, for their puny, crying babes. The wail of the starving will be ever in your ears. And all the time fur-coated Peers will hover over you in expensive aeroplanes drinking the costliest brands of champagne and crying out, 'We have taken the Spokesby toiler's food and land—now let us annex his air.'"

I took my brick-bat home with me.

This is the awful problem that darkens our festal season—Starvation-and-Jubber or Ruin-and-Snooks. Even if they run a dead-heat the mayor has a casting vote. My only hope was in the Unionist Free Traders; but can they with only six candidates get a working majority in the House of Commons? I fear not. Still the time calls for action. As a Briton I must do something. I have therefore resolved in view of the prevailing uncertainty to defer paying my Christmas bills till after the General Election.

"Miss Meehan again appeared and sang 'Sweet as Time Love.' . . . The words are very neatly strung together."—*Mayo News.*

It is all very well to praise TENNYSON now that he is dead. But what did *The Mayo News* do for him in his lifetime?



Alarmed Motorist (after collision). "ARE YOU HURT?" *Butcher Boy.* "WHERE'S MY KIDNEYS?"

TWIN SOULS.

NONE can deny it: when a wanton par
  Announces that your boyhood's queen has chosen
To get engaged elsewhere, it *is* a jar,
  You feel as if the pumps of joy were frozen;
Yes, Clara, when I found that news, amid
  The talk on toques and tippets,
A wet, wet tear descending from its lid
  Watered the social snippets.

I thought of all the *tête-à-têtes* we'd had
  Since both of us were young (and slightly tubbish)
The golden memories of the past, egad!
  The times they told us not to talk such rubbish;
Of how we'd watched the lamplight's glimmering sparks,
  The cloud-hung dawns together,
And made precisely similar remarks
  Disparaging the weather.

I thought, ah yes, I thought of lots of things,
  Of shattered toys, of dainties that we'd gobbled,
Of how we'd hankered for the moon or wings,
  And most of all how frequently we'd squabbled;
And, as I mused, the envy passed away;
  And so, in this poor ditty
Congratulations to the brute, I say,
  Blent with a touch of pity!

One that has only wooed when skies are fair,
  Flattered your every charm with praises fulsome,
Toyed with the tangles of your golden hair,
  Little he knows your temper when one pulls 'em;
He has not seen the sulks, the rising squall,
  He has not pierced the riddles
Of what, I think, your nurse was wont to call
  Miss Clara's taradiddles.

Lawks, when he does! but still one never knows;
  He may be just that paragon of mortals
Who never treads on other people's toes,
  And, when they tread on his, serenely chortles;
If that be so, I feel the less aghast
  That fate divides two figures
Who, still remembering their childish past,
  Would fight, no doubt, like niggers.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—In the poem in your last number, *The Plaint of an Association Football*, I was surprised to read:

"And ten stern men on either side stood hungrily around."

I always thought there were eleven a side. Yours, PUZZLED.

[If "PUZZLED" will kindly read a little further on he will come to the goalkeepers. They weren't hungry.—ED. *Punch.*]

"There has been talk for years about constructing a subway from the Temple to the Law Courts. When a bencher or a popular K.C. has been killed, perhaps the quarrels will be arranged and the subway be constructed. It would be a great boon to lawyers."
—Scottish Law Review.

We regret this imputation as derogatory to the high traditions of the Bar.

"Complainant said she was married in Edinburgh in March, 1903, where they lived for a time, and one child was born, in January, 1904. Half-a-year later he left her mother's house, where he had been residing, because he was asked to contribute to her maintenance."
Eastern Daily Press.

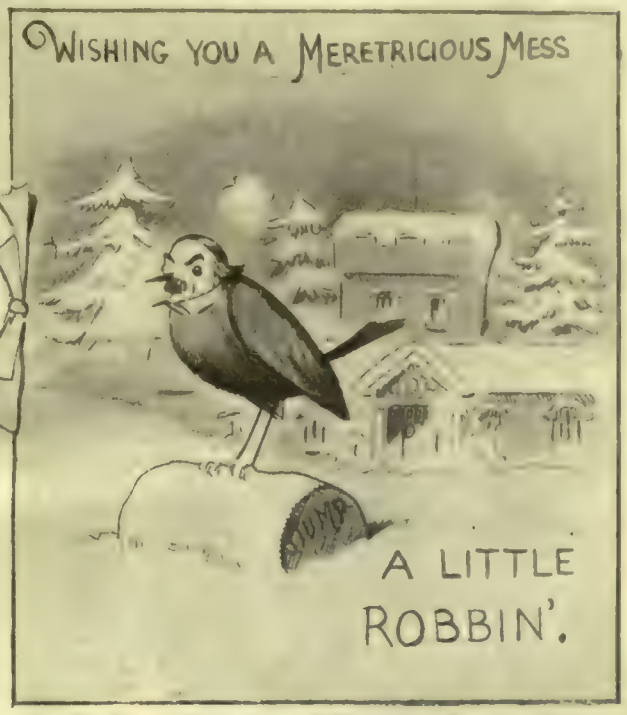
Lazy little beggar!



"SUPPORTERS" RAMPANT.

AN HERALDIC INVERSION.

SOME CHRISTMAS CARDS WHICH HAVE BEEN SUPPRESSED BY THEIR RECIPIENTS.



TO MR. LLOYD GEORGE FROM A BACKGROUND LANDLORD.



TO MR. BALFOUR FROM A FREE TRADE UNIONIST.

RINKOMANIA.

THE wild furore created by the vogue of roller-skating may be best measured by the enthusiasm with which its devotees are taking up the idea of applying foot-wheels to other popular pastimes. The coming Spring, for instance, is certain to see a number of golf-rinks laid out, and though skate-football has not yet caught on (partly owing to the quarrel between the Amateur Tumblers and the Professional Castors Association on the subject of the back-charge) Lord MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU and the Hon. C. S. ROLLS are already practising with a 60-swallow-power motor-boot at Brooklands.

The literature of a sport is another sure index to its popularity, and no more tasteful brochure has appeared for some time than *Rink Wrinkles*, which gives a full history of the pastime and an explanation of its fancy figures, the prettiest of which perhaps is that in which the rinker has wheels attached to both hands as well as to his feet. It has been cleverly called the quadrupedalogram.



TO PRESIDENT TAFT FROM A BLUEJACKET OF U.S. NAVY.

The £1,000 prize for *bonâ-fide* Suffragettes (taught entirely by British rink-masters) for a skim between Piccadilly and the Poultry, starting at 12 noon on heavier-than-air skates, has not yet been claimed from the princely coffers of *The Daily Mail*.

AN UNPOSTED CHRISTMAS APPEAL.

My dear Mr. Simpson, I've often been told
That unmarried females should never be bold;
If I merit the charge this must be my excuse,
That in matters of heart you're extremely obtuse.

You call twice a week and subside in a chair,
And fasten upon me a languishing glare,
But the words will not come though I see that you try;
Oh, dear Mr. Simpson, why *are* you so shy?

As you've noticed, young Footleby fancies me too,
I admit that he can't hold a candle to you;
But yet he may win if you *will* be so slow;
I can't be kept waiting for ever, you know.

Oh, Edwin, for so I may call you in ink,
I'm not nearly so hard to approach as you think,
In fact, I just crave for the chance to confess
That the aim of my life is to be Mrs. S.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

"His memory will always abide with me as that of the most unswervingly conscientious politician I have known." Thus Mr. G. W. E. RUSSELL in his *Memoir of Sir Wilfrid Lawson* (SMITH, ELDER). Those privileged to study the character of Sir WILFRID at close quarters will acquiesce in this judgment. Honest conviction, possibly to some degree constitutional aversion from intoxicants, made him an inflexible teetotaler. From early years he devoted himself to a crusade against the drink traffic. As a rule the zealot who devotes his finest energies to "putting down" something or other that has attraction for his neighbours is not a peculiarly pleasant or a widely popular man. For at least a quarter of a century WILFRID LAWSON was not only one of the most highly esteemed but one of the best-liked men in the House of Commons. In his denunciation, whether of the Trade or of what he regarded as meddlesome foreign policy, he spared no one, not even his beloved leader, Mr. GLADSTONE. But he was ever so good-humoured, often so witty, that his animadversions left no sting behind. With due modification he acquired the position in Parliament held in ancient Courts by an astute jester. He opportunely said things that would have been suffered from no one else. "Gay wisdom" was the happy phrase by which DISRAELI described his contributions to debate. I think, on the whole, he was wittier in private conversation than in his studied speeches. For these his impromptus were always written out in his study, and there was no attempt at concealment of the MS. notes on which they were written. In the give and take of ordinary conversation his humour flashed forth with the added delight of unexpectancy. A considerable portion of the volume is made up of a diary Sir WILFRID kept, in which he noted down the course of Parliamentary events. The narrative is marked by shrewd judgment and lightened by many stories.

I forgive Mr. EDMUND SELLAR for putting a bull and a red parasol into his first chapter, and for making unabashed use of a knowledge of tea-planting in Ceylon for the purposes of novel-manufacture, because he has introduced a gentleman clothed in the mantle of *Mr. Pickwick* into *Where Every Prospect Pleases* (BLACKWOOD), a title which ought, in fairness to the reader, to have continued, "And man is none so vile." *Mr. Tanqueray* (no relation to other literary parties of that name) is a middle-aged, good-hearted Englishman who gets into such absurd scrapes that the heart of the reader is warmed to him, especially when he starts for the voyage to Colombo, equipped with no other luggage than his eloping daughter's wedding trousseau. The young people in the story are not very stimulating, and it is hard to beat up a fervid interest in their love affairs, or in the account of a Rugby football match, played with all the pomp and circumstance of a public-school story, between Colombo and Up-country. The heroes, and the ladies who applaud them, are harmless and nice enough, but if ever I go out to court the spicy breezes that have inflated so many collection bags (though I am told that it is over "Java's isle," and not Ceylon's, that they "blow soft" in the more correct version of the hymn), it will be the prospect of meeting *Mr. Tanqueray*, tea-planter, that will please me most.

The other day, in the hope of finding out whether real Americans talked like the man who married *The Submarine Girl* (PAUL)—he called himself "*Theo Throckmorton* of New York every time"—I patronised the Savoy, and, disguising myself with a toothpick, a cock-tail and oysters *à l'Américaine*, sat and listened to the conversation of my neighbours. And, lo and behold, not one of them said "Shake," or "Say now," or "I guess," or "Every time," and not one of them was goldarned or euchered. But if *Throckmorton* was not the real thing what about *The Submarine Girl* and her story? How could I believe in a notorious Nihilist (of Irish extraction) who, during a visit of the TSAR to London, carried about in her pocket, by way of a joke, as she afterwards explained, a sham bomb? It seemed to me that the joke, like the bomb, had nothing in it. But it led to her being so closely pursued by *Popplepoff*, an agent of the Russian secret police with practically no sense of humour, that she and he and *Throckmorton* got shut up together in the American's submarine, and only escaped from *Popplepoff's* myrmidons by submarining off round the world. On the way they bumped up against the real original *Flying Dutchman*, made friends with *Vanderdecken* and his crew and sailed in her to Capetown, where *Vanderdecken* passed as an eccentric British nobleman (really the poor peers are not quite so behind the times as all that), and *Popplepoff* married the Dutchman's mother-in-law. I am afraid I am like *Popplepoff*. I don't see where the joke comes in. Perhaps I am taking *The Submarine Girl* too seriously. But then so does Mr. EDGAR TURNER, the author of her being.



The Necromancer (to Assistant). "HIE THEE SWIFTLY TO THE TOWN, JOHN, AND BRING HITHER A CROSS-EYED, LEFT-HANDED, RED-HAIRED, SECOND-SIGHTED, SEVENTH SON OF A SEVENTH SON, WITH A MOLE ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF HIS NOSE. I'M FIXED IN THIS CONFOUNDED CIRCLE, AND I'VE FORGOTTEN THE WORD THAT REMOVES THE SPELL!"

"An otter was shot at Exmouth yesterday by George Holman, a boatman, a boatman, while reclining on a Holman, a boatman."—*Western Morning News.*

It sounds an easy shot. (Now then, chorus, please, gentlemen, "*Holman, a boatman, a boatman.*")

"GRAND Classical Landscape. By Deleneavit after Pietro de Cortona. The only landscape done by that old Master."—*From a Catalogue.*

On the contrary, Deleneavit (or Delineavit, to give him his usual spelling) was notoriously one of the most strenuous and catholic of the Old Masters.



FACING one another in their corner-seats, they had the air of *commis-voyageurs*, journeying in great comfort at other people's charges. It was something in the cut of their cloth caps that bewrayed them. By still more subtle signs I determined that one was travelling in laces and the other in hose or legwear.

A third person, in the corner opposite to mine, was concealed behind a copy of *The Times*; but he, too, might be a commercial, and indeed, judging by a large bookish parcel in the rack above him, I guessed that he should be travelling in literary goods, possibly some illustrated series such as was pressed upon me in my freshman's year—*The Abbeys of England*, perhaps; or *Wits and Beauties of the Court of Louis Quatorze*.

I am always glad to pick up pearls of wisdom from my fellow-passengers, and when Laces and Legwear attacked the question of the hour I threw out a prehensile ear in their direction.

"Well," said Laces, "and what 's your fancy for the Elections?"

"Tariff Reform should just about pull it off," said Legwear. (I deduced that Legwear was a Conservative.)

"Ah, but what about the Lords?" said Laces. "The country is sick of 'em.' (I gathered that Laces was a Radical.)

"The Lords have always been popular," said Legwear, "and they 've only added to their popularity by this appeal to the People."

"*You* may call it that," said Laces; "*I* call it war on the People and on the rights of Parliament. The hereditary system is played out."

"It 's as good a system, any day, as the system of Parliamentary Elections. One would think, to hear you fellows talk, that the Commons were the flower of the country, instead of consisting of just anybody who happens to come al ng. Who are they? Men who chance to have a little more money or leisure than they know what to do with; men on the make; men who want to join a better club than they could get into otherwise; men who like to hear themselves talk; out of the whole pack not fifty who stand because they simply want to serve their country; scarcely a score who are chosen because they are the absolutely best men for the job."

"Anyhow," protested Laces, "they *are* chosen; they don't get there simply by the accident of birth."

"There 's a good deal to be said for the accident of birth and upbringing," said Legwear, "if your father happens to be a distinguished man of affairs. And if the distinction dates further back there is at least family tradition to help to keep you right. In any case a Peer is independent of popular favour. He hasn't to lick a voter's boots, or slobber over his babies, in order to get a seat in Parliament."

"Which means that he represents nobody."

"Well, and how much are we represented by our so-called representatives? The minority—they 're nearly half the country—never get represented at all. And who are these people who represent the slightly larger half? What are the

facts about the men that you and I voted for, last election? We both voted for men we had never clapped eyes on—you for the Squire's eldest son, who was nominated on the ground that he was a likely chap for subscriptions to clubs and happened to be a Liberal because his father was; and I for a carpet-bagman from Lord knows where, sent down by the Caucus. And these are the men whom you describe as the heaven-sent choice of the People. They are nothing of the sort. The People vote for party posters, not for men."

"Well, we've got some good posters this time."

"Nothing so good as the Chinese Slavery posters of 1906, though I see that you have a fairly smart one to illustrate the Old Age Pensions lie. That ought to do some useful work among the timid and ignorant."

"My dear fellow, if I were you, I shouldn't talk too much about Old Age Pensions. Your Tories weren't very enthusiastic over that Bill."

"They preferred a contributory system, and quite right too. But they won't shirk national obligations. The real danger for Old Age Pensions comes from *your* party. If you get in again and let your Socialists cut down the Navy, good-bye to Old Age Pensions. A crushing war-indemnity won't leave us with any spare cash for charity; and you can hardly expect the German Government to pay 'em."

"You're surely not raking up that old bogey?" said Laces.

"In the first place," said Legwear, "it's not a 'bogey,' but just the most substantial object under our noses; and in the second place it's not 'old.' It was only born a few years ago, and most of its growing has been done under the present Liberal Government. There's not much point in claiming the credit for Old Age Pensions if you neglect to insure them with an invincible Fleet."

During the last part of this discussion I had observed a tremor of emotion passing over the figure opposite to me. *The Times* was now lowered, and I beheld a countenance of extraordinary geniality and benevolence. "Gentlemen," said its proprietor, "I will not take sides in your argument, but I do beg to endorse the view of the last speaker, namely that a strong Navy is a necessity for the insurance of our Old Age Pensions. Yet we need a further insurance if Old Age is to be not only pensioned but happy. Such an insurance I carry with me."

On that he rose, and, turning to reach up to the rack, discovered a hump, by which I had no difficulty in recognising the Sage of Bouverie Street. Taking down his parcel, he undid it and exposed a number of goodly tomes; of which he selected two identical specimens. These he handed with a very captivating smile to the two politicians, saying, "Gentlemen, this is my insurance for a happy Old Age; usually of a contributory character, but in your case tendered gratis by way of compliment. Permit me to present each of you with a sample of my

One Hundred and Thirty-Seventh Volume.





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